




3 1761 08822074 4



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
University of Toronto

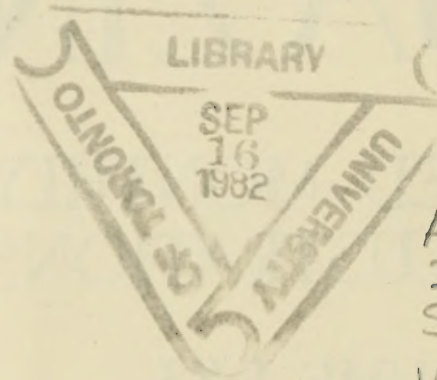
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME LXI
JANUARY-JUNE



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK
CONSTABLE & COMPANY LIMITED LONDON



AP
2
S3295
v.61

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.



CONTENTS

OF

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXI

JANUARY-JUNE, 1917

	PAGE
ADVERTISING. <i>See The Silent Voice.</i>	
AFTER ALL. (A STORY), Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball.	ELIZABETH HERRICK, . . . 188
ALONE. (A STORY), Illustrations by Boardman Robinson.	THOMAS JEFFRIES BETTS, . . . 608
AMATEUR MIND, THE. Point of View, 126
AMERICA AND EUROPE—NOW AND AFTER THE WAR,	ELMER ROBERTS, . . . 117
AMERICAN AMBULANCE HOSPITAL AT NEUILLY, THE, Pictures by a French artist wounded at Verdun.	GEORGES PAVIS, . . . 531
AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND THE WHITE OUT- DOORS, Illustrations from photographs.	LAWRENCE PERRY, . . . 259
ANDREWS, MARY R. S. <i>Blood Brothers</i> , 517
ANGEL FROM VIPER, THE. (A HAPPY VALLEY STORY), Illustration by F. C. Yohn.	JOHN FOX, JR., . . . 539
ARMSTRONG, HAMILTON FISH. <i>Saint-Gaudens: Recol- lections by His Friend Mailland Armstrong</i> , 22
ARMSTRONG, MAITLAND. <i>See Saint-Gaudens.</i>	
AYLWARD, W. J. <i>The Clipper-Ship and Her Seamen</i> , 387
BATTLE-PRAYER OF PARSON SMALL, THE. (A HAPPY VALLEY STORY),	JOHN FOX, JR., . . . 405
Illustration by F. C. Yohn.	
BEGGAR, BEING A. Point of View, 640
BETTS, THOMAS JEFFRIES. <i>Alone</i> , 608
BIRDS, HOW TO PRETEND TO KNOW THE. Point of View, 767
BLAIR, GERTRUDE. <i>The Water-Witch</i> , 631
BLOOD BROTHERS. (A STORY),	MARY R. S. ANDREWS, . . . 517
Illustrations by Philip R. Goodwin.	
BROWN, KATHARINE HOLLAND { <i>On a Brief Text from</i> <i>Isaiah</i> , 137
{ <i>Millicent: Maker of</i> <i>History</i> , 686
BROWNELL, W. C. <i>Standards</i> , 277, 435, 619
BURT, MAXWELL STRUTHERS. <i>John O'May</i> , 8
CAMPBELL, JAY. <i>Jim</i> , 230
CAROLUS-DURAN: AN APPRECIATION. Field of Art,	WILL H. LOW, . . . 771
CENTRAL PARK. Point of View, 253
CHASE—THE ARTIST. Field of Art,	HOWARD RUSSELL BUTLER, . . . 255
CHASE—THE TEACHER. Field of Art,	GIFFORD BEAL, . . . 257
CHASE, WILLIAM MERRITT. From a portrait by	JOHN S. SARGENT, . . . 250
<i>See "The Field of Art."</i>	
CHINESE ATTITUDE TOWARDS JAPAN, THE,	JEREMIAH W. JENKS, . . . 149
Illustrations from photographs.	

	PAGE
CLIFFORD, MRS. W. K. <i>The Quenching</i> ,	75
CLIPPER-SHIP AND HER SEAMEN, THE, W. J. AYLWARD,	387
Illustrations by the Author, two of them reproduced in color.	
COCK-OF-THE-ROCK, IN QUEST OF THE, LEO E. MILLER,	577
With an Introductory Note by THEODORE ROOSEVELT	
Illustrations from a drawing by L. A. Fuertes reproduced in color and from photographs by the Author and others.	
COMPACT OF CHRISTOPHER, THE. (A HAPPY VALLEY STORY), JOHN FOX, JR.,	133
Illustration by F. C. Yohn.	
CONNIE CUTS A WISDOM-TOOTH. (A STORY), VESTA THARP,	104
Illustrations by Arthur William Brown.	
COOKE, MARJORIE BENTON. " <i>It Might Have Happened</i> ,"	458
COURTSHIP OF ALLAPHAIR, THE. (A HAPPY VALLEY STORY), JOHN FOX, JR.,	1
Illustration by F. C. Yohn.	
COX, KENYON. <i>The Golden Age of Painting</i> ,	547, 707
CRAM, MILDRED. <i>Millstatt—An Austrian Arcady</i> ,	737
DEMERARA. See Naturalists' Tropical Laboratory.	
DODGE, LOUIS. <i>How the "Seaside" Came to the Ozarks</i> ,	161
DUNCAN, FRANCES. <i>In Praise of Gardening</i> ,	368
DUNN, SAMUEL O. <i>Government Prevention of Railroad Strikes</i> ,	307
EDGELOW, THOMAS. <i>A Whimsical Tenderness</i> ,	495
FARRAND, BEATRIX. <i>The National Park on Mount Desert Island</i> ,	484
FIELD OF ART, THE.	
Carolus-Duran: An Appreciation (Will H. Low). Illustrated,	771
Chase—The Artist (Howard Russell Butler),	255
Chase—The Teacher (Gifford Beal)	257
French Decorative Art of the Eighteenth Century, Some Misconceptions Regarding (Henry Coleman May). Illustrated,	383
French Decorative Art, II—The Return to the Classic Spirit (Henry Coleman May). Illustrated,	513
Murphy, J. Francis—Painter (Elliott Daingerfield). Illustrated,	127
Polychrome Wood-Carving (Dana H. Carroll). Illustrated,	643
FIGHT IN THE PEAKS, THE, Facing page	131
From a painting by N. C. Wyeth, reproduced in color.	
FINLAY FORKS. See Peace River, on the Headwaters of.	
FISHING AND LONGEVITY. Point of View,	767
FOR THE GREAT FATHER. (A STORY), GEORGE T. MARSH,	325
Illustrations by F. E. Schoonover.	
FORD, JAMES L. <i>Commercialism in the Theatre</i> ,	284
FOX, JR., JOHN. HAPPY VALLEY STORIES,	1, 133, 273, 405, 539, 669
FRANÇOIS' JOURNEY. (A STORY), ARCHIBALD D. TURNBULL,	371
Illustrations by W. M. Berger.	
FRENCH DECORATIVE ART OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, SOME MISCONCEPTIONS REGARDING. Field of Art,	HENRY COLEMAN MAY, 383
FRENCH DECORATIVE ART, II—THE RETURN TO THE CLASSIC SPIRIT. Field of Art,	HENRY COLEMAN MAY, 513
GAME-BIRD OF THE FUTURE, THE, HENRY WYSHAM LANIER,	239
Illustrations from photographs by the Author.	
GARDENING, IN PRAISE OF FRANCES DUNCAN,	368
GEROULD, KATHARINE F. <i>The Wax Doll</i> ,	599
GLACIER, GREAT. See Peace River, On the Headwaters of.	
GOLDEN AGE OF PAINTING, THE, KENYON COX,	
Illustrations from famous paintings.	
I.—THE CULMINATION OF THE RENAISSANCE,	547
II.—THE VENETIANS,	707

CONTENTS

v

	PAGE
GOLF CURE, THE. (A STORY), Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball.	LAWRENCE PERRY, 695
GORDON, ARMISTEAD C. <i>Pharzy</i> ,	299
GRACE AND GRAMMAR. Point of View,	381
HALE, GEORGE ELLERY. <i>How Men of Science Will Help in Our War</i> ,	721
HAPPY VALLEY STORIES, Illustrations by F. C. Yohn.	JOHN FOX, JR.
THE COURTSHIP OF ALLAPHAIR,	1
THE COMPACT OF CHRISTOPHER,	133
THE LORD'S OWN LEVEL,	273
THE BATTLE-PRAYER OF PARSON SMALL,	405
THE ANGEL FROM VIPER,	539
THE POPE OF THE BIG SANDY,	669
HAWORTH, PAUL L. <i>On the Headwaters of Peace River</i> ,	647
HERRICK, ELIZABETH. <i>After All</i> ,	188
HOME-MAKERS, THE. (A STORY), Illustrations by J. Conacher.	L. FRANK TOOKER, 315
HOW MEN OF SCIENCE WILL HELP IN OUR WAR,	GEORGE ELLERY HALE, Chairman of the National Research Council, 721
HOWARD, OSCAR FREDERICK. <i>A Winter's Trip to Nassau</i> ,	287
HOWE, FREDERIC C. <i>Our Future Immigration Policy</i> ,	542
HULL, GEORGE CHARLES. <i>Through the Eyes of Mary Ellen</i> ,	349
HYMN-BOOK, A LITTLE EXCURSION IN A. Point of View,	251
IMMIGRATION POLICY, OUR FUTURE,	FREDERIC C. HOWE, 542 Commissioner of Immigra- tion, N. Y.
IRISH PLAYS AND IRISH PLAYWRIGHTS,	BRANDER MATTHEWS, 85
"IT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED." (A STORY), Illustration by Barksdale Rogers.	MARJORIE BENTON COOKE, 458
JAPAN. See Chinese Attitude Towards.	
JENKS, JEREMIAH W. <i>The Chinese Attitude Towards Japan</i> ,	149
JENNINGS, IRWIN C. <i>The Young Man and America's Opportunity</i> ,	626
JIM. (A STORY), Illustrations by Harry Townsend.	JAY CAMPBELL, 230
JOHN O'MAY. (A STORY), Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball.	MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT, 8
LANIER, HENRY WYSHAM. <i>The Game-Bird of the Future</i> ,	239
LORD'S OWN LEVEL, THE. (A HAPPY VALLEY STORY), Illustration by F. C. Yohn.	JOHN FOX, JR., 273
LOVERS AND THE SHINING ONE, THE. (A STORY), Illustrations by the Author.	ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, 751
LYNDE, FRANCIS. <i>Stranded in Arcady</i> ,	35, 215, 337, 470, 561, 755
MAN'S OWN WIFE, A. (A STORY), Illustrations by O. F. Howard.	S. D. MEAKER, 446
MARSH, GEORGE T. { <i>For the Great Father</i> , 325 <i>The Valley of the Windigo</i> , 727	
MATTHEWS, BRANDER. <i>Irish Plays and Irish Play- wrights</i> ,	85
MEAKER, S. D. <i>A Man's Own Wife</i> ,	446
MEXICO, OLD, AND NEW IN QUERÉTARO, Illustrations from photographs especially made for this article.	JOHN R. SILIMAN, 417 United States Consul.
MIDDLE-AGE SET, THE. Point of View,	509
MILITARY TRAINING. THE BASIS FOR NATIONAL MILITARY TRAIN- ING,	HENRY L. STIMSON, 408 Former Secretary of War.
"ON YOUR OWN HEADS" (THE NAVY SIDE),	FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, 413

	PAGE
MILLER, LEO E. <i>In Quest of the Cock-of-the-Rock</i> ,	577
MILLICENT: MAKER OF HISTORY. (A STORY), Illustration by Fanny Munsell.	KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN 686 Author of "On a Brief Text from Isaiah," etc.
MILLSTATT—AN AUSTRIAN ARCADY, Illustrations by Allan Gilbert Cram.	MILDRED CRAM, 737
MOUNT DESERT ISLAND. <i>See</i> National Park.	
MURPHY, J. FRANCIS—PAINTER. Field of Art,	ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD, . . . 127
NASSAU, A WINTER'S TRIP TO, Illustrations by the Author.	OSCAR FREDERICK HOWARD, 287
NATIONAL PARK ON MOUNT DESERT ISLAND, THE, Illustrations from photographs by George R. King.	BEATRIX FARRAND, 484
NATURALISTS' TROPICAL LABORATORY, A, Illustrations from photographs.	THEODORE ROOSEVELT, 46
NAVY, THE. <i>See</i> "On Your Own Heads."	
NEUILLY. <i>See</i> American Ambulance Hospital.	
OGDEN, HARRIET V. C. <i>One Afternoon</i> ,	65
ON A BRIEF TEXT FROM ISAIAH. (A STORY), Illustrations by Eric Pape.	KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN 137
"ON YOUR OWN HEADS." (THE NAVY SIDE),	FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, . . . 413 Assistant Secretary of the Navy.
ONE AFTERNOON, Illustrations by Charles Huard.	HARRIET V. C. OGDEN, 65
PAINTING. <i>See</i> Golden Age of Painting.	
PAVIS, GEORGES. <i>The American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly</i> ,	531
PEACE RIVER, ON THE HEADWATERS OF. A THOU- SAND-MILE CANOE TRIP,	PAUL L. HAWORTH.
I.—TO FINLAY FORKS AND THE GREAT GLACIER,	647
Illustrations from photographs by the Author.	
PERRY, LAWRENCE { <i>American Universities and the White Outdoors</i> ,	259
{ <i>The Golf Cure</i> ,	695
PHARZY. (A STORY), Illustration (frontispiece) by Walter Biggs, reproduced in color.	ARMISTEAD C. GORDON, . . . 299 Author of "Maje," "Om- mirandy," etc.
PIERROT, THE 1917, From a pastel painting by Eric Pape, reproduced in color.	Facing page 1
POINT OF VIEW, THE. Amateur Mind, The, 126. Beggar, Being a, 640. Birds, How to Pretend to Know the, 767. Catalogues, The Spiritual Value of, 511. Central Park, 253. Fishing and Longevity, 767. Grace and Grammar, 381. Hymn-Book, A Little Excursion in a, 251.	Middle-Age Set, The, 509. Professor in the Play, The—Other Professions in Other Plays, 379. Riverside Drive, 254. Seeger, Alan, Killed in France—The Poet of the Foreign Legion, 123. Village Library, The Evolution of Our, 641 Xanthippe, The True, 767.
POLYCHROME WOOD-CARVING. Field of Art,	DANA H. CARROLL, 643
POPE OF THE BIG SANDY, THE, Illustration by F. C. Yohn.	JOHN FOX, JR., 669
PROFESSOR IN THE PLAY, THE—OTHER PROFES- SIONS IN OTHER PLAYS. Point of View,	379
QUENCHING, THE. (A STORY), Illustration by Charles E. Chambers.	MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD, 75
"QUEST, THE." Polychrome wood-carving by W. Sergeant Kendall, reproduced in color. (To accompany "The Field of Art"),	Facing page 517
QUERÉTARO. <i>See</i> Mexico Old and New.	
RAILROAD STRIKES, GOVERNMENT PREVENTION OF,	SAMUEL O. DUNN, 307 Editor of the <i>Railway Age Gazette</i> .
RAIN-MAKER, THE. (A STORY), Illustrations by Robert Amick.	MARGARET ADELAIDE WIL- SON, 503
RENAISSANCE, THE CULMINATION OF THE, Illustrations from famous paintings.	KENYON COX, 547

CONTENTS

vii

	PAGE
RIVERSIDE DRIVE. Point of View,	254
ROADS, GOOD, AND THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT, EDWIN A. STEVENS, Commissioner of Public Roads, N. J.	360
ROBERTS, ELMER. <i>America and Europe—Now and After the War</i> ,	117
ROOSEVELT, FRANKLIN D. "On Your Own Heads" (<i>The Navy Side</i>),	413
ROOSEVELT, THEODORE { <i>A Naturalists' Tropical Laboratory</i> , <i>Where the Steady Trade-Winds Blow</i> ,	46 169
SAINT-GAUDENS: RECOLLECTIONS BY HIS FRIEND MAITLAND ARMSTRONG, Illustrated.	HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG, 22
SCIENCE, HOW MEN OF, WILL HELP IN OUR WAR, GEORGE ELLERY HALE, Chairman of the National Research Council.	721
"SEASIDE" HOW THE, CAME TO THE OZARKS. (A STORY),	LOUIS DODGE, 161 Author of "Bonnie May."
SEEGER, ALAN—KILLED IN FRANCE—THE POET OF THE FOREIGN LEGION. Point of View,	123
SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON. <i>The Lovers and the Shining One</i> ,	751
SILENT VOICE, THE, Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg.	EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY, 673
SILLIMAN, JOHN R. <i>Old Mexico and New in Querétaro</i> ,	417
STANDARDS. (THREE PAPERS),	W. C. BROWNELL, 277, 435, 619
STEVENS, EDWIN A. <i>Good Roads and the National Government</i> ,	360
STIMSON, HENRY L. <i>The Basis for National Military Training</i> ,	408
STRANDED IN ARCADY. (A SERIAL). CHAPTERS I-XXI (<i>Concluded</i>), Illustrations by Arthur E. Becher.	FRANCIS LYNDE, . 35, 215, 337 470, 561, 755
SYNON, MARY. <i>The Wallaby Track</i> ,	201
TAYLOR, JOHN. <i>The U. S. Harem Association, Ltd.</i> ,	569
THEATRE, COMMERCIALISM IN THE,	JAMES L. FORD, 284
THARP, VESTA. <i>Connie Cuts a Wisdom-Tooth</i> ,	104
THROUGH THE EYES OF MARY ELLEN. (A STORY), Illustrations by Frank Tenney Johnson.	GEORGE CHARLES HULL, 349
TOOKER, L. FRANK. <i>The Home-Makers</i> ,	315
TURNBULL, ARCHIBALD D. <i>François' Journey</i> ,	371
UNTIL TO-MORROW. (A STORY), Illustrations by W. T. Benda.	LEONARD WOOD, JR., 95
U. S. HAREM ASSOCIATION, LTD., THE. (A STORY), Illustrations by Clarence Rowe.	JOHN TAYLOR, 569
VENETIANS, THE, Illustrations from famous paintings.	KENYON COX, 547
VILLAGE LIBRARY, THE EVOLUTION OF OUR. Point of View,	640
WALLABY TRACK, THE. A STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY, Illustrations by W. M. Berger.	MARY SYNON, 201
WAR.	
AMERICA AND EUROPE—NOW AND AFTER THE WAR,	ELMER ROBERTS, 117
BASIS FOR NATIONAL MILITARY TRAINING, THE	HENRY L. STIMSON, 408 Former Secretary of War.
"ON YOUR OWN HEADS" (THE NAVY SIDE),	FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, 413 Assistant Secretary of the Navy.
IMMIGRATION POLICY, OUR FUTURE	FREDERIC C. HOWE 542 Commissioner of Immigration.
HOW MEN OF SCIENCE WILL HELP IN OUR WAR,	GEORGE ELLERY HALE, . 721 Chairman of the National Research Council.

	PAGE
WATER-LILY, THE. From the painting by Frank E. Schoonover, in the collection of Mrs. T. Coleman du Pont. Reproduced in color.	<i>Facing page</i> 647
WATER WITCH, THE. (A STORY), Illustrations by O. F. Howard.	GERTRUDE BLAIR, 631
WAX DOLL, THE. (A STORY),	KATHARINE F. GEROULD, . . 599
WEST INDIES. <i>See</i> Where the Steady Trade-Winds Blow.	
WHERE THE STEADY TRADE-WINDS BLOW, Illustrations from photographs.	THEODORE ROOSEVELT, . . . 169
WHIMSICAL TENDERNESS, A. (A STORY), Illustration by Alonzo Kimball,	THOMAS EDGELOW, 495
WILSON, MARGARET ADELAIDE. <i>The Rain-Maker</i> ,	503
WINDIGO, THE VALLEY OF THE. (A STORY), Illustrations by F. E. Schoonover.	GEORGE T. MARSH, 727 Author of "For the Great Father."
WINTER SPORTS. <i>See</i> American Universities and the White Outdoors.	
WOOD-CARVING. <i>See</i> Polychrome Wood-Carving.	
WOOD, JR., LEONARD. <i>Until To-Morrow</i> ,	95
WOOLLEY, EDWARD MOTT. <i>The Silent Voice</i> ,	673
XANTHIPPE, THE TRUE. <i>Point of View</i> ,	767
YOUNG MAN AND AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY, THE, IRWIN G. JENNINGS,	626

POETRY

	PAGE
AND YET,	JESSIE S. MINER, 348
ARTEMIS ON LATMOS,	AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR, . . 226
AT THE GATE,	OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN, . . 357
BOREEN À MHARU, THE,	MARY YOUNGS, 607
DIDACTIC POEM TO DEBORAH, A, Illustration by Elenore Plaisted Abbott.	ALINE KILMER, 298
DOROTHY'S GARDEN,	ALINE KILMER, 20
ESSEX, THE YARN OF THE. A Ballad, Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams.	DON C. SEITZ, 91
FROM EXILE,	ROBERT EMMET WARD, . . . 618
FULFILMENT,	ROSE CARY NOBLE, 121
GLORY OF SHIPS, THE, With decorations.	HENRY VAN DYKE, 131
HORN AND VIOLIN,	RICHARD BURTON, 530
HYMN OF MAN, 1917,	JOHN HALL WHELOCK, . . . 668
"IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW,"	MARGARET CABLE BREWSTER 7
JEANNE D'ARC RETURNS. Sonnet,	HENRY VAN DYKE, 407
JEANNE D'ARC, THE SOUL OF,	THEODOSIA GARRISON, . . . 122
MEMORY,	CHARLES W. KENNEDY, . . . 672
MORNING IN ACHAIA,	WILLIAM MORTON FULLERTON, 456
MY SOUL,	MARGARET SHERWOOD, . . . 445
NASSAU INN, THE,	JOHN PEALE BISHOP, 766
OBLIVIO DEI,	SHANE LESLIE, 276
PROMISE. Quatrain,	MARGARET CABLE BREWSTER 546
SAINT-GAUDENS'S STATUE, TO, IN ROCK CREEK CEMETERY, WASHINGTON, Illustration from a photograph.	LEONORA SPEYER, 33
SERVICE,	ELIZABETH B. FAHNESTOCK, 148
STORM-MUSIC,	HENRY VAN DYKE, 21
TO A CHILD,	CARROLL AIKINS, 370
UBIQUE. Sonnet,	C. A. PRICE, 136
URIEL,	CORINNE R. ROBINSON, . . . 367
VANISHED. Sonnet,	JOHN HALL WHELOCK, . . . 403



From a pastel painting by Eric Pape.

THE 1917 PIERROT.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXI

JANUARY, 1917

NO. 1

THE COURTSHIP OF ALLAPHAIR

A HAPPY VALLEY STORY

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHNN

PREACHING at the open-air meeting-house was just over and the citizens of Happy Valley were pouring out of the benched enclosure within living walls of rhododendron. Men, women, children, babes in arms mounted horse or mule or strolled in family groups homeward up or down the dusty road. Youths and maids paired off, dallying behind. Emerged last one rich, dark, buxom girl alone. Twenty yards down the road two young mountaineers were squatted in the shade whitling, and to one she nodded. The other was a stranger—one Jay Dawn—and the stare he gave her was not only bold but impudent.

"Who's goin' home with *that* gal?" she heard him ask.

"Nobody," was the answer; "*that* gal al'ays goes home *alone*." She heard his snort of incredulity.

"Well, I'm goin' with her right now." The other man caught his arm.

"No, you ain't"—and she heard no more.

Athwart the wooded spur she strode like a man. Her full cheeks and lips were red and her black, straight hair showed Indian blood, of which she was not ashamed. On top of the spur a lank youth with yellow hair stood in the path.

"How-dye, Allaphair!" he called uneasily, while she was yet some yards away.

"How-dye!" she said unsmiling and striding on toward him with level eyes.

"Allaphair," he pleaded quickly, "lemme——"

"Git out o' my way, Jim Spurgill." The boy stepped quickly from the path and she swept past him.

"Allaphair, lemme walk home with ye." The girl neither answered nor turned her head, though she heard his footsteps behind her.

"Allaphair, uh, Allaphair, please lemme——" He broke off abruptly and sprang behind a tree, for Allaphair's ungente ways were widely known. The girl had stooped for a stone and was wheeling with it in her hand. Gingerly the boy poked his head out from behind the tree, prepared to dodge.

"You're wuss'n a she-wolf in sucklin' time," he grumbled, and the girl did not seem displeased. Indeed, there was a grim smile on her scarlet lips when she dropped the stone and stalked on. It was almost an hour before she crossed a foot-log and took the level sandy curve about a little bluff, whence she could see the two-roomed log cabin that was home. There were flowers in the little yard and morning-glories covered the small porch, for, boyish as she was, she loved flowers and growing things. A shrill cry of welcome greeted her at the gate, and she swept the baby sister toddling toward her high above her head, fondled her in her arms, and stopped on the threshold. Within was another man, slight and pale and a stranger.

"This is the new school-teacher, Alla-

Copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

phair," said her mother. "He calls himself Iry Combs."

"How-dye!" said the girl, but the slight man rose and came forward to shake hands. She flashed a frown at her mother a moment later, behind the stranger's back; teachers boarded around and he might be there for a week and perhaps more. The teacher was mountain born and bred, but he had been to the Bluegrass to school, and he had brought back certain little niceties of dress, bearing, and speech that irritated the girl. He ate slowly and little, for he had what he called indigestion, whatever that was. Distinctly he was shy, and his only vague appeal to her was in his eyes, which were big, dark, and lonely.

It was a disgrace for Allaphair to have reached her years of one-and-twenty without marrying, and the disgrace was just then her mother's favorite theme. Feeling rather poorly, the old woman began on it that afternoon. Allaphair had gone out to the woodpile and was picking up an armful of firewood, and the mother had followed her. Said Allaphair:

"I tell you agin an' agin I hain't got no use fer 'em—a-totin' guns an' knives an' a-drinkin' moonshine an' fightin' an' breakin' up meetin's an' lazin' aroun' ginerally. An' when they ain't that way," she added contemptuously, "they're like that un thar. Look at him!" She broke into a loud laugh. Ira Combs had volunteered to milk, and the old cow had just kicked him over in the mud. He rose red with shame and anger—she felt more than she saw the flash of his eyes—and valiantly and silently he went back to his task. Somehow the girl felt a pang of pity for him, for already she saw in his eyes the telltale look that she knew so well in the eyes of men. With his kind it would go hard; and right she was to the detail. She herself went to St. Hilda to work and learn, but one morning she passed his little schoolhouse just as he was opening for the day. From a gable the flag of her country waved, and she stopped mystified. And then from the green, narrow little valley floated up to her wondering ears a song. Abruptly it broke off and started again; he was teaching the children the song of her own land, which she and they had never heard be-

fore. It was almost sunset when she came back and the teacher was starting for home. He was ahead of her—she knew he had seen her coming—but he did not wait for her, nor did he look back while she was following him all the way home. And next Sunday he too went to church, and after meeting he started for home alone and she followed alone. He had never made any effort to speak to her alone, nor did he venture the courting pleasantries of other men. Only in his telltale eyes was his silent story plain, and she knew it better than if he had put it into words. In spite of her certainty, however, she was a little resentful that Sunday morning, for his slender figure climbed doggedly ahead, and suddenly she sat down that he might get entirely out of her sight.

She got down on her hands and knees to drink from the little rain-clear brook that tinkled across the road at the bottom of the hill, and all at once lifted her head like a wild thing. Some one was coming down the hill—coming at a dog-trot. A moment later her name was called, and it was the voice of a stranger. She knew it was Jay Dawn, for she had heard of him—had heard of his boast that he would keep company with her—and she kept swiftly on. Again and again he called, but she paid no heed. She glared at him fiercely when he caught up with her—and stopped. He stopped. She walked on and he walked on. He caught her by the arm when she stopped again, and she threw off his hold with a force that wheeled him half around, and started off on a run. She stooped when she next heard him close to her and whirled, with a stone in her hand.

"Go 'way!" she panted. "I'll brain ye!" He laughed, but he came no nearer.

"All right," he said, as though giving up the chase, but when she turned the next spur there Jay was waiting for her by the side of the road.

"How-dye," he grinned. Three times he cut across ledge and spur and gave her a grinning how-dye. The third time she was ready for him and she let fly. The first stone whistled past his head with astonishing speed. The second he dodged and the third caught him between the

shoulders as he leaped for a tree with an oath and a yell. And there she left him, swearing horribly and frankly at her.

Jay Dawn did not go back to logging that week. Report was that he had gone to "courtin' an' throwin' rocks at woodpeckers." Both statements were true, but Jay was courting at long range. He hung about her house a great deal. Going to mill, looking for her cow, to and fro from the mission, Allaphair never failed to see Jay Dawn. He always spoke and he never got answer. He always grinned, but his eye was threatening. To the school-teacher he soon began to give special notice, for that was what Allaphair seemed to be doing herself. He saw them sitting in the porch together alone, going out to milk or to the woodpile. Passing her gate one flower-scented dusk, he heard the drone of their voices behind the morning-glory vines and heard her laugh quite humanly. He snorted his disgust, but once when he saw the girl walking home with the teacher from school he seethed with rage and bided his time for both. He did spend much time throwing at woodpeckers, ostensibly, but he was not practising for a rock duel with Allaphair. He had picked out the level stretch of sandy road not far from Allaphair's house, which was densely lined with rhododendron and laurel, and was carefully denuding it of stones. When any one came along he was playing David with the birds; a moment later he was "a-workin' the public road," but not to make the going easier for the none too dainty feet of Allaphair. Indeed, the girl twice saw him at his peculiar diversion, but all suspicion was submerged in scorn.

The following Sunday things happened. On the way from church the girl had come to the level stretch of sand. Beyond the vine-clad bluff and "a whoop and a holler" further on was home. Midway of the stretch Jay Dawn stepped from the bushes and blocked her way, and with him were his grin and his threatening eye.

"I'm goin' to kiss ye," he said. Right, left, and behind she looked for a stone, and he laughed.

"Thar hain't a rock between that poplar back thar and that poplar thar at the bluff; the woodpeckers done got 'em all."

There was no use to run—the girl knew she was trapped and her breast began to heave. Slowly he neared her, with one hand outstretched, as though he were going to halter a wild horse, but she did not give ground. When she slapped at his hand he caught her by one wrist, and then with lightning quickness by the other. Quickly she bent her head, caught one of his wrists with her teeth, and bit it to the bone, so that with an open cry of pain he threw her loose. Then she came at him with her fists like a man, and she fought like a man. Blow after blow she rained on him, and one on the chin made him stagger. He could not hit back, so he closed in, and then it was cavewoman and caveman. He expected her to bite again and scratch, but she did neither—nor did she cry for help. She kept on like a man, and after one blow in his stomach which made him sick she grappled like a wrestler, which she was, and but for his own quickness would have thrown him over her left knee. Each was in the straining embrace of the other now and her heaving breast was crushed against his, and for a moment he stood still.

"This suits me exactly," he cackled, and that made her furious and turned her woman again. To keep her now from biting him he thrust his right forearm under her chin and bent her slowly backward. Her right fist beat his muscular back harmlessly—she caught him by the hair, but unmindful he bent her slowly on.

"I'll have ye killed," she said savagely—"I'll have ye killed"; and then suddenly he felt her collapse, submissive, and his lips caught hers.

"Thar now," he said, letting her loose; "you need a leetle tamin', you do," and he turned and walked slowly away. The girl dropped to the ground, weeping. But there was an exultant look in her eyes before she reached home.

The teacher was sitting in the porch.

"*He* never would 'a' done it," she muttered, and she hardly spoke to him.

A message from Jay Dawn reached the school-teacher the morning after the "running of a set" at the settlement school. Jay had infuriated Allaphair by his attentions to Polly Stidham from Quicksand.

Allaphair had flirted outrageously with Ira Combs the teacher, and in turn Jay got angry, not at her but at the man. So he sent word that he would come down the next Saturday and knock "that mullet-headed, mealy-mouthed, spindle-shanked rat into the middle of next week," and drive him from the hills.

"Whut you goin' to do about it?" asked Allaphair, secretly thrilled. To her surprise the little man seemed neither worried nor frightened.

"Nothing," he said, adding the final *g* with irritating precision; "but I have never backed out of a fight in my life." Allaphair could hardly hold back a hoot of contempt.

"Why, he'll break you to pieces with his hands."

"Perhaps—if he gets hold of me." The girl almost shrieked.

"You hain't going to run?"

"I'm *not* going to run; it's no disgrace to get licked."

"But if he crows over ye atterwards—whut'll you do then?"

The teacher made no answer, nor did he answer Jay's message. He merely went his way, which was neither to avoid nor seek; so Jay sought him. Allaphair saw him the next Friday afternoon, waiting by the roadside—waiting, no doubt, for Ira Combs. Her first impulse was to cross over the spur and warn the teacher, but curiosity as to just what the little man would do got the better of her, and she slipped aside into the bushes and crept noiselessly to a spot whence she could peer out and see and hear all that might happen. Soon she saw the school-teacher coming, as was his wont, leisurely, looking at the ground at his feet and with his hands clasped behind his back. He did not see the threatening figure waiting until Jay rose.

"Stop thar, little Iry," he sneered, and he whipped out his revolver and fired. The girl nearly screamed, but the bullet cut into the dust near Ira's right foot.

"Yuh danced purty well t'other night, an' I want to see ye dance some more by yo'self. Git at it!" He raised his gun again and the school-teacher raised one hand. He had grown very red and as suddenly very pale, but he did not look frightened.

"You can kill me," he drawled quietly, "but I'm not going to dance for you. Suppose you whoop me instead—I heard that was your intention." Jay laughed.

"Air ye goin' to fight me?" he asked incredulously.

"I'd rather be licked than dance."

"All right," said Jay. "I'll lam' ye aroun' a little an' spank ye good an' meb-be make ye dance atterwards." He unbuckled his pistol and tossed it into the grass by the roadside.

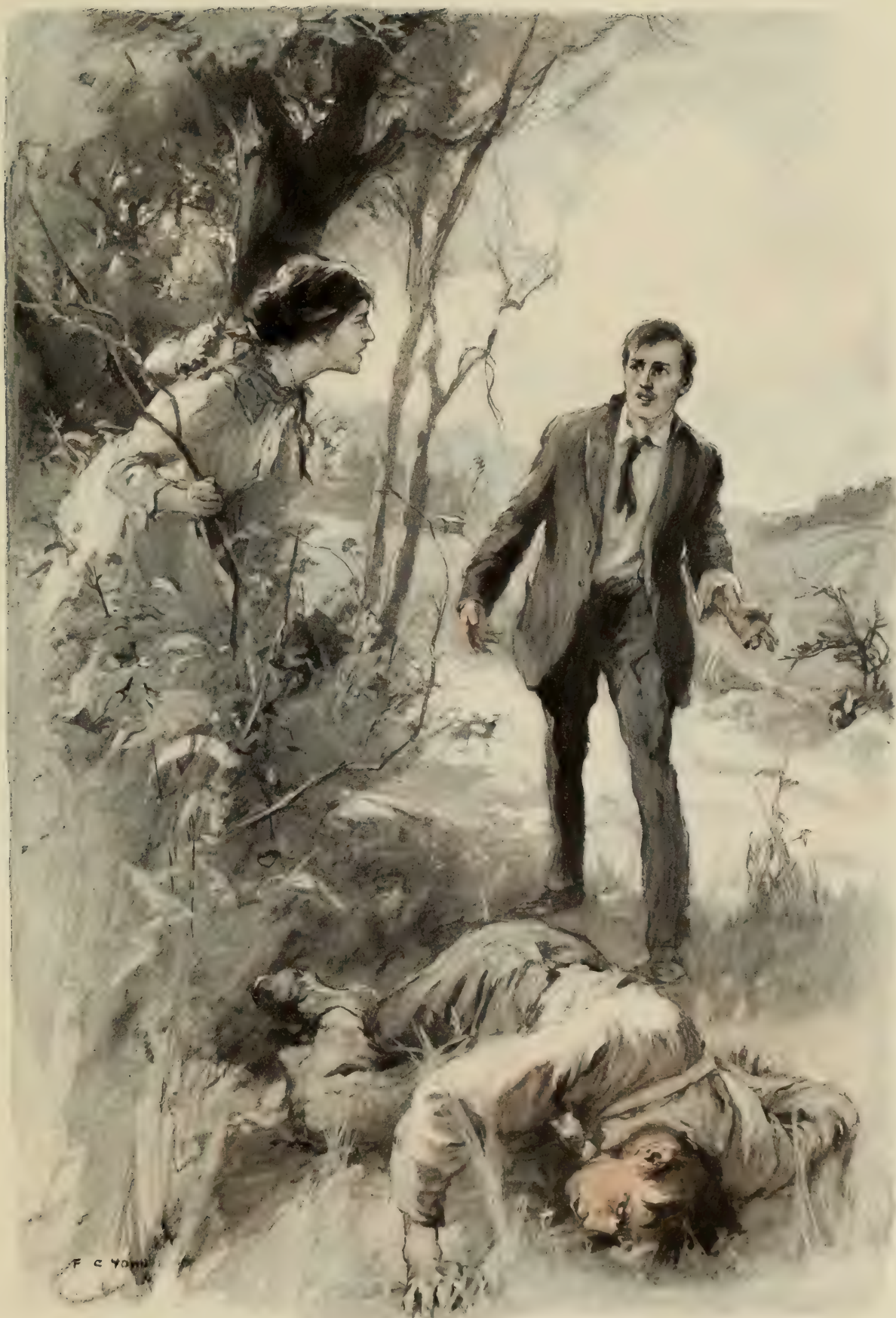
"Will you fight fair?" asked Ira, still formal in speech. "No wrestling, biting, or gouging."

"No wrasslin', no bitin', no gougin'," mimicked Jay, beginning to revolve his huge fists around each other in country fashion. The little man waited, his left arm outstretched and bent and his right across and close to his chest, and the watching girl almost groaned. Still his white, calm face, his steady eyes, and his lithe poise fascinated her. She would not let Jay hurt him badly—she would come out and take a hand herself. Jay opened one fist, and with his open hand made a powerful, contemptuous sweep at Ira's head, and the girl expected to see the little teacher fly off into the bushes and the fight over. To her amazement Ira gave no ground at all. His feet never moved, but like a blacksnake's head his own darted back; Jay's great hand fanned the air, and as his own force whirled him half around Allaphair had to hold back a screech of laughter, for Ira had *slapped him*. Jay looked puzzled, but his fists clenched. Right and left he swung, but the teacher was never there. Presently there was another stinging smack on his cheek and another, as Ira danced about him like the shadow of a magic lantern.

"He's a-tirin' him down," thought Allaphair, but she was wrong; Ira was trying to make him mad, and that did not take much time or trouble. Jay rushed him.

"No wrasslin'," called Ira quietly, at the same time stopping the rush with a left-hand swing on Jay's chin that made the head wobble.

"I reckon he must be left-handed," thought the wondering Allaphair. There are persons who literally do grind their teeth with rage and it is audible. The girl heard Jay's now.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"You got him down!" she cried. "Jump on him an' stomp him!"—Page 7.

"He's goin' to kill him," she thought, and she got ready to do her part, for with a terrible, hoarse grunt Jay had rushed. Like a greased rod of steel the boy writhed loose from the big, crooked talons that reached for his throat, and his right fist, knobbed on the end of another bar of steel, came up under Jay's bent head with every ounce of the whole weight behind it in the blow. It caught the big man on the point of the chin. Jay's head snapped up and back violently, his feet left the ground, and his big body thudded the road.

"My God, he's knocked him down! My God, he's knocked him down!" muttered the amazed girl. "You got him down!" she cried. "Jump on him an' stomp him!" He turned one startled look toward her and—it is incredible—the look even at that moment was shy; but he stood still, for Ira had picked up the ethics as well as the skill of the art, of which nothing was known in Happy Valley or elsewhere in the hills. So he stood still, his hands open, and waited. For a while Jay did not move, and his eyes, when they did open, looked dazed. He rose slowly, and as things came back to him his face became suddenly distorted. Nothing alive could humiliate him that way and still live; he meant to kill now.

"Look out!" screamed the girl. Jay rushed for the gun and Ira darted after him; but there was a quicker flash from the bushes, and Jay found his own gun pointed at his own breast and behind it Allaphair's black eyes searing him.

"Huh!" she grunted contemptuously,

and the silence was absolute while she broke the pistol, emptied the cartridges into her hand, and threw them far over into the bushes.

"Less go on home, Iry," she said, and a few steps away she turned and tossed the gun at Jay's feet. He stooped, picked it up, and, twirling it in his hand, looked foolishly after them. Presently he grinned, for at bottom Jay was a man. And two hours later, amid much wonder and many guffaws, he was telling the tale:

"The damned leetle spindle-shank licked me—licked *me*! An' I'll back him agin anybody in Happy Valley or anywhar else—ef you leave out bitin', goug-in', and wrasslin'."

"Did ye lose yo' gal, too?" asked Pleasant Trouble.

"Huh!" said Jay, "I reckon *not*—she knows *her* boss."

The two walked home slowly and in silence—Ira in front and Allaphair, as does the woman in the hills, following close behind, in a spirit quite foreign to her hitherto. The little school-teacher had turned shy again and said never a word, but, as he opened the gate to let her pass through, she saw the old, old, telltale look in his sombre eyes. Her mother was crooning in the porch.

"No ploughin' termorrer, mammy. Me an' Iry want the ole nag to go down to the Couht House in the mornin'. Iry's axed me to marry him."

Perhaps every woman does not love a master—perhaps Allaphair had found hers.

"IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW"

By Margaret Cable Brewster

As one who bears a flaming torch
Into some alien gloom,
So, with my face upraised, I go
Unshrinking to my doom.

Whether it be that Death is kind,
Or Heaven forever bright;
Surely some answering torch shall flash
Within the encircling Night!

JOHN O'MAY

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL



NE comes across adventure, mental or physical, unexpectedly. There was a dinner at Tommy Dunstan's and I had driven five miles across country.

I was late, and I came in out of the semi-darkness of an April night—a little crescent moon cutting a thin band of white in a pale-green sky—to find the others already at table. They were mostly people I knew, neighbors of Tommy and myself: nice people; fox-hunters, most of them; solid young people with money back of them; tall, slim, delightfully healthy; the women with the iridescent, small-headed, not very mellow loveliness of American women—lilies without perfume. Then I noticed O'May.

He struck me at once as alien and arresting. There was exotic coloring: a brown of sunburn, a vivid black of hair, a heather-gray of eyes. Despite the half of him hidden by the table-cloth one received an impression of slim-waistedness, of broad but distinctly well-bred shoulders, of clothes worn with the careless assurance of perfection that seems to be one of the new traits actually inherited. And there was as well, from the way in which he bent toward the woman to whom he was talking, that curious suggestion of masculinity more common in Europeans than in Americans; a suggestion of—how shall I put it?—of humorous acquiescence in a tradition observed but seen through completely. . . . I wondered who the man was. My neighbors wondered too.

When dinner was over Dunstan called out to me. "Billy," he said, "come here. I want you to meet Captain O'May. Captain John O'May." Captain John O'May! A name like an Irish day in April, isn't it? "Ex-Tenth Hussars"—Dunstan has the explanatory manner—"ex-Boer War, ex-coca-planter, ex-everything, aren't you, Jack?"

"Ex-everything," returned the gen-

tleman in question, with just the faintest hint of a brogue, "ex-everything, except exacting." Then he laughed, showing very white, even teeth under a short mustache, and put out his hand.

I felt immediately the tang to him.

Captain O'May sat down; he poured himself a liqueur; he pushed the bottle toward me; I found myself listening with a bewildering suddenness to a preposterous story of baboons. I have no idea how baboons came to be mentioned; I don't believe they were mentioned; but I was swept up in the tale. It seems in South Africa they march in regiments, the males first, the females with their babies following. In front goes a gray-bearded creature, portentous and not to be laughed at. When they come to a river the leaders plunge in and, taking hands, form a line over which the wives and children go. There is much screaming and refusal. The pantaloons general cuffs the obstreperous. It is a curious sight in the great moonlight—the hairy shapes, the precision and gravity of it. All the while they swing their arms and make a hoarse marching chorus—"Rum-pah! Rum-pah!" Something like that. . . . I didn't know whether to believe what I was hearing or not; but I had a distinct vision—of sands and a river like slow quicksilver, of a night wide as unknown seas, and of outlandish processions. My mind was entirely removed from an American suburb to countries lying on the outer edge of a planet which, if only you could see it in perspective, would seem a witch-like globe, phosphorescent with romance. . . . After that I saw O'May no more for a month.

When I did see him again it was again at Dunstan's, and instantly I felt the little thrill you feel when subconsciously you have been desiring the renewal of an acquaintanceship. I asked him over to my place for the night. He came and spent six days—borrowing my collars and

shirts with a calmness that gave to that irritating act a perpetual dignity. A dinner-jacket of mine fitted him perfectly. I imagine that every one's clothes fitted O'May.

And so, in the curiously casual manner he had, he fell into the habit of Dunstan and myself.

All that summer and autumn and winter he would appear without warning, stay a week or two, and disappear as quietly as he had come. I liked him about; I liked his feline walk; I liked his attitude of quiescent readiness. He was so immediately willing to do anything, but at the same time so little weary of doing nothing at all. One seldom meets a man who combines stoicism with eagerness. O'May lay in wait for life. I spoke of him to my friends as "a silent Irishman;" I was not a little proud that I had discovered him. I had forgotten the baboon story, you see, or, if I thought of it at all, put it down to the conversational eagerness that follows an introduction. After three months I found, quite unexpectedly, that baboons, allegorically speaking, were poignantly characteristic of O'May.

He sucked his pipe; he looked at the fire, and then at the clock which had just struck ten; he sipped his whiskey and burst into a passion of epic narration. I was utterly unprepared. Behind the rigid mask of a British ex-soldier I saw—what I should have suspected long before, peeping out—leering out, rather—the unkillable Celt. I was delighted and astonished. Here was tang added to tang.

And O'May did not let the salt evaporate. Before strangers he was a trifle shy,—not incurably, a little persuasion would as a rule produce the desired results,—but he preferred evenings alone with me. An open fire, a bottle of King William, some tobacco handy, were all the scenery needed for extraordinary feats of mental conjuring. It was as if, having taken my measure and found me an amenable victim, he had decided to exercise upon me to their limit the very great powers of his imagination. And the interesting part was that one never knew when he was telling the truth and when he was not. I doubt if he knew himself.

What was back of it all baffled me. I often wondered. Possibly it was the chromatic Gael, educated almost entirely by a reckless, hard-bitten world. In a happier age O'May would have sung to a harp. But this much must be said, as I have said before—the total effect was magnificent. Through all the tropic dusk and welter of incredible incident adventure glowed like a monstrous firefly.

He took me to Trinidad, where he had gorgeously failed at coca-planting; he took me to Ireland, where, apparently, he had been born rather carelessly into an aristocratic but typically Hibernian family; to Africa, where he had fought, and to India, where, as a young subaltern, he had served; and every time he took me he took me differently, nor did I ever recognize again any one met before. Life blossomed exotically. It became alchemic. One had a confused impression of coincidence and paradox.

There had been a little sister of his when first he had gone out to India, a little sister he remembered as a wee bit slip of a thing with big blue eyes and yellow curls. A sunbeam she was in the shadows of an old, badly kept park—and then, apparently, he had forgotten all about her. You conjectured the O'Mays were an enormous family. Years later came a small tribal war up in the hills, and the regiment was ordered there, and with it a young chap just out from England. O'May hardly knew him, but found him as a tent-mate. A nice young fellow he was, son of a Devonshire baronet. Details were never lacking. One night he tacked a photograph above his cot—a photograph of a girl in evening dress—very lovely, astonishingly lovely. O'May felt his heart stirred, and there came the glimmerings of memory. "Who's that?" he asked sharply; he was excited.

"Cordelia."

"Cordelia who?"

"Cordelia O'May. My fiancée."

Cordelia O'May! Fancy it! 'Way out there, thousands of miles from anywhere, meeting your future brother-in-law in such a fashion! . . . Exactly! Fancy it!

And then there was the adventure of the nose. One falls naturally into the language of the Arabian Nights when

speaking of O'May. It was a curious nose, I must admit. It presented obvious opportunity for the narrative gift. Half-way down its thin, flexible length it was broken distinctly and badly, and the lower half seemed not altogether connected with what had gone before. To O'May's countenance it added a finishing touch of *diablerie*, a supplementary leer, also an additional interest. Here, at all events, was a man to whom something of moment had once happened, even if it was no more than falling forcibly and dramatically down-stairs.

One night he told me about his nose; I had suspected he would.

"It's an imitation nose," he said.

"A what?"

"An imitation nose. It doesn't belong to me—at least, the lower half doesn't. I lost it through a dirty Swede in one of old Botha's commandos."

There was no use in asking how in a cavalry skirmish one could have ascertained the nationality of one's adversary. I awaited the sequel in silence. O'May had been removed to a hospital. They thought he wouldn't live. But he did. When he was convalescent there presented itself the question of his nose. How possibly could he go through life with such a ridiculous subtraction of feature? One imagined a hospital distraught over O'May's nose. Then out of the sunshine of an African day stepped a lady—a veiled lady—a lady who refused to give her name. About the incident was all the unexpectedness and fierceness of Oriental romance. And what had the lady come for? She had come to offer the skin of her knee to help restore O'May's shattered countenance. "And so you see," he said, "it isn't my nose at all, it's the lady's."

As to the pursuit of the vivid chance, he exhibited unexpected delicacy. How could he? How as a gentleman? Had the lady wanted him to know who she was she would have told him. No, one shouldn't disturb impalpabilities such as this. The whole thing was so delicate, so tenderly intriguing—and then he laughed—"and so damned ridiculous!" and suggested just the touch of Rabelaisianism for which one was looking.

Of course O'May could not live even

in a great city without becoming known. There came a period of wide and sweeping popularity. His name was on every one's lips; every one repeated his stories; he was asked about constantly. Older women found him stirringly alien; younger women, possessed of an air of danger sufficient to be interesting; and the men, although from the first most of them did not like him, were grimly unable to overlook his undoubted skill at games.* He played polo unexpectedly well; he rode across country like the crack of a whip; and in cricket he achieved almost immortal fame. I mention cricket particularly because it is important in O'May's story; very important. By mere chance he was asked if he was interested in the placid game. . . . Oh, a little. He had played, of course—at school. . . . He appeared in flannels and promptly knocked out a century. Playing myself, I marvelled at his slashing but singularly invulnerable style.

O'May accepted all this in the same unconcerned way in which he had accepted his year of leanness and obscurity; but such casual versatility is likely to bring a certain amount of disaster in its train. Before long I found that disaster had happened. O'May was not designed for unruffled good fortune. The thing grew prodigiously. I realized its seriousness when one day I called upon an old friend of mine, a woman to whom a gift for frankness had become an affectation. She attacked me on the subject of O'May. I found myself submerged in a flood of condemnation. It was a dam bursting. To combat it seemed useless. . . . But he was not a gentleman! He boasted of amorous adventure. . . . Did he mention names? . . . No, but what difference did that make? He was not the sort of person one should introduce to young women. He said he had been in the English army. Well, if he had been, for what reason had he left? He told some ridiculous story about having married for money and then having been forced by the insane jealousy of a woman he did not love to throw up his commission and obtain a divorce. Likely, wasn't it? At all events, she for one would have no more to do with him. . . .

I sipped my tea and reflected with



ALONZO KIMBALL

I wondered who the man was. My neighbors wondered too.—Page 8.

dumb resentment on the impossibility of destroying prejudice, old or new. Of course O'May was a gentleman; everything about him, his hands, his voice, his figure, the real ideas that lay back of all his abracadabra were those of a gentleman. As to his absurd self-glorification,

at his very gloomiest he was most inclined to bolster up failing vanity by means of imaginary triumphs. Besides, there was always that business of being a derelict—the inevitable disdain and bitterness. Frequently the world must have seemed a place of too many complacent

people, of judgments too cruelly made, of an unrelieved monogamous placidity. The desire to shock it would be overwhelming. But how prove all these things? It involved the whole question of what a gentleman is. Why, I have an uncle who regards all Methodists as blackguards!

I went out into streets already lit with lamps. A fine rain was falling. I was angry and ashamed. I do not like to have people's characters flayed in my presence. There is a suggestion about it of the indecency of tortured bodies on the rack. Besides, I had had no idea of the size of the storm gathering in O'May's wake. The prospect alarmed me.

And then—just at this precarious period—O'May brought matters to a climax by a bit of egregious folly peculiarly his own. I don't wonder he left the English army. I have an idea that he irritated fond but distracted superiors to final angry tears.

There was a girl—I shall call her Elinor Beech—who for two or three years had basked in a reputation for beauty. Further description is unnecessary, for perfection implies finality. You saw Miss Beech, you admitted her radiance, then nothing more happened. As for myself, by the hour I talked to her gently, all the while asking in the back of my mind, "What in the world are you doing, and where in the world are you going?" For in a perfectly unconscious but coldly heated way she was going somewhere. That was evident. She possessed the bright, small, golden-haired way of looking busy and alert when she really wasn't. Poor child, life after all must have been to her a waste of level pulchritudes. For several years I had felt sorry for her, but my sorrow now changed to indignation when I perceived that in her brisk flight from flower to flower she had alighted upon the somewhat frost-bitten leaves of O'May.

To my extreme irritation, O'May welcomed the distraction. He began to fancy himself as a suitor. He blossomed out into flowers in his buttonhole and yellow buckskin gloves. To me the whole affair smacked of speculation, with the addition, of course, of fatuous gratification at the ensnarement of a much-desired

beauty. I confronted O'May with these opinions. He accepted them with his usual calm. I informed him that Miss Beech belonged to what might be called "our American royalty"; and that he was twice her age, penniless, and divorced. "Divorced, you understand!" I repeated. He looked at me mildly. "But I'm not divorced," he said.

I gasped. "Not divorced?"

"No."

"Then why in heaven's name did you tell such a lie?"

For a moment he was thoughtful, but not embarrassed. "To tell you the truth, I don't know," he observed finally. "If I could remember the circumstances, no doubt I could explain satisfactorily." Then he brightened perceptibly. "But once a story's told you have to stick by it, don't you?" He seemed much relieved by this bit of superlative wisdom.

I washed my hands of him. For a while he did not come any longer to see me. Two months passed and rumors were abroad. The older Beeches, the infatuated Beech mother and father, were, it seems, at last awake to the situation. Three generations of restraint had been flung aside. Mr. Beech, a choleric man, made lawless by extreme wealth, had threatened to kick O'May. O'May had laughed delightedly and had offered him a back for this purpose, warning him, however, as an apoplectic elderly person, to indulge in the new exercise gently. It was evident that he had made himself, to a man without humor, unbearably offensive. The world overlooked the engaging debonairness of this incident in its rage at O'May as a discredited adventurer. It was clear that even if willy-nilly he married Elinor Beech she would take no wealth with her. Mr. Beech had threatened disinheritance, and he was one of those men who pride themselves on keeping their word, no matter how foolish that word may be. He was bitter with the bitterness of the disenchanted parent.

Then summer came and for me, at least, a respite from all such vexing problems.

It was Dunstan—Dunstan, delightfully heedless of gossip—who in his vague, guileless way produced a crisis and a drama. He gave a house party early in

September. I am sure O'May was not aware that his captive princess was to be present, and as for her she was either equally ignorant or else had lied adroitly to her parents. At all events, they both turned up smiling, met in the hall, hesi-

the talk swirling about them. I think they were happy. O'May, who shared a room with me, was preoccupied and gentler than I had ever seen him. In the violet breathless dusks before dinner the two walked in the gardens, or found in-



Behind the rigid mask of a British ex-soldier I saw—the unkillable Celt.—Page 9.

tated, seemed to wish to blush, and then, in the pleasure of seeing each other after a separation of three months, forgot all about everything else. The rest of us, with the exception of Dunstan, who was completely innocent, proceeded to sit apprehensively upon the edge of the crater.

The objects of our speculation meanwhile went their way as if oblivious of

adequate excuses to motor. In the evenings they did not join us at cards or dancing, but sat on the terrace watching the immense, warm stars. Once or twice I came upon them. I must admit even my disapproving imagination was touched. There was something about O'May's lean, quiet, dark-headed figure that seemed to pick him out as a mate

for the tiny, radiant fairness of the girl. Nature seemed to be wiser in this instance than Mr. Beech. After all, why not? I found myself arguing the situation in my mind. The question was—Was O'May really in love? He seemed to be. One night he stood by the window and stretched wide his arms.

"A man's never old, Billy," he said, "is he? I was thinking I was, but I'm not, Lord love you!" He paused. "She's sweeter than June," he said in his softest Irish voice.

The revelation pleased me. There seemed here a chance of complete regeneration. The prospect suddenly became secure, vivacious, reillusioned. And then a Packard car—a large, plum-colored Packard car—put an end to such unsubstantialities.

I found it—the car—standing in the driveway before Dunstan's house one afternoon as I came in late from riding. A smart chauffeur dozed in the last rays of the sun. Frogs croaked from a near-by pond, upon the shimmering surface of which gossamer flying things caught, for a moment as brief as their lives, a glory of light on their wings. I was not prepared for the red, carefully plump gentleman, clad in a fawn-colored silk suit, who sat in a wicker chair on the porch, his hands clasped determinedly upon a heavy walking-stick. The elderly gentleman glared at me; the carmine of his face was heightened by the level rays of the sun.

"Are you Dunstan?" he growled.

"No, Mr. Beech," I answered amiably—my heart leapt. "You don't remember me, I see." I introduced myself. He seemed to regard the formality as an added irritation.

"Where is the fellow—the—the—what's his name?"

But at that moment I saw the unsuspecting Dunstan approaching and I fled stableward. There was not a motor to be had, but I procured a horse. The saddling seemed unbearably slow. I was afraid O'May and the girl would arrive before I could warn them. I galloped down the driveway. And then—after all this, they were late; absurdly and fatally late.

I waited by the gate at the end of the mile-long drive. A great moon swung up

over the liquid darkness of the hills to the east. Would they never come? Then I heard the purr of a motor and the long gray car swept past me in a blinding arc of light. O'May's voice reached me.

"What's wrong?" he said sharply.

I stammered. "It's none of my business, but Mr. Beech—your father, Miss Beech—is waiting for you up at the house. I thought I would warn you."

There was a moment's silence before the girl's voice said, a trifle wearily:

"It's almost nine o'clock."

I moved my horse to where the dazzling light was no longer in my eyes. O'May, his hand on the wheel, was looking at the girl. Suddenly he flung up his head.

"If you're game," he said, "so am I. I'm sick of this. Let's get through with it."

He threw in the clutch and the great machine groaned and leaped forward. I followed at a hand-gallop.

I had imagined nothing out of the ordinary; nothing, that is, on the surface, or I would not, when I came back from the stable, have gone in at the front entrance. As it was I stumbled suddenly into a strange, excited little group in one corner of the shadowy hall. Dunstan, astonished and ill at ease, stood with his hands in his pockets, and near him, but not noticing him, O'May and Elinor Beech and her father. The last was expressing some opinion in a restrained but obviously passionate voice. O'May was fingering a book on the table, his eyes first on the older man, then on the girl.

I was congratulating myself on slipping past unnoticed, but Mr. Beech saw me. "Here!" he said. "Here's a man I want. I watched him gallop down to the gate—gallop right past me. Now, sir, what did you do that for?"—I realized what a fool I had been—"Why, may I ask?"

I stepped into the circle of light.

"Mr. Beech," I said, "I am not aware what particular houses you adorn, but judging from the way you are acting here they must be curious houses. Where I live, gentlemen can ride at a gallop any time they like without being asked nonsensical questions by comparative strangers."

O'May threw back his head. He never could resist such moments as this. I



"Long Jack!" said the governor-general. "Old Timmy!" said O'May.—Page 20.

suppose more than anything else they were what had ruined him.

"Oh, I say!" he applauded. "Oh, by Jove! Got just what he deserved, didn't he?"

"You fool!" hissed Dunstan.

Very satisfactory, of course; very satis-

factory, indeed; but can you imagine any idiocy greater? I can't. The effect upon Mr. Beech was instantaneous. For a moment he glared; then he turned once more to his daughter and spoke in a new and peculiarly deadly voice:

"I will waste no more words. My mo-

tor is waiting outside. You can come home with me, Elinor, or else never speak to me again. You understand? You know when I say a thing I mean it. As for you, sir,"—he wheeled upon O'May—"beggar that you are, I'll make you still more of one. I can do it and you know it." He looked at his watch. "You have five minutes, Elinor," he said, quietly.

It was incredible. The kind of scene one does not expect. Life had suddenly slipped back to a more brutal period. Old age in a passion has a way sometimes of producing such anachronisms.

I watched attentively O'May's face and the face of the girl. I was hoping—hoping bitterly, now—that she would step forward. I for one would help O'May if she married him; so would Dunstan. Why didn't she move? Her great eyes were wide and staring. Her small, beautifully chiselled features seemed frozen to ice. God knows what processes of computation and balance were going on behind them. Possibly this was the first time in all her life she had been called upon to think. It was unbearable. Then O'May made a sudden movement.

He laid aside with the most curious care the book the leaves of which he had been absent-mindedly fluttering and stepped nearer to Mr. Beech. His whole appearance had undergone a subtle change. The fierce intentness was past; he was careless and reckless and half-smiling again. He thrust his hands deep in his trouser-pockets and jingled some keys.

"I've lost, Mr. Beech," he said, and inclined his head. "You can take your daughter home."

Dunstan gasped. The girl suddenly stepped back and put out a hand, but O'May did not notice it.

"And I've something more to tell you," he continued; "I——"

But the older man appreciated victory. "Not a word, sir," he said. He turned to go.

O'May leaned against the table. "Oh, very well," he agreed amiably, his gray eyes smiling, his brogue very thick. "Only I think ye'd do well to listen."

Mr. Beech hesitated.

"It's just this," said O'May. "At

present ye think Elinor's a fool, don't ye? Well, she's not, Mr. Beech; far from it. I'm an old hand; it wasn't very difficult for me."

"What wasn't?"

"Well, a lot of things. To tell her my brother was a baronet, and had no children. To say I'd be worth a million or two in a short while. To show her pictures of the place of a distant cousin and let her believe it was one day to be mine. To try to elope with her to-night." He paused and looked about for the effect of this announcement. "Yes, just that, Mr. Beech. If it hadn't been for her common sense we'd not be here now. That's what made us late. But she wouldn't do it. She has lots of sense. She's"—he looked at her with a sudden proud, fatherly look—"she's a girl of character, Mr. Beech; take her home and be good to her."

There was silence, and then:

"You cad!" said the older man. "Go home to your divorced wife."

"My divorced wife?" asked O'May gently. "Which one, Mr. Beech?"

"Which one!"

"Yes, you didn't know I'd been divorced twice, Mr. Beech, did you?"

This was too much. I stepped forward. "There's not a word—" I began; but Mr. Beech was already on his way to the door. Over his shoulder I caught a glimpse of a delicate gold head. The girl looked back once. Her face was small and white and perplexed.

The three of us who were left remained for a moment silent by the table, then Dunstan abruptly swung on his heel and made off down a dim corridor toward a door from which came the voices of his other guests. I went out into the garden.

Late that night I found O'May in our bedroom, smoking a cigarette and regarding the moon. "Well," I said, "I hope you've made enough of an ass of yourself to satisfy even you."

He threw away his cigarette and stood up to the full length of his lean height and stretched his arms above his head.

"Oh, no," he said. "Thank God, there's always some future foolishness left in the world."

"Would you mind telling me," I demanded, "why to an already unpleasant

incident you chose to add a string of insane lies?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Certainly," he said; and for the first time I had a complete impression of a stricken face. Why, the man had been in love

He sighed and returned to the window. His muffled voice reached me. "And I'll be damned if it wasn't the little devil herself who tried to do the running away to-night. I had the deuce of a time bringing her home."



"On the ball, Dublin!" he said, and fell back.—Page 20.

with the foolish little creature, after all! Really in love! "It's very simple," he continued, and yawned. One recognizes those yawns. "While there was a chance, you know; but there wasn't, not a chance. I know women's faces. Not a chance. Money wins every time. Well, it's a good horse. What do you expect? But she might just as well be off with flying colors as not, mightn't she? Otherwise, all her life—the suspicion of her being an idiot. You don't know the Beeches. It'd be hell. Don't you think I gave Elinor a reputation for an eye to the main chance? She couldn't have thought that up herself, you know." He cocked an eyebrow. "Besides," he concluded, "when my imagination gets started, I'll be hanged if I know where it's going to stop."

And that was all.

I should hate having to leave O'May here; I should hate having to leave him spattered with the laughter of people not wise enough to be kind; to abandon him drearily lonely in a city where once, for a short time at least, he had been so welcome; and, fortunately, I don't have to. Life has its own jocose methods of compensation. It slaps you down into the mud, and then comes a great wind that lifts you up, up, to the very gates, clean-swept, of heaven itself. There was to be for O'May at least one moment left of glory and illumination—a moment the spreading fame of which caused, I think, numerous people to stand agape at their own stupidity. The moment came because O'May played cricket.

Spring was on hand and with it the trip

of a team to the West Indies. There had been some talk, I dare say, of leaving O'May off, but even the blackest social record cannot destroy the value of a top-batsman; and so, unruffled and unconcerned, he went along. In his smart tweed cap and beautifully fitting ready-made clothes he was a sight for the eye as he paced the deck. Something about his leanness and hardness seemed to make a voyage tropic-ward singularly appropriate. And, as far as any one could see, he was totally oblivious of the truth that, barring myself, the dozen other men of the party despised him utterly. Fortunately they were all too good sportsmen—all but one, that is—to make this dislike known. The one was a man named Whitton. In every body of men there seems to be a Whitton. Possibly the fact perpetuates a curse of Job. Whitton was short and dark and truculent, and, to his own mind, amusing—no, not amusing, subtly witty—any adjective expressing delicate humor will do. One gets tired of describing Whittons. Why he marked O'May as a victim I do not know, for I doubt if off the cricket-field they saw each other more than once or twice in a year. But, at all events, Whitton pursued O'May, and O'May, with his usual perverse humor, although the rest of us expected a quarrel, showered kindnesses on Whitton's head. We were at a loss to understand until, one day—

"I can't help liking the little devil, you know," said O'May to a group of us; "he's exactly like a stud-groom we used to have at my father's place. Vulgar little brute, but something fascinating about him."

The remark was repeated, as it was intended it should be, and an abrupt change took place in Whitton's playful venom—the playfulness disappeared. O'May was more cordial than ever.

We dropped into a blue harbor that took a half-moon slice out of a green-and-white island impossibly clean. There was to be a match with the British regiment stationed there, and the attendant dances, and a vice-regal reception; for the green-and-white island was an important place and boasted a governor-general. The night of our arrival there developed a conspiracy on the part of Whitton.

I found two or three of O'May's most ardent enemies in the smoking-room of the hotel. They seemed pleased about something. Whitton was doing the talking. He was not afraid of my presence; the plan was too insolently simple to admit of interference. Whitton, in short, was to introduce O'May to the governor-general as "Captain John O'May, late Tenth Hussars—Captain John O'May!"—very loud, you understand, so that there would be not the slightest chance of not being heard.

At first I failed to grasp the significance.

Whitton laughed. "Guess!" he said.

Light dawned on me. "That's a pleasant thing to do to a team-mate," I observed. "And then, you know, he might have been in the Tenth Hussars after all."

"Not a chance!" said Whitton. "He? He never was! I know a liar when I see one. I'm sick of his lies. We're all sick of his lies, aren't we?" The attendant group nodded with sinister solemnity. "Why," continued Whitton, "why, that's one of the best regiments in England. Besides, even if he did belong, he was kicked out for some dirty work."

I attempted scorn. Did they think the governor-general of a West Indian island carried the whole British army list in his head? There might have been a dozen O'Mays in the Tenth Hussars and this fellow here none the wiser.

But Whitton persisted. It was only a chance, of course, but a mighty good one. The English army was small and rather like a club. If O'May had done anything disgraceful it would be recalled to mind at once. If, on the other hand, he was merely an impostor, detection would be equally swift. They knew in a moment, those chaps; they could tell by a dozen hidden evidences not patent to foreigners.

"Whitton," I said, "you're a fool. Look out!"

"Who for?" he sneered.

"Me, for one," I said, getting up. "Besides, this governor-general will have too much sense to show you what he knows."

"Oh!" said Whitton. He laughed. "Oh! So you think we're right, too, do you?"

And as a matter of fact I did. The plot presented all the strength of a di-

lemma. If O'May was what he said he was there was no need to worry; if, to the contrary, he was none of these things, or only part of these things, there was nothing to do but to let him bear the consequences of his own folly and trust to his quick wit for a not too unpleasant escape from embarrassment. To attempt to prevent Whitton's plan would be only to fasten upon O'May forever the stamp of an impostor. Apparently the test was foredoomed. I contented myself with visions of revenge upon Whitton.

Two days later came the first day of the match. The Englishmen went in to bat. When dark swallowed up the grounds we were whisked off to a dinner; the reception was to follow.

Orange lamps, like little moons, hung in strange, heavy-foliaged trees. A band blared in an illuminated kiosk. Lithe young men in regimentals were officially and inexpressibly polite.

"Why don't you get them to play some tune we know, O'May?" suggested Whitton happily.

I took this to be the first gun of the skirmish.

O'May turned. "I?"

"Yes; weren't you an officer?"

O'May's long nose wrinkled. "That's not the same as a band-master, you know," he explained gently.

I was keeping close to him. The time to meet the governor-general was approaching. A young aide-de-camp stepped over to us and suggested that the ceremony begin. We followed in little groups. Besides myself and Whitton there were four or five others in the lot O'May joined.

"Cheer-o!" said he. "For what is the likes of me greeting the direct and anointed representative of his Britannic Majesty. What's the old blighter's name?"

Sir Timothy-Something-or-Other, I told him vaguely.

"Quaker!" he hissed. "A dollar he's a sour-faced Quaker."

We came to a big man, long-nosed, stooping, with a grizzled mustache. He looked bored. My heart sank. Here was not one of the kindly English; rather, a veteran of many climates and varied indigestion. The band seemed to me to be playing with unnecessary softness. I was

presented, bowed, heard the end of an unintelligible sentence, and moved a step or two away. O'May followed. Over his shoulder I caught sight of Whitton's face. Then it seemed to me that the worst had happened; for suddenly the governor-general took a step forward, hesitated, and peered; his harsh face in the swaying shadows becoming for a moment harsher.

"Why—" said the governor-general. "Why—let me see! No! Yes! By gad!" His thin, tired face broke into an alarming grin. "Why, by all that's holy, it's Long Jack O'May!"

"Timmy Danby!" said O'May simply. "How—what in the devil are you doing here?"

In the background I stepped on Whitton's foot.

"I?" said the governor-general. "Why, I'm the governor-general!" And he spoke with apparently no realization of the absurdity of his remark. Emotion was evident on both sides. The governor-general breathed through his nose; he looked about him nervously. "All your fellows through?" he asked.

"I think so," answered O'May. "We're the last."

"Well, then—I'll just say a word or two—just a word, and then—look here! What do you think? We'll find a place to sit down. I want to see you, you devil. Where've you been? In the States? One of those blighted millionaires by now, I suppose. I heard you'd got out. Rotten job, the army, anyhow." He remembered his duties and turned to the silent, staring little group about him. "I trust you'll forgive me, gentlemen," he said, "but I haven't seen Captain O'May in ten years, and he was the best subaltern I ever had. These young men will be delighted to look after you." He indicated his aides-de-camp.

I turned to go, still in a haze of unreality, but O'May called me back. "No, you don't!" he said. "Do you mind, Timmy?" But his next action was the most extraordinary of all, for he laid a detaining hand on Whitton's shoulder and faced him about and said, most lovingly, "And Jerry Whitton, too? He's one of the best pals I've got. Can I bring 'em along?"

Whitton did not understand until later, I think; nor did I, until, looking at O'May, I saw gray eyes cold and raw as Irish moors on a hunting-day.

Under a shadowy tree, a colored lantern spreading radiance through its branches, we found a table. A man servant brought us drinks.

"Long Jack!" said the governor-general.

"Old Timmy!" said O'May.

And this was the moment of which I spoke—the apotheosis of O'May. I could see him grow as he sat there; become younger. He was home—in harbor. They talked of many things—he and the governor-general—of India, of London, of men they had known; of men who had died and of men who were still alive. And in the semi-dusk, with the band sobbing a waltz and uniforms flitting in and out of orange light and shadow, with the sound of laughter reaching us, it seemed to me that O'May was no longer a derelict, no longer a man to whom the future held nothing, but once more a young subaltern, straight and taut with the pride of the great service of a great empire. I saw India, and keen-faced young men about the white and silver of a mess-table; I saw South Africa and heard cavalry marching by night across the veldt; and it wasn't merely romancing on my part, for O'May, I knew, was seeing at the same time the same things as I. It was easy to understand now his recklessness toward the present. In face of his memories it must have seemed, indeed, a matter of small moment; old Mr. Beech merely an absurdity; his daughter, after her fiery test,

pitiable and unheroic. At one corner of the table Whitton watched with a troubled, embarrassed face.

"You'll move your traps to-morrow and stay with me, won't you?" asked the governor-general.

"Will I!" said O'May.

That spring I was out of town for a month. I came back to find a telephone call, three days old, from O'May. It was urgent. He was in hospital. I hurried out. Yes, Captain O'May was in a private ward on the third floor. An old wound in his head. They would see if I might go to him. There was something odd in the manner in which they told me this. I fidgeted. I remember how noisy a newly awakened fly was against the window-pane. A nurse came hurrying in. Yes, I could go to Captain O'May—yes, I could go, but I had best hurry. Hurry! Why, in God's name, did I have to hurry?

He was unconscious when I reached the narrow room where he was. I waited an hour; perhaps an hour and a half. The nurse busied herself with a dozen esoteric tasks. And then, suddenly, he sat up and opened his eyes and looked squarely at me.

"On the ball, Dublin!" he said, and fell back. I had never known that he had played football . . . the extraordinary man!

When I finally left, it seemed to me as if a piece of romance had been ripped, as a sword rips tapestry, from the walls of life. Old age for some people is impossible to contemplate; but then——

DOROTHY'S GARDEN

By Aline Kilmer

DEAR, in all your garden I have planted yellow lilies,
Dainty yellow lilies, everywhere you go.
They are nodding, slim and stately, down the paths along the hedges,
Delicately stepping, they curtsy as they go.

So when you walk among them, like a lily in your slimness,
With your shining head just bending graciously,
All the little angels that look down upon your garden
Will wonder which is lily and which is Dorothy.

STORM-MUSIC

By Henry van Dyke

O Music hast thou only heard
The laughing river, the singing bird,
The murmuring wind in the poplar-trees,—
Nothing but Nature's melodies?
Nay, thou hearest all her tones,
As a Queen must hear!
Sounds of wrath and fear,
Mutterings, shouts and moans,
Madness, tumult, and despair,—
All she has that shakes the air
With voices fierce and wild!
Thou art a Queen and not a dreaming child,—
Put on thy crown and let us hear thee reign
Triumphant in a world of storm and strain!

Echo the long-drawn sighs
Of the mounting wind in the pines;
And the sobs of the mounting waves that rise
In the dark of the troubled deep
To break on the beach in fiery lines.
Echo the far-off roll of thunder,
Rumbling loud
And ever louder, under
The blue black curtain of cloud,
Where the lightning serpents gleam.
Echo the moaning
Of the forest in its sleep
Like a giant groaning
In the torment of a dream.

Now an interval of quiet
For a moment holds the air
In the breathless hush
Of a silent prayer.

Then the sudden rush
Of the rain, and the riot
Of the shrieking, tearing gale
Breaks loose in the night,
With a fusillade of hail!
Hear the forest fight,
With its tossing arms that crack and clash
In the thunder's cannonade,
While the lightning's forked flash
Brings the old hero-trees to the ground with a crash!
Hear the breakers' deepening roar,

Driven like a herd of cattle
 In the wild stampede of battle,
 Trampling, trampling, trampling, to overwhelm the shore!

Is it the end of all?
 Will the land crumble and fall?
 Nay, for a voice replies
 Out of the hidden skies,
 "Thus far, O sea, shalt thou go,
 So long, O wind, shalt thou blow:
 Return to your bounds and cease,
 And let the earth have peace!"

O Music lead the way,—
 The stormy night is past,
 Lift up our hearts to greet the day,
 And the joy of things that last.

The dissonance and pain
 That mortals must endure,
 Are changed in thine immortal strain
 To something great and pure.

True love will conquer strife,
 And strength from conflict flows,
 For discord is the thorn of life
 And harmony the rose.

SAINT-GAUDENS:

RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS FRIEND MAITLAND ARMSTRONG

Set Down by Hamilton Fish Armstrong



HE Falcone was an ancient trattoria, opening its hospitable doors just back of the Pantheon on one of the crooked streets that tie themselves into a dozen bow-knots in an effort to wriggle somehow into a respectable part of town. To those familiar with modern Rome the vicinity of the Pantheon will seem an unexpected spot in which to discover a favorite café, but in the early seventies the Falcone was much patronized by the artistic fraternity. The billowy primitive stone floor and the tables furrowed and black with age could not detract a whit from the

fragrance of the macaroni sizzling in the next room, while the heads of old wine-casks that studded the walls but reminded us that there still remained much Chianti to be met and conquered. The American and English artists who enjoyed the Falcone's savory meals were not always famous, but they satisfactorily enough made up for the lack of appreciation in others by unreservedly admitting to each other that at any rate they were far and away the best.

Here it was that the sculptor Rhinehart (or "Rhiny," as he was known to his fellows, "a man of infinite wit") was host at a jolly dinner one sultry July night

in 1872—the 3d of the month it was, for I remember how patriotic we became as morning drew near. And it had drawn disgracefully near before all the tales were told and all the songs sung by the convivial crowd, among whom I remember Elihu Vedder and Charles Caryll Coleman, neither of whom needs an introduction to artists. At the long table also sat George Simmons, the English sculptor whose “Falconer” adorns a rocky knoll in Central Park. Rhinehart was a sculptor of great promise, but alas! he died not long afterward, when just achieving fame. The name of my next neighbor was Augustus Saint-Gaudens. His personality strongly impressed me, and there and then began a friendship destined to last till the day of his death.

When my new-found friend and I sallied out after dinner we found Vedder sitting on one of the large stones at the corner of the Via Frattina and the Piazza di Spagni, gazing with solemn attention at the moon as it hung in quiet glory over the Pincian Hill. Dawn was just touching the skies and the chill of early morning was in the air. But from that position not all the expostulations of Saint-Gaudens and myself could budge Vedder, and after a time we forbore and left him still sitting on his stone in silent contemplation. The next day I departed for Venice and a year passed before I could renew my acquaintance with Saint-Gaudens.

The end of a year saw us both on this side of the Atlantic, and many were the experiences we had in New York in the old building on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. It still is occupied by the German Savings Bank, but in those days there were a number of vacant up-stairs rooms used as studios. We each rented one of these, and for several years I saw him almost daily; discouraging and depressing years they were for him, although maybe not really so hard as the earlier ones he had spent as a student at the Beaux Arts.

Saint-Gaudens had been working for some time on a small recumbent female figure, which was finally cast in plaster and sent to the Academy of Design. It was rejected. He had also before this, in Rome, made a marble figure of “Silence” for a masonic temple, but the masons,

knowing little of art, didn’t like it and were prevailed upon to accept it only after he had spent weary weeks at work, himself cutting and chipping the marble after it was already in place. They now congratulate themselves, it is said, on having known enough to secure the work of a great sculptor!

The father of Saint-Gaudens was a shoemaker who kept his shop next to the old Academy of Design in Fourth Avenue. I often met him. He was an erect old Frenchman with a fine, leonine head, an aristocratic bearing, and good blood in his veins, I am sure. Neither did he have any regular education to speak of, though his active mind readily acquired bits of knowledge, and later on in life he was a very well educated man. At the time of which I speak, however, he was innocent of even an acquaintance with many of the masterpieces of literature. He once asked me where he could find an accurate story of Moses. Rather amused, I lent him the obvious book. Late that night he came back into my studio in a great state of excitement, carrying in his hand the Bible I had lent him. “I’ve never read this before,” he exclaimed. “It’s the most remarkable thing I have ever seen.”

Saint-Gaudens often told me of the trials he had suffered as apprentice to a cameo-cutter, a Frenchman, who spent his holidays and Sundays in shooting snipe on the Weehawken Flats. The young craftsman was compelled to walk all day, lugging his master’s game-bag and running after the snipe he shot. Never would he admit, even in confidence, that the bag was a heavy one, so loath was he to give “that fellow” credit for anything; but there is not much hazard in the guess that snipe were then in a more flourishing condition on the “Flats” than is the case to-day, and that the sport was pretty good—for the master.

Cameo-cutting was soon abandoned, but not before Saint-Gaudens had become very skilful at the trade. This training I have no doubt greatly influenced his whole artistic career. Upon returning to America after his first trip abroad he was desperately poor, and during most of one winter he and the sculptor Palmer slept in a store-room on the same floor as our

studios, using as beds the great empty packing-boxes of some furniture that had come to me from Italy.

In those days Mr. Robert Gordon's house was a rendezvous of artists and their friends, for every winter Mr. Gordon gave a large reception, with a splendid spread, to which the artists considered it quite the thing to be invited. Entirely different from any of the present-day functions, they were a distinct feature of New York life, and were looked forward to from year to year. To one of these I obtained an invitation for Saint-Gaudens, and while we were there introduced him to Doctor Noyes, the famous surgeon and oculist. The conversation having turned upon hospitals, Saint-Gaudens related to Doctor Noyes how once he had cut a long gash in his arm and as a result had been carried to a hospital near by. Pulling up his sleeve he showed the scar. Doctor Noyes said: "I remember the wound as distinctly as I do the brave little boy. I was the doctor who sewed it up!"

In his younger days Saint-Gaudens was shy and avoided somewhat the company of the great, and he described to me as one of his early trials his modelling of a bust of a distinguished diplomat. This gentleman's doctor had ordered him to soak his feet, so when he posed for my friend he sat wrapped up in a blanket on a high chair, his feet stuck in a tub of water which it was part of Saint-Gaudens's duty to keep hot. When the bust was well under way Saint-Gaudens noticed that the distinguished diplomat kept bringing the conversation around to Socrates and Seneca, Marcus Aurelius and Plato. The reason for this was not long obscure. "I find," said the D. D., "after a careful examination, that all these great and distinguished men had very broad foreheads. Just broaden mine a bit." So Saint-Gaudens, afraid to object, meekly complied. Repeated urgings and the resultant broadenings brought the forehead finally to the point where it seemed to be affected with some dreadful swelling disease. But this did not bring complete satisfaction to the heart of the sitter. He suggested that these same great forerunners of his were also notable for having had very deep-set eyes. So poor Saint-Gaudens was forced

to bore and bore, deeper and deeper, until he almost pierced through to the back. He told me this story with great excitement, interspersing in the narrative many uncomplimentary remarks on celebrities in general, and illustrating it all by puffing out his cheeks and making violent boring gestures with his forefinger. He said he'd give anything to get hold of that bust and smash it to atoms.

By nature modest and retiring, nothing bored him more than to be thrust forward, especially if the particular kind of torture happened to be public speaking. His literary style was terse and vivid, and he showed it to advantage in his letters, frequently illustrating them, too, with humorous scraps of drawings and using for signature a caricature of his own long profile. His manners were always most attractive, but he cared little for dress and despised all its affectations. I remember that he bore a particular grudge against the pointed shoes that used to be fashionable, and was continually making fun of mine. But this lack of interest in clothes did not hinder him from admirably depicting them, as witness the Farragut and Lincoln statues. La Farge told me he thought Saint-Gaudens in his Lincoln had obtained the most successful result that he had ever seen in the struggle of dealing artistically with the problem of modern dress.

In 1877 Saint-Gaudens modelled a small bas-relief of me, the first of the interesting medallions he afterward often made. La Farge came in to look at it and remarked: "It looks just like Armstrong—face all tied up in a knot." Years later it was exhibited at the Salon, where with other works of the then famous sculptor it received honorable mention—yet Saint-Gaudens when he made it held but a trivial place in the eyes of the world and for some time had difficulty in making a living.

Soon after this Mrs. Edward King thought of erecting a monument at Newport in memory of her husband, and I, having introduced Saint-Gaudens to La Farge, suggested to her that they would form an excellent pair to execute the work. They were promptly engaged, and this was the first really successful order secured by Saint-Gaudens. Soon

after their first meeting La Farge asked Saint-Gaudens and me to dine with him in his old Tenth Street studio, and the plans for the beautiful King monument resulted from their discussion at that time. He finished work on it in Paris, whither I went in the spring of 1878, just in time to see him putting on the final touches. I was there as director of American Fine Arts at the exhibition of that year, and during the time it lasted I lived with Saint-Gaudens in his apartment at 3 Rue Herschel, in the Latin Quarter.

His studio was close by in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, in a huge old dance-hall, and high up in the gallery there a couple of other artists and I often painted, much amused at the alternate waves of exultation and despair that swept over him as he worked. That summer Augustus started his brother Louis at work, and it was in the old dance-hall that the latter modelled his first head. Saint-Gaudens made for me a little bas-relief portrait of my daughter, besides finishing some other small pieces of work, but his best efforts that summer were spent on the Farragut statue, which kept him busy for some time to come.

His Farragut working model was set up in the centre of the room, while the rest of us painted in the gallery, once occupied I suppose by the orchestra. Thence at odd times were wafted snatches of song that might have startled even the waltzing Parisians of the old days; from one corner would resound a mellow bass:

"You secure the old man;
I'll bind the gur-r-l."

And the couplet would be completed antiphonally from another remote quarter:

"Once aboard the lugger she is mine!"

Saint-Gaudens always made it "lubber," and we could not laugh him out of this unnautical substitution.

One of our lively circle was young Bloomer, always amusing and very talkative. He insisted upon singing whenever he painted—and he painted steadily. One day somebody called out: "I'm all through. Come on, fellows: let's go out to Fontainebleau and hear Bloomer paint." Various bets were chalked up as to whether or not we would find Bloomer

performing to his usual musical accompaniment; of course he was.

I asked Saint-Gaudens to help me hang the American pictures in the exposition and had him appointed by the commissioner-general. This work, as he afterward described it, was "something like a battle." A large number of these pictures had been selected in New York by a distinguished committee of American connoisseurs. All these gentlemen, being amateurs and patrons of art but none of them actual painters, wanted only pictures by "leading artists." So I, who acted as a sort of adviser and buffer between the artists and the committee, had difficulty in persuading them to accept pictures by some men who had not the reputation they afterward acquired, but who even then unquestionably were worthy of representing the United States at the Paris Exposition—notably Winslow Homer and John La Farge. (The latter's picture, named "Paradise Valley," received an honorable mention.) Even at the end there were still a number of the younger and best artists who were left unrepresented.

Some pictures were selected by Saint-Gaudens and myself after our arrival in Paris, these mainly being the work of the students there. Thus our duties and responsibilities were very mixed and it naturally followed that we got the criticism for all the sins of omission, though in reality we were responsible only for those pictures accepted in Paris and for the hanging. The third man on our committee was Mr. —, always referred to by the newspapers as "The Great American Connoisseur," a name he never after succeeded in getting rid of. He soon became rather terrified, I imagine, at having to do anything, and refused to come to the meetings or to countenance any of our actions, saying that we were too young and too radical—"perfect iconoclasts," as he expressed it.

It must be admitted that we partly earned this title, for when we came to hang the pictures we placed those we considered best on the line and the worst near the ceiling, entirely irrespective of the names or reputations of the various artists concerned; there, Saint-Gaudens remarked, the latter would do the least

harm. This was unprecedented. Result: we displeased a great many of the artists, for some of the great were "skied." For example, Bloomer, who had never before had a picture exhibited, sent a very nice landscape and we hung it on the line. This sort of thing upset some people, and of course we came in for our share of criticism, but on the whole the exhibit made a good impression, and unprejudiced people, especially foreigners, said it was the best made by the United States up to that time. Later on, Russell Sturgis saw our completed work and expressed his entire approval. But for the purpose of showing that even the ordinary American criticism was not all adverse, the following quotations from an editorial in the *New York Times* seem amusing enough not to be out of place:

These young persons have struck terror to the heart of the American colony by judging pictures on the ground of artistic merit displayed in them, regarded by such lights as they possess. Carried away by their mistaken enthusiasm for pure art, they have rejected pictures of great size, which show, almost as faithfully as a colored photograph, miles and miles of our unequalled Western landscape. They have failed to appreciate the genius of a man who samples a large tract of country, and condenses his samples into a "Heart of" or "Soul of" this or that country. They have made the pitiable mistake of supposing the size of, and length of time occupied in the painting of, a picture, has little or nothing to do with its artistic merit. Pride of intellect and vainglory of the artistic temperament can go no farther. Their downfall is certain.

On the other hand, it may be urged that an expurgated show of American art is a novel and refreshing thing, which cannot fail to impress well those Europeans whose good opinion is of value. It may be said that the academical American painter is a nuisance at which the judges in Europe laugh heartily; and also that many absurd pictures are every year admitted to the Salon. But if things are sifted to the bottom, it will readily be seen how hollow all such arguments are.

What was this committee appointed for? To select and hang a collection of paintings representative of the present state of American art. Mark that word, representative. How have they done it? By neglecting the bad and taking the good. Now, American art is mostly bad. Ergo, the exhibition is not representative of the present state of American art. They ought to be taught that America never puts her best foot forward, and does not want to be represented otherwise than by mediocrities. As it is, we may leave them to the results of their ignorance and temerity. The American colony in Paris has plenty of time on its hands, and will probably make the lives of the committee a burden to them.

Saint-Gaudens was always frank; he made it a point of honor when asked about any work of art to answer exactly as he thought. One day we had been in the Russian gallery, where hung a gaudy and thoroughly bad picture which we both agreed in disliking. As we were coming out some people whom Saint-Gaudens knew slightly buttonholed him and asked about that particular picture, whether he didn't admire it immensely. He briefly admitted that he did, and escaped.

"Saint-Gaudens," I said, as we walked along, "you're not living up to your principles. That's a bad picture and you know it."

Turning abruptly around, without a word he hurried after the people and called out: "I beg your pardon, sir, I shouldn't have said that was a good picture: I know for a fact that it's dreadful!"

We had the naming of the juror for the United States on the International Board of Awards, and after some consideration it seemed to us that no man could be better fitted for the place than Frank D. Millet. We accordingly recommended him, and most acceptable he proved to the other jurors because of his engaging personality and varied talents. The chairman of the jury was Sir Frederick Leighton, a handsome and attractive gentleman, well qualified for the difficult position he held not only on account of his ability as an artist but also through the wonderful linguistic powers he possessed. I heard that at the meetings he spoke to the jurors of the many different nations each in his own tongue.

One amusing incident connected with the exhibition sticks in my memory. On the day that it opened all the officials assembled in state before their respective buildings while President MacMahon, accompanied by his magnificent suite, walked down the Avenue of Nations, stopping before the different houses in turn and congratulating the commissioners. Young Captain Rogers, in charge of the United States marines at the exposition, was standing in a brilliant cavalry uniform with Commissioner-General McCormick and other American officials in the space before our building. To Marshal

MacMahon it seemed that Captain Rogers, the only man in uniform, must be by far the most important member of the group, and accordingly it was he that he greeted elaborately. Every one

vised him to put in a distant view behind the little peasant house with which we now are all familiar. Bastien listened politely. Then when Gérôme had gone Saint-Gaudens asked him if he intended



Bas-relief of Miss Helen Maitland Armstrong, by Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

was quite taken aback and young Rogers stood in silent amazement until the marshal had briefly congratulated him and passed on, wondering to himself, no doubt, at the embarrassment with which the "director" had received his speech of welcome.

About this time Saint-Gaudens introduced me to his good friend Bastien-Lepage, with a view to my studying with him, but nothing came of it except a number of interesting conversations with the famous French artist. He once said to me that there was no more mystery about painting a head than about painting a bottle, and that this was one trouble with beginners—they never were willing to paint just what they saw. He was then at work on "Joan of Arc," the magnificent picture now in the Metropolitan Museum, and one day the great Gérôme dropped in to see and criticise it. He ad-

vised him to follow the advice. "Not at all," he said, "I know just what I want, and it may take me years, but I'm going to get that and nothing else." No one, now, denies that he did.

Lepage always was immensely, almost extravagantly, admired by Saint-Gaudens. But then we must remember that it was one of the latter's characteristics to be extremely generous in his praise of any work that he considered good, no matter by whom or according to what method it was executed. Although he of course always liked best the works of the Italian Renaissance, he never bound himself to any one school, liberally praising, I recollect, artists as different as Pelouse, the brilliant Fortuny, Jules Breton, and Daubigny, leader of the naturalistic school, all of whom had pictures in the exposition. Among American artists I think Saint-Gaudens most admired La

Farge; at any rate he often spoke of him as "a very big man," reiterating how much indebted he was to him for criticisms and suggestions made while they were working together.

Saint-Gaudens ranked very high Paul Du Bois, one of his student friends in the Beaux Arts days, and he never lost an opportunity of seeing and praising his work. At the exposition Du Bois had a striking monument of General Lamoriciere, and of the figure of "Faith" on this Saint-Gaudens drew a charming pen-and-ink sketch for an exposition article in *SCRIBNER'S*. This drawing is interesting as being perhaps the only one ever made by him for publication. Mercié was another favorite, Saint-Gaudens considering his "David," in the '78 exposition, one of the most successful of modern sculptural works.

But he was just as unsparing in his condemnation of bad work. Once at an exhibition in New York we together had tried to find a single passably good picture. At last Saint-Gaudens burst out in fury with "Let's get out of this. These pictures are so bad they're positively indecent."

It was Saint-Gaudens who introduced me to his dear friend Luc Olivier Merson, one of the most charming men it has ever been my good fortune to know. He was good enough to take me into his studio as his first pupil. It was while I was painting there that Merson was at work on his "Flight into Egypt," the now familiar picture of the Virgin and Child asleep in the desert between the feet of the Sphinx. Great was the indecision as to whether or not he should put a moon in the picture, and he must have changed it a dozen times before he finally decided to finish it without the moon itself but with a charming effect of diffused moonlight.

Merson did not use living models much, but preferred to make miniature wax figures, clothing them in floating garments of vari-tinted tissue-paper. Little angels with paper wings askew and scantily clothed bambinos forever littered his studio. I think I am at liberty by now to relate the story of a beautiful little picture (or, rather, the remains of a beautiful little picture) that hung in a closet off this studio. Merson told me how one

afternoon in Rome, shortly after he had won the coveted "Prix de Rome," having been at work all day in his studio putting the finishing touches to this picture, in walked Carolus Duran. A friend of Merson's father, the famous art critic, it seems he imagined he ought to show some interest in the young man's work. So he stopped in for a visit. Merson exhibited his little picture and awaited the artist's criticism. With deliberation Duran walked over to the easel, seized a large brush, mixed some colors together, and before the young man could prevent him had rapidly smeared it all over the picture—long yellow and green swipes, horizontally across. Then, without a word, he turned slowly and walked out, leaving Merson in doubt whether to be amused or furious. At all events he kept the remains as a memento of the great artist's first visit, praying only that his humble studio might not be again honored.

William Gedney Bunce was a fast friend of ours during that summer in Paris, a charming fellow liked by all and universally known as "Old Bunce," why I don't know, for he is vigorous and cheerful now as always. Though he has lived in almost every country in Europe, Bunce rather prides himself, I think, on speaking no language but good American. His painting is full of feeling and the color very beautiful. That summer while Bunce was still in Venice he met Ziem, but failed to recognize the famous painter. In talking over various artists Bunce remarked that, after all, there was only one man who had ever painted the true Venice—that man he said was Ziem. Whereupon Ziem smote his breast delightedly and shouted: "C'est moi—c'est moi. Je suis le Ziem!"

At the exposition an entire room was in some cases devoted to the works of one artist. One morning Saint-Gaudens, Bunce, and I were in the Salle de Jules Breton when the artist himself came in. We were introduced, but for some reason or other Augustus and I were called away almost immediately. Knowing the limitations of Bunce's French I felt, after a time, that I ought to hurry back and rescue him. But on re-entering the gallery I found my anxiety had been needless. Bunce's ingenuity surpassed his linguistic

ability. He had picked out Breton's picture of a peasant girl lying asleep under the apple-trees, had folded his hands on the back of the chair, laid his head on

meeting Maynard or Bunce or some of the others in our little Paris circle. A queer and picturesque place it was and full of oddities, the accumulation of years of



Bas-relief of Maitland Armstrong, by Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

them in imitation of the girl, half-closed his eyes, and was murmuring between sighs "Très, très joli!" Jules Breton meantime was walking around the room, quite content not to interrupt with mere conversation so intense a contemplation of his work.

With Saint-Gaudens I used often to go out to Frank Millet's place at Montmartre, where we were always sure of

travel and adventure. There were innumerable divans and hanging lamps, while quantities of strange weapons and musical instruments cluttered the corners. Foremost I remember, and by no means indistinctly, the weird bashibazouk whom Millet stationed as majordomo in gorgeous Oriental dress at his front door, thus succeeding in frightening nearly every one who came to the house for the

first time. He had picked him up somewhere during his travels in the East, and had brought him along with the rest of the collection when he returned to Paris.

Saint-Gaudens was always in rather poor health as a result of his early hardships. Many times while walking through dingy little streets in the Quarter he pointed out the wretched cabarets where he had been accustomed to get his food during his sojourn in Paris. He said he had never recovered and never expected to recover from the effects of the messes he had been forced to eat while a student there.

An especially intimate friend of Saint-Gaudens was a French artist named Garnie, who did the most beautiful enamels on copper, a number of them being preserved now in the Luxembourg. He not merely designed them—like the enamellers of old he also did the firing, and a heavenly coloring resulted from his thorough workmanship. Garnie had seen service in the Franco-Prussian War, and many and thrilling were his accounts of the time when the French army was shut up in Paris to starve. Cat meat was considered a luxury, and stalking cats came to be his favorite amusement. In particular he told (with vivid French gesticulation) of one moonlight night when, on the outskirts of the city, he went crawling along the dark edge of some deserted houses fringing an open square, on the lookout

for a late supper. Suddenly he spied a lone cat scurrying across the desolate square, its long shadow beckoning weirdly on the uneven cobblestones. As he softly raised his pistol to take aim he became aware of another and a bulkier shadow. It was a German intent on the same cat.

Simultaneously each recognized in the other an enemy, and turned his weapon upon the bigger game. After an exchange of shots the German was silent, and Garnie could never be sure just what had been his fate. At any rate, when he looked around the cat had fled, and he went supperless back to his barracks.

The end of the exposition was a celebration signal for all of us. Especially fondly do I think of the jolly time we had at a little supper I gave at famous old Foyot's to mark the event. Besides Saint-Gaudens, at the long table sat McKim, Stanford White, Russell Sturgis, Fred Crowninshield, Alfred Greenough, Frank Millet, and Frank Hazeltine.

Of all those brilliant souls but two remain alive, and the deaths of two of the others were too tragic for words.

Soon after the exposition closed Saint-Gaudens and Garnie set off together on a trip to Italy, on which it has always been a regret to me that I was unable to accompany them. While on the trip Saint-Gaudens made a small sketch of a street scene in some Italian town which showed beautiful tones of color and was



Reproduced by courtesy of The Century Company.

Detail of a statue by Paul Du Bois.

From a drawing by Augustus Saint-Gaudens made for
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, June, 1879.



Group of the designers of the Chicago World's Fair.

From left to right are : Daniel H. Burnham, George B. Post (in the rear, Mr. Burnham's secretary), Henry Van Brunt, Francis D. Millet, Maitland Armstrong, Colonel Rice, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Henry S. Codman, George W. Maynard, Charles F. McKim.

remarkable for the reason that he almost never made sketches from nature. But though I did not see Saint-Gaudens I heard from him, for he always kept up a lively correspondence—that it was really lively the following letter, written soon after his return to Paris, proves conclusively:

“Sept. 24. '79
“ 49 Rue N. D. des C.

“DEAR ARMSTRONG—

“I'm going to surprise you by answering so soon, but the only way I can keep my conscience clear in regard to letter-writing now is to answer immediately. When I last wrote you I had two years' correspondence to clear up. I did so and don't mean to do it again—so here goes—

“Farragut is finished, or nearly so—at least it will be cast on Saturday—and then the enlarging will take but a short time. The weather is simply 'gorgeous' for the last 20 days, and it is a relief after the wetting we have had. Mrs. St.-G.

comes home to-night. Old Fossil D. must be in a showcase in some provincial museum where he belongs, for I never see him; that other friend of ours is such a 'scallywag' that whatever he has said has, like Keats, (poor Palmer's quotation) been as if written in water. On the contrary I've heard more good of you from the artists, now that the fight is over, than I heard harm while the row was on—truly!

“I'm sorry you don't feel more encouraged with your work, but I guess it's a good sign. I'm completely and thoroughly befuddled and disgusted with Farragut; therefore it must be very good—eh? Hope you saw White. He is one of the 'Biggest Bricks' I ever met. (Slang enough in this letter: it must recall the famous exhibition letter I wrote Cook or Gilder.) Saw a drawing of La Farge's in *Harper's*, Christ and Nicodemus, that I think is simply 'big.' If Miss Homer goes over soon I'll send that knife, if not I'll bring it in April.

“Garnie has made a lovely enamel for

you of your daughter, and it's hanging up in my studio waiting for somebody to bring it over to you—if you let me know of someone I'll send it. When it goes he will write you a note.

"I think C. E. ought to go in a Botanical showcase in the same museum with D. There now it's dark and I must stop.

"Your friend,

"AUG. ST.-GAUDENS."

Always the best of good friends, Saint-Gaudens and I yet naturally saw less of each other during the following busy years in America than in the stirring Paris times. He and McKim and Stanford White several times came up together to my place on the Hudson, when we invariably talked over the exposition and as invariably decided that in a similar case we would do exactly as before—if given the chance!

In the spring of '92 McKim had for some time been slaving at the designs for his buildings at the World's Fair, and so when the work was well under way, collecting a number of his friends, he took us out to Chicago in a special car—Saint-Gaudens, Millet, Maynard, La Farge, Richard M. Hunt, George B. Post, William Laffan the editor of the *Sun*, and Mrs. Millet, Mrs. Laffan, and Miss Lockwood. Numerous artists had been employed on the different buildings, my share of the work consisting in designing the exterior of Machinery Hall, which I frescoed in the Renaissance style. We were wine and dined by the Chicagoans and had an excellent sight of the skeleton of the exposition, which opened in all its glory some months later.

Saint-Gaudens was always making up little suppers at intervals, and on these occasions his manner was as warm and his quiet humor as charming as ever it was the first time I met him at the old Falcone. Above all I delight in the remembrance of the bachelor dinner that a number of us gave Stanford White on the eve of his marriage. A lot of things happened before the evening ended becomingly with a Spanish dance by Hopkinson Smith and Loyall Farragut, neither of whom could be persuaded to stop until they had entangled themselves and every one else in long wreaths of smilax. Great

were the preparations for this dinner, and Saint-Gaudens got a great deal of fun out of designing the menu, on which caricatures of White were interspersed with the more important items of the evening. Here was sketched White about to launch forth into one of the after-dinner speeches that he loathed; here we saw him pulling at his eternal mustaches; and here appeared nothing but the mustaches—but we recognized the likenesses as readily as we would if in these days we saw but a double row of teeth and a pair of spectacles on the cartoon page of a New York newspaper.

The most remarkable, original, and suggestive of all Saint-Gaudens's works seems to me to be the Adams monument in Washington. When I went for the first time to look for it in the Rock Creek Cemetery I made up my mind not to have it shown to me but to find it by myself. It was an afternoon in March, a grayish, sad day. Snow spotted the ground here and there, trying to obliterate the first signs of spring. I was alone, and the only sound was a slight rustling or sighing in the pine-trees above the tomb. I sat for a long time on the curved bench facing the figure, and I will not attempt to describe the supernatural effect it had upon me. The impressiveness, the solemnity of this thing, which seemed actually alive, I can never forget.

And here is a part of a letter I got from Saint-Gaudens in 1886. Perhaps it will serve to bring to a close these disjointed recollections of my friend. It brings back even now to me the "thirst for it" that he speaks of—the wish (almost) that we *had* gone over again in '89:

"Heigh, Ho! We now know that we are both alive. We might as well be in separate planets as be in New York so far as seeing one another goes. Perhaps some day you will go to Europe and I will too, and then we will renew our friendship as of yore. We may go over as commissioners to the '89 exhibit!! and make another batch of enemies. Don't you thirst for it? I trust that thee and thine are well and strong; I can say that much for my side.

"Ever your friend,

"AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS."



From a Copley Print, copyright 1899 by Curtis & Cameron.

TO SAINT-GAUDENS'S STATUE IN ROCK CREEK CEMETERY, WASHINGTON

By Leonora Speyer

HAST left no tears for other hearts to shed?
Those heavy eyes have drained the world of grief,
And yet no solace found, no dull relief,
Such as my soul would seek and find, I know,
Had I been giv'n the weight of that great woe,
And wept through pain to peace. But thou, instead,
Hast drowned all healing in a bitter sea
That thou didst make of every sobbing breath,
Until a fierce resentment filled the space
Where surely resignation's tender palm
Should press into the weariness, and calm
The flame that smoulders still in that drear face,
Sadder than Life, more frightening than Death,
Because of love renounced and joy to be,
And hope and faith, and immortality.



Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

"No," said Prime soberly; "it was—er—it looks as if it might have been an aeroplane."—Page 38.

STRANDED IN ARCADY

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

I

THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE



At the half-conscious moment of awakening Prime had a confused impression that he must have gone to bed leaving the electric lights turned on full-blast.

Succeeding impressions were even more disconcerting. It seemed that he had also gone to bed with his clothes on; that the bed was unaccountably hard; that the pillow had borrowed the characteristics of a pillory.

Sitting up to give these chaotic conclusions a chance to clarify themselves, he was still more bewildered. That which had figured as the blaze of the neglected electric resolved itself into the morning sun reflecting dazzlement from the dimpled surface of a woodland lake. The hard bed proved to be a sandy beach; the pillory pillow a gnarled and twisted tree root which had given him a crick in his neck.

When he put his hand to the cramped neck muscle and moved to escape the bedazzling sun reflection, the changed point of view gave him a shock. Sitting with her back to a tree at a little distance was a strange young woman—strange in the sense that he was sure he had never seen her before. Like himself, she had evidently just awakened, and she was staring at him out of wide-open, slate-gray eyes. In the eyes he saw a vast bewilderment comparable to his own, something of alarm, and a trace of subconscious embarrassment as she put her hands to her hair, which was sadly tumbled.

Prime scrambled to his feet and said, "Good morning"—merely because the conventions, in whatever surroundings, die hard. At this the young woman got up, too, patting and pinning the rebellious hair into subjection.

"Good morning," she returned, quite calmly; and then: "If you—if you live here, perhaps you will be good enough to tell me where I am."

Prime checked a smile. "You beat me to it," he countered affably. "I was about to ask you if you could tell me where *I* am."

"Don't you know where you are?" she demanded.

"Only relatively; this charming sylvan environment is doubtless somewhere in America, but, as to the precise spot, I assure you I have no more idea than the man in the moon."

"It's a dream—it must be!" the young woman protested gropingly. "Last night I was in a city—in Quebec."

"So was I," was the prompt rejoinder. Then he felt for his watch, saying: "Wait a moment, let's see if it really was last night."

She waited; and then—"Was it?" she inquired eagerly.

"Yes, it must have been; my watch is still running."

She put her hand to her head. "I can't seem to think very clearly. If we were in Quebec last night, we can't be so very far from Quebec this morning. Can't you—don't you recognize this place at all?"

Prime took his first comprehensive survey of the surroundings. So far as could be seen there was nothing but the lake, with its farther shore dimly visible, and the primeval forest of pine, spruce, fir, and ghostly birch—a forest all-enveloping, shadowy, and rather forbidding, even with the summer morning sunlight playing upon it.

"It looks as if we might be a long way from Quebec," he ventured. "I am not very familiar with the Provinces, but these woods——"

She interrupted him anxiously. "A long way? How could it be—in a single night?" Then: "You are giving me to

understand that you are not—that you don't know how we come to be here?"

"You must believe that, if you can't believe anything else," he hastened to say. "I don't know where we are, or how we got here, or why we should be here. In other words, I am not the kidnapper; I'm the kidnapped—or at least half of them."

"It seems as if it *must* be a bad dream," she returned, with the frown of perplexity growing between the pretty eyes. "Things like this don't really happen, you know."

"I know they don't, as a rule. I've tried to make them happen, now and then, on paper, but they always seem to lack a good bit in the way of verisimilitude."

The young woman turned away to walk down to the lake edge, where she knelt and washed her face and hands, drying them afterward on her handkerchief.

"Well," she asked, coming back to him, "have you thought of anything yet?"

He shook his head. "Honestly, I haven't anything left to think with. That part of my mind has basely escaped. But I have found something," and he pointed to a little heap of provisions and utensils piled at the upper edge of the sand belt: a flitch of bacon, sewn in canvas, a tiny sack of flour, a few cans of tinned things, matches, a camper's frying-pan, and a small coffee-pot. "Whoever brought us here didn't mean that we should starve for a day or two, at least. Shall we breakfast first and investigate afterward?"

"We?" she said. "Can you cook?"

"Not so that any one would notice it," he laughed. "Can you?"

She matched the laugh, and it relieved him mightily. It was her undoubted right as a woman to cry out, or faint, or be foolishly hysterical if she chose; the circumstances certainly warranted anything. But she was apparently waiving her privilege.

"Yes, I ought to be able to cook. When I am at home I teach domestic science in a girls' school. Will you make a fire?"

Prime bestirred himself like a seasoned

camper—which was as far as possible from being the fact. There was plenty of dry wood at hand, and a bit of stripped birch bark answered for kindling. The young woman removed her coat and pulled up her sleeves. Prime cut the bacon with his pocket-knife, and, much to the detriment of the same implement, opened a can of peaches. For the bread, Domestic Science wrestled heroically with a lack of appliances; the batter had to be stirred in the tiny skillet with water taken from the lake.

The cooking was also difficult. Being strictly city-bred, neither of them knew enough to let the fire burn down to coals, and they tried to bake the pan-bread over the flames. The result was rather smoky and saddening, and the young woman felt called upon to apologize. But the peaches, fished out of the tin with a sharpened birch twig for a fork, were good, and so was the bacon; and for sauce there was a fair degree of outdoor hunger. Over the breakfast they plunged once more into the mystery.

"Let us try it by the process of elimination," Prime suggested. "First, let me see if I can cancel myself. When I am at home in New York my name is Donald Prime, and I am a perfectly harmless writer of stories. The editors are the only people who really hate me, and you could hardly charge this"—with an arm-wave to include the surrounding wilderness—"to the vindictiveness of an editor, could you?"

He wished to make her laugh again, and he succeeded—in spite of the sad pan-bread.

"Perhaps you have been muckraking somebody in your stories," she remarked. "But that wouldn't include me. I am even more harmless than you are. My worst enemies are frivolous girls from well-to-do families who think it beneath them to learn to cook scientifically."

"It's a joke," Prime offered soberly; "it can't be anything else." Then: "If we only knew what is expected of us, so that we could play up to our part. What is the last thing you remember—in Quebec?"

"The most commonplace thing in the world. I am, or I was, a member of a vacation excursion party of school-

teachers. Last evening at the hotel somebody proposed that we go to the Heights of Abraham and see the old battle-field by moonlight."

"And you did it?"

"Yes. After we had tramped all over the place, one of the young women asked me if I wouldn't like to go with her to the head of the cove where General Wolfe and his men climbed up from the river. We went together, and while we were there the young woman stumbled and fell and turned her ankle—or at least she said she did. I took her arm to help her back to the others, and in a little while I began to feel so tired and sleepy that I simply couldn't drag myself another step. That is the last that I remember."

"I can't tell quite such a straight story," said Prime, taking his turn, "but at any rate I shan't begin by telling you a lie. I'm afraid I was—er—drunk, you know."

"Tell me," she commanded, as one who would know the worst.

"I, too, was on my vacation," he went on. "I was to meet a friend of mine in Boston, and we were to motor together through New England. At the last moment I had a telegram from this friend changing the plan and asking me to meet him in Quebec. I arrived a day or so ahead of him, I suppose; at least, he wasn't at the hotel where he said he'd be."

"Go on," she encouraged.

"I had been there a day and a night, waiting, and, since I didn't know any one in Quebec, it was becoming rather tiresome. Last evening at dinner I happened to sit in with a big, two-fisted young fellow who confessed that he was in the same boat—waiting for somebody to turn up. After dinner we went out together and made a round of the movies, with three or four cafés sandwiched in between. I drank a little, just to be friendly with the chap, and the next thing I knew I was trying to go to sleep over one of the café tables. I seem to remember that my chance acquaintance got me up and headed me for the hotel; but after that it's all a blank."

"Didn't you know any better than to drink with a total stranger?" the young woman asked crisply.

"Apparently I didn't. But the three or four thimblefuls of cheap wine oughtn't to have knocked me out. It was awful stuff; worse than the *vin ordinaire* they feed you in the Paris wine-shops."

"It seems rather suspicious, doesn't it?" she mused; "your sudden sleepiness? Are you—are you used to drinking?"

"Tea," he laughed; "I'm a perfect inebriate with a teapot."

"There must be an explanation of some sort," she insisted. Then: "Can you climb a tree?"

He got up and dusted the sand from his clothes.

"I haven't done it since I used to pick apples in my grandfather's orchard at Batavia, but I'll try," and he left her to go in search of a tree tall enough to serve for an outlook.

The young woman had the two kitchen utensils washed and sand-scoured by the time he came back.

"Well?" she inquired.

"A wild and woolly wilderness," he reported; "just a trifle more of it than you can see from here. The lake looks to be five or six miles wide and perhaps twice as long. There are low hills to the north and woods everywhere."

"And no houses or anything?"

"Nothing; for all I could see, we might be the only two human beings on the face of the earth."

"You seem to be quite cheerful about it," she retorted.

He grinned good-naturedly. "That is a matter of temperament. I'd be grouchy enough if it would do any good. I shall lose my motor trip through New England."

"Think—think hard!" the young woman pleaded. "Since there is no sign of a road, we must have come in a boat; in that case we can't be very far from Quebec. Surely there must be some one living on the shore of a lake as big as this. We must walk until we find a house."

"We'll do anything you say," Prime agreed; and they set out together, following the lake shore to the left, chiefly because the beach broadened in that direction and so afforded easy walking.

A tramp of a mile northward scarcely served to change the point of view.

There was no break in the encircling forest, and at the end of the mile they came to a deeply indented bay, where the continuing shore was in plain view for a doubling of another mile. The search for inhabitants seeming to promise nothing in this direction, they turned and retraced their steps to the breakfast camp, still puzzling over the tangle of mysteries.

"Can't you think of *any* way of accounting for it?" the young woman urged for the twentieth time in the puzzlings.

"I can think of a million ways—all of them blankly impossible," said Prime. "It's simply a chaotic joke!"

The young woman shook her head. "I have lost my sense of humor," she confessed, adding: "I shall go stark, staring mad if we can't find out something!"

More to keep things from going from bad to worse than for any other reason, Prime suggested a walk in the opposite direction—southward from the breakfast camp. While they were still within sight of the ashes of the breakfast fire they made a discovery. The loose beach sand was tracked back and forth, and in one place there were scorings as if some heavy body had been dragged. Just beyond the footprints there were wheel tracks, beginning abruptly and ending in the same manner a hundred yards farther along. The wheel tracks were parallel but widely separated, ill-defined in the loose sand but easily to be traced.

"A wagon?" questioned the young woman.

"No," said Prime soberly; "it was—er—it looks as if it might have been an aeroplane."

II

AMATEUR CASTAWAYS

LUCETTA MILLINGTON—she had told Prime her name on the tramp to the northward—sat down in the sand, elbows on knees and her chin propped in her hands.

"You say 'aeroplane' as if it suggested something familiar to you, Mr. Prime," she prompted.

Truly it did suggest something to Prime, and for a moment his mouth went

dry. Grider, the man he was to have met in Quebec, was a college classmate, a harebrained young barbarian, rich, an outdoor fanatic, an owner of fast yachts, a driver of fast cars, and latterly a dabbler in aviatics. Idle enough to be full of extravagant fads and fancies, and wealthy enough to indulge them, this young barbarian made friends of his enemies and enemies of his friends with equal facility—the latter chiefly through the medium of conscienceless practical jokes evolved from a Homeric sense of humor too ruthless to be appreciated by mere twentieth-century weaklings.

Prime had more than once been the good-natured victim of these jokes, and his heart sank within him. It was plain now that they had both been conveyed to this outlandish wilderness in an aircraft of some sort, and there was little doubt in his mind that Grider had been at the controls.

"It's a—it's a joke, just as I have been trying to tell you," he faltered at length. "We have been kidnapped, and I'm awfully afraid I know the man who did it," and thereupon he gave her a rapid-fire sketch of Grider and Grider's wholly barbarous and irresponsible proclivities.

Miss Millington heard him through without comment, still with her chin in her hands.

"You are standing there and telling me calmly that he did this—this unspeakable thing?" she exclaimed when the tale was told. Then, after a momentary pause: "I am trying to imagine the kind of man who could be so ferociously inhuman. Frankly, I can't, Mr. Prime."

"No, I fancy you can't; I couldn't imagine him myself, and I earn my living by imagining people—and things. Grider is in a class by himself. I have always told him that he was born about two thousand years too late. Back in the time of Julius Cæsar, now, they might have appreciated his classic sense of humor."

He stole a glance at the impassive face framed between the supporting palms. It was evident that Miss Millington was freezing silently in a heroic effort to restrain herself from bursting into flames of angry resentment.

"You may enjoy having such a man

for your friend," she suggested with chilling emphasis, "but I think there are not very many people who would care to share him with you. Perhaps you have done something to earn the consequences of this wretched joke, but I am sure I haven't. Why should he include me?"

Prime suspected that he knew this, too, and he had to summon all his reserves of fortitude before he could bring himself to the point of telling her. Yet it was her due.

"I don't know what you will think of me, Miss Millington, but I guess the truth ought to be told. Grider has always ragged me about my women—er—that is, the women in my stories, I mean. He says they are all alike, and all sticks; merely wooden manikins—womanikins, he calls them—upon which to hang an evening gown. I shouldn't wonder if it were partly true; I don't know women very well."

"Go on," she commanded.

"The last time I was with Grider—it was about two weeks ago—he was particularly obnoxious about the girl in my last bit of stuff—the story that was printed in the *New Era* last month. He said—er—he said I ought to be marooned on some desert island with a woman; that after an experience of that kind I might be able to draw something that wouldn't be a mere caricature of the sex."

At this, as was most natural, Miss Millington's ice melted in a sudden and uncontrollable blaze of indignation.

"Are you trying to tell me that this atrocious friend of yours has taken *me*, a total stranger, to complete his cast of characters in this wretched burlesque?" she flashed out.

"I don't wish to believe it," he protested. "It doesn't seem possible for any human being to do such a thing. But I know Grider so well——"

"It is the smallest possible credit to you, Mr. Prime," she snapped. "You ought to be ashamed to have such a man for a friend!"

"I am," he acceded, humbly enough. "Grider weighs about fifty pounds more than I do, and he took three initials in athletics in the university. But I pledge you my word I shall beat him to a frazzle for this when I get the chance."

"A lot of good that does us now!" scoffed the poor victim. And then she got up and walked away, leaving him to stand gazing abstractedly at the wheel tracks of the kidnapping air-machine.

Having lived the unexciting life of a would-be man of letters, Prime had had none of the strenuous experiences which might have served to preface a situation such as this in which he found himself struggling like a fly in a web. It was absurdly, ridiculously impossible, and yet it existed as a situation to be met and dealt with. Watching the indignant young woman furtively, he saw that she went back to sit down beside the ashes of the breakfast fire, again with her chin in her hands. Meaning to be cautiously prudent, he rolled and smoked a cigarette before venturing to rejoin her, hoping that the lapse of time might clear the air a little.

She was staring aimlessly at the dimpled surface of the lake when he came up and took his place on the opposite side of the ashes. The little heap of provisions gave him an idea and an opening, but she struck in ahead of him.

"Let me know when you expect me to pose for you," she said without turning her head.

"I was an idiot to tell you that!" he exploded. "Can't you understand that that fool suggestion about the desert island and a—er—a woman was Grider's and not mine? How could I know that he would ever be criminal enough to turn it into a fact?"

"Oh, if you can call it criminal, and really mean it—" she threw out.

"I'll call it anything in the vocabulary if only you won't quarrel with me. Goodness knows, things are bad enough without that!"

She let him see a little more of her face. The frown had disappeared, and there were signs that the storm of indignation was passing.

"I suppose it isn't a particle of use to quarrel," she admitted. "What is done is done and can't be helped, however much we may agree to despise your barbarous friend Mr. Grider. How is it all going to end?"

At this Prime aired his small idea. "Our provisions won't last more than a

day or two; they were evidently not intended to. If that means anything, it means that Grider will come back for us before long. He certainly can't do less."

"To-day?"

"Let us hope so. Have you ever camped out in the woods before?"

"Never."

"Neither have I. What I don't know about woodcraft would make a much larger book than any I ever hope to write. You probably guessed that when you saw me make the fire."

The corners of the pretty mouth were twitching. "And you probably guessed my part of it when you saw me try to make that dreadful pan-bread. I *can* cook; really I can, Mr. Prime; but when one has been used to having everything imaginable to do it with——"

Prime thought he might venture to laugh once more. "Your revenge is in your own hands; all you have to do is to continue to make the bread. It'll get me in time. My digestion isn't particularly good, you know."

"Do you really think we shall be rescued soon?"

"For the sake of my own sanity I'm obliged to think it."

"And in the meantime we must sit here and wait?"

"We needn't make the waiting any harder than we are obliged to. Suppose we call it a—er—a sort of surprise-party picnic. I imagine it is no use for us to try to escape. Grider probably picked the loneliest place he knew of."

She fell in with the idea rather more readily than he could have hoped, and it gave him a freshening interest in her. The women he knew best were not so entirely sensible. During what remained of the forenoon they rambled together in the forest, care-free for the moment and postponing the evil day. In such circumstances their acquaintance grew by leaps and bounds, and when they came back to make a renewed attack upon the provisions the picnic spirit was still in the saddle.

The afternoon was spent in much the same manner; and in the absence of the conventional restraints a good many harmless confidences were exchanged. Before the day was ended the young

woman had heard the moving story of Prime's struggle for a foothold in the field of letters, a struggle which, he was modest enough to say, was still in the making; and in return she had given her own story, which was commonplace enough—so many years of school, so many in a Middle Western coeducational college, two more of them as a teacher in the girls' school.

"Humdrum, isn't it?" she said. They had made the evening fire, and she was trying to cook two vegetables and the inevitable pan-bread in the one small skillet. "This is my first real adventure. I wish I might know whether I dare enjoy it as much as I'd like to."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Oh, the conventions, I suppose. We can't run fast enough or far enough to get away from them. I am wondering what the senior faculty would say if it could see me just now."

Prime grinned appreciatively. "It would probably shriek and expire."

"Happily it can't see; and to-morrow—surely Mr. Grider will come back for us to-morrow, won't he?"

"We are going to sleep soundly in that comforting belief, anyway. Which reminds me: you will have to have some sort of a place to sleep in. Why didn't I think of that before dark?"

Immediately after supper, and before he would permit himself to roll a cigarette from the diminishing supply of precious tobacco, Prime fell upon his problem, immensely willing but prodigiously inexperienced. At first he thought he would build a shack, but the lack of an axe put that out of the question. Round by round, ambition descended the ladder of necessity, and the result was nothing better than a camper's bed of broken pine twigs sheltered and housed in by a sort of bower built from such tree branches as he could break off by main strength.

The young woman did not withhold her meed of praise, especially after she had seen his blistered hands, which were also well daubed with pitch from the pines.

"It's a shame!" she said. "I ought not to have let you work so hard. If it should happen to rain, you'd need the shelter much more than I should."

"Why do you say that?"

"You don't look so very fit," was the calm reply; "and I *am* fit. Do you know, my one ambition as a little girl was to grow up and be an acrobat in a circus?"

"And yet you landed in the laboratory of a girls' school," he laughed.

"Not exclusively," she countered quickly. "Last year I was also an assistant in the gymnasium. Swimming was my specialty, but I taught other things as well."

Prime laughed again. "And I can't swim a single stroke," he confessed. "Isn't that a humiliating admission on the part of a man who has lived the greater part of his life in sight of the ocean?"

Miss Millington said she thought it was, and in such gladsome fashion the evening wore away. When it came time to sleep, the lately risen moon lighted the young woman to her bower; and Prime, replenishing the fire, made his bed in the sand, the unwonted exertions of the day and evening putting him to sleep before he had fairly fitted himself to the inequalities of his burrow below the tree roots.

III

SENSIBLE SHOES

THE dawn of the second morning was much like that of the first, cool and crystal clear, and with the sun beating out a pathway of molten gold across the mirror-like surface of the solitary lake.

Prime bestirred himself early, meaning to get the breakfast under way single-handed while Miss Millington slept. But the young woman who had described herself as being "fit" had stolen a march upon him. He was frying the bacon when she came skimming up the beach with her hair flying.

"I got up early and didn't want to disturb you," she told him. "There is a splendid swimming place just around that point; I don't know when I've enjoyed a dip more. Wouldn't you like to try it while I dry my hair and make some more of the homicidal bread?"

Prime went obediently and took the required bath, finding the water brack-

ingly cold and scarcely shallow enough to be reassuring to a non-swimmer. Over the breakfast which followed the picnic spirit still presided, though by now it was beginning to lose a little of the lilt. For one thing, the bacon and the pan-bread, though they were ameliorated somewhat by the tinned things, were growing a trifle monotonous; for another, the limitless expanse of lake and sky and forest gave forth no sign of the hoped-for rescue.

After breakfast they made a careful calculation to determine how long their provisions would last. This, too, was unhelpful. With reasonable economy they might eat through another day. Beyond that lay a chance of famine.

"Surely Grider will come back for us to-day," Prime asserted when Domestic Science had done its best in apportioning the supplies. But at this the young woman shook her head doubtfully.

"I have had time to think," she announced. "It is all a guess, you know—this about Mr. Grider—and the more I think of it the more incredible it seems. Consider a moment. To make the kidnapping possible we must both have been drugged. That is a serious matter—too serious to have a part in the programme of the most reckless practical joker."

Prime looked up quickly. "I might have been drugged very easily. But you?"

The young woman bared a rounded arm to show a minute red dot half-way between wrist and elbow. "I told you about the young woman who stumbled and turned her ankle: when I took hold of her to help her, something pricked my arm. She said it was a pin in the sleeve of her coat and apologized for having been so careless as to leave it there."

Prime looked closely at the red dot.

"A hypodermic needle?" he suggested.

She nodded. "That is why I became so sleepy. And your potion was put in the wine which you say tasted so bad."

Prime admitted the deduction without prejudice to his belief that Grider was the arch plotter, saying: "Grider is quite capable of anything, if the notion appealed to him. And, of course, he must have had hired confederates; he couldn't manage it all alone."

"Still," she urged, "it seems to me

that we ought to be trying to help ourselves in some way. It doesn't seem defensible just to sit here and wait, on the chance that your guess is going to prove true."

Prime laughed. "You are always and most eminently logical. Where shall we begin?"

"At the geography end of it," she replied calmly. "How far could an aeroplane fly in a single night?"

Prime took time to think about it. He had never had occasion to use a long aeroplane flight in any of his stories; hence the special information was lacking. But common sense and a few figures helped out—so many hours, so many miles an hour, total distance so much.

"Two hundred miles, let us say, as an extreme limit," he estimated, and at this the young woman gave a faint little shriek.

"Two hundred miles! Why, that is as far as from Cincinnati to Lake Erie! Surely we can't be that far from Quebec!"

"I merely mentioned that distance as the limit. We are evidently somewhere deep in the northern woods. I don't know much about the geography of this region—never having had to stage a story in it—but a lake of this size, with miles of marketable timber on its shores, argues one of two things: it is too far from civilization to have yet tempted the lumbermen, or else it has no outlet large enough to admit of logging operations. You may take your choice."

"But two hundred miles!" she gasped. "If some one doesn't come after us, we shall *never* get out alive!"

"That is why I think we ought to wait," said Prime quietly.

So they did wait throughout the entire forenoon, sitting for the most part under the shade of the shore trees, killing time and talking light-heartedly against the grim conclusion that each passing hour was forcing upon them. They contrived to keep it up to and through the noonday *séance* with the cooking fire; but after that the barriers, on the young woman's part, went out with a rush.

"I simply can't stand it any longer," she protested. "We must do something, Mr. Prime. We can at least walk somewhere and carry the bits of provisions

along with us. Why should we stay right in this one spot until we starve?"

"I am still clinging to the Grider supposition," Prime admitted. "If we move away from here he might not be able to find us."

"It is only a supposition," she countered quickly. "You accept it, but, while I haven't anything better to offer, I cannot make it seem real."

"If you throw Grider out of it, it becomes an absolutely impossible riddle."

"I know; but everything is impossible. We are awake and alive and lost, and these are the only facts we can be sure of." Then she added: "It will be so much easier to bear if we are only doing something!"

Prime had an uncomfortable feeling that a move would be a definite abandonment of the only reasonable hope; but he had no further argument to adduce, and the preparations for the move were quickly made. They had no plan other than to try to find the lake's outlet, and to this end they laid their course southward along the shore, dividing the small "tote-load" of dunnage, at the young woman's insistence.

So long as they had the sandy lake margin for a path the going was easy, but in a little time the beach disappeared in a rocky shore, with the forest crowding closely upon the water, and they were forced to make a long circuit inland. Still having the protective instinct, Prime "broke trail" handsomely for his companion, but, since he was something less than an athlete, the long afternoon of it told upon him severely; so severely, indeed, that he was glad to throw himself down upon the sands to rest when they finally came back to the lake on the shore of a narrow bay.

"I didn't know before how much I lacked of being a real man," he admitted, stretching himself luxuriously upon his back to stare up into the sunset sky. Then, as if it had just occurred to him: "Say—it must have been something fierce for you."

"I am all right," was the cheerful reply. "But I shall never get over being thankful that I put on a pair of sensible shoes, night before last, to walk to the Heights of Abraham."

After he had rested and was beginning to grow stiff Prime sat up.

"We can't go much farther before dark; shall we camp here?" he asked.

The young woman shook her head. "We can't see anything from here; it is so shut in. Can't we go on a little farther?"

"Sure," Prime assented, scrambling up and stooping to rub the stiffness out of his calves, and at this the aimless march was renewed, to end definitely a few minutes later at the intake of a stream flowing silently out of the lake to the southeastward; a stream narrow and not too swift, but sufficiently deep to bar their way.

Twilight was stealing softly through the shadowy aisles of the forest when they prepared to camp at the lake-shore edge of the wood. Prime made the camp-fire, and, since the lake water was a little roiled at the outlet mouth, he took one of the empty fruit-tins and crossed the neck of land to the river. Working his way around a thicket of undergrowth, he came upon the stream at a point where the little river, as if gathering itself for its long journey to the sea, spread away in a quiet and almost currentless reach.

Climbing down the bank to fill the tin, he found a startling surprise lying in wait for him. Just below the overhanging bank a large birch-bark canoe, well filled with dunnage, was drawn out upon a tiny beach. His first impulse was to rush back to his companion with the good news that their rescue was at hand; the next was possibly a hand-down from some far-away Indian-dodging ancestor: perhaps it would be well first to find out into whose hands they were going to fall.

The canoe itself told him nothing, and neither did the lading, which included a good store of eatables. There was an air of isolation about the birch-bark which gave him the feeling that it had been beached for some time, and the dry paddles lying inside confirmed the impression. He listened, momentarily expecting to hear sounds betraying the presence of the owners, but the silence of the sombre forest was unbroken save by the lapping of the little wavelets on the near-by lake shore.

Realizing that Miss Millington would be waiting for her bread-mixing water,

Prime filled the tin and recrossed the small peninsula.

"I was beginning to wonder if you were lost," said the bread-maker. "Did you have to go far?"

"No, not very far." Then, snatching at the first excuse that offered: "I saw some berries on the river bank. Let me have the tin again and I'll see if I can't gather a few before it grows too dark."

Having a plausible reason now for a longer absence, he went back to the canoe to look in the fading light for tracks in the sand. Now that he made a business of searching for them, he found plenty of them; heelless tracks as if the feet that had made them had been shod with moccasins. A little farther down the stream-side there were broken bushes and a small earth-slide to show where somebody had scrambled up to the forest level. Following the trail he soon found himself in a natural clearing, grass-grown and running back from the river a hundred yards or more. In the centre of this clearing he came upon the ashes of five separate fires, disposed in the form of a rude cross.

Still there was no sign of the canoe-owners themselves, and the discovery of the curiously arranged ash-heaps merely added mystery to more mystery. The fires had been dead for some time. Of this Prime assured himself by thrusting his hand into the ashes. Clearly the camp, if it were a camp, had been abandoned for some hours at least. The gathering dusk warned him that it would be useless to try to track the fire-makers, and he turned to make his way back to the lake shore and supper.

It was in the edge of the glade, under the gloomy shadow of a giant spruce, that he stumbled blindly over some yielding obstacle and fell headlong. Regaining his feet quickly with a nameless fear unnerving him, he stooped and groped under the shadowing tree, drawing back horror-stricken when his hand came in contact with the stiffened arm of a corpse.

He had matches in his pocket, and he found one and lighted it. His hand shook so that the match went out and he had to light another. By its brief flare he saw a double horror. Lying in a little depression between two spreading roots

of the spruce were the bodies of two men locked in a death-grip. Another match visualized the tragedy in all its ghastly details. The men were apparently Indians, or half-breeds, and it had been a duel to the death, fought with knives.

IV

IN THE NIGHT

PRIME made his way to the camp-fire at the lake edge a prey to many disturbing emotions. Having lived a life practically void of adventure, the sudden collision with bloody tragedy shocked him prodigiously. Out of the welter of emotions he dug a single fixed and unalterable decision. Come what might, his companion must be kept from all knowledge of the duel and its ghastly outcome.

"Dear me! You look as if you had seen a ghost," was the way the battle of concealment was opened when he came within the circle of firelight. "Did you find any berries?"

Prime shook his head. "No, it was too dark," he said; "and, anyway, I'm not sure there were any."

"Never mind," was the cheerful rejoinder. "We have enough without them, and, really, I am beginning to get the knack of the pan-bread. If you don't say it is better this evening—" She broke off suddenly: he had sat down by the fire and was nursing his knees to keep them from knocking together. "Why, what is the matter with you? you are as pale as a sheet."

"I—I stumbled over something and fell down," he explained hesitantly. "It wasn't much of a fall, but it seemed to shake me up a good bit. I'll be all right in a minute or two."

"You are simply tired to death," she put in sympathetically. "The long tramp this afternoon was too much for you."

Prime resented the sympathy. He was not willing to admit that he could not endure as much as she could—as much as any mere woman could.

"I'm not especially tired," he denied; and to prove it he began to eat as if he were hungry, and to talk, and to make his companion talk, of things as far as

possible removed from the sombre heart of a Canadian forest.

Immediately after supper he began to build another sleeping-shelter, though the young woman insisted that it was ridiculous for him to feel that he was obliged to do this at every fresh stopping-place. None the less, he persevered, partly because the work relieved him of the necessity of trying to keep up appearances. Fortunately, Miss Millington confessed herself weary enough to go to bed early, and after she left him Prime sat before the fire, smoking the dust out of his tobacco-pouch and formulating his plan for the keeping of the horrid secret.

The plan was simple enough, asking only for time and a sufficient quantity—and quality—of nerve. When he could be sure that his camp-mate was safely asleep he would go back to the glade and dispose of the two dead men in some way so that she would never know of their existence alive or dead.

The waiting proved to be a terrific strain; the more so since the conditions were strictly compelling. The chance to secure the ownerless and well-stocked canoe was by no means to be lost, but Prime saw difficulties ahead. His companion would wish to know a lot of things that she must not be told, and he was well assured that she would have to be convinced of their right to take the canoe before she would consent to be an accomplice in the taking. This meant delay, which in its turn rigidly imposed the complete effacement of all traces of the tragedy. He was waiting to begin the effacement.

By the time his tobacco was gone he was quivering with a nervous impatience to be up and at it and have it over with. When the crackling fire died down the forest silence was unbroken. The young woman was asleep; he could hear her regular breathing. But the time was not yet ripe. The moon had risen, but it was not yet high enough to pour its rays into the tree-sheltered glade, and without its light to aid him the horrible thing he had to do would be still more horrible.

It was nearly midnight when he got up from his place beside the whitening embers of the camp-fire and pulled himself together for the grewsome task.

Half-way to the glade a fit of trembling seized him and he had to sit down until it passed. It was immensely humiliating, and he lamented the carefully civilized pre-existence which had left him so helplessly unable to cope with the primitive and the unusual.

When he reached the glade and the big spruce the moon was shining full upon the two dead men. One of them had a crooking arm locked around the neck of the other. Prime's gorge rose when he found that he had to strain and tug to break the arm-grip, and he had a creeping shock of horror when he discovered that the gripped throat had a gaping wound through which the man's life had fled. In the body of the other man he found a retaliatory knife, buried to the haft, and it took all his strength to withdraw it.

With these unnerving preliminaries fairly over, he went on doggedly, dragging the bodies one at a time to the river brink. Selecting the quietest of the eddies, and making sure of its sufficient depth by sounding with a broken tree limb, he began a search for weighting-stones. There were none on the river bank, and he had to go back to the lake shore for them, carrying them an armful at a time.

The weighting process kept even pace with the other ghastly details. The men both wore the belted coats of the northern guides, and he first tried filling the pockets with stones. When this seemed entirely inadequate he trudged back to the abandoned canoe and secured a pair of blank-

ets from its lading. Of these he made a winding-sheet for each of the dead men, wrapping the stones in with the bodies, and making all fast as well as he could with strings fashioned from strips of the blanketing.

All this took time, and before it was finished, with the two stiffened bodies settling to the bottom of the deep pool, Prime was sick and shaken. What remained to be done was less distressing. Going back to the glade he searched until he found the other hunting-knife. Also, in groping under the murder tree he found a small buckskin sack filled with coins. A lighted match showed him the contents—a handful of bright English sovereigns. The inference was plain: the two men had fought for the possession of the gold, and both had lost.

Prime went back to the river and, kneeling at the water's edge, scoured the two knives with sand to remove the blood-stains. That done, and the knives well hidden in the bow of the canoe, he made another journey to the glade and carefully scattered the ashes of the five fires.

Owing to the civilized pre-existence he was fagged and weary to the point of collapse when he finally returned to the camp-fire on the lake beach and flung himself down beside it to sleep. But for long hours sleep would not come, and when it did come it was little better than a succession of hideous nightmares in which two dark-faced men were reproachfully throttling him and dragging him down into the bottomless depths of the outlet river.

(To be continued.)



A NATURALISTS' TROPICAL LABORATORY

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



OUR zoological knowledge of the tropics, especially so far as concerns the higher vertebrates and the more prominent and interesting forms of invertebrate life, is now fairly complete in its larger outlines. The collector has still his part to play here and there—a necessary and important but by itself far from the highest part—and here and there desultory roaming or more systematic and extended exploration will still yield zoological results of prime consequence. But what is now especially needed is restricted intensive observation in carefully selected tropical stations, where the teeming animal life can be studied fully and at leisure. The student should be a scientist whose training is both broad and specialized. Unless he has breadth of outlook—such as Humboldt, as Cuvier, as Darwin possessed—he cannot reach the higher levels of his calling, where power of sound generalization, of controlled imagination, and of cautious work along lines of daring hypothesis are indispensable. Yet unless he also possesses the power of sustained, long-continued, highly specialized, and minutely accurate observation his generalizations and hypotheses will be either worthless or mischievous. He must be equally at home in the field and in the study. He must possess the unflagging, unwearying, patient industry of the scientific man who loves science with whole-hearted ardor. He must be able to see, and to understand what he sees; to interpret what he has seen in the light of wide knowledge; and finally to record it with comprehensive vividness and charm no less than with accurate fidelity to fact. A high ideal! and impossible of entire realization. But it can be measurably realized. Demerara is one of the tropical lands where there is a teeming life to be studied; and Mr. Wil-

liam Beebe is one of the scientific men who can study it as it ought to be studied.

The New York Zoological Society, thanks to the far-sightedness of some and the generosity of others of its members, has established a tropical-research station in Demerara, and has placed Beebe in charge of it. In late February, 1916, I was able to visit this station. While doing so I stayed at the house of Mr. Withers, as I shall describe in the next article.

Beebe's laboratory was half a mile distant from the Withers house. It likewise was on a hilltop, with a steep path leading down to the landing-place for the boats in a bay of the river. Across the river were the buildings of the penal settlement. The house had formerly belonged to a man who was a famous old fellow in his day—a white man who led a life more than half savage—a kind of life well known to all wild communities on the shifting frontier between untamed barbarism and the almost equally wild and untrammelled vigor of the first pioneers of the rude oncoming civilization. He had lived with the Indians as protector and tyrant; he was as hardy and as well versed in woodcraft as Carib or Arrawack; he dominated them, and was thereby enabled to render useful service to the colonial government. He had finally come to live definitely with his own people, and had built the house in question. When he died it came into the possession of Withers, who most generously gave it to Beebe for use as the laboratory—a gift for which science is much indebted. The house stood on high brick and stone piers, so that the lower story was a skeleton, with shelters in which goods were stored. A wooden staircase led to the floor above. On this floor the front was occupied by one big open compartment, which could be called either room or veranda. The naturalists used this as workshop, living-



From photograph by G. B. Withers.

Manager's bungalow from factory, Kalacoon.

room, and dining-room, and the other half of the floor was occupied by the bedrooms. The cabins of the coolies and negroes were not far off. There were Indian attendants also, most of them bearing the names of saints or prophets. They lived in open huts, and served as hunters; and they were kept on the watch for rare specimens. There was good bathing in the river; but there was need of some caution, for, although caymans were rare at this spot, there was an occasional electric eel, and Carib fish were sufficiently common to make watchfulness advisable.

In this big, roomy, airy house at Kalacoon, near where the Mazaruni River empties into the Essequibo, Beebe had found just the spot for his tropical-research station. He had with him as associates and assistants Inness Hartley and Paul Howes. Nor was this all. Hartley's sister, Miss Hartley, and her friend Miss Taylor, of South Carolina, were with them, and were just as eager and enthusiastic as the men; their work was to draw and paint animals and plants from life and immediately after death—for many creatures which when living have naked skins, or scales or feathers, with beautiful metallic lustres, lose these hues almost immediately after death. People who are fortunate enough to be devoted to their work for its own sake, and to find in it an

absorbing pleasure, are to be congratulated; and this little party of naturalists—the old-fashioned word seems a little less pedantic than “biologists”—were enjoying the rare combination of working hard at a task in which their souls delighted, and of also taking part in a thrilling kind of picnic. All were in high spirits, bound to enjoy everything, and bound to make the experiment a success. Each had his or her particular branch of labor, and there was in addition the agreeable diversion of finding out, for example, what they would get for dinner, or whether they would have any dinner at all.

Opportunities for study lay not only at their very doors but within them! One day when I lunched with them two palm tanagers kept entering through the windows to catch spiders; and when one of the birds dropped a spider Beebe carefully preserved it as a sample of their diet. As we sat at lunch, through the unglazed window we saw in the top of a palm, only a few yards away, the nests of palm tanagers and moriche orioles. The birds were nesting, and were flitting in and out. In the same tree-top were perched gray-headed king-birds, and the noisy quesque-dit, all on friendly terms. After nightfall bats flitted through the rooms, and my zealous friends were gravely discussing whether it would be possible for

one of them, by leaving one foot exposed as bait, to get a flash-light picture of a vampire sucking blood. This plan was

no way disturbed the students of either sex on the evening in question; by the way, only one of the sacrificed bats proved to be a vampire.



From photograph by P. G. Howes.

Vampire bat shot in Kalacoon house in evening.

rejected as impracticable. But while I was in their neighborhood they passed one evening of agreeable diversity. Four of them were hard at work around the lamp in the large, open, dark room, sketching, making records of the day's observations and results, and giving the last touches to the specimens collected; while the fifth, who was a crack

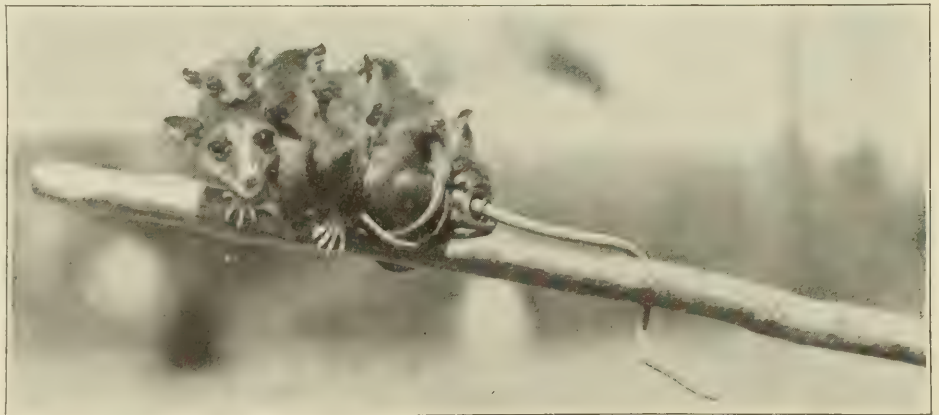
shot, lay in a reclining-chair, almost on his back, and from time to time shot at some overhead bat which he hoped was a vampire. This sporting proceeding in

from the time-honored methods of the collector and museum worker, and the attempt to embark on a scientific enterprise along lines as interesting as they are ab-

All kinds of beasts abounded in the neighborhood. One of the commonest was a small opossum. The female had from eight to a dozen young, which she carried on her back even when they were so well grown that their aggregate weight was over double what she herself weighed. As for the birds, their name was legion.

Beebe is a field naturalist of wide experience, and, in addition to various other trips in tropical and subtropical lands, he spent a year and a half (thanks to the generosity of Mr. Anthony R. Kuser) in a first-hand study of the wild pheasants of Asia; a group which is probably more interesting than any other, taking into account the size of the birds, the beauty of many of them, including the peacocks and argus pheasants, the wide variety in appearance, habitat, and habits of the various species, and their economic and æsthetic importance combined.

Recently, while at work in the Amazon valley, his experience convinced him that the state of our knowledge of tropical life forms warranted a complete departure



From photograph by P. G. Howes.

Marian opossum and ten young.

They weigh two and a half times the weight of the mother. Common in stumps and hollow trees.

from the time-honored methods of the collector and museum worker, and the attempt to embark on a scientific enterprise along lines as interesting as they are ab-

solutely new. After some rather aimless roaming he tried restricted and intensive observation: first, by a week's study of a particular cinnamon-tree, bearing ripe fruit, during which week he observed no less than ninety-seven species of birds from the canvas chair in which he lay;

skins of forms already well known, or only differing in minute points from those already well known, Mr. Beebe and his backers and associates determined to try a new kind of first-hand field investigation. The prime object was to secure ample facilities for the study of the evolution



From photograph by P. G. Howes.

Three nestling dusky parrots.

Mr. Beebe thinks he has distinct evidence of teeth in these.

and, second, by digging up two square yards of jungle soil, under the tree, and thoroughly examining all its minute life. As regards the birds, he unhesitatingly shot any which it was necessary to identify—he is not a sentimental dilettante, and knows that it is absolutely essential to have specimens in the hand if there is the least doubt as to the species; but he treated collecting not as an end, but as a means to the end of studying their life histories. As regards innumerable birds the life histories are enthrallingly interesting and yet practically unknown, whereas the skins are so well known that additional specimens are of value chiefly to those ornithologists whose enthusiasms and interests are fundamentally the same as those of stamp-collectors. The two square yards of jungle soil yielded an astounding number of small or minute invertebrate forms, including not only many new species, but some very remarkable new genera.

Partly as a result of this experience, among many others, and partly as a result of a growing conviction that an altogether undue importance is attached to the mere cataloguing of species and subspecies, and to the collection of large series of

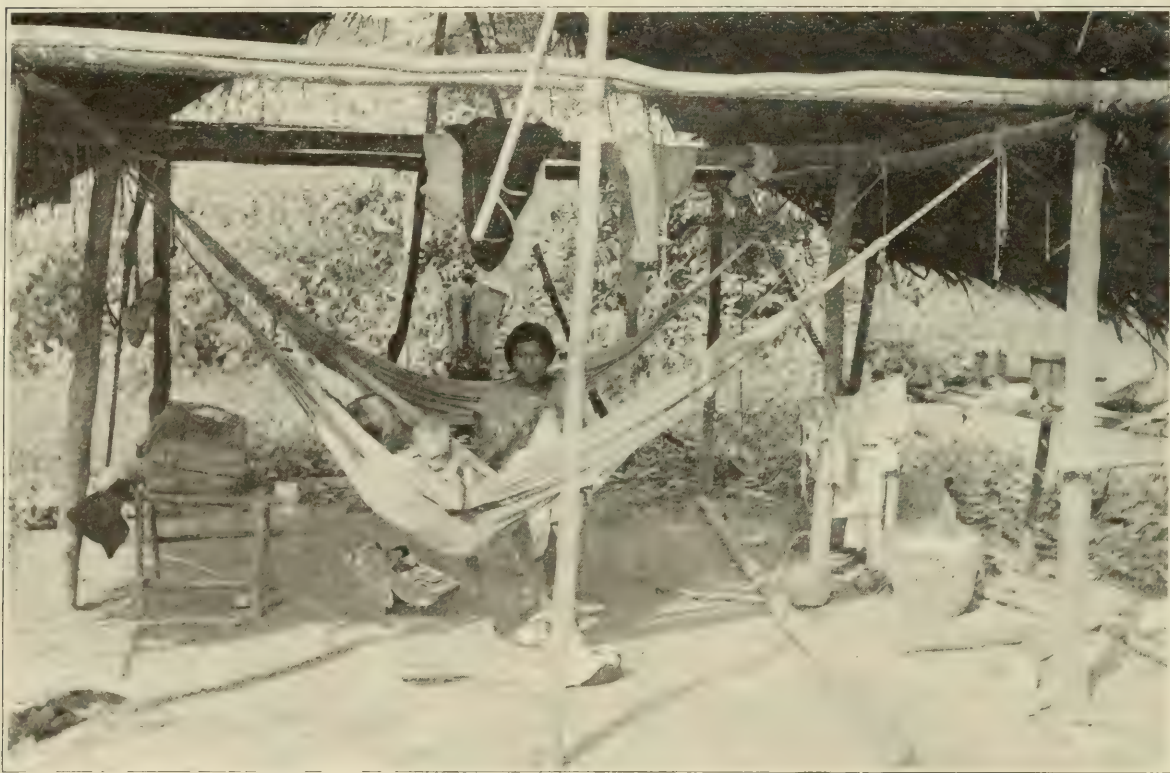
and life histories of various vertebrates, especially birds, and of various invertebrates, taking up various problems of embryology, of development, and of habit which can only be studied successfully in the jungle or by the aid of living material fresh from the jungle. A secondary object was the gathering of live creatures for the New York Zoological Park and Aquarium. The place chosen was conditioned primarily by the need of being in the tropics on the mainland, or on a large continental island, with an abounding and varied animal life within a radius of two or three hundred miles; and secondarily by the desirability of securing healthy living conditions. Demerara met both needs. It is classic ground for naturalists because it was here, a century ago, that Waterton met with the experiences which he chronicled in his "Wanderings," the first book ever written which was devoted to the work of a field naturalist in the wilderness. The animal life, especially of birds, the lower vertebrates and insects, is wonderfully full and varied. The conditions of life and work at the zoological station, as established by Beebe, are pleasant, healthy, and safe. The danger from poisonous snakes is dis-

tinctly less than the danger from automobiles in a land of joy riders. Mosquitoes and other flying pests did not exist at Kalacoon when I was there; and, although there are many places where they can be found in Demerara, there are many such places equally bad within a radius of fifty miles of New York. Life under the conditions obtaining at the zoological station is wholly different from the life necessarily led by the first explorers, who face starvation and disease and the extremes of toil and hardship in the untrodden wilderness. The Mississippi valley was, in parts, very unhealthy when the first explorers and pioneer settlers penetrated to it; and so was the South American wilderness. Nowadays there are large parts of the latter which are almost or quite as healthy as most of the former.

Kalacoon has many advantages from the naturalist's standpoint. Beyond it, south, well-nigh to the Amazon, stretches what is still, throughout most of its extent, a virgin wilderness; and yet to the north civilization is at its doors. It lies in a big clearing, which holds the birds of the clearing, and at the farther side of the clearing rises the untouched forest,

the edge of the mighty equatorial forest of America, with its abundant and peculiar fauna and flora. A great tropic river lies at its doors, so that the riverine life is added to the life of the clearing and of the towering woodland.

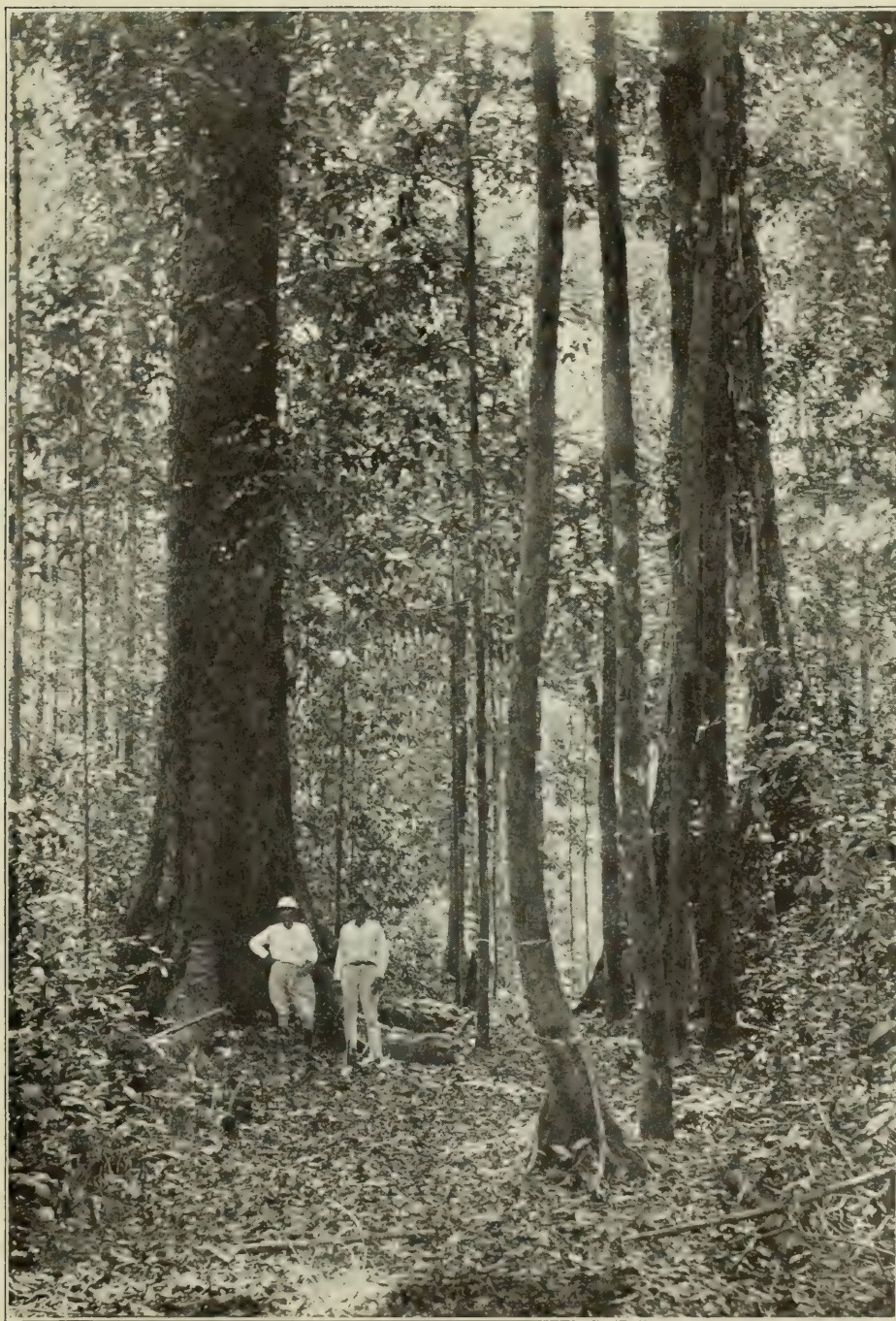
The creatures of the open swamps and flat, marshy plains must be sought nearer the sea. When Beebe and I drove through the sugar-cane country, near the ocean, we saw many waterfowl and waders of various species. Herons were plentiful, and the coloration, and the habits as affected by coloration, of these common birds invite the attention of competent observers whose object is to get at the facts and not to bolster unsound theories. The three commonest herons were the two white egrets and the tricolor heron—which is akin to our so-called Louisiana heron. The two former possess a strikingly advertising plumage; at any and all times and seasons, and under all conditions, they are so conspicuous as to challenge attention. The tricolors were not only relatively far less conspicuous, but under certain of the circumstances of their daily lives it might fairly be said that their coloration tended to make them



From photograph by P. G. Howes.

Akawai Indian woman and child.

Her husband, Daniel Jeremiah, kept Beebe's party in fresh meat for two months. When he calls all his Indians by name it sounds like a saints' calendar. Every necessity and luxury of an Indian life, year after year, is in this picture.



From photograph by P. G. Howes.

In the Guiana forest.

One huge buttressed tree keeps all the surrounding ones small, waiting for the giant to fall to give them their full meed of light and air.

escape notice. But, so far as our superficial observations went, there was no difference in habit—the coloration, whether revealing or concealing, was seemingly a negligible factor in their life, success, and survival. Yet certain other herons, the bitterns, do skulk and hide, are inconspicuously colored, and seemingly profit by their coloration. These facts are worth study on the ground. Seemingly some herons which are advertisingly, and others

which are, on the whole, concealingly, colored, have the same habits, and never seek safety by eluding observation; others are concealingly colored and try to elude observation. Are these the real facts? If so, is there any explanation? The answers can only be returned by field study.

Some of the familiar birds of the clearing will repay further study. This is perhaps especially true of the big ani blackbirds. They look like big grackles,

with high, short beaks, and live in the meadows and in open bush, accompanying the cattle like cow-buntings. Their nesting-habits are extraordinary. Apparently the genus has become demoralized and is in a state of flux as regards nesting. Now and then a pair will make a nest for themselves in orthodox fashion.

tion will develop interesting features in the birds' life history.

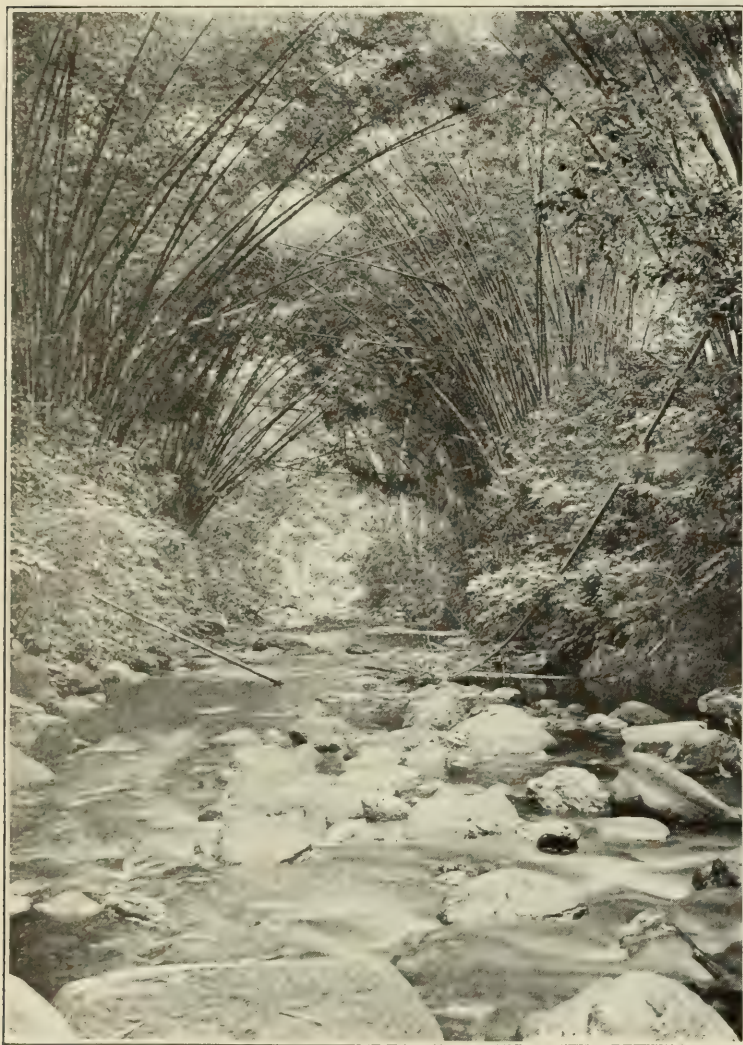
Of course, as regards other, and delightful, birds, where the habits are more normal, I suppose there will be little to learn. This may be true of the ques-que-dit king-bird, but it is a bird of so much character and individuality that I wish it

could be carefully studied anyhow. It is practically the same bird which the Brazilians call *ben-te-ví* and which extends far south into the Argentine. It is a big, truculent, noisy king-bird, olive above, yellow below, with black-and-white stripes alongside the head. It incessantly utters its loud, three-syllabled cry, from which—with a difference of interpretation—it gets its various vernacular titles throughout Latin America. It is bold and familiar, living in the gardens and round the houses. The tanagers and orioles, of many different species, suggest their kin folk of our own orchards and lawns, but with marked differences; many of the orioles, for instance, nest gregariously. Other birds are apparently identical in habits with their Northern representatives. This seemed to be true of the house wren and yellow warbler, two of the friendly and intimate little singers of Demerara.

As soon as we left the clearing we entered the vast woods. While in them we

Often, after such a nest has been begun, another female will come along and deposit her eggs in it; and then perhaps another, continually enlarging the nest, until one such nest contained twenty-eight eggs, while over a dozen old birds took part in brooding the eggs and feeding the nestlings; and I have heard of much larger numbers. There is a wide margin of difference in the size both of the birds and of the eggs; altogether it is a queer bird, in an unstable condition. Certainly this is a case where close field observa-

usually either followed the road which led from Mr. Withers's rubber-plantation to his lime orchards half a dozen miles distant, a road over which he drove his automobile; or else travelled the long trail of the gold-seekers, which crossed the automobile road almost at right angles. These two trails, by the way, rendered it easy to find one's way back, by means of the compass, even if for the moment puzzled as to the direction when in the pathless forest; and as one could walk along them easily and noiselessly they offered special advan-



From photograph by F. W. Ulrich.

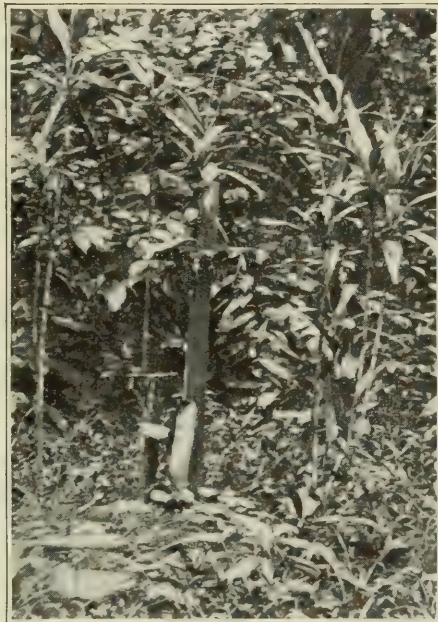
Scene along the Northern range.

tages to the observer. In thick woods even an Indian finds it hard to approach game unnoticed, and usually gets it by lying in wait for it or else by patrolling the river and sending his dogs into the woods to chase the hunted animal into the water. In the forest we came on a small, rude platform, which some time previously had been built by Indians for a game ambush. Doubtless at that time a game trail passed it. It consisted of a couple of poles lashed to a tree-trunk with tough creepers, at a height a little above a man's head. On this platform the Indian crouched and waited, with the motionless patience of the savage, until tapir or deer or peccary or paca came along; for if there is no movement by the watcher, and especially if he is raised above the ground, even although only a few feet, animals are apt not to observe him.

In the heat and moisture of the tropics the struggle for life among the forest trees and plants is far more intense than in the North. The trees stand close together, tall and straight, and most of them without branches, until a great height has been reached; for they are striving toward the sun, and to reach it they must devote all their energies to producing a stem which will thrust its crown of leaves out of the gloom below into the riotous sunlight which bathes the billowy green upper plane of the forest. A huge buttressed giant keeps all the neighboring trees dwarfed, until it falls and yields its place in the sunlight to the most instantly vigorous of the trees it formerly suppressed. Near the streams the forests are almost impassable, so thick is the tangle below; but away from the streams the walking is easier, because only a few bushes and small trees grow in the perpetual shade. To the newcomer one unending wonder is the mass of vines, the lianas or bush-ropes; everywhere they hang from the summits

of the trees, or twist round the trunks, or lace them together. A few kill the trees; most seem to do them no damage. Some are huge, twisted, knotted cables, dragging down the branches around which they are wrapped, and themselves serving as supports for lesser vines that twine around them. Others stretch up, up, as straight and slender as the shrouds of a ship, until they are lost overhead in the green ceiling of interlocked leaf and branch. Of most of the trees I did not know the names; but among the tallest were the mora, with huge flying buttresses, and the green-heart, with its white trunk. It was unending pleasure to walk through the towering forest. In the shade it was always cool even at midday. There was no wind. All sounds seemed faint and far

away. Under the solemn archways of the trees it was dim and mysterious, like some great cathedral at dusk.



From photograph by J. B. Rover.

Cross surrounded by flor réal, erected by country folk at wayside on road to guacharo cave.



From photograph by F. W. Ulrich.

The bushmaster.

Among poisonous serpents it is only rivalled in size by the diamond-back rattlesnake and by the hamadryad.

—Page 59.

Outside, in the clearing, it was very hot as soon as the sun was well above the horizon. But in the early morning and late evening it was attractive, and of course the glory of sunrise and sunset and

the splendor of the great stars at night were only to be had in the open. Moreover, the flowers of the open were wholly distinct from those of the deep forest, and were, on the whole, more lovely. One of the most striking was a great crimson passion-flower that closed in the heat of the day. Indeed, in the blinding glare of the hours around noon, all the life of the open spaces sought cover and was silent and motionless; whereas in the forest, although there also the noontide is a time of rest and quiet, yet even then there is always some life stirring.

To an unobservant man, walking quickly and rather noisily through these great woods, they seem empty. But as a matter of fact they teem with life. This life is shy, however, and patience, caution, and quick eyes are needed by the observer. The furred things he will rarely see, save by chance. Once, before sunrise, we heard from our bedroom howling monkeys in the distance; near by the sound is a kind of savage roaring, really impressive, which suggests some huge and terrible beast of prey instead of a medium-sized monkey. I caught a glimpse of a big black-and-white tayra weasel crossing the path ahead of me; but this was the only mammal I saw. With birds it is a different matter. When Beebe and I were walking through the forests, always slowly and with little noise, we continually heard bird songs, even while we were moving, and when we stopped we were sure, after a short time, to catch faint twitters and chirps. Generally Beebe could tell me what the birds were. The more conspicuous ones, and those easily recognizable because of some quality in their cries, I often knew myself—toucans or parrots, for example, and the big, showy woodpeckers. One bird was an old friend. He is one of the cotingas, dull-colored and about the size of a thrush. He sits motionless in the forest, about half-way up a tree, and utters at not very long intervals a loud, ringing, explosive call, a hurried, rather musical and arresting sound of three notes. This bird I had seen in mid-Brazil, and, not knowing exactly what he was had christened him, inappropriately, the false bell-bird. The Brazilian rubber-gatherers knew him well—his voice insures the attention of every passer-by—and called him the “rubber bird,” insist-

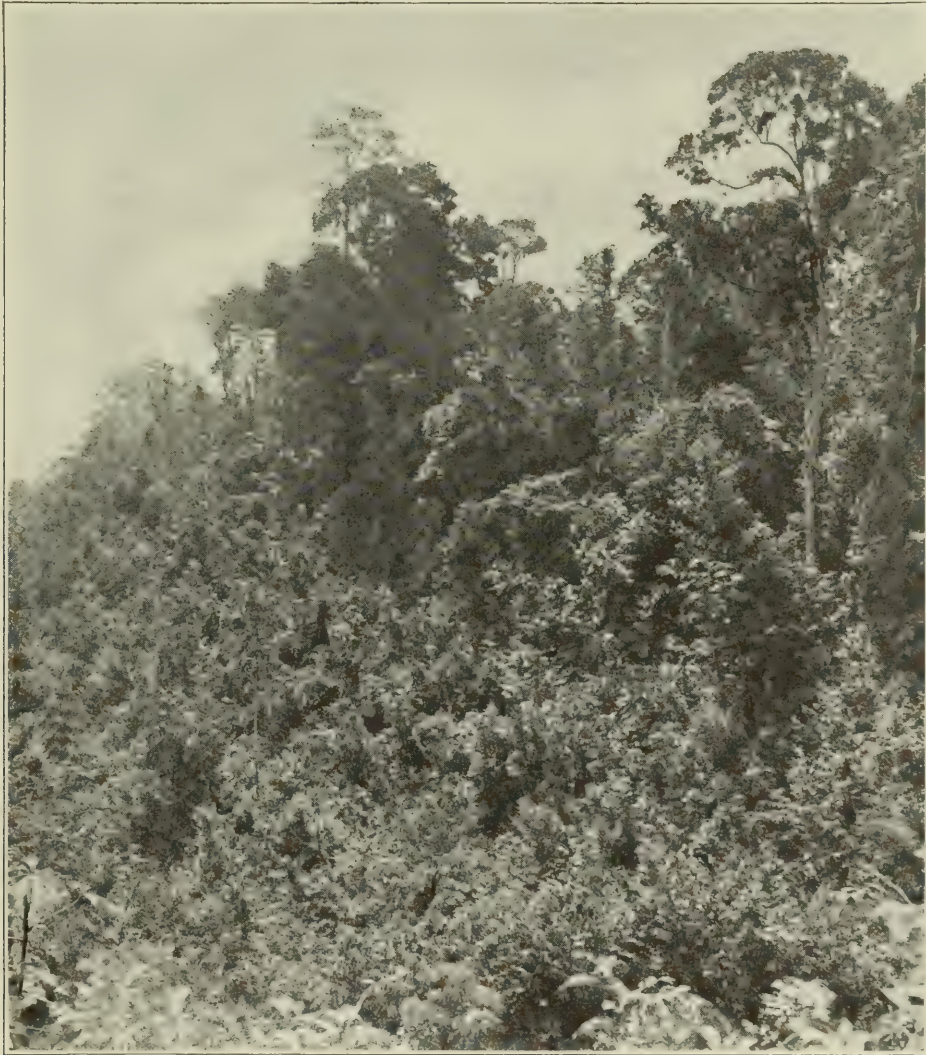
ing that wherever he called rubber was to be found. Here in Guiana he was credited with similar insight in the matter of gold, and was dubbed gold-bird accordingly. And gold-bird I shall call him.

But my knowledge of the birds was limited to those that were showy and noisy; and even as to these I made mistakes, as when I confused the note of a big oriole with the loud cooing of one of the forest doves—of which there were several kinds, all utterly unlike the little ground-dove which was underfoot everywhere in the open. Beebe, on the contrary, also knew the inconspicuous birds—the ant-thrushes, wood-hewers, and the rest—which were often the most interesting. He carried his gun, and realized that collecting was important on occasions; but collecting with him was merely an aid to the real work of observing; and, thank Heaven, he is not only a first-rate observer, but a writer able to record his observations. What he writes is not only readable and interesting; it also possesses both charm and distinction. Moreover, he is a man of such broad interest and cultivation that he sees his own particular facts in relation to all their surroundings.

Beebe's walks with me were a mere diversion; indeed, he and his associates had only just moved in, and were barely settling down to their serious work, so that what they had already done and observed represented a mere hint of what was to follow. I was making too much demand on him for information about what we saw and heard to permit him to study anything new. Only twice did he have to resort to the gun. In one case the bird proved to be an ant-thrush. In the other case we heard a peculiar three-note call, like a jew's-harp, in the thick forest near by. It did not sound like a bird, and at first we thought it was a cicada, or tree-frog. But after some minutes' search Beebe saw the performer, an obscure little bird which perched motionless some twelve feet from the ground most of the time, only occasionally shifting its position. He could not make out what it was, and accordingly shot it. It was a small, yellow-crowned flycatcher. We afterward heard several. Beebe has now identified it. He will shoot no others; he will do all he can to find out its habits;

and even the scanty facts we had gleaned were more than were recorded in the only books to which he had access, for these contained merely the description of the skins brought in by some collector.

ia wasp, an irascible fighter near whose home few foes of nestlings and eggs care to venture. But the nests of the closely related ashy toady flycatcher, which they found, were never in such posi-



From photograph by P. G. Howes.

The jungle of Guiana.

Supreme above all Eastern jungles, holding secrets of evolution beyond all our wildest guesses.

Already the experiences of the naturalists had raised all kinds of interesting questions. For example, many of the observations indicated differences of habits in closely allied forms which are at present inexplicable, and many more observations are needed to show whether these differences are real or are merely the accidents of individual observation. Some of them related to peculiarities of life history that are extremely strange. For example, they had found half a dozen nests of one little bird, the streaked toady flycatcher, every one of which was built near a nest of the formidable polyb-

tions. Further observation must determine whether this difference in nesting-site is invariable—whether one little bird always, and its close kinsman never, takes advantage of the neighborhood of so dangerous a protector. The mutual understanding or tolerance between the little bird and the big wasp is sufficiently remarkable; and observation must try to determine whether only one of the two closely related little birds really has the habit, and whether anything can be gleaned as to the effect of this habit on the bird's other habits and on its success in life relatively to the other. What has

been already observed in this case is a mere foreshadowing of what Beebe and his comrades hope to find out by observation, carried out at length, of these birds, beasts, and insects, in their native haunts under their natural surroundings; and surely such observations are far more

has seen them in the forest, every museum possesses the skins of dozens of species and subspecies. But no one had ever studied their nesting-habits. Beebe intended to supply the lacking knowledge; and, after I left, his party discovered the nest and eggs of one species of toucan.



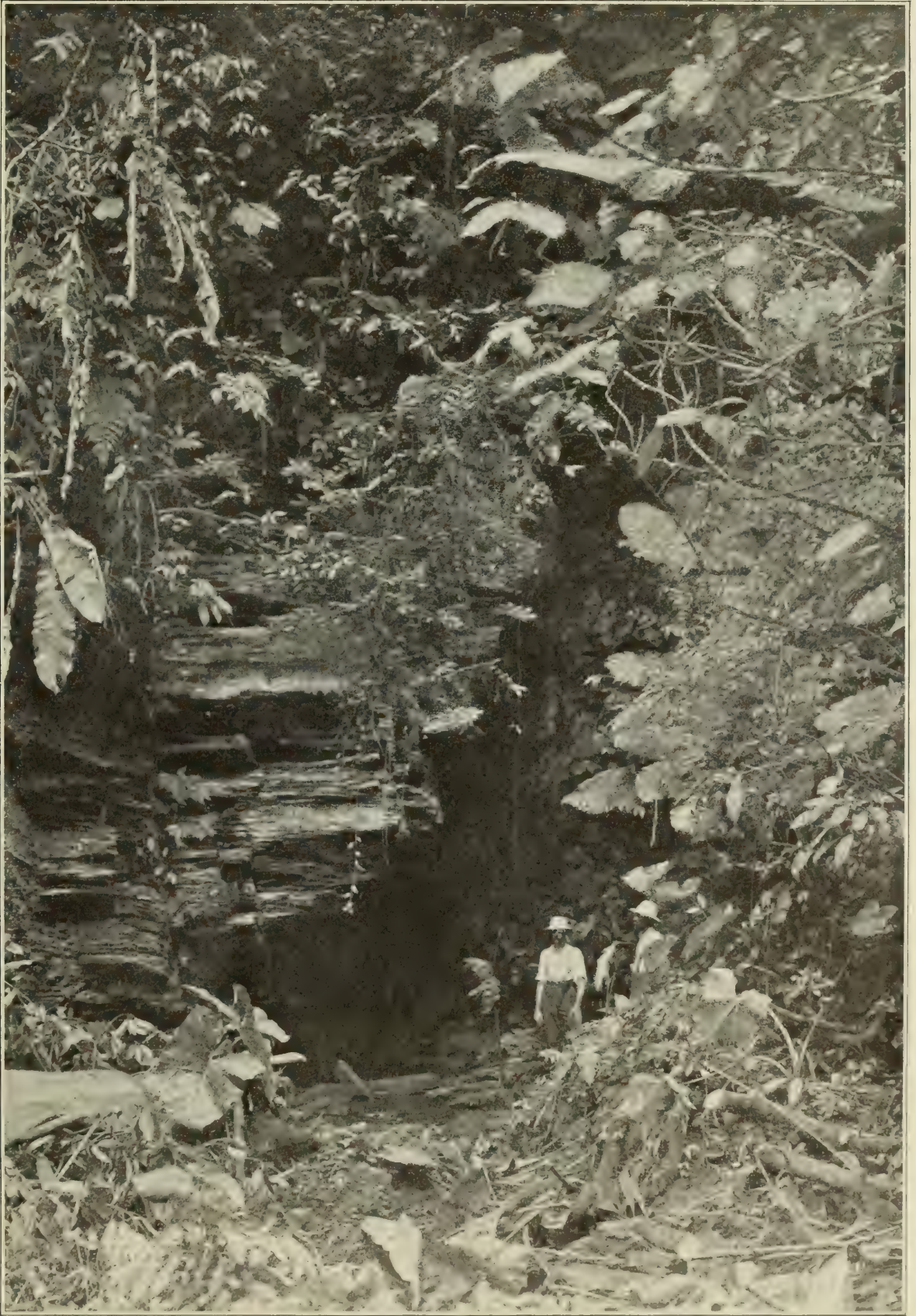
Mr. Roosevelt and his two companions at the guacharo cave.

valuable and important than *mere* collecting—as distinguished from that limited and purposeful collecting which is a necessary part of such observation.

As regards vultures, collecting is at present an indispensable prerequisite to the work of observation. They are not attractive birds to collect, and so have been let rather severely alone, with, as a result, much confusion as to not only the habits of the different species but even as to their identity, and as to such points as the colors of their naked head-skins, which fade after death. Again, there are many birds—the hoatzin and ani, for instance—where careful embryological study is necessary in order to get some hint of the ancestral development which has resulted in the existing physical peculiarities.

Of many species which are well known in collections and in the woods, we as yet know nothing as regards some of the most important features of their life history. The toucans, for instance, are among the most conspicuous and wide-spread of South American birds; every traveller

The nest, a hole in a tree, contained two white eggs, and in them were curious long-tailed embryos. In some nestling parrots Beebe discovered traces of teeth, a reminder of the days when the Age of Reptiles was at its height and all the birds had teeth. All kinds of queer things are to be found out in connection with the nesting of tropical birds. Once Howes had found the nest of a grallaria, a passerine ground-bird, with short tail, long legs, and a loud, whistling voice. It was by a stream. The eggs—previously unknown—were three in number, white with fine reddish-brown spots. The nest was on a big boulder, by water. It was lined with the scales of the tree-fern, and the walls and bottom were composed of very fine green fern tendrils, still alive, which were interwoven with the ferns growing on the boulder, so that the nest itself was actually growing. Another time he found a colony of humming-birds nesting under a bridge; the nests, some fifteen in number, were placed close together and were fastened to the rafters by moss, not mud.



Entrance to the guacharo cave, Trinidad.

Howes's real concern, however, was with insects. He was already busily at work. The fascinating leaf-carrying ants had of course attracted him. He had

Taken as a whole, this zoological research station offers a chance for original and productive work such as has not hitherto been even attempted. It rep-

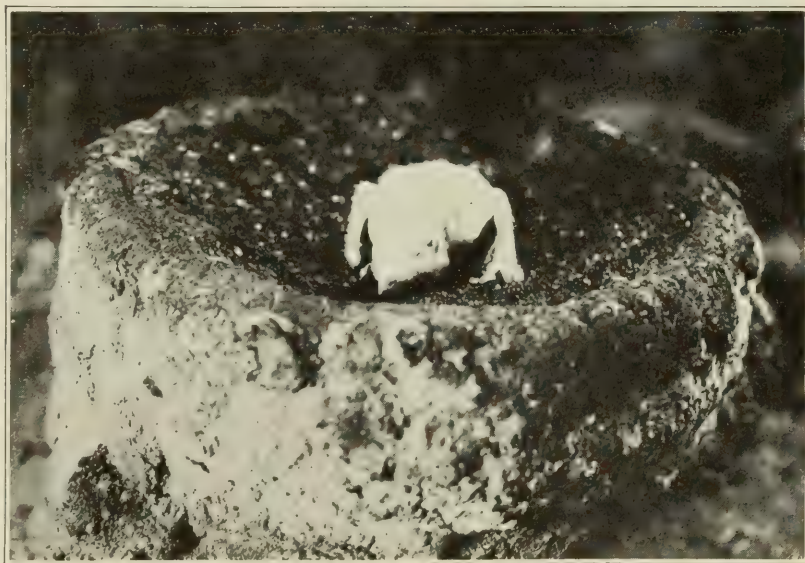
resents the effort to strike out on a new line, and the results may be, and I think will be, of the utmost value. It always needs both boldness of conception and very hard work to carry through anything which is entirely original; people naturally like to do both their thinking and their acting along the grooves with which they are familiar. It is earnestly to be hoped that public-spirited laymen who are interested in science will continue to back the undertaking, which has been ren-



Guacharo eggs and nest.

found a colony which seemed to be carrying on its work by relays—sufficient time has not elapsed to make his observations more than provisional. Some of the ants had ascended a tree, and cut off many leaves which dropped to the ground. Here other ants took them and carried them to a spot in the road where they made a pile of them; and from this heap they were removed by yet a third set of workers. He had just run across a wasp which was closely related to one of our paper-making wasps, polistes, but which built a mud nest containing one or more cells and fed its young almost as a bird would. It brought to the larval grubs live geometric caterpillars. It did not chew them up and feed them to its young piecemeal, as some of our wasps do, nor, as is the habit of others, paralyze them and store them up in a sealed cell with the larva, but fed them to the larva one at a time and alive.

dered possible only by the generosity of five of their number. It is also to be hoped that in addition to the present director of the station and his associates, other nat-



Young guacharo in nest.

uralists, trained in both the study and the field, will go down to the station to carry on investigations into special subjects. No man should go unless he is thoroughly trained in both types of work—enthusiasm is not a substitute for training, nor training for wide intelligence. But Messrs.

Osborn, Hornaday, and Grant, who are responsible for starting this research station on the edge of the great tropical wilderness, have announced that they will welcome to it all biological investigators of the right type, and the chance is too good to be lost. The government of British Guiana, with characteristic broadmindedness, is granting every facility to the station; and the generosity of Mr. G. B. Withers has given it excellent quarters without cost.

In Trinidad, whither I went after leaving Demerara, I met several out-of-doors naturalists. One of them was Mr. Eugene André, the botanist, who in his exploration of the Cana River, in Venezuela, so nearly lost his life; for the genuine explorers of his stamp, who penetrate into the untrodden tropical wilderness of South America, risk the extremes of hazard and hardship. He took me to see Mr. R. R. Mole, who has made a special study of the snakes of Trinidad. He possessed living specimens of a dozen different species, and also of the huge bird-killing spider, and of centipeds a foot long; these sinister invertebrates were fed chiefly on large cockroaches, but they attack small vertebrates without hesitation, and in several instances, of which the details were given me, my friends had seen both the giant spider and the giant centipede kill mice and lizards.

Among the snakes were fair-sized boa-constrictors and anacondas; the latter were said to be much more irritable than the former. Anacondas, moreover, grow to a much larger size. Some species of snakes feed only on certain kinds of animals—mammals, or birds, or reptiles, or insects—and even only on more limited groups, as, for example, on other snakes or

on frogs. Other species eat indiscriminately all living things of suitable size. Others when young feed on entirely different animals from those they kill when full grown. Yet others vary individually for inscrutable reasons. Thus some of Mr. Mole's boas would eat only rats, and others would eat only rabbits. The

big anacondas, when hungry, mastered formidable things. A nine-foot anaconda in his possession swallowed a three-foot alligator; and in the stomach of a fifteen-foot anaconda he found the teeth of an alligator which must have been over seven feet long. Some young boas would eat only lizards.

I was much interested at seeing a representative of my old Brazilian friend, the mussurama, the devourer of other snakes, poisonous or non-poisonous. I asked Mr. Mole if it par-

alleled the friendliness of the Brazilian form to men; he in answer opened the cage containing it and handed it to me to hold. This is by no means the only snake-eating snake in Trinidad; there is also the cribo, which is said likewise to be immune to poison, but which is a less finished killer than the mussurama.

I was especially interested in the two most deadly of the poisonous snakes: the great bushmaster, which among poisonous serpents is only rivalled in size by the diamond-back rattlesnake and by the hamadryad; and its smaller but fiercer and more nervous brother, also belonging to the genus *Lachesis*, the jararaca, known in Martinique as the *fer-de-lance*. These ordinarily bring forth their young alive, but a big female bushmaster in Mr. Mole's possession had produced a number of eggs, and brooded them in ordinary snake fashion. The bushmaster is a



From photograph by F. W. Ulrich.

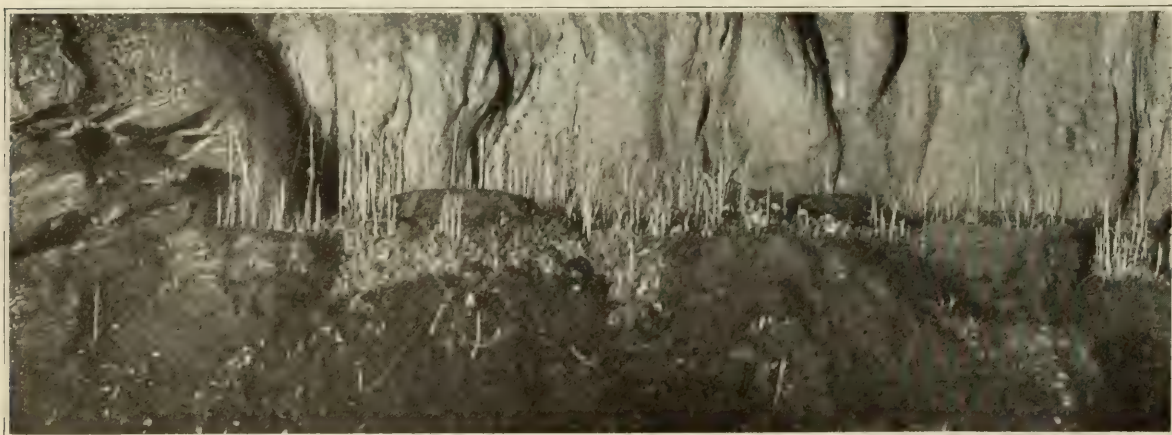
Two guacharo birds sitting on a nest in the cave.

snake of rather sluggish temper, which dislikes to run, and it is formidable because of the immense quantities of poison which it spirts into its victim through the hollow fangs, which may be an inch and a half long. A Trinidad gentleman whom I met, a devoted hunter and lover of wilderness life, Mr. Arthur B. Carr, had dealt much with the species, and had once nearly lost his life from the bite of an individual. He said that this snake was active at night, and that in the daytime it slept, or at least lay still in such sluggish fashion that it was difficult to rouse. If in the daytime a man stepped on one, it would bite him unless he showed extraordinary agility. But if he brushed by it, it would only partially rouse itself; if his companion brushed by, it would become more alert but would probably not strike; but if several men were thus travelling in single file it would almost infallibly strike the third or fourth man. It would also strike repeatedly, not being one of those snakes whose poison is speedily exhausted; in one instance a single individual struck four hunters' dogs in quick succession, killing them. One which was put in a cage with a rattlesnake struck it, and the rattler died of the poison.

It feeds on possums, agoutis, and the like. It goes into burrows, or holes, and it was owing to this fact that Mr. Carr nearly lost his life. He had chased a paca into a hole, and digging after it for some feet he found the paca and killed it, and to his surprise found that the hole continued. He did not then know that when a paca is thus chased into a hole, and finds the end occupied either by a snake, a

peccary, or another paca, it will stay half-way down and permit itself to be killed rather than go to the end. He thrust his cutlass into the hole as far as his arm would reach, and touched something which yielded slightly. Again he tried, and moving the cutlass up and down found that the thing had scales—an old and big bushmaster has rough scales—and concluded that it was an armadillo. Again he thrust in, and this time the head of the aroused and angered bushmaster flicked out and struck his hand. He had received from Venezuelan Indians with whom he had hunted a decoction of plant-juice which they asserted to be sovereign against such snake-bites, and he always carried some with him; he now drank it and also slashed the wound, and although he was very sick he recovered. Recovery from the bite of the bushmaster is rare. He tried the remedy subsequently on snake-bitten animals, and saved several. It would certainly be interesting to make scientific experiments with this supposed remedy.

The jararaca is in places fairly plentiful in Trinidad, as it is in Demerara, and in both cases causes some not very important loss of life. In the Antilles proper it is found only in Martinique and St. Lucia, where it was formerly a veritable scourge. In both islands the mongoose was introduced to check it, and the experiment was completely successful, the snakes having now become so scarce that they are no longer a serious menace. In Martinique I visited a hospital, and happened to ask if they had many cases of snake-bite. One of the directors, a white-haired man, answered that they had very few indeed, because



From photograph by F. W. Ulrich.

Ledge of rock in cave showing guacharo nests.

the mongoose had almost exterminated the fer-de-lance; whereas in his district, when he was young, before the mongoose was introduced, no less than forty per cent of the total deaths were from snake-bite.

On all the other islands where the mongoose has been introduced, I was informed that it has become a veritable scourge, killing chickens, exterminating ground-birds, etc. In Trinidad it had not had much effect, although on the whole obnoxious; in Demerara I was told that it had had no perceptible effect at all.

These facts, as regards both the poisonous snake and the carnivorous, snake-eating mammal, indicate how much disturbing effect in an island with a limited fauna, and how little disturbing effect on a larger land mass with a large and varied fauna, the introduction of the same new species may have. In Demerara and even in Trinidad, the jararaca had numerous rivals and enemies and never attained more than a limited importance; in the two islands it had neither rivals nor enemies and was a very abundant and most formidable pest. The mongoose on these two islands did its work well and almost exterminated the snake, a feat of capital importance; on the other Antillian islands it found no poisonous snakes and, being without rivals or enemies, became itself an intolerable pest; in Demerara and Trinidad it found itself in a large and varied fauna, it found both rivals and enemies, and it neither seriously diminished the poisonous snakes nor itself became a serious pest.

Carr related his experiences with the coral-snakes, whose poison is, in equal

quantities, more deadly than that of the jararaca, but which have much less of it and relatively small fangs. In the daytime he found this snake very sluggish and reluctant to bite. After nightfall it is active, searching for the small snakes on which it feeds. If a man then treads on it, or too close to it, it will bite at once,

and if it strikes bare skin the wound is dangerous and often fatal. It does not, when about to strike, coil, like the bushmaster, jararaca, and rattlesnake, but lies in a loose figure eight or S-shape.

Carr had seen many interesting things in the woods. His chief success was when motionless and unseen he studied the ways of beasts and birds—as field naturalists worthy of the name should do. Once he heard some red howler monkeys and crept up to watch them unperceived. An

old male sat high in a tree; half a dozen females were near him, and several young males were farther off, not venturing near. One of the females went toward the old male, mincing and showing off, pressing close to him; he uttered grunting sounds, not the loud roars of his dawn chant; but all the advances and caresses came from the female. She retired; two others took her place, showing off and stroking his cheeks; again he grunted, and received but did not return the caresses. For some minutes this went on; then the whole party came down to the ground to pick up some nuts.

I made an interesting trip with three friends—F. W. Urich, the entomologist, G. B. Rorer, the mycologist, and the solicitor-general, Archer Warner—into



The guacharo bird.



Interior of the cave.

the northern mountains of Trinidad to see a guacharo cave. The guacharo is an extraordinary bird, akin to our night-hawk or whippoorwill but the size of a barn-owl, which is nocturnal, lives gregariously in caves, and feeds exclusively on hard fruits, that is, on the nuts and seeds of palms. Humboldt visited the great guacharo cave in Venezuela over a century ago, and in Trinidad there are guacharo caves in the sea-cliffs which can be entered only when the water is calm. Hornaday once visited these sea-caves; and both Chapman and Cherrie have since visited caves such as those which I visited.

We motored out some thirty miles, to a point where the governor had most kindly

arranged to have horses meet us. Then we rode four hours back among the mountains to a plantation belonging to Mr. Francis Leotand, who had courteously arranged that we should sleep in a room of the overseer's house. It was a lovely ride. We saw blue tanagers and heard the songs of thrushes and orioles. There were repeated showers, and we were drenched before we reached our destination, but between times the sun almost dried us, and the rain made the brilliant green woods fairly glisten. Most of the time we rode under the primeval tropic forest, with its incredible wealth of strange and noble forms of plant life. Cecropias grew on the newly cleared soil. Moras sent out buttresses. Here and there a giant vine

had strangled some mighty tree. There was a wealth of ferns on the wet slopes. Orchids were numerous. Large blue butterflies and smaller red and black ones floated in the glades. In one part of the trail, although the sun was high, a bat flitted. Occasionally we passed clearings planted with banana-trees or cocoa-bushes, the excessively primitive house of the colored owner standing to one side. There were many different kinds of palms. One of the interesting trees or arborescent plants was akin to a wild pineapple. It holds water at the bases of the big, thick leaves, where they jut from the stem, and it is inhabited by a little fauna of its own, including a little frog and a lizard, and also, unhappily, a species of mosquito which

breeds in swarms. In places the road zigzagged up steep mountainsides. Elsewhere it crossed brooks. From one point we had a wonderful view out over a magnificent forest-filled valley, a sea of billowy green, sprayed here and there by the orange foam of the immortelle-trees. Twice we came on high hillsides where there were bell-birds. These are not the true bell-bird of the mainland forests, which is snow-white with a voice like the tolling of a bell. They are dull-colored, with curious wattles on the throat, and their voices, although loud, are not musical. They perched in the tops of the tall trees, and sat almost motionless. Twice I saw one in the bare top of a dead tree, and watched it through my single-barrelled pocket-glass. The birds were very noisy, continually uttering their harsh, explosive call; in giving this call the neck was stretched straight out and the head thrown upward.

Early in the afternoon we reached the

house of the overseer, a colored man. It stood on a hill in the midst of cocoa gardens and cocoanut groves. It was raised on stilts, with a piazza. One room, furnished with a table and benches, was given to us; in the other rooms dwelt the overseer and his family. A rough stable was near by, up a wet path; a couple of store-houses and two or three palm-thatched cabins, where the bare-footed workmen dwelt, were close at hand; the cooking was done with a pot and an earthen fireplace in a big shed, which was open at the sides. The boundaries here, as elsewhere generally in Trinidad, are marked by dracenas, which sometimes grow twice as high as a man's head. Their topmost leaves are red, and they are boldly decorative;

the Spaniards named them the "flor réal," the royal flower. On our route that morning, at a turn in the trail through the forested mountain, we had passed a shrine on the ground, where around the crucifix was planted a half-square of dracenas.

After lunch we went to see the guacharos. We followed a stream through cocoa plantations for half a mile, until we came to where it flowed out of a limestone cliff from a cave which was the guacharo home. Thick forest grew along and over the crumbling front of the cliff; and vines and creepers and wet rock-plants overhung the edges of the cave, partially obscuring it, while water-loving plants grew in front, some with enormous leaves. At the entrance, near which there lay large boulders, the irregular opening was perhaps fifteen feet across and rather higher. Out of it rushed the stream, here knee-deep, and covering the whole bottom.



British Guiana, showing location of the naturalists' tropical laboratory at Kalacoon.

With torches we entered the cave. It was hard walking, for the clear stream slid over sand, pebbles, and ragged-edged boulders, and might at one moment be ankle-deep and the next reach almost to our waists. The cave twisted, and we speedily passed out of the pleasant half-light of the entrance into obscurity. Immediately we began to hear the birds, and dimly to make them out flapping and fluttering above us. They uttered loud, growling cries, and also a continuous metallic clacking, and the naked young birds in the nests piped and wailed. It was all very weird, and I did not wonder that the superstitious black peasantry, who believe the woods and waters to be thronged with jumbies, should have christened these birds "diablotins" (the name once given in Martinique to nocturnal petrels which burrowed in the mountains). They will not enter the cave on Good Friday and, although they plunder the nests of the incredibly fat and oily young birds, which are used to eat and also to make oil out of, they regard the place as uncanny. But the birds are merely comic devilkins, poor creatures, are as harmless as they are curious, and should be carefully protected.

The cave must have been occupied for untold centuries, and the ledges and recesses in the sides, and the slabs of rock which were raised above the level of the water—in fact, every portion which was neither too steep nor water-swept—was covered inches deep, in some places a foot or two deep, with guano. The nests themselves, of which we soon began to see many, were on the ledges and in the crannies and holes; and when we were quiet the birds soon began to settle on them. They were made of the guano, being cup-shaped, with thick, raised walls. Some contained two to four short, pear-shaped eggs, white, but stained with the guano; others contained very fat, naked young. We saw the old birds brooding, sometimes one, sometimes both parents sitting side by side. They crouch like a whippoorwill or night-hawk; they do not perch erect, in the posture in which some museum specimens are mounted. We did not desire specimens and molested nothing.

A singular thing was that in the guano

of the nests grew many fungi, slender things like reed-stalks, sometimes only an inch or two long, sometimes a foot or eighteen inches. They also grew elsewhere in the guano, and in places had matted it into a kind of peaty consistency. It seemed extraordinary that they could grow without any sunlight. There was a good deal of life in the place aside from the birds. There were many bats. Beside the water at one spot we found a toad the size of a bullfrog. Insects swarmed, including crickets, earwigs, and moths. Everywhere through the guano were the seeds and nuts of various species of palms; among the commonest were nuts nearly the size of betel-nuts. Some of these nuts were from kinds of palm which did not grow within ten or fifteen miles. The birds emerge from the cavern after nightfall, occasionally uttering their growling cries, and fly for long distances to their feeding-places, sometimes hovering in the air as they pluck the nuts, seeds, or fruits. Whether they also sometimes alight while they pluck them I do not know. They feed their young by regurgitation and live in the caves all the year round.

We went on and on, wading, clambering over the rocks, slipping and plunging in the darkness. At last, where the roof was still high, but getting lower, we put out the torches. There did not seem to be a ray of light, but this portion of the cave was still filled with the birds, which were flapping overhead and uttering their extraordinary noises; and when we relighted the torches we saw many of them on their nests. Farther in, however, where the roof became lower, only bats dwelt.

Then we halted, waded and clambered back to the entrance, and left the excited devilkins growling, croaking, and clacking behind us. It was late in the afternoon and we returned to the house. We dried our clothes as well as we could, but it was moist and rainy and they were still wet when we put them on next morning. We dined well on what we had brought with us. My companions had hammocks; I slept soundly on the table. Next morning the sunrise was glorious; the day was clear and bright and the ride homeward was pure pleasure.

ONE AFTERNOON

By Harriet V. C. Ogden

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD



AS a beginning to the afternoon, our unfamiliarity with the workings of French apartment-houses made us blunder, my sister and me, into the midst of an astonished French family. They were very polite about it; Mme. La Baronne bade us a charming welcome; her husband threw away his cigarette and drew chairs for us into their circle. The only hint they gave that, failing to find the concierge in the courtyard below, we should have rung a bell there, was that they told us it existed. But they were evidently very much surprised to have us drop in on them in that way with no more announcement than our names spoken at the opening door.

The Twins, whom we had come to fetch, put on their wraps with a haste that suggested our presence must be disturbing to their parents.

On the way down-stairs again they rallied us on our ignorance—and admired my sister's hat. It was old and it was shapeless; the one point in its favor was that it defied the wind. But its very age, it seems, was what attracted the Twins. "Americans," they explained, "always look as though they had on perfectly new clothes. It's a pleasure to find one who does not mind sometimes being seen in an old hat." Were they sarcastic, or are we really as bad as that?

The Twins were outwardly very much alike—oval cheeks, lustrous dark hair, and long-lashed brown eyes—but from the first I had no difficulty in telling them apart. Their character shone through their faces like different-colored light through identical shades. Anne painted fans as beautifully as old miniatures are painted; Alice worked at the Croix Rouge every morning—it was before the war—and in the afternoon she was too tired to be other than quiet and silent. Neither

of them hunted, as the rest of us did, "because they had no 'chaperon.'" The whole field of riders did not suffice if there was none among them to whom the Twins could refer as "their chaperon."

As we turned out of the courtyard they asked us, with a little hint of shyness in the question, if we would like to go see their home. "Oh, no, that was not home, that little apartment we had just left—home was quite different." And as we sped along the smooth white road by the river bank they told us about it and why they did not live there any more.

Home was not home any more because they were poor. Home was all they had had, or nearly all, and so—it seemed very simple to them—when the brother married he had got it as a dot. A man must have a dot as well as a girl if he is to make a good match. He had married a rich wife and so all was well. That there was no dot left for the Twins was a secondary consideration, since they could not carry on the name. Unfortunately, the rich belle-sœur did not like "home" and would not live there.

The brother was stationed with his regiment in a garrison town a few miles away. We passed some of the officers' glossy-flanked horses out for exercise, and I wondered whether they, perhaps, constituted another reason why the Twins did not hunt. As there was no dot left for them when the brother was supplied, might there not also be no horse? It is more obvious that one cannot hunt without a hunter than without a chaperon.

We passed by the door of a great cathedral in their "home" town, and when we admired it it was as though we had praised some one near and dear to them. Anne's face glowed with pleasure. But her eyes grew soft with a suggestion of tears as she spoke of the hours she had

spent playing the organ in "her Cathedral." Their ancestors were buried there, and it was part and parcel of "home" to them.

But we had been there before, and the Château, which we had only seen through the trees in passing on the road, interested us more that day, so we went on without stopping.

We turned in at a gate by an old stone house. One wing, it was, of what had been the Château before it was destroyed in some war or other. It was used as a farmhouse now, but, though it looked very humble, they spoke of it reverently as the birthplace of their family, from which their name was derived.

The avenue ran straight in across level fields to a little hill on which the house stood. I am not sure whether it was a natural hill or an artificial one built by the Romans before they fortified it, as they did very strongly. The old stone walls of their fortifications were still standing in several places, and their road, running round and round the hill in ascending spirals, was still intact. It was used as a pleasure walk. The modern avenue had been cut right into the side of the hill like a miniature ravine, running straight and steep from its base to its summit. We stopped at its mouth and looked up at the five bridges, one above the other, which marked the course of the Roman road.

There was a level plateau on the top of the hill on which huge trees grew and threw their shadows on the smooth lawn around them. The Château itself stood white and stately on one side of it, close by the Roman wall. It looked down from its height on the flat plains of its dependent farms. But now it seemed asleep with its closed and shuttered windows.

As we stopped before the door a magnificent white dog bounded out from some back part of the house and threw himself on the Twins with wild barks of delight. He was taller than they when he stood on his hind legs, and he nearly knocked them over in leaping up and trying to lick their faces.

Inside, the house echoed our footsteps drearily, as empty houses do, but it was beautiful and looked as though it would be comfortable to live in. We must see it

all, the Twins said, from gallery to bedroom, but first of all we must see the Chapel. They hushed their voices as they opened the little door under the staircase and knelt for a moment before the tiny Altar. Their eyes were a little moist when they rose again and opened the drawers in the toy-like sacristy to show us the altar linen and hangings. Some of them were marvels of fine needlework, all done by the ladies of the house from one generation to another, the Twins' own work by no means put to shame by that of their ancestors. These things had been their care, they said, and to keep fresh flowers on the Altar. They had been very fond of it. I took a prejudice against the rich belle-sœur who did not like it and would not live there.

In the gallery they told us anecdotes of the painted ladies and the painted soldiers—how one had died in such a war, another fought in such a battle, and lived to tell of it. Their favorite had fought in the Napoleonic Wars, but there were others with stories much more fascinating to me.

Then we went out again on to the terrace. We walked around the old Roman walls and down the first spiral of their road.

Across the sluggish river, with its blue waters broken here and there by sandbars, the snow-capped mountains lost themselves in the distance, melting into the pale sky. In the foreground the fertile fields lay at our feet, with here and there a low, vine-thatched, whitewashed cottage.

Looking out across the meadows, Anne pointed to a flourishing crop of wheat.

"That," she said, "is *le tapis romain*."

"The what?"

"*Le tapis romain*," she repeated.

The two languages were indifferent to us all four, and all afternoon we had spoken French and English as they happened to come to our lips. But now my sister asked for a translation. "A 'tapis,' in English," she said, "is a carpet, and that out there is a wheat-field."

The Twins laughed at us. "Yes, but it's a Roman carpet, too," they explained. "Under the wheat, buried some four feet deep, lies the mosaic floor of a Roman palace. We think the governor of the

province lived there beside his fortress. We discovered it a few years ago and cleared it all out and looked at it. It is in perfect condition. You can trace the

"Because," Anne said, with a funny, half-amused, half-embarrassed expression,—“because some day, if we can, we want to move it; put it in our Cathedral.

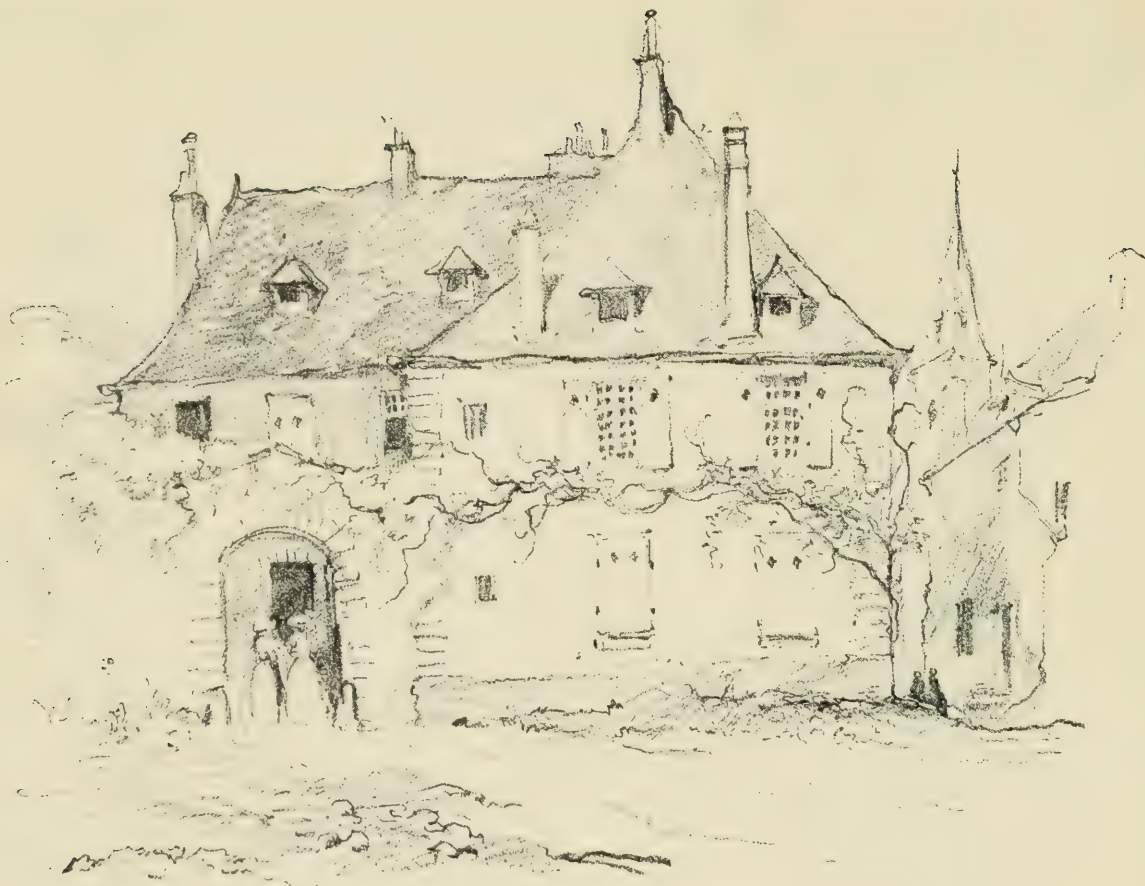


We passed by the door of a great cathedral in their “home” town.—Page 65.

plan as clearly as on an architect’s drawing. Some of the work is of the very finest kind. When we had looked at it we buried it again to keep it safe.”

“But—but what a dreadful thing to do! Why did you do that?”

But it would cost a great deal of money, and now we can’t afford it. But the floor is very beautiful and very valuable, and we are afraid that some American, if he saw it, might want it for his house in New York and might offer us a price we



The Château . . . seemed asleep with its closed and shuttered windows.—Page 66.

couldn't refuse. And we have hidden it so as not to have to sell it."

What a talisman is an old hat! Without it we might never even have heard of the Roman palace under the French wheat-field!

The Twins were very silent as we drove down the avenue again, under the bridges and past the old house. This fresh parting seemed a fresh grief to them. The dismal howls of the white dog followed us to the gate. Once beyond it, however, the Twins soon threw off their depression and became their own bright selves again.

"Had we seen the castle of A——?" asked Anne.

We had, but only close enough to wish to go closer. The old tower of A——, so square and gaunt, was the most picturesque, legendary-looking object in the neighborhood. We had often looked at it in passing, but smoke rising from the chimneys of the buildings which clustered about its base, warned us that it

was inhabited and we must not trespass. We were delighted when the Twins offered to take us there.

It was a good forty miles away; but what are forty miles on a flawless French road? The time merely to learn a little of A—— and its inmates before we reached them.

Henri Quatre, le Béarnais, always retained a fondness for the mountains in which his rough, neglected boyhood was passed. And the tower of A—— was one of a number of hunting-lodges which he built there to hunt wolves from. It was also half a fortress and a good deal more than half a watch-tower. From its summit, eight stories above the ground, one could see far in every direction. After the death of Henri Quatre the tower came into the hands of the Mambrun family, who have owned it ever since. I have no reason for calling them Mambrun save that it is *not* their name.

The last of the Mambruns, two old, old maiden ladies, still lived there. One

had been a celebrated writer, "but," said Anne, "of course we have not read her books; they are not 'jeune fille.'"

Everything about A—— was falling into a state of dilapidation. The road leading to it was so deep in mud our car could hardly get through. The outbuildings, flimsy structures on either side of

the tower, were almost ruinous; only the old tower itself still looked rugged and strong.

A door at its foot stood open when we drew up, and we walked over and looked in. The interior was almost dark. A little light filtered in from the entrance in which we stood, a little, perhaps, also



It was also half a fortress and a good deal more than half a watch-tower.—Page 68.

from a room in one of the outbuildings into which an open door led, and a few rays of sunlight slanted across the darkness from a small window above our heads and fell on a narrow staircase which clung to the opposite wall.

In that small circle of light in the midst of the darkness two figures stood, two women, incredibly old-looking. One was so bowed that her head hardly overtopped the banister above which she blinked down on us, the sun striking flashes from her sunken eyes. Little wisps of dull hair hung over her face. One poor, shrivelled hand clasped the banister with the grip of a bird's claw, while the other held a stick—it was out of sight, but we heard the click of it on the wooden steps. The second woman was somewhat younger, and though feeble and almost helpless herself, she had her arms about her companion and was aiding her weary ascent.

It was like a scene from the stage; it hardly seemed possible it could be real. But Anne leant over and whispered an explanation.

"It is Mlle. Mambrun," she said, "helping their old nurse up-stairs. She has been with them since they were babies. She is nearly a hundred now, and Mlle. Mambrun herself is over eighty.

We picked our way across the tower, among the cats with which the place was swarming, and sat down in the big room adjoining. It might have been a lovely, cheerful place; big French windows on three sides opened directly on the ground, but their light was shut out by dark curtains of faded plush. A heavy carved table stood in the middle of the room and carved cabinets against the wall under cracked paintings in broad gilt frames. Straight-backed wooden chairs, and one or two upholstered in the same material as the curtains, should have offered plenty of seats, but they all looked as though they were dropping to pieces and would fall at a touch. We sat down very gently and waited for the second Mlle. Mambrun.

Presently she came to us. She, too, tottered along supporting her bent back with the aid of a stick. She seemed as old as her sister, as old almost as the

house and its furniture. It was as though we had stumbled on a piece of Henri Quatre's world shrivelling up here in its old setting.

The old lady sat on the edge of her chair and tried to be gracious to us. But it evidently made her uncomfortable to have us there. It was not that she was not glad to see us, but it hurt her not to be able to entertain us as she felt she should entertain guests.

She apologized a little. She was sorry, she said, that she could not offer us food. "But—but the servants had all gone to church."

We assured her we did not want food. We had come—suddenly our interest seemed a horrid curiosity, our coming an unwarranted intrusion—"to see the view from the top of the tower," ended Anne. And Mlle. Mambrun's face brightened as Anne's own had done when we admired her home. But it fell again instantly.

"There is no one," she said, "to go with you and open the trap-door. The servants have gone to church."

We could open it ourselves, we told her. She could not give us a lantern, she said; there was no one to fetch it or fill it; the servants had gone to church.

It was like a refrain at the end of every sentence, as though by much speaking of them she would make us believe in their existence. Had they gone to the church one by one, through the long years, and left the old women, one over ninety, two over eighty, alone in their tower?

We would go without a lantern.

"What!" she cried, "in the dark?" And then, as we rose to go, she called us back. "Take care of the cats," she said. "It brings luck to a house, you know, children, to have cats in it, and it brings misfortune—but such misfortune—to kill one! So they have always lived there in the tower."

Always lived there since Henri Quatre, and never one killed! It sounded incredible then, but by the time we got down again it seemed easy to believe.

Half-way up the first story we stopped at the little theatre where our hostess, when she was younger, used to have the plays she wrote acted for her friends before they were published. A platform at one end, hung with Punch-and-Judy



Mlle. Mambrun.

curtains, all limp and lifeless now, served as a stage, and a dozen rows of broken chairs stood ready for the audience. It was inexpressibly dreary.

The second half flight brought us to the living-floor, and we hurried through that quickly and silently, passed through a door at the head of the next flight, and found ourselves in the darkness with the cats!

Some rays of light must have come

through the cracks of the door behind us, for dozens of yellow eyes caught it and blazed at us from the blackness. Otherwise all was darkness so deep it seemed heavy.

The other two girls had stayed below with Mlle. Mambrun, so Anne and I were alone.

"I know where the stairs are," she said, and catching my hand she led me forward.

From there to the top of the tower there was not a window, not the smallest slit to admit a ray of light. Six times we groped our way across the tower from the head of one flight to the foot of the next, and stumbled up steep, banisterless stairs to the floor above. Every few steps a soft, yielding body sprang aside from under our feet with a savage hiss, and above us and below us the cats, angry at being disturbed in their fastness, howled and shrieked.

It seemed an endless time before we bumped our heads against the trap-door and began to feel in the darkness for the bolts that fastened it. They were stiff from disuse, almost rusted into their sockets, and, having found them, we could hardly move them.

While we struggled with them, bending back in the blackness to reach over our heads, and breaking our nails against the rough iron, we heard the door, far down below us, slam shut, and uncertain footsteps stumble upward.

"Can it be our sisters?" whispered Anne. But when we stopped for an instant and listened we heard that they were a man's heavy step.

I think the darkness had got on our nerves. I know I had an almost feverish desire for light and air, to get away from those screaming cats and be able to see the newcomer whose footsteps were drawing nearer and nearer.

We pushed and pulled at the bolts, and at last, one after another, they gave. We put our backs against the heavy trap and, using all our strength, lifted it and sprang out into the sunlight just as the footsteps reached the bottom of our stairs. We looked down into the darkness and saw—nothing worse than the face of our chauffeur.

"They sent me to open the trap for you, Miss," he said. I don't know what we had expected, but I'm sure we were relieved.

The top of the tower was perhaps forty feet square with a castellated edge, the high parts of which reached nearly to our shoulders, the low parts not quite to our waists. The view from it more than repaid us for our climb in the darkness. We dominated the whole landscape. To the north of us the land sloped gently

away, dotted with farms; and here and there a little town under the shadow of its huge cathedral made a bigger break in the green. Far, far off a broken silver line marked the course of the river. To the south the foot-hills of the mountains reached almost to A——. They lay spread before us like a great garden, beds of yellow heather hedged with round box-trees. The snow-peaks, which from the Twins' Château had looked so soft and dreamy, stood out sharply against the sky.

At our feet we saw deserted farm buildings and the little church where the old Mambruns lay buried. It, too, was falling into decay.

A blue-smocked peasant was driving his cattle home along a little flowery lane. The tinkle of the leader's bell came up to us mingled with the cooing of doves and the song of a lark thrown down to us from the sky.

It was fascinating, and we should have liked to have stayed there for hours, but a pink glint in the air warned us that night was coming, and so perforce we hurried down again through the cats, and reluctantly took our leave of Mlle. Mambrun.

On the way home we asked them, "Are there any ghosts at A——?" and the Twins laughed a little non-committal laugh which neither said "I believe" nor "I do not." The old ladies, they told us, said they were quite accustomed to seeing their ancestors wander about their old home. They never paid any attention to them and had never been bothered by any but one. That was a young girl, hardly more than a child, who had died a matter of two hundred years ago. She got into the habit of coming to Mlles. Mambruns' room every night, waking them and standing by their beds, looking down beseechingly.

At first, apparently, the live old ladies treated the young dead one like a naughty child, told her to go away and stop disturbing them. But finally, after several months, they got tired of the sleepless nights she imposed on them, and, quite exasperated, one of them asked the girl what it was she wanted, whether there was anything they could do for her. The ghost was delighted, she almost hugged



She was sorry, she said, that she could not offer us food. "But—but the servants had all gone to church."
—Page 70.

her venerable great-great-nieces, and she told them there was. She told them just where she was buried in a niche in the little church, whose crumbling roof we had looked down on, and how her young cousin was sleeping above her. But, O misfortune! the bottom of his coffin had rotted away and let his jaw-bone fall through into hers, the top of which had rotted, too; and now she, with the jaw-bone of a man mingling with her bones, found rest impossible.

The old ladies promised to see about it, and the next day they went to the spot the child had indicated, found her grave and the jaw-bone of her froward cousin, put it back where it should be, gave both the young people nice new coffins, and went home satisfied. That night the child came again and thanked them, and promised to let them sleep in peace thereafter, which she did.

Is it possible that the old ladies' books are really "*not jeune fille*"?



Drawn by Charles E. Chambers.


"How pleasant of you!" she said with a little laugh. . . . "Have you come to tea?"—Page 82.

THE QUENCHING

By Mrs. W. K. Clifford

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

I

HE country will be much better for you," Herbert Burndale told his wife. "We will settle down at the cottage for good."

"And this house?" She struggled to make her voice steady.

"The agent says he can let it. I have given him instructions." He turned to go.

She arrested him with both hands on his arm. He pulled up quickly; she saw the hard expression on his face and the hands fell back. "I should hate it. I should die in the country—eat my heart out—cut my throat."

"Well—we will try it." He smiled his wintry smile, she called it, at her vehemence. "We won't discuss it again." He left the room; she heard the little defiant bang of the street door, not loud or startling, but with the suggestion of finality that was in his voice: it seemed like an Amen to his words.

She watched him cross the square. He was fairly tall, a thin man, thirty-two or three, perhaps, neither dark nor fair, with a rather long, pale face that seemed to match his figure. It struck her, in a grotesque sort of way, that, just as his bones were sparingly covered with flesh, so were his heart and soul sparingly furnished with warmth and emotion, and words with which to express himself had been dealt out with a niggardly hand. She remembered his love-making before their marriage: he had been fairly appreciative and polite; he had made evident his most courteous desire to marry her, and, to that extent, it had been flattering; but there had been nothing more in it. She had taken him to be a reticent man, to whom words and caresses were difficult; the fact of his proposal implied that everything else was a matter of course, and she accepted him for reasons of her own. He

was an upright and honorable gentleman; there was restful security in that knowledge; he had provided her with material things as far as a fair allowance, a pretty house, and a country cottage represented them; and he had given her some companionship, with an air of its being due to their relationship rather than to any desire for her company. He overlooked her life in an irritating manner; she felt that he exacted the wifely and housewifely duties that a former generation expected from women; he kept—she knew it and it half-frightened her—a careful watch on her doings, and tried to lay out occupations for her. For the rest, the things that make life worth living, to women especially, an eager, expected feast of varying joys and sorrows, she found herself seated at an almost bare table.

"It's no use," she said to herself. "I can't bear it any longer. A break won't hurt him much, and going on will kill me." There was a looking-glass to the right of the window; she looked a little desperately at her own reflection. She was thirty; an interesting rather than a pretty woman, though there were people who called her beautiful, and at times she justified the descriptions; she had her wonderful days, when she carried all before her, but there were others when she looked haggard, dull, and almost plain. She had gray eyes that easily questioned or implored, a pathetic mouth, brown hair, with shades of red in it, and a smile that was charming: it came suddenly and not too often and took one by surprise, as a light does that has been shrouded and for a moment is unveiled.

"I'll do it," she said as she turned away from the glass. "I'll do it at once. It's no good going on to the years and years before us, if I stay. I'll do it now—some courage, a crisis, and it will be over." Then, suddenly, she found herself faced by the difficulty of how to begin the freedom of which a sense came to her as a

whiff of air from the sea. "I'll go to Claire Starfield for the night, anyhow," she thought; "I'll tell her; she'll advise me; she was always so sensible." She opened a blotting-book with a jade cover and a gold monogram in the centre—it had been a wedding present from a rich cousin—and wrote:

"DEAR HERBERT:

"It's no good pretending that we are happy together. We are not. We should each be better alone, and I want to be alone again—to choose my place and pleasures and pursuits. There need be no scandal; let us just go our separate ways. Write to me at Claire Starfield's. It takes courage to do this, but it's no good going on as we are.

"EVE."

II

MRS. STARFIELD was taken aback that afternoon when her husband walked into the drawing-room.

"Oh, my darling Geoffrey," she said. "Why on earth have you come home so soon? Eve Burndale came a few minutes ago, and we wanted to talk."

"Very well—very well," he said in an injured voice. "I'll go out again, if I'm not wanted. I should have liked to talk to her, too; she's a pretty woman."

"You wicked man," she laughed. "Did you ever talk to an ugly one?"

"I never made love to an ugly one. But where is she?"

"She's up-stairs; I'll tell you about her in a moment—oh, I can't think why women marry!"

"You did it yourself."

"I was young."

"Most women are—when they marry."

"Oh, no, not now; they only look it. Eve had her eyes open; she was eight and twenty, could do precisely as she liked, she had a charming little flat, and no one to worry her when she'd shaken off the relations who wanted her to live with them after her mother died. Why did she marry Herbert Burndale?"

"Don't know, darling, but is anything up?"

"Oh, Geoffrey!" She sighed adroitly, and looked at him with gratifying ad-

miration. "You are a wonderful creature! Something *is* up. She thought you went to the club after the office——"

"Does she object to seeing me?"

"She loves seeing you, darling; but she fled to my room when she heard the car stop—because she is unhappy. She and Herbert are getting on atrociously. He only cares for the country and gardening and fishing. He won't go out in London or let her; and now he has announced that he means to give up the house and they are to vegetate at the cottage all the year round."

"Well, it's a method by which they might both live to be eighty."

"Think how tiresome he'd be—more and more every year! She wants to live—to live, Geoff, dear, just as we do, she wants the flufferies of life—to go to Queen's Hall concerts; to go to parties sometimes, to see her friends, to belong to a club, to walk down Bond Street, and, above all, to possess her own soul; he tries to direct her every movement, to know everything concerning her; he even looks as if he would like to read her letters, and to know how she is going to answer them——"

"He's an ass and she's an idiot."

"Why is she an idiot?"

"He's in love with her, isn't he?"

"Yes; in his own way, I suppose."

"Then she's an idiot, I repeat. For the woman who can't twist the man who loves her round her little finger must be one. See how neatly you twirl me round yours. Is she fond of him?"

Mrs. Starfield hesitated before she answered: "I don't know. It was a marriage I never understood. You see, we were in Italy, and I've not been very intimate with her since the Queen's College days. I was very fond of her then. She was a dear thing, and loved being loved so, but she was always getting into scrapes. I don't believe Herbert Burndale understands her; and I suspect he's the sort of man who doesn't think it worth while to be particularly agreeable to a wife, that he looks upon as a chattel. In fact, he represents one type of the husband of five and twenty years ago."

"He's an extinct animal; but all men have latent longings to be Bluebeards and regret a little that the good days are over."

"Ah, but think what they get in place of them! They get companions, nice little chums able to appreciate all their splendid qualities"—there was the ghost of a wink in her left eye—"to share their amusements, and to love them ten times more intelligently than they used. Why, Geoff, you old duck, I should never have recognized your angelic qualities five and twenty years ago. Think how father and mother jog-trotted along; how little they knew of each other; and, unconsciously, how much they were bored when they were thrown too much together. They were so resigned to die, poor darlings, and I don't wonder. Now, if you are only a little ill, I am miserable; and if you died I should take prussic acid—or some less painful poison: prussic acid is dreadful, I've been told. And yet we have our separate interests and enjoy ourselves even when we are not together."

"Such a pity the Burndales haven't a baby!"

"I dare say. And yet it would probably cause more friction between them. Eve would treat it as a plaything, or spoil it with adoration, and he would take it as a serious responsibility, and be as solemn as an owl; and the poor baby would be horribly bored by them both—but I wish you would go out; then I could bring her down. A woman in her state of mind doesn't want to see a man."

"I'll go—but how long will she stay?"

"I don't know—I have hardly heard anything yet. I'll tell you when you come back."

"Try and smooth things out for them."

"Of course I will."

"Burndale is rather a cold-blooded prig, but he is a good fellow at bottom."

III

THE Starfields lived in "a pretty maisonette near the park"; white paint, panels, rugs, artistic pottery, and a general air of comfort and fair affluence, without extravagance, characterized it. The maisonette had two floors; on the upper one, on the sofa at the foot of the bed in Claire's room, Eve Burndale was lying, her head propped high with purple cushions. She held out her hands as Claire entered. They were very white, the fingers

long, the movement of the arms was helpless and caressing.

"Oh, dear Claire," she said. "I thought you would never come. What have you told Geoffrey, and where is he?"

"Gone to the club. I told him you and Herbert weren't getting on very well."

"We shall never get on; and it's no use—I've left him."

"Oh, nonsense, darling, you can't leave him!"

"I can; I must. I *can't* go back, Claire."

"You'll be miserable if you don't."

"I shall be more miserable if I do." Her voice was thrilling and very sweet.

"Don't you care for him?"

Mrs. Burndale sat up quickly, and looked her friend straight in the eyes, while she answered breathlessly: "I am going to tell you the truth, but I don't want Geoffrey to know. Can you keep anything from him?"

"I never keep my own things from him, but I don't tell other people's secrets."

There was a moment's silence; Eve looked round the charming room, as if trying to identify the things in it, and then again at her friend, as if she were frightened.

"Listen, Claire," she said. "I never loved Herbert, never for a single moment. It has all been a pretense—not to him, but to people we knew, and for the sake of conventionalities. I married him to put a chain on myself. It seems strange, but I don't believe he ever asked me if I loved him or said that he loved me—though I suppose that he did in his own way—Heaven knows. He asked me to marry him, and I did because"—she stopped, as if unable to go on—"because of my ungovernable love for somebody else, who cared nothing—nothing—nothing—I know it now—for me. That's the way things go in this world."

"Eve!"

"Yes, Eve!" Mrs. Burndale echoed. "It's a fitting name, perhaps. The Garden of Eden over again, and the serpent and the forbidden fruit; but it was a man who offered it this time, not the woman. He tried all he knew to make me taste it. I didn't—thank God, I didn't—but I was deadly afraid I should. And then I was

miserable and desperate; and to put a wall round myself, to make things impossible, I married Herbert."

"Who was it?"

"Must I tell you?"

"Do as you like."

Eve hesitated, to gather courage before she answered:

"Gerald Maddox."

"Gerald Maddox!" Claire gasped. "But he's married. It never struck me that he didn't care about his wife; she's such a pretty little thing."

"He does care. That's the queer, queer, devilish twist of things. I don't believe he ever cares for any one else. But he gets carried away and has short, vivid episodes with other women: I see now that he doesn't care for one of them. He says men are not naturally monogamous, or, as he puts it—he's a coarse brute—not physically monogamous, though mentally they are. He married Grace because he had a sincere affection for her, because he was harmlessly in love with her, because he thought she was fit to be his wife and the mother of his babies. And he takes care never to compromise himself; but he has—the episodes. When they are over, or sometimes while they are in progress, he has a fit of repentance and gives his wife a diamond ornament, perhaps; and she never dreams that he has a thought for any other woman. And he hasn't a thought"—she made a sound of scorn—"not one that is worth counting. He wants to amuse himself. Women fall in love with him, and it amuses him—that's all."

"But if he's that sort of man, why did you let yourself care for him?"

"I didn't realize it for a long time; how could I? I was a girl and a fool. After I had the flat and went about alone I was always running against him; we sat about together and talked, and agreed that we were sympathetic and all that; then there was a night, at Aunt Emily's in Lowndes's Square. She gave a party—you were in Italy. There's a garden; it was a soft, warm night; instead of dancing, we walked up and down and went into a little tent they had put up in the corner under a tree. He told me he could die for me, that I drove him mad; he gasped and groaned and spoke as if every word were

wrung from him—he has a passionate air with him and I believed it all. I wasn't used to that kind of thing. He was! I know it now. I pictured everything to myself that night; I imagined that his wife was not sympathetic, that he didn't care for her, that he had fallen in love with me, that I was the love of his life—he told me I was, that he had never seen a woman like me. He had told heaps of other women precisely the same thing—perhaps they took it as all part of the day's work or the day's pleasure—but I took it seriously. He persuaded me to meet him, again and again, and again. We had days at Richmond and Virginia Water. We went to Winchester once and lunched there; oh, I remember it so well, the grilled mutton chops at the hotel; and the cathedral—we walked about in it and looked at the crumbling tombs of the Crusaders and the Saxon kings who are buried there: Rufus is, I think. I forget. This was late in the autumn; it had been going on for months then; the days were short, and we heard a service—even-song—in the twilight. We were hidden far back on one of the seats in the darkness, he had his arms round me, and I loved him so. I thought he would ask me to go with him to the end of the world, for a lifetime of passionate love. I would have gone, Claire, joyfully, barefoot, ragged, lived with him, worked for him, starved for him, if he liked, died for him gladly. I felt drunk with love, dazed with joy—but, from that very day—that day at Winchester—he began to cool. It was a climax, I suppose. We had reached the top of our hill; we had looked forth from it at the sacred spaces of the sea, as Swinburne says—I don't know where, but he quoted it to me that day—he was always quoting Swinburne and Rossetti—no doubt, he has quoted them to other women, too—he doesn't care for the new school of poetry; he says it is obscure and its passion is unclean. He held me in his arms all the way back to London in the empty carriage; but at the station he put me into a cab and made an excuse for not driving me home. He looked tired, a little bored, and unconsciously I knew that the end was beginning."

"A good thing, too," Claire said vigorously.

But Eve turned on her quickly. "No, not a good thing," she said. "He had become life to me, my heart and soul were in his keeping; for months we had done all manner of things together. We heard 'Tristan' once—do you think two people who care for each other could ever hear that second act and not feel their love blaze into passion that must give them a heaven or burn them to destruction? We went to Queen's Hall; he took seats high up at the back, where nobody could see us, to hear the Pathetic Symphony, and we came away, worn out with emotion, and hid ourselves, speechless with it, in the Regent's Park. We went to stray exhibitions of pictures in Bond Street, nothing so blatant as the Academy—I saw him there, with his wife, on the view day, and thought it fitting, that he was being self-sacrificing to her and thinking of me. We went to the National Gallery sometimes; on the students' days, for we felt the presence of many people to be profane, while such love as ours was there—at least I felt all this, and he gave me to understand that he did, and suggested it to me. Oh! the days we knew together—and then the decline that began at Winchester. I have been a mad-woman ever since, mad and miserable and wicked."

"How did it end?"

"It didn't end suddenly, or anything of that sort, it gradually dwindled away. I saw him less and less often, generally when others were present. He made excuses about not meeting alone, but at last we had one, a final one, in the Regent's Park. We had always gone there because we were not likely to come across people we knew." She laughed bitterly. "We sat down, and he said he'd been thinking a good deal—that Grace was awfully good—that she was so fond of him. He twisted a finger of the glove he had in his hand—and, well, the fact was she was going to have her second baby, and he didn't think it right not to give her all the time he could. He turned and looked at me, with eyes that were consciously affectionate, and said he should never forget the day at Winchester, and the even-song, and all the rest of it, but that things must come to an end; he was not doing right by her or by me, it would be better

if we did not meet each other secretly any more, that he wanted to do the right thing though he often didn't. Then he got up suddenly—it was dark by this time, it was the beginning of winter—and said, 'Let us go back, dear.' He put me into a cab, as usual, and looked at me, and held my hand, and made his lips into the form of a kiss. A fortnight later I heard of him—I didn't see him—dining with a woman who looked like an Italian, at the Hotel Cecil in a recess by the window, and one day I passed them in the Park—in the twilight, of course—they were leaning over the bridge looking at the Serpentine. Their backs were toward me, so they didn't see me, but I heard her laughter, low and sweet and very happy. I knew the things he was saying to her—and I hated him—then for the first time. I've hated him ever since, for I know that he plays the same game over and over again, and his wife is as blind as a bat; he fools her just as he fools other women."

"I thought, apart from his family, he was taken up with art and music and precious literature."

"Oh, yes, that's all part of it. It gives rainbow colors to his affairs. Perhaps the other women think so, too. Or perhaps they are used to the sort of flirtation to which he treats them, and go back to their husbands quite content, if they are married women, just as he goes back to his wife and is thoroughly pleased with himself. It's all part of a pleasant game to him, and perhaps it is to them or to some of them; but I was a moth that was caught in the flame and burnt—burnt. Oh, how I hate him!" She put her face down for a moment into the purple silk cushion and shivered.

"But if you hate him, you can't love him still."

"It's only the reverse side of the coin," Eve said with miserable cynicism. "To have an awfully strong feeling for a man, or a burning passion of any sort, may mean hate or love; it's just a toss-up, and depends on which side of the coin comes down; under it is always hidden the other—" She looked at her friend; her confession had been made with a hushed vehemence; it was impossible to doubt its truth or the reality of her feeling.

Claire Starfield, whose life had been pleasant enough, full of affection rather than passion, was puzzled what to do, and worried at having a confidence thrust upon her she could not share with her husband. She knew that one reason why Eve had come to her and poured out her story was that she felt it would be safe in her keeping.

"I thought you must care for Herbert—" she said at last.

"I have never cared for him, but I thought that marrying him would be my salvation, that I should be able to control my thoughts as well as my actions."

"You seemed fairly happy together."

"Oh, yes," Eve answered wearily, for the excitement of unburdening herself had died away. "I didn't want to let him down in the eyes of his friends, but I expect he knew he had only the shadow and not the substance."

"But he loves you?" Claire said gently.

"I suppose so—I never feel quite sure. I know this, that I dread—dread—going to live the quiet country life he insists upon. I shouldn't see Gerald now and then by chance, or imagine that I might see him if I went down Bond Street, or to a popular play. I live for the chances still, and, when I think that one of them may come off, my heart stands still——"

"But why this sudden crisis?"

"Herbert wants me to go away and live in the country, to bury me altogether. If he had given me the usual excitements of life in London, if he had done anything—anything!" She put her hands behind her head and gave a little moan of pain.

All the time Claire was gathering an idea and wondering if she had the courage to exploit it. "I can't think how you can bear to live," she said wonderingly.

Eve felt that the sympathy for which she hungered was coming. "It has been so difficult——"

"Of course it has—" Claire answered in an understanding voice. "And it's all so absurd."

"Absurd!"

"Wait, dear! Tea's ready—come down and have some, and I'll explain."

"Oh, I can't. I don't want tea!"

"Yes, you do—we always want it. It clears one's brain. And then I'll tell you what I mean and try to make you see it.

I think it will help you." She pulled her friend up gently and smoothed her hair and, putting an affectionate arm round her, led her down to the drawing-room, where a dainty little tea-table was ready and muffins sat in a covered dish on a brass footman in front of the fire.

"Now, dear, a nice, comfy chair and cushions." And then Claire made tea and smiled and looked sympathetic. "Two lumps of sugar? You were always a baby for sweet things, you wicked darling. Do you remember when the history professor brought you that box of chocolates and Miss Wilson made a fuss? There, is that right? And now some muffin—do you know that no country but England makes good muffins? I am told they can't get them in America, though they have all sorts of bread that we haven't."

"No, I didn't know it," said Eve fretfully, when she had put down her cup. "And I don't want to talk of bread or America, or of anything in the world, but this one great thing that engrosses me. Do speak, Claire! I have no one else in the world to help me." She sighed. "And you were always wonderful to me—you were when I thought I cared for that silly boy at Woolwich, and he got into a scrape for coming to London without leave? And think of all you did for me when mother died!" She held out her hands for a moment. Claire bent her head and kissed them. "You always helped me, darling," Eve went on, "and I knew you would once more. If you hadn't been abroad all that time it might have been different. I was so lonely in the flat, and I never had any relation I cared about except mother—and Florence, of course, who went to India—I had to come to you." Her eyes were full of tragedy. "But now, tell me how it is absurd?"

"Well, you see—" Claire hesitated and hated herself for her brutality. "For one thing, because it's all so old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned!"

"Of course it is. And I always thought you so modern, so full of the new life of the world, so receptive to it." She knew the last words would arrest the rising indignation that was qualifying the surprise of her listener. "Yet you are behaving just as people do in second-rate novels—or as some few silly women did thirty

years ago. They don't do it now, they don't, indeed, dear. It's like a grandmother, or a great-aunt, or a 'tuppence colored' picture; we prefer them 'penny plain' nowadays unless the color is first-rate. Don't you see, darling?"

"No, I don't. And I don't understand you a bit." Eve was beginning to doubt her friend's sanity. "People fall in love, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, but in a nice pleasant sort of way. They flirt, of course, as girls, they fall in love, and get engaged and married; and then they amuse themselves with their husbands until they get bored. Then, if there are no children, they take up other interests—there are so many other interests for women nowadays. Overwhelming love is quite out of date; hopelessly old-fashioned; it is, indeed!"

"You are perfectly ridiculous, Claire; you have become matter-of-fact and un-human," Eve said indignantly. "Think, think how many people are divorced now—more than ever before—and give up everything for love."

"They don't, really. They only think they do. They are bored with their husbands or wives, or they're restless and ready to do anything for a change, and don't care what it is. So they are unfaithful; sometimes they run away, and are divorced, and imagine they are going to be in love forever. It's a breathless excitement, but the experience is seldom so amusing as they expect it to be—for the woman especially. The man has made love to her because she was pretty, or he was in love with her—for a little while—or flattered at her being in love with him. The vanity of men, darling, is as infinite as space; they like to bask and bathe themselves in it. But a man is seldom able to live very long up to the exactions of the woman who throws everything overboard for him; he doesn't know what to do with her excessive emotion; for, as a rule, she keeps up the emotional side much longer than he does. He likes the adventure of going off with her, of course, but when the novelty wanes he probably resents the fact that he is adrift from his old haunts and many of the things he valued. And then, at the back of his head, he knows that the woman who has played her husband false, even

when she has done it for him, would do it again, given the temptation, and he hasn't much respect for her."

"Respect!" Eve muttered.

"Oh, yes, it's a horrid thing, I know, but if a man hasn't any for a woman he becomes suspicious, and, as I say, he doesn't think much of her, even if she's desperately in love with him; and, above all, passion doesn't wear as well as it used. It doesn't, indeed, darling."

"Oh!" with a little moan.

"And you would have found that Gerald Maddox wouldn't do for a permanency, even if he had wished it."

"I think everything you say is dreadful, and I wish I had never, never told you. I didn't dream you were so cold and matter-of-fact."

"I'm not cold," Claire answered quickly. "But I have the courage to look things squarely in the face."

"You never felt the fascination of a man like Gerald Maddox."

"No, thank God, I never did. A common creature who amuses himself with first one woman and then another. And if I did I think I should have the nerve to stamp on it, to hate myself, to get control of it somehow, especially if he had a wife. She's a dear little thing, too. I know her a little. We met them at the Waltons' dinner-party last month. They came in looking perfectly happy and content with each other. They were in the hall when we were going away, and I saw him turn up the little fur collar of her coat—such a pretty coat it was, cherry-colored brocade, and she looked charming in it. Oh, my dear Eve, you must scratch Gerald Maddox out of your life; you are a thousand times too good for him."

"Too good!" Eve echoed. "You think me dreadfully wicked, I know."

"No, I don't, darling. Of course I don't. Do have some more tea."

Eve shook her head with quick anger. It seemed an insult to offer her tea at such a moment.

"I wish I hadn't told you," she repeated in a low voice.

"I'm glad you did, you dear stupid darling!" Claire went over to the sofa and put her arms round the trembling figure and kissed the troubled eyes. "You will get through it," she said.

"But what am I going to do—I can't go on living with Herbert; he has such cold blue eyes and such a hard voice."

"But you must have known this before," Claire remarked cheerily; "he was always a visible quantity. Wasn't it foolish to marry him?"

Eve turned to the fire—the sofa was beside it—and, putting her elbows on her knees, she looked into the dull red glow.

"I did it to save myself. I didn't think I should be cut off from all the things that would have served as ropes to steady me, and I thought the mere fact of being married would prevent me from thinking of Gerald. You see, I'm not really wicked." She looked up imploringly.

"Of course not—you are only a dear, idiotic darling."

"I have been faithful—of course I have—to Herbert. I thought he would be different, and I should be grateful and very nice to him. But he freezes me. Think of being buried in the country with him!" She seemed to visualize the situation. "The cottage is four miles from a station, two miles from anything at all. It isn't even near a road along which motor-cars whiz. It's near nothing but some dull walks over flat country, a few fields with here and there a stile, and occasionally a weedy, patchy bit of wood. There's the river just a little way off, a dreary bit of narrow river that seems to have been put aside by Nature away from life and somehow forgotten. Oh, how I adore life, Claire!" She looked up again and the sudden light that came and went on her face was wonderful. "And how much I want to live! Herbert would fish in the river for hours and hours if we went there. He always does. We should garden for hours and hours. On wet days we should read; but all the books are dull and heavy; he never has a box of new novels down: they don't amuse him. Every day we should take a walk, getting in punctually to our well-set meals. He would look at me from the top of the table, and I at him from the bottom, not talking much, we never do; perhaps he would ask me if I had a headache; and then we should walk up and down the garden again for half an hour, till he said, 'I think we will go in,' and then he would read again or ask me to do

a game of chess. There's no emotion in chess, only skill, of the dull, calculating sort. I always shudder as I take the red and white pieces out of their brown wooden box. They are like him, somehow, chilly and hard and clear-cut."

She looked into the fire again, and they were silent for a minute or two.

"Eve, darling," Claire said gently, in a non-committal voice, "do you remember 'Alice in Wonderland'?"

"Why, yes, of course I do," Eve answered impatiently. "But what has it to do with me?"

"I was thinking of a line in one of the immortal poems of the book. I often quote it to myself when people contradict me. 'There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.'"

"Well?"

"You see, there's another point of view. You haven't looked across to the other side, dear. Lots of men delight in fishing and country life, and even some women do. Now, I think—" But what Claire thought at that particular moment is not recorded, for the door opened, the maid announced, "Mr. Burndale," and he walked in.

His wife locked her hands and waited. Claire rose and greeted him cordially.

"How pleasant of you!" she said with a little laugh. 'A laugh sets many a human clock right' was a proverb she was rather proud of inventing. "Have you come to tea?"

"I knew Eve was here and came to fetch her," he answered in a precise voice.

Claire looked up at him. Yes, his eyes were cold, she thought; but they were capable of expressing kindness, and he gave her the impression, in the swift moment in which she considered him, that he was a man one could trust and would be glad to know in a moderate way that lacked intimacy; but he would never provoke a quick, passionate love of the sort to safeguard and satisfy a woman of Eve's type. A thoughtful, reflective regard, or at best a cold devotion, would probably be his life's harvest, and the one that he would care to reap.

He looked across at his wife; he saw the shadow of fear that had settled on her face; but it had no effect on him.

"There's a taxi waiting," he said.

"I thought perhaps Claire would keep me for the night. I was going to ask her." She looked appealingly at her friend.

But Claire was determined to manage the affair with merciless, though beneficial, diplomacy. "We are dining out and going to the play," she said. "I am so sorry, darling."

"I could stay here; I should like a quiet evening." It was half an entreaty.

"We are going home," Mr. Burndale said quietly.

Then Claire had another inspiration.

"I'm going to leave you two together, to have a talk," she said. "It's no good pretending that you don't want one, you do—I'll come back in half an hour." She blew Eve a little kiss as if to give her courage, and went quickly to the door.

Mr. Burndale followed her out. "I'll pay the taxi," he said. "We can easily get another."

When the door was shut, she turned on him. "Be kind to her. She wants to be loved, to be told that she's loved," she said in a whisper, and hurried past him, up to her own room.

He stood still for a moment, taken by surprise. Then, having paid the taxi, he went back to the drawing-room.

Up-stairs Claire threw herself down on the sofa at the foot of the bed from which she had rescued Eve half an hour before.

"Oh, I was a wretch, a pig, a brute, to her," she told herself; "but it was no good being sympathetic. She would only have gone on nursing her emotion and ruining her life. Some of the things I said must have been pretty quenching—but I am glad he has come. She might have gone and drowned herself or something—but I'm a pig and a brute all the same!"

IV

EVE had risen. She was leaning against the corner of the mantelpiece. He hardly looked at her. She knew it and resented it. "He doesn't care—he doesn't care. He doesn't even know how to care," she thought.

He seated himself on the opposite side of the fireplace before he spoke.

"What does all this mean?" he asked. "I don't understand your note. Sit

down; we have half an hour before us and had better discuss it quietly. What does it mean?"

She sat down and locked her hands together. "I can't go on," she said. "We are neither of us happy. You seem content sometimes—I never am."

"What is it you want?"

"I want to be free."

"Marriage isn't a thing to be taken in hand lightly, as the ceremony warned us, but, having done so, we can't lay it aside for a caprice."

"It's not caprice. I am miserable."

He waited for a minute before he answered: "I have felt that. But I hoped that time, and the habit of being together, your womanly duties and my usual occupations, would gradually assimilate into a fairly harmonious whole. I think you expect too much from life. Very few people get all they want."

"All! I get nothing that I want."

"You seem to dislike the idea of going to the cottage?"

"I hate it!" she flashed. "I couldn't bear it again. I dread seeing that dull, gray river, meandering across the flat land, and feeling that it isn't even deep enough to drown oneself in."

"But why this extraordinary dislike to the place?" he asked calmly. "Lots of people live in the country altogether, find pleasant occupations, and are content—happy. It's rather absurd to refer to it, but the Garden of Eden, in which our first parents lived, was a place in the country. *We* went to Paris; but most marriages begin with a honeymoon spent in country seclusion, and it's supposed to be the happiest time of one's life. Why should not we be content in the country?"

"I don't love you enough to bear it," she said slowly. She knew that her words were cruel; and in a deadened way she hated herself for saying them.

There was a long silence.

"Why did you marry me?" he asked.

"I don't know—I oughtn't——"

"It hasn't been a success for me any more than for you. I've known all the time that you didn't care. You will remember that I never asked you if you did. I carefully avoided doing so."

"Why did *you* marry me?" she asked. "I don't think you loved me."

He looked away from her when he answered and his voice was very low—it was different altogether. “I wanted to—to save you—I thought I could——”

“To save me!”

“One day I was at Winchester—my nephew was at the school—I went to the afternoon service in the cathedral. It was getting dark, and you thought you were hidden in the shadows—I was still farther behind—I saw you plainly. A man’s arm was round your shoulders——”

“Did you see who it was?” she asked faintly.

“No. It was not my business. I avoided doing so. But it set me thinking about you.”

She waited breathlessly for more. “Did you ever see me with him again?”

“No. But the fact that you were there, alone with him, told me a great deal. Whenever I saw you afterward I knew that you were unhappy. I thought you a beautiful woman.” He said it quite coldly, but it was so strange to hear him say it at all. “Gradually your face became worn and your eyes looked hunted and tragic. I knew a girl once—years ago. A scoundrel made love to her and ruined her life—she was a Catholic and went into a sisterhood. She made it her refuge, a place to save herself in from deep waters. She had the same look on her face that yours had—for months.”

He stopped for a moment.

“Yes?”

“I had been waiting for my share in life—if I was ever to have a share that counted—I thought I might make things better for you. I knew you didn’t care for me. I wasn’t in love with you, but I was sorry, and possessed by you. When you married me I felt that you’d taken refuge with me, as that girl was doing in the convent.”

“You never tried to make me love you,” she complained.

“I felt that it was too soon, that it would have to come gradually, if at all, that the other must wear itself out first.”

She was afraid to look at him, and ashamed. “I hated the dullness, the duties, the routine. You gave me no freedom. I felt in prison—watched——”

“I meant to do my best; I only watched you from anxiety, not with an idea of

knowing anything you didn’t wish to tell me. You will remember that I never tried to sound any of the secret recesses of your life—the mental reservations we all have. I tried, by an entirely different set of surroundings and ways, to draw you away from the old ones. I thought I was being subtle by reversing everything—but I have evidently made a failure of it,” he added formally.

There was a long silence, then she spoke again. “I think,” she said slowly, “that I have been dreadfully selfish.”

“Perhaps.” He considered for a moment before he added: “Yes, I think you have. But I have been dense, so we are even, and the result is that we sit here with—with a sand-castle flattened out between us.” It was the only bit of metaphor she had ever heard from him. “Tell me what you wish,” he said coldly. “I will try and meet you if I can.”

Her eyes filled with tears; she resented them and sat very still, dull and hopeless. “I wish I had known—I have been a fool,” she said. She hungered for a contradiction, and to feel his arms, the thin arms of the man to whom she was married, go round her; but he made no sign.

“I have been a fool, too,” he said wearily. He stopped abruptly and added: “I never had much to do with women—I don’t know how to manage them.”

“They don’t want to be managed, they want to be loved,” she said passionately, but almost to herself.

He looked at her wonderingly—doubtfully. She avoided his eyes and turned to the fire again.

“How can we mend up matters?” he asked.

“Mend up?”

“You want to be free?”

She raised her head, an entreating look was in her eyes, and he saw it. “I don’t know,” she said.

“You don’t want to go to the cottage?”

“Oh, but I will, I will,” she said impulsively. “I’ve been a beast!”

He got up then, hesitated, and stood before her. “Would you care to go abroad?”

She got up, too, at that and faced him. “Abroad!” She put out her hands, and drew them back again, just as she had in the morning.

“I have always wished to go to Amer-

ica, and then along the Canadian Pacific to the Rocky Mountains, to Vancouver, and down the Pacific coast to California," he explained.

"Oh—" her face lighted up.

"I want to see Santa Barbara," he went on. "I hear it's a singularly beautiful place. Would you care to go?"

"I should love it!"

"You would love it," he said cynically. "Then we'll do it; but it would be more to the point if you loved me."

"I will—I will—if you will let me."

He looked at her unbelievably for a moment; then the thin man did put his arms round her.

"I will be different," she said. "I will be quite different. I have been a perfect perfect beast!"

He laughed, a happy laugh: it was another strange thing to hear.

"And I have been a perfect perfect fool! So again we are even."

"I am glad of that," she whispered.

His arms tightened. "And we'll sell the cottage, or burn it down—which would you prefer?"

"I think"—she hesitated—"that perhaps we shall want to go there when we come back."

He stooped and kissed her.

"Geoffrey, old duck," Claire said to her husband when he returned, "you must take me out to dinner and the play. I'll get ready at once; for I told the Burndales that we were going to do that, and I don't want to feel that I am a little liar."

IRISH PLAYS AND IRISH PLAYWRIGHTS

By Brander Matthews



IT is one of the many interesting and significant coincidences of history that the more completely a smaller country may be absorbed into a larger nation, the more likely are the inhabitants of the lesser community to cherish their own provincial peculiarities. They seek to keep alive the local traditions and to revive the local customs; and often they strive to reinvigorate the local dialect and to raise it to a loftier level that it may be fitter to express their local patriotism, different from their larger national patriotism, but in no wise antagonistic to it. As a result of this pride in the past, and of this pleasure in the present, there is likely to arise a local literature in the local variation from the standard speech of the nation—the standard speech assiduously taught in the schools which are ever struggling to eradicate in the illiterate every vestige of the dialect that the men of letters are cultivating with careful art. And this deliberate provincialism is not factional or separatist; it indicates no relaxing of loyalty toward the nation.

Indeed, in so far as any political significance is concerned, the outflowing of a dialect literature may be taken as evidence of national solidarity and of the dying down of older sectional animosities.

It was in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and in the first quarter of the nineteenth, when Scotland had at last accepted the Hanoverian succession, that Burns and Scott, and lesser lyrists of a varying endowment, made use of the broad Scots tongue to sing the sorrows and the joys of the North Briton. It was in the third and fourth quarters of the nineteenth century, after the fierce ardor of the Revolutionary expansion and of the Napoleonic conquests had finally welded France into a self-conscious unity, that Mistral and his fellow bards told again the old legends of Provence, and illumined that fair land with new tales of no less charm, all composed in a modern revision of the soft and gentle speech of the troubadours. And now it is just at the beginning of the twentieth century, after three score years of incessant agitation have removed most of the wrongs of the Irish people, that Yeats and Synge and Lady

Gregory have bidden their fellow countrymen to gaze at themselves in the mirror of the drama, and to listen to their own persuasive brogue.

Surprise has been expressed at the sudden burgeoning forth of this new Irish drama almost at the behest of Lady Gregory. But when due consideration is given to the long list of Irishmen who have held their own in the English theatre there is cause for wonder, rather, that Ireland did not have a drama of its own long ago. In fact, the history of English dramatic literature, and more especially the record of English comedy, would be sadly shrunken if the Hibernian contribution could be cancelled. We can estimate the gap that this operation would make when we recall the names of George Farquhar, Richard Steele, Oliver Goldsmith, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John O'Keefe, Sheridan Knowles, Samuel Lover, Dion Boucicault, John Brougham, Oscar Wilde, George Bernard Shaw, and "George A. Birmingham." There is food for thought as well as for laughter in the saying that "English comedy has either been written by Irishmen or else adapted from the French." A harsh and cynical critic might even go further and add—having Steele in mind for one, and for another Boucicault—that sometimes English comedy has been both written by an Irishman, and adapted from the French.

It is to English comedy that most of these Irishmen contributed rather than to Irish comedy. The admission may be made that one or another of them now and again sketched a fellow countryman or two; but before Lover and Boucicault, no Irish dramatist peopled a play with Irish characters and laid its scene in Ireland. Although they must have known Ireland and the Irish better than they knew England and the English, it is to the portrayal of the latter that they gave their loving attention, neglecting altogether the delineation of the former. For some reason they were not tempted to employ their talents at home and to devote themselves to the delineation of the manners and customs of their own island. Probably the explanation of their refusal to utilize the virgin material that lay ready to their hands is to be found in the fact that to achieve a living wage they

had to write for the London theatres, the audiences of which took little or no interest either in Ireland or in the Irish.

Whatever the reason may be why these brilliant Irish playwrights did not write plays of Irish life, there is no denying that they did not, and that it was left for the contemporary supporters of the Abbey Theatre to plough the fresh fields which their predecessors had refused to cultivate. Even the later English comic dramatists of Irish birth have generally eschewed themes fundamentally Irish, and have rarely introduced Irish characters into their English plays; there is not a single Irish part in all Oscar Wilde's comedies; and there is only one of Mr. Shaw's pieces the scene of which is laid in Ireland. Irish novelists, Maria Edgeworth, Banim, Carleton, Lever, and Lover, won fame by writing Irish stories; but only Lover and Boucicault wrote Irish plays. The Irish dramatists were all of them working for the London market, and they were subdued to what they worked in.

When we consider the closeness of Ireland to England, and the ease of communication, we can only wonder at the infrequency with which Irish characters appear in English plays. There is no Irishman—excepting only the slim profile of Captain MacMorris in "Henry V"—in all Shakespeare's comedies and histories and tragedies, although there are Scotsmen and Welshmen. Apparently the earliest Irish character in the English drama did not step on the stage until after the Restoration, and nearly forty years after Shakespeare's death. This earliest Irish character was a comic servant, called Teague, who appears in Sir Robert Howard's "Committee," a play which Pepys went to see in June, 1663. And apparently the second Irish character was another Tegue in Shadwell's "Lancashire Witches and Tegue O'Divelly the Irish Priest," a highly colored piece which was produced in 1681. The first Teague was devised to provoke laughter, whereas the second Tegue was intended to be detested and despised as an intriguing villain. It seems probable that this portrayal of a Hibernian scoundrel by an English playwright was pleasing to the London playgoers, since Shad-

well brought him forward again a few years later in another play, the "Amorous Bigot," produced in 1690.

Then came the first of the native Irishmen who were to brighten English comedy with their ingenuity and their wit, and their grace and their good humor—the first and perhaps the most gifted of them all, George Farquhar. After trying his wings in public as an actor, an experience which explains the superior briskness and theatrical effectiveness of his plays over those of his immediate predecessors, Congreve, Wycherly, and Vanbrugh, he went over to London and commenced playwright. Yet he did not draw on his knowledge of his own people, and in all his plays we find only two relatively unimportant and absolutely insignificant Irish characters. One of these is another Teague in the more or less successful "Twin Rivals," produced in 1705; and the other is an Irish priest in the triumphantly successful "Beaux Stratagem," produced in 1707.

We cannot even guess what Farquhar might have done if he had survived, and whether or not he would have drawn more richly upon his recollections of his fellow countrymen after his repeated success had given him confidence in himself and authority over the public. His career was cut short by death before he was thirty—about the age when Sheridan abandoned play making for politics. It has been noted that the novelist is likely to flower late, and often not fully to reveal his capacity as a creator of character until he is forty, whereas the dramatist may win his spurs when he is still in the first flush of youth. Play making demands inventive cleverness, first of all, and dexterity of craftsmanship, and these are qualities which a young man may possess in abundance almost as native gifts, even though he may not have had time to reflect deeply upon the spectacle of human folly, which is the prime staple of comedy.

It is possibly because he is an Irishman that Farquhar's morality is not ignoble, like Congreve's and Wycherly's. He is not to be classed with the rest of the Restoration dramatists, as is usually done. Farquhar may offend our latter-day propriety, now and again, by his plain-spoken speech, but he is never foul in his

plotting, as are Wycherly and Congreve, whom he surpasses also in the adroitness of this plotting. His dialogue can be cleansed by excision, whereas their dirt lies deeper and cannot be overcome by all the perfumes of Araby. It is upon Farquhar that Sheridan modelled himself, and not upon Congreve, as has often been assumed. The "School for Scandal" may reveal an attempt to echo the wit of the "Way of the World," but its solid structure and its skilful articulation of incident disclose a close study of the "Inconstant," the "Recruiting Officer," and the "Beaux Stratagem," all of them frequently acted when Sheridan was serving his apprenticeship as a playwright.

In crediting Farquhar with a finer moral sense than Congreve or Wycherly, it must in fairness be noted that they composed their more important comedies before Jeremy Collier had attacked the rampant indecency which characterized the English comic drama at the end of the seventeenth century, and that Farquhar came forward as a playwright after the non-conformist divine had cleared the air by his bugle-blast. The dramatist who took Collier's remarks most to heart was Farquhar's contemporary and fellow Irishman, Steele. But unlike Farquhar, Steele decided to be deliberately didactic. He declared that in his comedy, the "Funeral," produced in 1701, although it was "full of incidents that move laughter," nevertheless "virtue and vice appear just as they ought to do." Steele was even more ostentatiously moral in the "Lying Lover," produced in 1704 and withdrawn after only a few performances, its author asserting sadly that the play had been "damned for its piety." Yet in neither of these early comedies nor later in the "Conscious Lovers" does Steele introduce any Irish character.

And we do not discover any Irish character in either of the comedies of Oliver Goldsmith, the "Good-Natured Man," produced in 1768, and "She Stoops to Conquer," produced in 1773. A year after this second comedy had established itself as a favorite on the stage, where it is still seen with pleasure after seven score years, Goldsmith died, at the comparatively early age of forty-six. Here again, it is idle to speculate on what he might

have achieved as a dramatist after the stage doors had swung wide to welcome him. If he had survived, it is possible that he might have been tempted to take a theme from his native island and to treat it with all his genial insight into human nature, never likely to be keener or more caressing than in dealing with his own countrymen.

Two years after Goldsmith had brought out "*She Stoops to Conquer*," Sheridan brought out the "*Rivals*," to be followed in swift succession and with equal success by the "*Duenna*," the "*School for Scandal*," and the "*Critic*." Then he forsook the theatre for the more tempting stage offered to him by politics.

In only one of these varied masterpieces of comedy is there an Irish character. This single specimen is Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the "*Rivals*," easily the best Irish part that had yet appeared in any comedy, and surpassed by scarcely any Irish character in any later play, English or Irish. Sir Lucius is an Irish gentleman; he is essentially a gentleman and he is intensely Irish. Here was a novelty, since most of the few Irish characters already introduced into English comedy had been servants, first of all, and secondly only superficially Irish. Oddly enough, the bad acting of the original impersonator of Sir Lucius, a performer named Lee, almost caused the failure of the "*Rivals*" at the first and second performances. The comedy was then withdrawn for repairs and for the rehearsal of another actor, Clinch, as Sir Lucius. In gratitude to Clinch for the rescue of the "*Rivals*" from the doom that impended, Sheridan improvised for his benefit a two-act farce called "*St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant*," a lively little play of no importance, in which Clinch appeared as the scheming lieutenant, an Irishman only superficially Hibernian.

It is strange that the popularity of Sir Lucius and his appeal to the public did not lure the later English comic dramatists of Irish nativity to invite other characters over from the island of their own birth. But we do not recall any Irish part in any of the many plays of John O'Keefe, only one of whose comedies, "*Wild Oats*," is ever seen on the stage of to-day, and then only at intervals which

are constantly lengthening. Nor can we recall any Irish part in any of the top-lofty comedies of Sheridan Knowles, composed partly in turgid prose and partly in very blank verse; devoid, all of them, of the wit and the gayety and the liveliness which we believe we have a right to expect from an Irish dramatist.

Very Irish, however, are the pieces made out of the "*Handy Andy*" and the "*Rory O'More*" of Samuel Lover; and most characteristically Hibernian is the light-hearted hero of Lover's farcical little fantasy called the "*Happy Man*." That these slight plays of Lover's represent almost the only attempts to deal with Irish character on the English stage in the earlier half of the nineteenth century is the more surprising since Miss Edgeworth had long since disclosed the richness of the material proffering itself to any keen observer intimate with Irish conditions. Walter Scott, at least, had seen the value of "*Castle Rackrent*" and of the "*Absentee*," and he is on record as confessing that one of the motives which urged him to the composition of "*Waverley*" and of its immediate successors was the desire to do for the Scottish peasant what Miss Edgeworth had done for the Irish peasant. It is to be regretted that the most popular of the Irish followers of Scott in the writing of tales of adventure was Charles Lever, whose earlier and more rollicking romances are happy-go-lucky in their plotting, and never disclose any desire for significant character delineation. Lever's scampering stories were so loose-jointed that they were almost impossible to dramatize, and even when they were turned into plays they did not demand critical consideration.

Then, toward the end of the first half of the nineteenth century, appeared the most prolific of all native Irish playwrights, Dion Boucicault. But it was long after he had become the most expert purveyor of theatrical wares for the theatres of London and New York that Boucicault turned to his native island for a theme. His first play is "*London Assurance*," a five-act comedy, with its scene laid in England and with a single Irish character. There is a green-room tradition that the play had been put together by another young and aspiring Irishman,

John Brougham, that its original title was "Irish Assurance," and that the part now called *Dazzle* had originally borne an Irish name, having been intended by the ambitious Brougham for his own acting. Nearly forty years ago when I ventured to ask Brougham as to this tradition, and as to his share in the composition of the play, he laughed a little sadly and then gave me this enigmatic answer: "Well, I've been paid not to claim it!"

Whatever may have been Brougham's share in the beginning, there can be no dispute as to Boucicault's share at the end. "London Assurance" is not like "Playing with Fire," or any other of Brougham's later plays; and it is exactly like "Old Heads and Young Hearts" and half a dozen of Boucicault's succeeding comedies, the work, all of them, of an old heart and a young head—hard, glittering, insincere, and theatrically effective. In these pieces Boucicault was compounding five-act comedies in accord with the traditional formula of the English stage inherited from Sheridan and Congreve, and becoming at every remove more remote from reality and more frequently artificial. Although one of this early group of Boucicault's comedies was called the "Irish Heiress," they were all English plays with only a rare Irish character. A few years later, after Boucicault had become an actor himself, he wrote for his own acting a series of pleasantly sentimental Irish melodramas stuffed with sensational scenery: "Arrah-na-Pogue," with its sinking wall; the "Shaughran," with its turning tower; and the "Colleen Bawn," with the spectacular dive of its hero into the pool where its heroine is drowning. The theatrical effectiveness of these pieces was undeniable, and it was rewarded by long-continued popular approval; but no one of them had any validity as a study of life and character in Ireland. They were very clever indeed, but they were only clever; and they but skimmed the surface of life, never cutting beneath it to lay bare unexpected aspects of human nature. It is characteristic that two of the later pieces in which Boucicault appeared as an Irishman were adaptations from the French, "Daddy O'Dowd" (from "Les Crochets du Père Martin") and "Kerry" (from "La Joie

fait Peur"). That he could so twist these French plots with their foreign motives as to make them masquerade as Irish plays is testimony to his incessant cleverness; but it is evidence also that the Irish veneer was so thin as to be almost transparent.

Yet however artificial and superficial might be these Irish pieces of Boucicault's, at least they were more or less Irish in that they pretended to deal with Irish life in Ireland itself. This is what no one of the earlier Irishmen writing plays for the London stage had ventured to attempt; and it was what the wittiest Irish dramatist of the generation following Boucicault's never did. Oscar Wilde was an Irishman who never touched an Irish theme or sketched an Irish character. He never put into his plays any of the haunting sadness, the humorous melancholy of Ireland. He was not quite as free-handed as Boucicault in levying on the private property of his contemporaries, yet he was willing enough to take his own wherever he found it. His dramatic methods are derivative, to put it mildly. Although he composed a "Duchess of Padua" more or less in imitation of Victor Hugo, and a "Salome" more or less in imitation of Flaubert, the most popular of his plays are comedies of modern London life more or less in imitation of Sardou. "Lady Windemere's Fan" is in accord with the latest Parisian fashion of the season in which it was originally produced; and even the young girl's trick of uttering only the same two words—"Yes, mamma"—in answer to all questions is an echo of Gondinet's—"Oh, Monsieur." The more farcical comedy, called the "Importance of Being Earnest," is a striking example of Wilde's imitative method, the first act and half of the second act having a closely knit comic imbroglio such as we find in Labiche's "Plus Heureux des Trois" or "Célimare le Bien-Aimé," and the rest of the piece being loosely put together in the whimsical manner of W. S. Gilbert's "Engaged."

There is nothing in any of Oscar Wilde's plays to reveal his Irish birth—unless we may credit to his nativity his abundant cleverness and his ready wit, the coruscating fireworks of which were sometimes

exploded by an ill-concealed slow-match. It is almost as though the apostle of æstheticism recoiled from his native island and deliberately refused to be interested in his fellow countrymen. And almost the same remark might be made about a later and far more richly gifted English dramatist of Irish birth, Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Of all his score or more plays, only one, "John Bull's Other Island," is Irish in its subject; and this sole exception, so the author himself tells us, was due to the urgent request of Yeats, who begged Shaw to come to the aid of the struggling Abbey Theatre in Dublin. As it happens, "John Bull's Other Island" was never produced at the playhouse for which it was composed, because, as Shaw confesses: "It was uncongenial to the whole spirit of the neo-Galic movement, which is bent on creating a new Ireland after its own ideal."

In the United States, with our scattered Irish contingent, Boucicault's Irish pieces were as successful as they were in Great Britain. John Brougham, following in Boucicault's footsteps, wrote plays to order for Barney Williams and William J. Florence, cutting his cloth close to the figure of the special performer he was fitting. In the American variety shows a host of Irish impersonators of both sexes presented broad caricatures of Irish character, often rooted in reality. And here in New York there was developed out of these variety-show caricatures a special type of robust Irish comedy, more veracious than Boucicault's sentimental melodramas. Edward Harrigan began with a mere sketch, the "Mulligan Guards," peopled with half a dozen species of Irishmen acclimated in America; and as he was encouraged by immediate appreciation on the part of our cosmopolitan and hospitable public, he went on, feeling his way and refining his method, until he attained the summit of his reach in the delightful "Squatter Sovereignty," with its beautifully differentiated groups of the clan Murphy and the clan Macintyre. It need not be denied that there were wilful extravagances in this series of studies of

the New York Irishman, and that to the very end there were traces of the variety show out of which this type of play had been developed; but no native Irishman had a more realistic humor than Harrigan or a keener insight into certain aspects of human nature.

Then we come to the beginning of the twentieth century and to the founding of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, to the movement led by Lady Gregory and adorned by the very different talents of Yeats and Synge. Here was at last a new departure of the Irish drama in Ireland itself. Here were plays of very varying value and of many different kinds, alike only in this, that they eschewed manufactured bulls; that they did not rely on a varnish of paraded brogue; that they did not deal in boisterous fun-making for its own sake, their fun depending rather upon a subtler humor tinged with melancholy; and that they were no longer contented with an external indication of superficial Irish characteristics, but sought an internal and intimate expression of the essential. These new Irish plays were not Irish by accident; they were Irish by intention, Irish in character and in action, Irish in motive and in sentiment, Irish through and through, immitigably Irish.

The late Laurence Hutton once defined an American play as a play written by an American, on an American theme, and carried on solely by American characters; but he had to confess the fallacy of this definition when it was pointed out to him that so rigid a demand would exclude from the French drama the "Cid" of Corneille, the "Don Juan" of Molière, the "Phèdre" of Racine, and the "Ruy Blas" of Hugo, while it would also rule out of the English drama the "Romeo and Juliet," the "Hamlet," and the "Julius Cæsar" of Shakespeare. Yet there is significance in the suggestion, nevertheless; and these new Irish plays of Lady Gregory, of Yeats, and of Synge, are all the more Irish because they were written by Irishmen on Irish themes and peopled exclusively by Irish characters.

The YARN of the ESSEX

by

DON C. SEITZ

with drawings by JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS



OLD SALEM—"peaceful" in the Hebrew tongue—
Belied its name when Salem old was young.
Her seamen knew the Buccaneers
And manned the waspish privateers;
Sought strange cargoes, ventured far
Carrying spices and rare attar.
Setting their sails for the Isle of France
Fighting and trading as fell the chance,
Working their way with Yankee loads
To Go-Downs in the Canton Roads.
Scornful of ease, eager for fight
Certain always their cause was right!
Prayed on the land, fought on sea,
Jealous warders of Liberty!
No wind so ill but blew them fair
No deed too bold for them to share!
In the year Ninety-eight John Crapaud
Treated himself to an embargo
Barring the sea to the English race,
Shutting the door in Salem's face,
Without as much as *s'il vous plait*
The Frenchmen get in Salem's way:
Frog-eating sons of *parlez-vous*,
Who d'ye think's afraid of you!

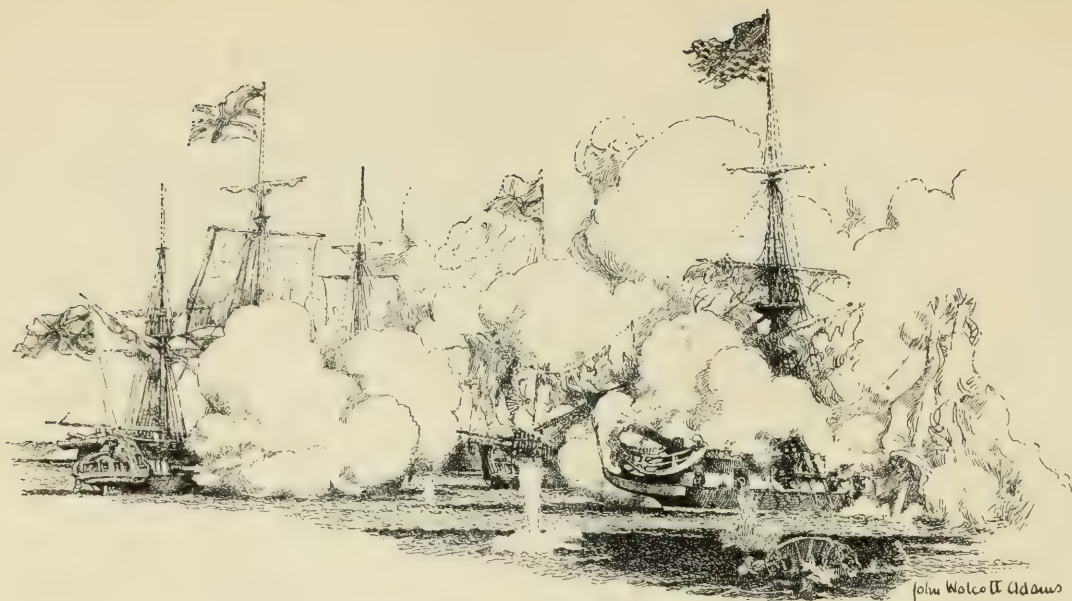


Day of wrath and judgment too
 For the careless sons of *parlez-vous*.
 Salem, aflame, a ship will give
 In which her county's fame shall live.
 Quick comes the cash, the will and deed
 To fill a share of the nation's need.
 Shipwrights rally and hammers ring
 While lowing kine the timbers bring:
 Hickory from the Hampshire dells,
 Cedar and oak from the Essex fells,



Whispering pines and hackmatack
That shade the rippling Merrimac.
The creaking axles bear the mast,
Drawn by strong oxen girded fast,
Marked with Kings' arrows in days of Kings,
Measuring years by the hundred rings.
Decked with garlands of green and rose
The big stick to the shipyard goes.
Now she's together on the stocks
Ready for the launching blocks.
Smartest and tautest of war-ship rigs
Fashioned and built by Enos Briggs,
Mild "Deacon" Briggs in his Sunday pew—
Something different driving a crew!
Made like a watch from truck to wheel,
Copper-fastened from deck to keel.
Whip-sawed plank and adze-trimmed spars—
Planed from ribs to capstan bars!
Essex her name as she deftly glides
Into the meeting of the tides:
Fine and famous launching day





When the *Essex* goes on her ocean way!
 Stately and proud she leaves the land,
 Edward Preble in command:
 Braver Captain and better ship
 Never went on a trial trip.
 Hear her guns through the growing years
 Bark at the Bashaw of Tangiers,
 Taming the Corsairs of Sallee,
 Widening the pathway of the sea!
 Flaunting the flag in foreign eyes
 Under Mediterranean skies.
 First to bear the bannered bars
 Beneath the cross of Southern stars,
 Rounding Good Hope and then the Horn
 To show the world a navy born
 Fearless and free on every wave,
 Meeting the bravest of the brave!
 Startling the Kings of the Cannibal Isles,
 Winning from Queens their dusky smiles,
 Finding Haven at Marquesa
 And Fate in Valparaiso Bay.
 Cornered and caught by two to one—
 Not conquered till her duty's done!
 Breeding a Farragut for Mobile Bay—
 A second Porter for a later day!



UNTIL TO-MORROW

By Leonard Wood, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA



DOÑA CARIDAD MARTINEZ Y TORRES, balancing a bundle of soiled clothes on her head, poised majestically on the edge of a bank of the San Juan River. Haughtily and distastefully she looked down at some acquaintances of hers who were squatting around on rocks and washing clothes in true Filipino style; which is, to be explicit, a soapless undertaking, and consists in pounding the clothes with huge clubs. That she, who was one-sixth Spanish, should have to wash clothes for money, as the Filipino women did, was a bitter, bitter pill for her to swallow. But, then, her having to come down from her pedestal served her right, she argued consolingly, for having married a pure Filipino, even though he had originally come from Manila and at the time was reputed to have the best fighting cocks on the island of Mindanao!

Suddenly Doña Caridad was spied by Carmen, one of the three washerwomen. Carmen immediately stopped washing and exclaimed:

"Jesus, María y José! Look! Doña Caridad with clothes to wash!"

The others looked up quickly, and Caridad was positive she saw a gleam of jealous satisfaction in their eyes. She, the haughty one, with clothes to wash!

"*Buenos días!*" said Caridad coolly, as she kicked off her slippers. "Is something amiss with my attire that you gawk so?" And off came the butterfly waist of filmy *piña* with a jerk that made something tear.

"We are so surprised to see you!" chirped Luisa.

"*Si!* What does it mean?" questioned Pepita.

"Well," said Caridad as calmly as she could, "when one's husband is a poor judge of game-cocks his wife has to suffer." Whereupon she waded out into the shallow river and over to a certain big rock in the cool shade of a bamboo-tree. It was only justice to her Spanish blood

that she keep as white as she could. "His black rooster," she continued, "was killed at Zamboanga the Sunday before last, and his red one turned coward and fled during a recent match."

"Ah, too bad," sympathized Luisa; "but such is the way of the world."

"Perhaps," said Caridad, endeavoring to adjust herself comfortably on the rock, "but Pedro, with a wife, four children, and Clarita, an orphan niece, who, now that Isabella, her guardian, has gone to her Father above, must live with us, relies upon birds for his rice and fish!"

"Men are lazy," philosophized Pepita.

"So now," continued Caridad, "I not only have to do my own washing, but that of others!"

Swat! Swat! Swat! sounded Caridad's club.

"For whom are you working?" ventured Carmen, after a slight pause, having hoped that she would volunteer the news.

Caridad did not answer immediately. She continued to beat those clothes with what seemed a vengeance. Finally she paused to say:

"For Señor Wallace, the young American planter who owns the hemp plantation over yonder. My cousin Benito sells him eggs, and he got me this work without my husband Pedro knowing it. It would kill him to know that I am forced to wash for strangers."

"Ah, *Dios!*" sighed Pepita, "it must be wonderful to have a husband who would regret his wife's working!"

"If one could really be sure of it—yes!" snapped Caridad.

"Poor thing!" said Luisa to Pepita. "She is such a lady!"

At that moment Doña Caridad was swearing beneath her breath; for among Richard Wallace's soiled clothes she found two clean shirts, a pink and a white one. With a groan she stood up and was about to wade ashore with the shirts when her niece Clarita appeared.

"*Hola*, Aunt Caridad! I'm sorry I'm so late," she cried, making a pretty little

picture on the shore, dressed in a starched native waist with big butterfly sleeves; a modern skirt of the type the better-class Filipinos wear clung becomingly to her. Around her throat was a necklace of red flowers, while behind one ear rested a cigarette; and hidden away in the knot of her coal-black hair on the top of her head was a box of matches.

"Ay, *hijita!*" said Caridad, holding out the clean clothes. "You're as slow as a man! Here, take these."

In a jiffy Clarita had kicked off her slippers and, daintily lifting her skirt up to her knees, splashed out into the shallow river water. The other women watched interestedly.

"Carmen, Luisa, and Pepita," introduced Caridad, "this is my niece, Clarita de la Cruz y Torres."

Clarita smiled sweetly to the nodding women; then, taking the clothes from her aunt, splashed back to shore. There she carefully laid down the two shirts in a safe place, but looked longingly at the pink one. It had completely captured her fancy.

"Hasten, Clarita, to make ready to come out here and help me," shrilled her aunt, recommencing her washing.

But Clarita did not hear her. She had picked up the shirt in admiration. Her next skirt would have to be of that color, she was positive.

"Leave that alone, Clarita," commanded Caridad angrily.

"Oh, but how beautiful!" she enthused. "Pink like the roses! Have you ever seen him wear it, *Tía* Caridad?"

"No! Put it down before you soil it, *chiquilla!*"

Clarita reluctantly obeyed. She backed away, gazing soulfully at it. She wondered how she would look dressed in that color. She wondered again. A quick glance at her aunt showed her that venerable lady working like a Trojan. Neatly she snatched up the shirt and rushed off behind some bushes. . . . Caridad always got over her anger quickly!

Shortly, Clarita, like a naughty child realizing punishment is only a few minutes away, strolled into view, the pink shirt extending below her knees. Carmen was the first to see her and broke forth into peals of laughter, in which all joined except Doña Caridad. The latter scowled, whipped some perspiration from

off her brow with the back of her hand, called on God and all the saints to give her patience, and was finally about to speak when Clarita timidly asked:

"How do I look in this pretty *camisa*, *tía querida?*"

"*Santisima María!*" shrieked Caridad. "Remove that *camisa* immediately!"

"Ah, but, *Tía* Caridad, let me wear it just for a few moments!" pleaded Clarita.

"Obey me!" insisted Caridad, putting every atom of herself into the utterance of those two words.

"No. Doña Caridad, let her keep it," suddenly came a strange voice in awkward Spanish from up the river a way.

All quickly looked to see who had spoken. There stood a khaki-clad *Americano*—the owner of the pink shirt!

"Ah, Señor Wallace, this is most embarrassing," said Caridad, obviously confused.

"Never mind! She is so pretty in it," he said rather slowly in his best Spanish, as he came down Clarita's side of the bank, "that by rights it is hers."

"*Gracias! Gracias!*" cried Clarita, clapping her hands.

"Ah, no, Señor Wallace," still protested Doña Caridad.

"I tank you," said Clarita, in English, as she happily fluttered a few steps toward him. "*Usted* have much the butiful heart, señor."

"So you speak English," he laughed.

"*Por* one year me go to school *en* Zamboanga—*americano* school. *Ingles* mucho big job," she told him, her eyes all the while fascinated by his light hair and blue eyes. She had always wanted to know an American and, feeling especially like knowing this one, she continued, but now in Spanish:

"You, *señor*, speak pretty good *español*."

"Señorita, I think you are joshing. I've never studied it much," he said lightly, noticing what a pretty picture she made against the bamboo background.

"*Porqué?*" she asked.

"Because there is no one out here to teach me! I must pick it up, for the most part." This was said with much effort on his part, but correctly.

"Butiful! Butiful! *Bueno!*" she cried childishly, and then, picking a big red

flower from a near-by bush, she ventured naively: "What you say? I be your *profesor*, *usted* be *mi profesor*—eh, *Americano*?"

This was sudden!

"Perhaps," he chuckled, amused by her frank demonstration of her approval of him.

gave a little gurgle of delight and exclaimed:

"Oh, *Tía Caridad*, do you know the *buen Dios* makes me almost the same color in the pool!"

"Jesus!" broke forth *Caridad*. "How strangely you talk, *niña*!"

"No, no, *Tía Caridad*," she shook her

CLARITA



"We—*nosotros*—make the cool job of it," she continued, deftly arranging the flower in her hair. "What you say?"

"*Sí*, sometime," he replied, not taking her words seriously.

"*Mañana*?" she queried eagerly.

"*Bueno*!"

And with that she danced down to the verge of the river where there was a deep, placid pool. She knelt down and looked for several moments at her reflection. She readjusted the flower, then called to him:

"*Venga acá, Americano*!"

The *Americano* obeyed and was made to kneel down beside her and also look over into the pool. Almost immediately she

head seriously; "it is not strange; I am just happy!" Whereupon she took the flower out of her hair and placed it in the buttonhole in the lapel of Richard Wallace's coat, all the while looking fascinatedly into his blue eyes.

And the latter gave one of those embarrassed, foolish smiles that are so often the first rays on the horizon of the dawn of love!

II

PERCHED on the centre-table of the living-room and busily trimming a lamp was Clarita—now Clarita Wallace. Every now and then she would pause in her work

and look out at the Sulu Sea for signs of her husband's motor-boat. He had made his weekly trip to Zamboanga that morning for the mail and provisions and he was late in getting back. For already the sun was setting and bonfire glare shone prettily among the fronds of the cocoanut-trees on the shore. From the Moro village down the beach came the nightly thud-thudding of the tom-toms; in the kitchen old Petrona, who had had three husbands, was singing a melodious native love-song. And although Clarita had much on her mind to worry her—Caridad had not brought her two-year-old little son back, for instance—she began to sing.

The song was "*No te vayas de Zamboanga*," a sweetheart's plea to her lover not to go away and leave her. Half-way through the song she stopped and chuckled contentedly. How silly of her to sing that sort of song! She should be happy, she argued. For a Filipino she had a luxurious home, an American husband, and a little son—a link that would ever keep the former by her side. Yes, she felt it was all quite worth being made to dress like an American woman—to wear shoes and stockings! It was worth not joshing with the workmen on the place and the horribly dull books and grammars he made her read. And, besides, each week didn't she have her holiday, when he would go into Zamboanga? On those occasions she dressed as was the *costumbre* of her people.

To-day she had had a perfectly wonderful time. All her friends whom her husband couldn't stand had been out at the plantation; her uncles and aunts and cousins had lorded it all over Buena Ventura, as the place was called. And little Ricardito had been sent off with proud Caridad to be admired by some second cousins in a neighboring village. This was against Wallace's instructions, but then he would never know. Caridad always got back in plenty of time—except to-day. Wallace didn't want the baby fed bananas and fish. One of his many silly ideas! Clarita already had her story planned: she was so sad after such a lonely day. If he should return angry, or despondent, or suspicious, she would play the vampire—offer him *vino* for his weary nerves, speak to him in English to please him. This always worked if he were not

thinking of his home in the States, she had found, or displeased with her. When one of the latter instances was the case he would swear violently and threaten to leave her, and would make her keep out of his sight. She didn't really mind. She liked him only somewhat now—he was so exacting!—but loved him for his worldly goods and the prestige it gave her for being an *Americano's* wife. His having cabled his mother not to come out had angered her, not hurt her; she wasn't capable of grasping the real motive for his doing so, and she had so wanted to walk through the village with her white and refined mother-in-law.

"Petrona!" she suddenly shrilled. No answer. "Petrona!" she shrieked nasally, and jumped down from the table. The lamp was lighted.

"*Sí, señora!*" was nasalled back from the kitchen.

"Where did Caridad go with Ricardito—which cousins?"

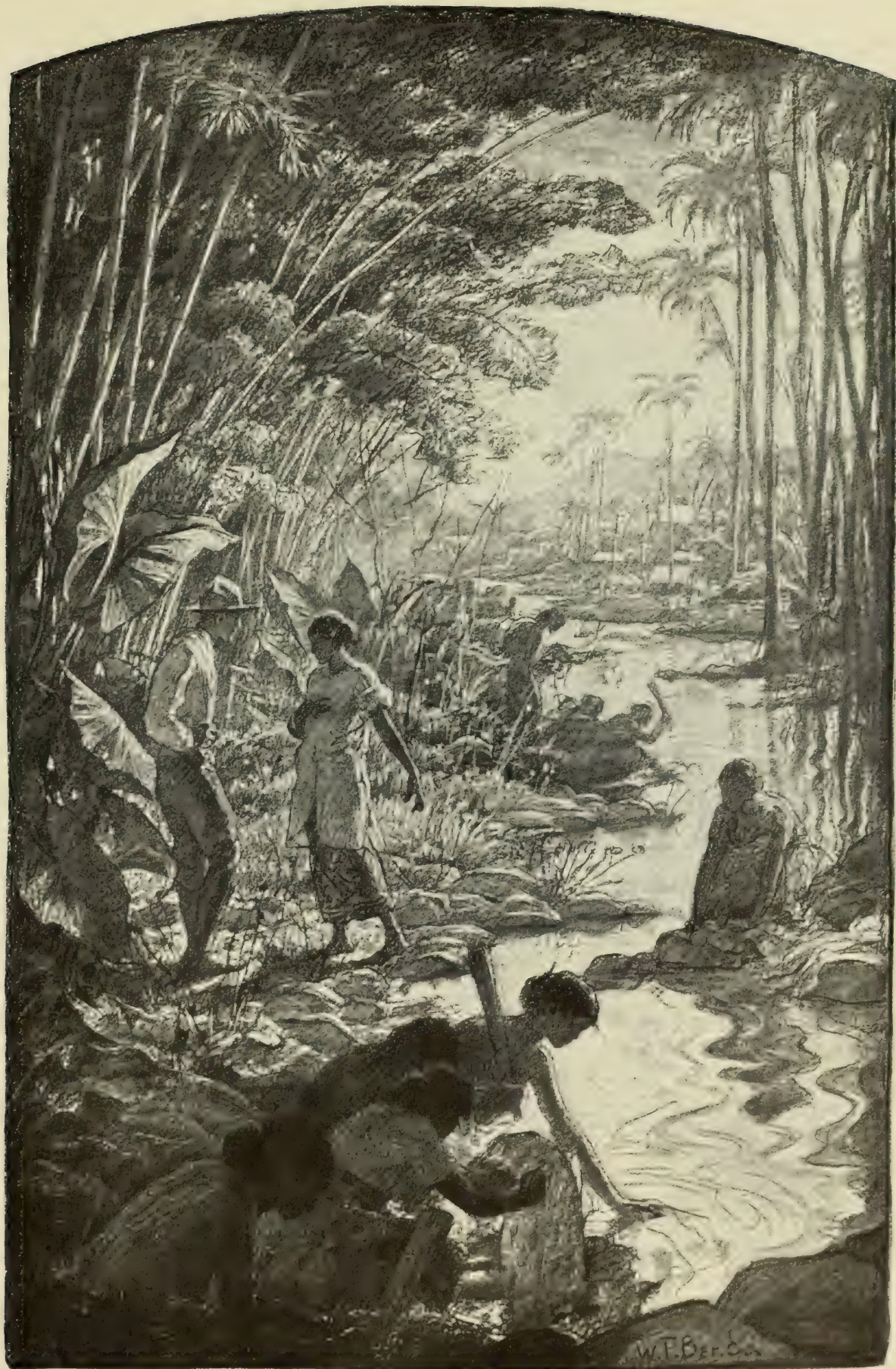
"*Dios*, child! How should I know?" And the love-song was renewed.

Clarita was furious. Petrona was so stupid! Accordingly she shrieked her opinion of old Petrona, who respectfully yelled back to her to go to a certain well-known—well-known by hearsay only—place. Clarita then, at the top of her lungs, called her the vilest name she could think of and went out on the porch. With the master of the house away such lady-like long-distance little chats were frequently indulged in. They saved the hot work of walking a few steps.

But what was her dismay, upon stepping out on the porch, to see the launch quickly approaching the little dock!

"Oh, why doesn't Caridad return with the child!" she whimpered. "Ricardo will be furious if he finds out!" Then she called: "*José! Tomaso! ven acá!*" Two Filipinos who were building mosquito-fires near by hurried to her and were immediately despatched in search of Doña Caridad and the baby, with full instructions to return quietly by the kitchen.

Immediately she hurried within to put on her stockings and American slippers. Twenty years, almost, of having gone barefoot, except for loose-fitting slippers on Sunday and fiesta occasions, had made these inventions of civilization a most uncomfortable nuisance!



"I tank you," said Clarita, in English. . . . "*Usted* have much the butiful heart, señor."—Page 96.

A white husband, strange to say, did not make life all milk and honey!

She was setting the table for dinner when he arrived. He walked heavily into the room.

"*Hola, chiquita!*" he said.

"Your poor little Clarita has been so lonely!" she pouted, hoping he would come over and kiss her. But, as he continued toward his study, she ran up to him and insisted upon a kiss. It was diplomacy, she felt.

"Oh, how many letters!" she commented, noticing an armful of mail.

"Mostly papers and magazines," he said, going into his office, his holy of holies, where she had been requested to keep out.

How she hated those letters from America! Each one of them in her imagination was begging him to return.

"*Qué carape!*" she exclaimed to herself. "He says the plantation is a failure. These *Americanos* are hogs—they are never satisfied with enough!"

She heard his desk-chair creak as he flung himself down in it. There! He swore—not angrily, but bitterly. Something in her sent the blood shooting through her veins. Cautiously she crept to the door and looked in. He was reading a letter.

"Ricardo," she asked childishly, in her directness, "the letters, they are, of course, from America?"

"Yes!" he snapped.

"From your mamma?" she questioned, entering the room.

He nodded.

"She again want you go home?"

He stopped reading the letter to say: "She's learned from Drexel in Zamboanga that I was fooled into buying bad hemp land! So, of course, she says come home!"

There followed a long pause, during which Wallace finished his letter. He arose to brush up for dinner, but the expression on the little woman's face made him stop to ask:

"What's the matter now, Clarita? Want some more money for your sick second cousin's godchild?"

She went over to him and, taking hold of the lapels of his coat, said: "That man Drexel, he no mention Clarita to your *madre?*"

The question surprised Wallace. "Why, evidently not," he said kindly.

"Why not?" she persisted. "Why no tell your mother, too, about Clarita?"

That was just the question he had asked himself time and again. At first he had intended to. It was all to have been so wonderful: he was going to educate the little brown butterfly; he was going to make such a success of the plantation; and the success of these plans was to be the big surprise for his mother and sister. And now he realized that they were mere hopes of yesterday. At times there seemed to him an insurmountable wall between him and the future!

"Clarita," he said in a low voice, "why do you ask me that? She will know some day." And then, to quickly change the subject: "And where's Ricardito?"

Clarita had completely forgotten him. "Ricardito?" she cooed questioningly. "Why, didn't you know, *mi querido*, that like the little *Americanos niños* he must be in bed by seven o'clock?"

"Bully for you, Clarita," he said, and left the room a bit eagerly.

Clarita, of course, had lied to him. That was a minor detail to her. If by taking chances she could keep her white husband, she would take them. He might go into her room and find the little crib empty! She shuddered at the thought of the scene that might occur.

III

WHEN Wallace entered his room he was nearly bowled over by the nauseatingly sweet odor that clung everywhere there. Immediately he knew that Doña Caridad had been in his room, for she had a home-made perfume—only used on holidays—that would take any prize offered for a new and original odor! Scattered out on the floor in front of his bed were all of his shoes.

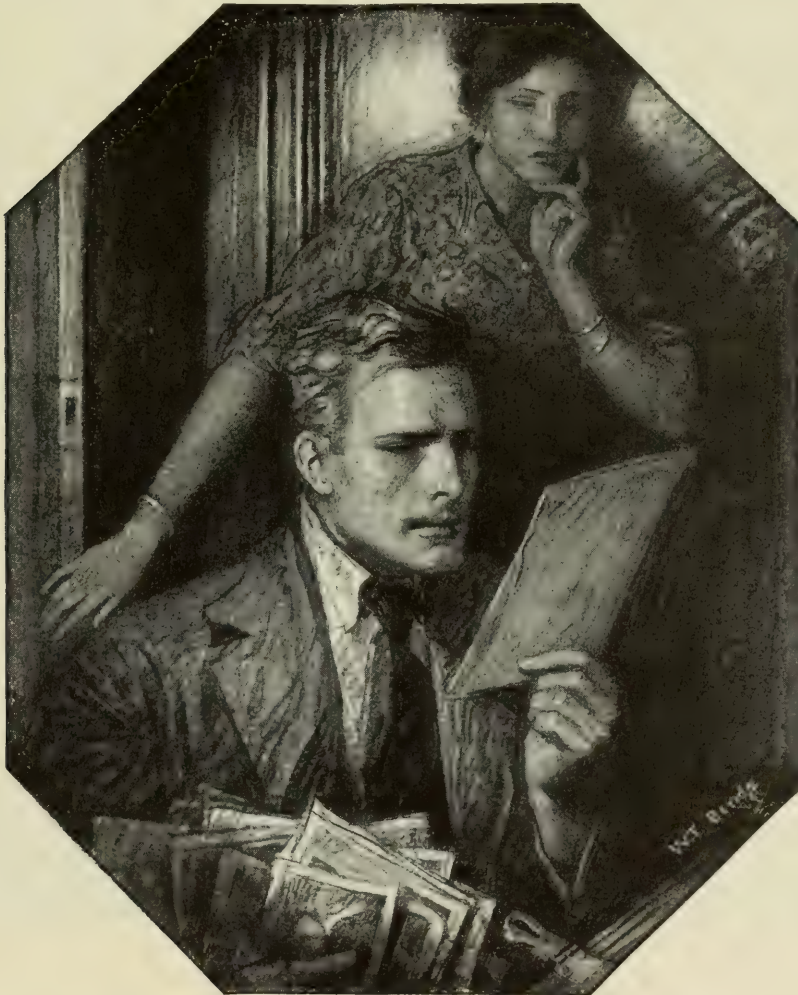
"Some damn relative been trying on my shoes again and forgetting to put them back," he muttered. This had happened numerous times before; once, even, his clothes had been tried on during his absence. The first time anything like this had happened he managed to see the funny side to it. But now it just filled him with a feeling of hopelessness toward Clarita. She had promised time and again, as his wife, to see that his property

was respected. And time and again she had broken her word. The minute his back was turned she joined the others in their schemes against him. She refused all opportunities to stand on the same plane with him.

As he brushed up a bit for dinner he thought of the lie Clarita had just told

fore from drinking the native *tuba*, and he could easily tell from random remarks and little incidents that his acquaintances in Zamboanga were shaking their heads over him. It all made things just so much harder for him.

On his way back to his study he passed through the dining-room. He noticed



He must have spent five or ten minutes gazing reminiscently at the picture before he became aware of some one's presence in the room.—Page 102.

him—the story of her lonely day and the hypocrisy of her attitude. He felt if he were meeting business success he might be able to put up with the underhand tricks of Clarita. But his plantation was a rank failure. Nearly all the money he had was invested in it; what he could sell it for wouldn't have netted him enough to start out again somewhere else. His love for Clarita had about been worn out, and so he did not have the necessary courage to take a brown wife back to a white man's land. He was known in Zamboanga as the "squawman." It was known there of his complete collapse a year be-

how discerningly Clarita looked at him for a moment and the forced smile that followed. He wanted to stop and scold her, but asked himself what would be the use? She would only burst forth into tears and forget it all within an hour. Entering his study, he slammed the door after him.

Alone, he lounged dejectedly back in a big bamboo armchair. He was tired and weary through and through. The distant beating of the tom-toms got on his nerves, and he closed the window, regardless of the ensuing heat. Settled down once again, he took out from his inside pocket

his mother's letter. He had read that through several times, but what he wanted was the enclosed newspaper clipping. With a slight, bitter smile on his lips he reread slowly the announcement of her engagement—Alice Davis's engagement. . . . He thought of their parting—how he had nearly proposed. If he only had!

Absently he got up from his chair and went over to a chest, from which he shortly took a bundle of photographs. He remembered he had put Alice's picture back with these others when he had married Clarita. In the meanwhile he had almost forgotten her. And now he somehow found it bitter-sweet to look at her picture and think what might have been.

He must have spent five or ten minutes gazing reminiscently at the picture before he became aware of some one's presence in the room. Looking around quickly he saw Clarita standing in the doorway with a fixed—ghastly in a way—expression upon her face. Her eyes were on the picture in his hand.

"What do you want?" he demanded, angry because she had been spying on him. "Why didn't you let me know you were in the room?"

She moved slowly back out of the doorway and, as if waking from a trance, said: "*La comida* is now ready."

He dropped the picture back into the trunk and nervously destroyed the clipping.

"Petrona's paternal aunt, Josefina Rodriguez y Fuentes, is ill, so I let her go," informed Clarita as Wallace sat down at the table—the truth being she had sent Petrona out also on the trail of her aunt. "And, *Ricardo querido*, I myself have cooked the dinner for you!"

He merely nodded non-committally. He didn't want her in the kitchen, for whenever she got among the plantation hands she became one of them.

Presently she returned with a tray full of things. "Oh, Ricardo," she chirped, "just see! I've something here you haven't had for such a long time! The foolish doctors have forbidden you to——"

"What's in that bottle?" he quickly asked, pointing at a big brown bottle on the tray.

"Look," she replied, pouring some of its contents into a glass.

It was *tuba*! Of all the native drinks that make a white man forget and degrades him it is the worst! Under her tutelage he had taken it before.

He seized her hand as she was about to offer him the glass and his voice shook with suppressed rage and contempt as he said: "You little fool! Don't you suppose I know?"

"What?" she whimpered, frightened.

"Why, your damnable purpose for giving me this!"

"*Si!* As a *refresco*; you're tired, Ricardo."

The sugared scheming of her words made him contemptuously throw her hand to her side. "I'll tell you your real motive!" he bellowed.

"But there is no other reason!" she cried.

"There isn't!" he scoffed. "Hm! You've seen me getting more and more worried and disgusted each month! You fear I'm going to desert you. To keep me you decide—as you did some months ago—to make a drunkard out of me; to make me love and idolize this *tuba* the way some white wrecks out here do! And so for *its* sake you think I'll stay by you and the boy!"

With a little scream she sank in a chair near by, thus showing him that he had described her intentions.

"Divorce you—damn it!" he continued. "The little brown woman gets the unjust sympathy nearly every time out in these blasted islands when she's the defendant! The poor fool of a lonely white man that falls—" He stopped abruptly; a woman's sobbing was heard outside.

Clarita, upon hearing it, forgot her tears instantly and jumped to her feet. Again the sobbing and the sound of voices. "Caridad!" she exclaimed and dashed out of the room.

"Thank God the old witch's crying!" muttered Wallace. He could hear them outside at the foot of the veranda steps. Petrona was endeavoring to hush Caridad. From long experience he had learned that whenever any hushing was done around the house it was because there was something that might anger him if he knew. Consequently he had found out it paid to play the eavesdropper when every one more or less conspired against him. But just now he didn't care what



"Ricardito is dead?"—Page 104.

might be brewing. Clarita now held no place in his heart, and as for her family's tears—they could flow on in the future forever for all he cared. But nevertheless he couldn't help overhearing the conversation outside!

"Ay, Caridad! *Por Dios!*" pleaded Petrona tearfully. "Don't weep so loud. He may come out to see what's the matter!"

"Ah, Clarita, *pobrecita hijita*," broke forth Caridad in a still louder wail.

"What has happened?" demanded Clarita. "Ssh, *Tía* Caridad, he may hear you! Where—where is Ricardito?"

Both Petrona and Caridad were heard to burst forth into hysterical crying at that question. An awful suspicion swept sud-

denly through Wallace's mind. He arose and went directly to Clarita's room. She had told him the baby was asleep. . . . He found the little crib vacant! Clarita in his mind's eye took the form of a brilliantly colored and poisonous snake. He felt he could kill her. The little half-white son had been all that had made life endurable!

He left the room viciously to find out what had happened. Passing back through the dining-room he heard Caridad weeping her story. His boy's name stopped him short and he listened:

"I had Ricardito over at my sister-in-law's. . . . *Ay, hija!* . . . She has raised nine out of her fourteen children. . . .

She fed it some banana and rice. . . . And a little later—Ricardito became sick with pains like the cholera. . . . Clarita, I can't tell you the rest! *Ay, hija!* . . ."

"Ricardito is dead?" Wallace heard Clarita frantically ask.

Caridad wailed, but Petrona mumbled: "Yes, dead!"

"Oh! Oh!" moaned Clarita. "He will kill us!" she predicted.

"Come! Come with me, we'll think up some story!" suggested Caridad, recovering from her weeping.

"Tell him, Clarita," said Petrona, as they started off, "that you took him out of his crib and over with you to your aunt's. That you left with intentions of returning, but it became so late—" And here the voice became too faint for him to hear any more of the wretched scheming—the same sort of scheming and duplicity that had so nearly ruined him.

IV

AN hour later found him in his study making ready for an immediate departure. The parting of the ways had come. He would leave Clarita the plantation. He never wanted to see her again or hear of her. Perhaps there was a future for him back in the States.

Juan, one of the plantation boys, took his things down to the launch. Fright-

ened by his master's sombre appearance, he asked no questions. On his way back, Juan planned to stop in at the plantation house, have a bite to eat, and hear all about it. But just as Wallace shoved off from the dock Juan's curiosity got the best of him and he questioned:

"When are you coming back, *señor?*"

"Oh, *mañana*," he lied listlessly.

"Until to-morrow, then, *señor*, *adios!*"

"*Adios!*"

V

IN Benton, Massachusetts, the mothers of marriageable daughters all agree that the greatest "catch" in town is one Richard Wallace, the oldish-young man who came so mysteriously "from the Middle West" a few years ago to work in his uncle's huge silk-mill, and who, now that his uncle has died, owns the mill. But, however, he is the mothers' despair! Charming and all that, but he never has an affair!

"A puzzle, a veritable puzzle he is," said one dear old New England lady to her niece.

"If he were not so handsome," replied the girl, "I should call him a woman-hater!"

But then, you see, the people of Benton do not know all that we know about him!

CONNIE CUTS A WISDOM-TOOTH

By Vesta Tharp

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"WELL, of course, Connie, you don't have to go unless you want to," I said, turning to leave the room. "But as for myself, I'm going—and I'm going on the one-twenty-five train. I've got to see my baby quick."

Then I waited, with my hand on the door-knob, for Constance's decision. She placidly went on tinting the pale-pink rose-petal on the thin china plate in her hand. I gave a grating turn of the knob. Constance blended in the delicate color-

ing to her complete satisfaction and then calmly looked up.

"It is Sunday," she remarked. "You cannot take any one-twenty-five train. There will be none."

"That's all you know about it," I retorted. "Ted says I can go to East Weston and get a local from there two hours later."

Then I slammed the door and went across the hall to do my packing. Constance's cold, reserved attitude was getting on my nerves. I wished I had stayed at home and attended to my own business.

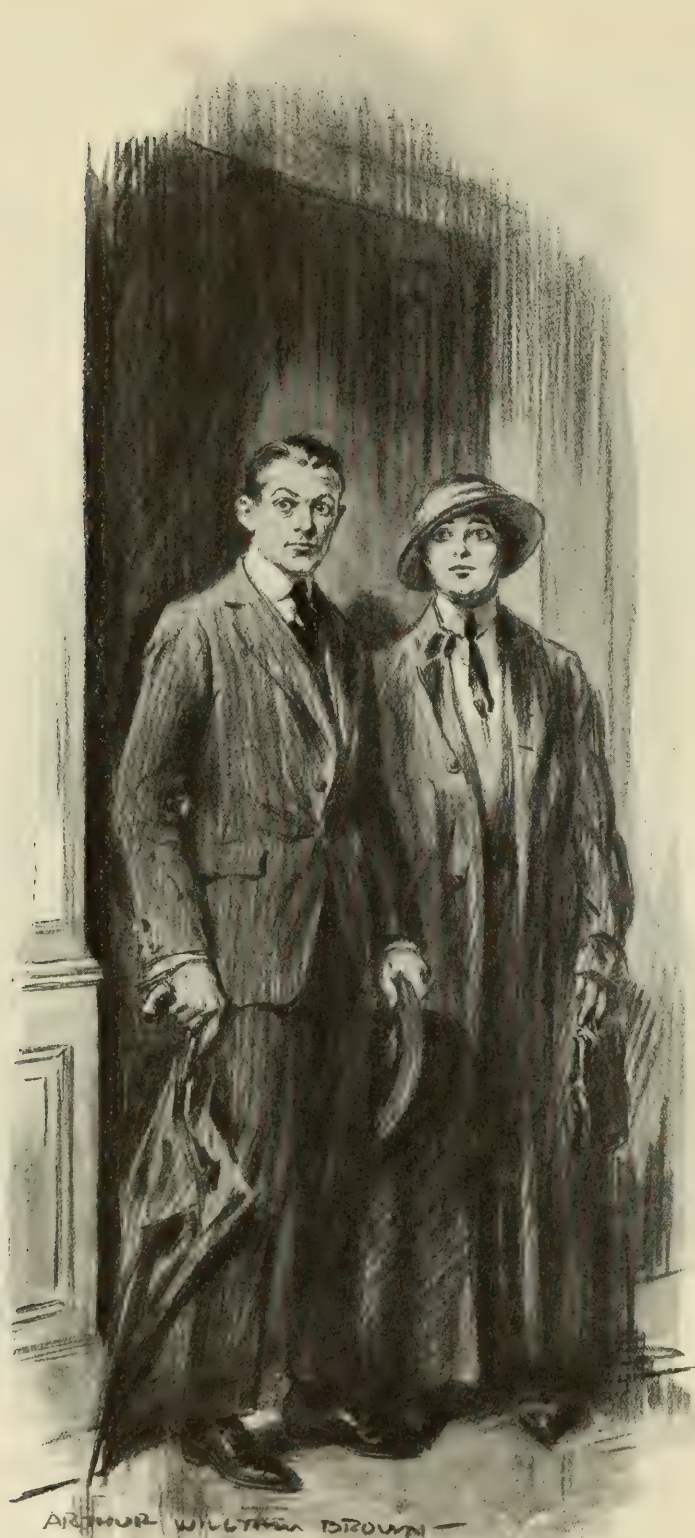


Hypnotized, we advanced and inspected the horrid notice.—Page 112

Here I had spent nine solid days endeavoring to comfort an iceberg—an iceberg who had sent a pitiful letter asking me to come and help her, and who had repelled every loving and comforting advance I had made since the elevator dumped me out at the door of her apartment. If she only would melt a little bit my sacrifice would seem as nothing; but the provok-

ing little imp fairly congealed the blood of any one who came within speaking distance of her—to say nothing about kissing distance.

Ted's telephone call seemed a blessed gift from Providence. Connie's lack of interest about Theodore was the final blow. I would go home if I had to walk every one of the fifty-seven miles. More-



Martin was staring, dumfounded.—Page 115.

over, the blessed news Ted told made it impossible for me to stay away from home another night. I had to go quick. I could hardly wait. He said that Theodore, my own precious little son, had taken

three steps all by himself. Ted's dear voice shook with joy as he talked over the long-distance. Of course I would have to go home and behold the miracle myself. Theodore is only eleven months and nine

days old; we never dreamed he would walk so soon. What to do about Connie puzzled me for an instant; then I suggested taking her home with me, but she seemed quite indifferent on the subject. For the first time in my life I was frightfully angry with her. She acted as if Theodore's first step was too trivial to think about. That settled things. I decided to let her look after her own love-affairs.

I opened the dresser drawers and began pulling out my belongings. It was not my fault that my brother-in-law was a lawyer with political hankerings. I didn't coax him to be a lawyer; the fact is, I didn't know he was studying law until I met him just a couple of months before Ted and I were married. And Connie knows very well that she would have been furious had I not allowed her to be my bridesmaid. Nobody asked her to fall in love with my new brother-in-law. Naturally, Ted and I were pleased when his brother and my darling of a roommate developed a perfect mania for each other. But we never told them to.

I knew something was the matter the minute Connie's incoherent letter came. She said she was sick and for me to come at once. It was not so much Connie's ordering and imperious style of writing as it was the pathetic pleading between the lines which induced me to leave everything at home in Mother Thompson's willing hands and hurry to Bellington without even waiting to tell Ted good-by.

Connie had met me at the door of her apartment. Her face was somewhat flushed and swollen. She said the doctor thought she was cutting a wisdom-tooth, and it was coming through in such a manner that serious complications might develop. Did I suppose there was much danger, and did I know anything about wisdom-teeth?

One glance at her ringless left hand settled the question. Yes, I told her, wisdom-teeth were awful. Lots of people had to have their gums lanced, or something like that, and often teeth grew straight out sideways instead of straight up; and I had heard of instances where the wisdom-teeth were in such a terrible condition that they had to be pulled out. Moreover, they were hard to pull out; once in a while the

dentist would have to pull so hard on the tooth that he would split the patient's jaw-bone. Poor Connie winced so pitifully that I assured her that the cracked jaw-bone cases I knew of had all been men. Never had such a thing happened to a woman, but still one couldn't be too careful. Connie brightened up. There was no doubt she would enjoy seeing a certain young man go through the wisdom-tooth-cutting process.

It took me almost a week to get the real truth out of her. The dear child undoubtedly was cutting a painful wisdom-tooth. But that was the least of her troubles. The tooth was a convenient object upon which to lay all her burdens. She pretended that the pained, patient expression on her face was caused by the aching tooth; but I knew, and so did she, that she had such an aching heart it was a relief to enjoy the aching tooth.

After much careful manœuvring I had managed to deduce the main facts concerning her trouble. Connie and Martin worshipped each other; they couldn't help it. Both Connie's parents had died when she was about three years old, and she had been brought up by an uncle. This uncle was a big railroad politician who spent most of his time travelling from State to State engineering railroad legislation. Usually Connie was taken along with him. The poor little girl had never known what it was to live in a house. She grew up in hotels. She never experienced the joy of intimate friendship with other children; she was always either arriving or going; there was no time for anything but to catch trains and be a nice little girl and not get in uncle's way. However, in his own peculiar manner Constance's uncle cared for her. He seemed to want her always near him, and it was with great reluctance that he finally allowed her to go away to boarding-school. He lavished every luxury on her, spoiled and petted her, and in fits and starts between railroad deals he would carry her away from school on pleasure-trips. As a consequence, Constance was a charming but very spoiled girl, whose only ethical law was to suit her own sweet self just as long as she did not interfere with her uncle's convenience. She recognized no one else's rights, did as she pleased, and pro-

ceeded tranquilly on her way, blissfully unconscious of the trampled feelings left behind her.

I liked Constance. There was something about her captivating haughtiness and keen, analytic interpretation of the girls at school that amused me. I cultivated her acquaintance, discovered the dear, loving, lonesome girl hidden under her reserved exterior; and next to Ted and little Theodore I love her more than all the other people in the world. Words cannot express my joy when Constance became engaged to my brother-in-law, Martin Thompson.

Connie wanted a home, a comfortably furnished, carefully planned, real home. A place she could call her own—hers and Martin's. She had amassed an exquisite supply of the finest of linens and painted china. She loathed hotel service, and for months had lived in dreams of the perfect home they were going to have. Martin wanted a home, too; her ideas suited him. He would come out to our house, drop into a big armchair, lazily stretch his long legs, and imbibe our domestic atmosphere as he mentally took notes of how the effect was produced.

But Martin was a lawyer—not a common, every-day, easy-going lawyer, but an exasperating, ambitious one. That is where the rub comes in. It takes time for a young lawyer to work up a good practice. Martin was too wise to bother about taking all that time. He carefully laid his plans, carried them through, and before we realized what had happened our lawyer brother was a representative at the State legislature. Connie was proud of him; but when the legislature met and he met with it she became thoughtful. As the weeks went on and he stuck strictly to business she became more thoughtful. He said he couldn't run down to see her often because he was getting in on a big committee proposition and couldn't afford to lose out. He suggested that we come up to the capital sometime and see how the legislature worked. We did not go. Once during a flying business trip Martin had stopped over for an hour with Constance.

It was then that he confided to her his great ambition. He was never going to work up a home law practice. There was a

big show for him to get into the National Congress next year. He was going to run for the House and then possibly later on he would manage to get into the Senate. He was so interested himself that he did not notice Connie's lack of enthusiasm. He went on to tell her some more. Woman-suffrage was a recent innovation in the State. He was young and therefore had no bad record behind him; he was in sympathy with many things which the suffragists were demanding. Their vote would be a powerful asset in his election. Moreover, a wife who was in sympathy with the suffrage platform would be an asset. Martin explained to his fiancée that he wanted his wife to become a figurehead in woman-suffrage circles of the State; he wanted her to do things, to suggest things, and, in short, as Connie sarcastically expressed it, to help put the name of Martin Thompson on the payroll of the United States Congress.

It was then that the bomb exploded. Connie declared she had been brought up on politics and she did not intend to marry politics. She could stand for her husband to be a lawyer, since he did not know how to be anything else, but she would not have a politician for a husband. She was marrying to get out of politics. As to her allying herself to the suffrage party—preposterous! She knew absolutely nothing about voting; she never intended to use her privilege of voting; women had no business at the polls; she was a confirmed antisuffragist; and if Martin wanted to marry her his political career would have to cease with the closing of the present legislature.

Poor old Martin got the shock of his life. He had supposed Constance would be overjoyed with his plans. He endeavored to reason with her, but found that she was unconvincible. Then they quarrelled; Martin could not bear to give up his political career; Constance insisted upon a stationary home with a stay-at-home husband. Neither would give in. In the end Martin left with Connie's diamond ring in his pocket, and the chances for my having a sister-in-law looked slim.

After this happened Constance spent two miserable weeks; then she gave up and wrote for me. She was alone in their

Bellington apartment. Her uncle was in Oregon.

After I got there the poor girl's reticent disposition would not permit her to pour forth her troubles. She took refuge behind her wisdom-tooth and bravely tried to play the thing through. She provoked me, but still I pitied her. She needed me so much that I did not have the heart to be offended at her coolness and go home. Bit by bit during casual conversation she had let me know why the engagement was broken. If she hadn't felt so badly about it I would have considered it all a huge joke.

The girl actually sat at her library table and painted china as she discussed Martin's political ambitions with assumed indifference. She said he was a State representative now, but was going to be in the House at Washington the next term, the Senate the next, and then she supposed he would be President. I told her she didn't need to feel worried; even if Martin was my own brother-in-law there wasn't much danger of his ever being President. At that she shut up like a clam and wouldn't say another word.

Thank goodness! There was urgent necessity for my presence at home now.

There was a little over an hour in which to pack and get dressed for my trip. Fifteen minutes before train-time, on reentering the living-room a wonderful sight met my eyes. Connie's travelling-bag reposed on a chair, and the maid was adjusting the immaculately white collar of Connie's dainty lace waist out over her dark tailored travelling-suit. Connie was drawing on and smoothing into place her kid gloves. I took a couple of steps to grab the dear child in my arms, but stopped abruptly as she looked up and coolly regarded me.

"My dear," she said, "would you mind ringing for the bell-boy? We haven't much time to waste."

I rang.

It did not take long for the electric to roll us up to the curbing of the Union Depot. The ticket agent verified Ted's statements about the local we could get at East Weston, and a few minutes later we settled back in the train happy in the knowledge that before night we would see Theodore walk. That is to say, I was

happy; and, despite her bored, resigned air, I guess Constance was as happy as any spoiled girl could be under the circumstances.

The car was crowded and stuffy. It had been threatening to rain all day. Low clouds hung over the sky, and the puffing black smoke from the engine insisted upon coming in the windows. Connie leaned back in her seat and languidly watched the people around us. Across the aisle in a double seat sat a worn mother with five dirty, noisy youngsters. One little kiddie was just about Theodore's age, but couldn't walk yet. All were contentedly devouring the customary and inevitable sack of half-rotten bananas. Connie turned up her nose and devoted her attention to the conversation of the couple in front of us. The girl was going to Colorado and was anxious to see a mountain. The man was going to San Francisco and had forgotten his sweater. He was afraid he would need it. I thoroughly enjoyed their talk; after a while it got so funny that I nudged Connie and turned to have a good giggle with her. The cynical, disgusted look on her face completely squelched me. I regretted my foolishness in asking her to accompany me home. If she kept this martyrdom business up very long she would frighten my baby to death. It was a relief when we got off at East Weston and had the whole peaceful world to ourselves.

A solemn, Sunday quiet pervaded the little town. Not a soul was in the shabby old depot. Even the ticket window was shut.

"A two hours' wait in this impossible hole?" demanded my ex-future sister-in-law.

I nodded guiltily.

We strolled around the depot a couple of times. Then I suggested a walk through the town. Connie said it looked like rain. We covered the race-track once more, then Connie took my arm and started along the walk leading toward the main street. It was a nice, clean little town with rows and rows of neat cottages and pretty, well-kept lawns. Most of the houses had one wide front window with lace curtains parted in the middle and drawn back to disclose an elaborate vase, or potted plant, or a piece of statuary set

up on a pedestal. They looked comfortable and happy—those houses did. I longed to go in and get acquainted with their owners.

All at once Constance stopped, snapped open her hand-bag, took out a small bottle of listerine, and grimly applied it to her tooth. The poor child! Here I had been allowing myself to be provoked with her, while all the time she was suffering the most excruciating pain. I don't remember having cut any wisdom-teeth myself, but I know how terrible it is for little Theodore when he has a tooth coming through. She would feel better if we could find something to divert her mind. I racked my brain for an idea. Then one came.

"Connie," I suggested, "let's have a little fun. Let's go up to that corner house, knock, and ask if they know where John P. Thornburg lives?"

"What for? I don't want to see any John P. Thornburg."

"But, don't you see, dear, there isn't any John Thornburg. We'll just play there is—we'll make up a whole Thornburg family; tell them we are anxious to call on the Thornburgs while we're waiting for our train; then those folks will be interested, ask us in, and we'll have a nice little visit with them, since they never heard of the Thornburgs."

Constance sniffed, then glared at me.

"Mildred Thompson! I am ashamed of you. Although you haven't cut your wisdom-teeth yet, please try to remember that you are a married woman and have a child. Can't you ever learn to behave yourself?"

If Connie had not been a sick woman she would have then and there found out precisely what kind of a tiresome, conceited smarty she was; but I don't believe in pitching on sick people, so I just contented myself with thinking a few things.

We barely met half a dozen people in the next two blocks. The streets seemed deserted.

"That must be a school-building," remarked Connie, pointing to a new brick building.

I nodded. I could not trust myself to talk; my voice was sure to shake with the tears I had not yet been able to swallow.

Connie never cares at all when she hurts people.

Constance turned up the walk toward the front entrance, and so I did, too.

"If this was a school-day we could visit," I lamented. "It would be grand to see the little kindergarten folks."

"This is a high school," snapped Constance.

I shut up.

A flight of half a dozen steps led up to the main entrance. Knowing the place would be locked we did not ascend. Connie went and peered into a basement window.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Here is the most exquisite row of china-painting designs up on this wall. Oh, my!"

I sat down on the steps and let her gush. She went into ecstasies over those designs. Her bored indifference and suffering dropped from her like a cloak. She was once more the old, lively, interested Connie. She couldn't get over the beauty of that china stuff. A black cloud in the west rumbled and shook with lightning, but Connie refused to be worried by it. One design was so far in the shadowed corner that she could not quite make it out. And as usual that was the very design she was determined to see.

"This must be an exhibit room of the art department," she mused. "If I could get in there's no telling what I could see."

She tried all the windows, but none would budge. She went and peered through the window again. She fussed around for five minutes, then she got desperate and angry.

"I've got to see that design."

I sat quietly resigned to the inevitable, and watched the determined little rascal get a brick, break the glass of the window, reach her hand through, turn the lock, and carefully raise the smashed sash. Then she turned around backward and proceeded to lower herself feet foremost into the room. Suddenly there was a crash, a sound of broken china, and a faint, startled cry. I ran to the window, but darkness enveloped the lower part of the room. Nothing could be seen.

"Connie, Connie, what happened?"

"Oh, my goodness!" came a pitiful and horrified voice. "There was a tableful of china here—I stepped down right into



I clung to the suffrage lady for support.—Page 115.

it—knocked the whole thing over—everything's smashed."

I stood helpless.

"Say," called Connie. "Maybe that front door has a Yale lock. I'll go up and see if it will open from the inside."

I turned and ran up the steps. Through the glass door Connie could be seen hurrying down the hall. I anxiously put my hand on the knob. The door

moved. I opened it. Connie stopped a dozen steps away. We stared at each other.

"That door was not locked at all," she choked, and glared at the offending knob. Big splashes of rain began to hit against the heavy glass.

"Oh, my dear! Did you smash everything?" I asked as we hastened down the hall.

"I don't know. It's so dark down in that blamed basement room I didn't stop to—" Connie's words froze on her lips. We stopped. Our eyes had fallen

things," muttered Connie. "I won't pay them any one hundred dollars."

"We've got to get out of here quick," I whispered. "What would Ted say if



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

'Right this way, old boy. Straight to

simultaneously on a huge placard on the wall.

\$100 FINE OR 30 DAYS IN JAIL
FOR ANY PERSON WHO BREAKS
AND ENTERS THIS BUILDING

was printed in big black letters. Hypnotized, we advanced and inspected the horrid notice. There was a lot of small print telling about the contents of some article of a code enacted by the legislature.

"Another one of those fool political

we were arrested! I can't waste thirty days in jail."

"Martin would never forget it," groaned Connie.

We got almost to the door when Connie remembered her hand-bag.

"It's down in that awful room," she said. "I can't get along without my listerine! My tooth hurts right now."

We hurried to retrace our steps. Suddenly we halted, breathless. We listened. Connie grasped my arm; shivers ran down my back.

"There's somebody up-stairs!" ejaculated Constance.

"They'll c-catch us sure," I chattered.



your daddy."—Page 116.

"Maybe it's the janitor. Let's tiptoe out," whispered Connie.

Barely had we tiptoed a dozen steps when two women appeared at the head of the upper stairway.

"Oh, here you are at last!" called one of them. "We heard your train was late. We are so glad you got here in time."

"Yes, so are we," I thought.

Connie is a little taller than I am, and she happened to be near the stairs, so I kept behind her as much as possible. This was her affair—not mine—I hadn't

been breaking any windows and tables of china. Still, my son Theodore's first steps began to seem a far-away dream. I longed for home and Ted.

Those women descended the broad stairs, greeted Constance effusively, then shook my hand a little, and told us to come right up-stairs. They seemed to be expecting Constance, but eyed me with some surprise; Constance came up to their requirements, but evidently I did not fill the bill. Connie and I exchanged one swift look of resignation. We didn't know what we were, but we knew it would be healthy for us to try to be it. Then we allowed them to marshal us up the stairs. One of the women disappeared through a closed swinging door.

"We are all ready to begin," said the short and fat lady. "Perhaps you would like to readjust your hair before entering. Travelling is so wearing on one—especially on rainy days," she added sympathetically, and ushered us into a small private office—evidently that of the principal of the school. Connie glowered at her reflection in the mirror. Her hat certainly did need adjusting—also her hair.

"Pardon me, if I leave you alone with your secretary for an instant," the stout woman said. "I will inform the president of your arrival."

We watched her stop and converse with another woman who had just appeared across the hall.

"Well, if you are my secretary, who am I?" demanded my fellow sufferer.

I remained speechless. Constance was furious.

"I'm going to clear out of here," she insisted.

"Yes, and get arrested for breaking all that china—not to mention smashing a window. You had better keep still and wait for a good chance."

Constance viciously jammed in a hair-pin.

"Who do those idiots think I am, anyway?" she stormed.

"Go on in and find out."

Constance made me tired. I had as much right to be angry as she. The clock above the desk said our train would be due in a little over an hour. It would be terrible to miss that train. But lots worse might happen. I felt sure that by

night we should be locked up in the city jail. Constance was pinning on her hat with a vengeance, which showed the same thought was in her mind.

Our kind pilot returned and guided us across the hall. We entered. I gasped for breath. We were in a high-school assembly-room completely packed full of women.

"I saved this seat for you," whispered our usher, pushing me into a back seat near the door. I dropped weakly into it. A burst of violent hand-clapping brought me to my senses. I looked around. The woman was escorting my Connie up to the front of the room, on past the audience of enthusiastic women, right up on the platform and to a big, massive chair. The presiding officer greeted Connie warmly, and proudly ushered her to the seat of honor. Finally the applause died down and the president with much ceremony proceeded to open the meeting.

In a few choice words she expressed her pleasure at the interest which the women of the town were showing, greeted them cordially, and asked a sweet, soft-voiced old lady to pray. There was a dear and soothing touch to the old lady's simple prayer. I loved it. For the time being it made me forget the ridiculous predicament we were in. It was an earnest, sincere petition for guidance in the great work which these women were undertaking. An overwhelming curiosity to find out what it was all about seized me.

The prayer ended. I listened as the president rose to talk again. She said it was a wonderful occasion when women of all religious denominations could meet together on a Sabbath afternoon in one united cause. She dwelt upon the great possibilities before them, pleaded for broad-minded consideration in all questions to be discussed, and then called for a report of the school-age committee. A motherly and somewhat embarrassed woman in an out-of-date plum-colored dress arose and began to talk. As she warmed up to the subject her embarrassment vanished, and the audience listened spellbound. She gave statistics as to the number of children under school age who were not in school, stated the reasons why, pointed out laws needed to remedy conditions, and urged the necessity for im-

mediate legislation. The report of the town's visiting nurse followed. She likewise pointed out several defects in existing laws.

I glanced at Connie. She looked as if her tooth hurt. Her face had a grim, set expression of resigned indifference. I felt nervous. Constance was not occupying that honor seat for nothing. I would have given my diamond lavallière to find out who she was supposed to be.

Short report after report was given. The injustice of girls clerking in stores from eight in the morning until ten at night was emphasized. Outrageous wage schedules were exposed. The facts surprised me. It was remarkable how intensely interested these women seemed in vital social and economic questions. The audience was composed of women from all stations in life, but a uniform element of seriousness enveloped them. Throughout it all Constance maintained the same cold, dignified air. She sat up stiffly in her chair and appeared totally oblivious to the live atmosphere around her. The room seemed close and oppressive; occasionally thunder muttered, but no one paid any attention to it. I could hardly sit still; something was bound to happen. These women deserved the deepest respect, but there was no telling what Connie might do. She had absolutely no reverence for anything in the world. Her face looked ominous. I bit my lips and twisted my fingers anxiously. It must be about twenty minutes until train-time.

A pleasant, white-haired woman in soft gray silk was discussing the moral conditions of the small town. She sat down amidst hearty and appreciative hand-clapping. Rain was beating against the windows. A loud clap of thunder drowned the applause.

The president started to speak. I held my breath an instant, then settled back with a sigh. A vocal solo was to come next. The soloist, a thin, long-necked woman with a superabundance of protruding upper teeth, got up and opened her mouth to sing. She enjoyed singing more than I enjoyed listening, and Connie's tightly drawn lips spoke volumes. Several short, violent thunderbolts from the storm only served to add a little variety to the agony.

Suddenly I heard a slight movement out in the hall behind me.

"Good Lord!" choked a low, deep masculine voice.

I looked around. There in the dark shadow of the door stood my brother-in-law, Martin Thompson, and behind him was a tall, severe, distinguished-looking woman of about forty in a dripping rain-coat. Martin was staring, dumfounded, at the dignified young lady occupying the honor seat on the platform.

"Martin!" I whispered.

He looked at me.

"Keep out of here," my lips managed to say.

How he ever happened to comprehend what I meant is a mystery. Nevertheless, he drew his companion back still farther into the shadow. No one else had noticed their arrival.

The solo ended. There was a tense stillness in the room. Wind shook the windows and rain dashed against them. I longed to die and be through with it. The presiding officer again arose, said it was indeed a great pleasure that the Women's Civic League had been fortunate enough to enjoy the privilege of this short visit from Mrs. Chester Albright, national secretary of the Woman's Suffrage Movement, who was on her way to Omaha, and now Mrs. Albright would say a few words of greeting to the association, etc.

I resigned myself for the worst. The interested audience twisted expectantly and then settled down to listen. The rain still dashed futilely and streamed down the window-panes.

Constance arose. Her slightly swollen wisdom-tooth gave her an added dignity. She acknowledged the introduction with a self-possessed smile, placidly swept her eyes over the audience, and commenced to speak. I looked helplessly at Martin. He seemed to have suffered a paralytic stroke.

"My dear friends," began Constance in clear, even tones, easily heard above the dashing rain and reverberating low rumbles of thunder, "words cannot express how intensely I have enjoyed the past hour. It has been a revelation to me."

I wiggled uneasily. What in the world was Connie up to? A girl who would spend Sunday morning painting china, and would go around in the afternoon

deliberately smashing windows, was a dangerous character. She had no right to make fun of these women.

"In fact," she continued, "I little dreamed this morning that there was in reserve for me such an interesting afternoon. I want to congratulate you upon your executive ability, I want to extol your persisting and remarkable powers of intuition. You have informed me upon several subjects of which I was heretofore entirely ignorant. Remarkable to say, I am glad to find out who——"

A terrible flash of lightning lit up the room, a deafening crash of thunder exploded. The stunned audience gasped. Then frightened, nervous cries filled the air.

"Oh, look! It struck!" screamed a horrified voice. "The building is on fire!"

The assembly was on its feet in an instant. An excited stream of terrified women hurried down the stairs. No one noticed Martin as the crowd rushed out. I found Connie at my side.

"Quick!" she hissed. "We can make that train yet."

The building was clearing with remarkable rapidity. The fire seemed to be in a remote part.

"Connie dear!" exclaimed Martin, endeavoring to draw us toward the steps. Constance gave him one look of stupefied amazement, then she grasped my arm and ran. Martin and his distinguished companion followed.

"We want to catch the train," I called back to them.

The lower hall was dense with smoke. A minute later we were out in the pouring thunder-storm. We pressed through the crowd and dashed toward the depot. Our train was puffing on the track. We ran for dear life. Connie got there first, bounded on the back platform, and pulled me up. Martin and the suffrage lady clambered up after me. The train gave a jerk and started to move. Connie was knocked almost off the steps. Martin grabbed her quick. The poor, wet, bedraggled child collapsed, sobbing, in his arms. I clung to the suffrage lady for support, and discovered a few minutes later that I had been indulging in a good cry on her damp, rain-soaked shoulder.

The train jarred and rumbled along the

track. East Weston was left far behind. The car door was locked, and there was nothing to do but make ourselves as comfortable as possible on the chilly platform. It would be twenty minutes before we reached our destination. Connie and I confessed the whole miserable story of our escapade. Martin listened sympathetically and tenderly. Several times the suffrage lady had to turn her head and smile. Martin and Connie seemed to have forgotten that they were no longer engaged.

Martin assured us there was no danger of arrest. He was positive the firemen would smash up everything which Connie had neglected. No one would think that she had spoiled all that china; there was a possibility that the lightning had struck that very room. Then the nice suffrage lady rose to the occasion. She said there was no reason why the women of East Weston should learn the truth. It wouldn't make them any happier. She would drop them a letter from Omaha telling them how much she had enjoyed the afternoon, etc. We all embraced her enthusiastically—even Martin.

It seemed that, in the interests of woman-suffrage, Martin had escorted the national secretary down to East Weston for a brief afternoon's trip. Their train was late and they had arrived just in time to see that obstinate little antisuffragist of a Connie serenely carrying off the rôle of Mrs. Albright, national secretary of the Woman's Suffrage Movement.

Ted had our car at the depot to meet me. He almost fainted when he saw us unload from the rear platform like so many tramps. But Ted did not care much; he was so eager to tell me how Theodore took three steps that he didn't think to wonder how Martin and Mrs. Albright happened to be along until two days later.

It was after five when we got home. Mother Thompson said Theodore was asleep. Ted and I were so disappointed; but of course it would never do to spoil our baby's nap. After dinner the suffrage lady retired to her room to write letters. She said she would have to leave in the morning. I started to go into the library to hunt the magazine section of the Sunday paper. The sound of low voices stopped me.

"This has been an awful month," came Martin's pleading tones. "If you will only have me, Connie, I'll give up everything and stay at home. Helping make our laws is a mighty empty job when I know there will never be any little woman at home to back me up and be proud of the good things I do."

"You don't have to give up anything, Martin," responded a sweet, penitent voice. "You can't imagine how ashamed I am. When I sat in that meeting and watched those blessed women discuss so many big things, I found out what a selfish, despicable wretch I am. Why, dear, I never realized that women could be so earnest and sincerely interested in public welfare. Now, please—let me finish! I want you to go to Washington, Martin; you must put through what those women need. Now I know, dearest, that there are all kinds of politicians, and I want my husband to be a politician. Home means just being wherever you are."

"Oh, Connie, Connie!" murmured a worshipful voice.

I slipped out. Ted could exist for a while without the Sunday magazine.

Some one was hurrying along the upper hall. In an instant the suffrage lady appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Oh, look, look, people!" she cried. "Theodore is awake now! I've got him."

Ted rushed out of the living-room. Connie and Martin emerged from the library. I reached up the stairs for my precious baby, took him in my arms. Theodore rubbed his soft cheeks against my face and fastened his fingers in my hair. He was glad to see his mother.

"Here, now!" said Ted, pulling him from me. "Show these folks what you can do, old chap!"

Ted carefully planted Theodore on his short little legs in the middle of the hall, and balanced him to stand alone. We gathered around him, an eager, breathless bunch.

And there my baby stood, his big, solemn eyes thoughtfully studying us.

"Come, Theodore! Come to mother!" I coaxed.

"Right this way, old boy. Straight to your daddy," ordered Ted.

"Here, baby, walk to me," begged the suffrage lady.

Theodore stood still, helpless and undecided.

"Not on your life; try travelling toward your uncle. Now, hoof it up!" jollied Martin.

"Theodore! Come, baby!" pleaded Constance, sitting on the floor and holding out her arms.

Theodore hesitated, moved a step, swayed, caught his balance, walked half a dozen steps, and then, with a delighted chuckle, fell straight into Connie's arms.

We closed in around them.

"Why, of course," I laughed. "Theodore wanted to see Connie's new wisdom-tooth. Open your mouth, dear."

"Have you really cut one!" exclaimed Ted.

Connie held back her head and opened her mouth for all to see the phenomenon.

"Yes, sir," said Martin. "It's the truth. Connie has cut a wisdom-tooth."

AMERICA AND EUROPE—NOW AND AFTER THE WAR

By Elmer Roberts

Author of "Monarchical Socialism in Germany"



THE American in Europe feels the almost poignant solicitude of the fighting peoples as to what his countrymen think about the war. The belligerents long for the approval of neutrals and, above all, for that of the United States. Any indication of good will is received with a satisfaction far deeper than the American at home would believe likely. Even moderate criticism cuts harshly into the delicate sensibilities of the period. The emotions, the intensities of effort, the exaltations, the sorrows, and the memories of irrevocable lives rise as a mist between the European and a clear conception of our relation to the war—and all the more as Americans often seem in doubt themselves. Here in these great European communities the feelings, the intellects, and the wills of the Continental peoples are mobilized as universally as are physical bodies to attain a national aim. Private interest has shrunk into the collective interest. Therefore to the European, penetrated with his own national aspirations, it seems odd that he cannot discern plainly a national consciousness in America upon the issues for which he is fighting.

The upper level of French intellect and statesmanship, although puzzled often by

American policy, is not disposed to criticize it strongly. Explanations even are made for American attitudes on the several questions that have come up. But the average Frenchman who doesn't know much about us has been disappointed. His knowledge of the United States is sketchy. He knows that in achieving independence and a republic we had French aid. He knows the names of Washington, Lafayette, and Franklin. The Civil War in the United States was, he thought, a war for human liberty instead of a war for unification. Without thinking a great deal about it the Frenchman assumed that Americans were idealists. He says now that he was mistaken, that we are not idealists and do not care deeply about anything except our safety and prosperity in aloofness. He does not blame us but himself for having been in error, for having made a mistake in judgment. He does not hate or despise us, as some persons have said. He is disillusioned, and he feels that the war, which has taught him to place different values on so many things, requires him to change his moral valuation of Americans.

The Frenchman in the mass, reaching this conclusion, does so without bitterness, and he is softened by the constant reminders of American work for the muti-

lated, the wounded, and the poor in France, the devotion and audacity of American airmen in the French army, the feeding of Belgians, and the warm good will shown by many private persons in the United States. The French have been amazed and affected by the extent of American unofficial assistance. The twenty thousand wounded cared for in American hospitals, the two hundred thousand taken in ambulances from the field, are so many voices among those who have fought, or who are still fighting, in appreciation of American good will.

America, during the long equilibrium, has loomed so powerfully in the thought of Europe. To the Allies it has seemed as though America, taking the submarine question as an adequate reason, might have placed her great potentialities alongside them and thus shortened the war, while the Teutonic group has come to believe that they could have won the war had it not been for American shells and immense quantities of other material delivered daily to their adversaries. A large chapter of the history of the great European war will be the influence of the United States upon it, the ponderable influence of opinion, of diplomacy, of money and of machinery. The fundamental elementary force of the war, besides numbers, is machine power, machine-made fighting material. There may be controversies in the future as to whether American shops did not decide the war. They play a great part in it. German writers will tend to magnify the American factor, the Allies to diminish its importance, but any one in relation now with the supply departments of the Allies' armies knows the large place American-made instruments have in them.*

This participation of the United States in the war will naturally have conse-

quences after the war in a measure of good will from the Allied countries. The hard necessities of Germans and Austrians will also require them to overcome their resentments and seek capital and trade in the United States. American financiers have thus far advanced to the Allies a billion and a half of dollars during the war—that is, they have given credit for about one-half what the Allies have bought in the United States. Germany will want all she can pay or arrange for after the war.

The American in Europe encounters some uncomfortable innuendoes about our taking advantage of European necessities to make stiff bargains. Our principal concern is popularly supposed to be to remain apart and profit by the ruinous quarrel. But this is not the opinion of financiers and statesmen in France and England. They take the cooler view that, as we are useful to them, we are entitled to profit by our risks. They realize that in times of peace the Paris or London banker took a higher price for his advances to American enterprises than he could get at home, and that it is not unreasonable for us in time of war to expect $1\frac{1}{2}$, 2, or 3 per cent more for loans abroad than we receive at home. I have never heard that Americans of the North resented the high rates charged by European bankers for loans during the Civil War; rather, the feeling was one of gratitude that money was loaned at all. The American banker, who always expected European co-operation in any railroad loan of fifty millions or more, and who scarcely thought he could do without that co-operation, has had the singular experience of receiving the agents of the richest foreign governments and lending single sums ranging from twenty-five to five hundred millions of dollars. Those charged with the national finances of France, Russia, and Great Britain are always studying borrowing possibilities in the United States intently for two reasons—because they have actual need of the money and to keep exchange from rising to ruinous rates.

Americans are most interested in the situation after the war. Every one agrees that neither Europe nor America can be the same again. Any political, social, or

* A friend of the writer's and one of the great arms experts of Europe, after a six-month visit to the United States ending in June, summarized the results of his observations thus: "The shell production in the United States for the Allies is now about 100,000 of all calibers per day. The production will rise to 150,000 a day or even possibly to 200,000. Contracts for rifles placed in America amounted to 3,000,000. One company, which after fifteen months' preparation can make 5,000 a day, began deliveries in March. Another company, which is increasing its plant so as to turn out 7,000 rifles a day, is delivering 3,000 a day. An American steel company is delivering one ten-inch howitzer complete a day." The Allies are receiving machine guns in considerable quantities, shell steel, and horses from the United States, and a variety of manufactured material essential to the equipment of armies, such as automobile trucks, harness, railway supplies, and tools.

economic changes in Europe must affect us, and Europe, feeling our youthful, untouched vitality, will wish to draw upon it. Europe, rather run down at the heel, will need our accumulated strength, energy, and ideas.

I will venture to speak upon two or three broad aspects of our relation to Europe after the war. The fighting European countries are not likely to be as nearly ruined economically as Americans seem to think. Any financier or economist before the war would have said—and those who had occasion to discuss the subject did say—that no modern state could support a national war for even a year, that the industrial dislocations and disorders would be unendurable for longer than six or nine months, that national organizations would fall to pieces. It was demonstrated as impossible that any country could take three or four millions of men from productive life and keep them fighting for more than a few months.

The war has shown the solidity of the modern state, its power to resist shock, its mobile adaptation to abrupt changes. Elements of peaceful production and exchange, such as railways, factories, technical skill and organizing genius, are quickly co-ordinated into instruments of destruction. Effort in the social organism is diverted from constructive purposes to destructive ones. The sources of effort, as we now see, can remain active in war for an indefinitely long period, with only slowly diminishing power.

A country in ordinary years uses up all it produces except about two per cent, which is placed to capital. A country at war changes its production of useful, comfortable, or pleasant things to making and using means of destruction or objects related thereto. The pleasure automobile goes into the military transport. The auto-omnibus carries meat to the army. Those who would have ridden in the bus overcrowd the subway or walk. Textile mills weave cloths for uniforms instead of for civilian wear. Every shop with a lathe or a machine tool turns out shells, hand-grenades or some contribution to the insatiable "front." The men at the "front" are healthier and better fed than in peace time. The people at home wear out their old clothes, make economies or

endure some privation. The mass of the people are compelled by events to lead simpler lives. They do so without excessive strain, because every one else is doing the same. Things become scarce and people live upon less, as they do in pioneer days in new countries. The whole production, 100 per cent instead of 98 per cent, is used in living and in maintaining the war. The immense sums borrowed and spent by governments are the device merely of consolidating individual effort into collective effort.

Whenever a vehicle, a house, a machine, a bridge, a road, a field, or a forest has been destroyed, the country's capital has been reduced by that much. Four per cent of France has been harried and four-fifths of the steel industry stopped. The years of reconstruction will probably be marked by greater savings for capital account. Besides, solid permanent constructions are replaced by makeshifts adequate for the time. The substantial houses and churches of the villages and towns destroyed in France are being replaced by inexpensive light wooden structures sufficient for some years.

Assume that a national debt is an interior debt, due altogether to the people of the country that owes it. Had the loans representing the debt been subscribed by the property-holders of the country in exact proportion to their possessions, were the taxes laid in true equity, that part of them required for the service of the national debt would go back to the payers of taxes as interest on the bonds held by them.* The tax-collector could make a rebate from taxes of the amounts of interest coupons. Were the debt increased tenfold and the interest doubled, yet would the burden on the country remain the same, provided always the debt were distributed proportionately to taxpaying power and taxes assessed in precise equity.

*The interest on debts can be met by economies in the public administration, enforced savings. Take the position of France. The searchings of economists since the war began into the governmental housekeeping have brought the conclusion that of the 5,508,415,000 francs allotted in the budget for 1914 voted before the war, 1,500,000,000 roughly could be saved, or sufficient to pay 5 per cent interest on thirty billions of francs, or 3 per cent on fifty billions. The number of government employees in France before the war, including persons in receipt of pensions and retired pay, was four millions, or one in each ten inhabitants. It is assumed that five or six hundred millions of francs yearly can be saved in the public departments. Unfortunately, governments may also economize by cutting down expenditure on technical education and productive public works.

The debts of France and Germany are for the most part interior debts. Germany, owing to the blockade, has bought little abroad, and therefore has borrowed little. France has borrowed about a tenth part of her requirements abroad, and this tenth could be covered several times in a period of peace by the values of her foreign investments.* The loans of France and Germany are as widely held among their peoples, perhaps, as are insurance policies in the United States. The fourteen and a half billions of francs subscribed to the French national loan of last autumn was almost wholly what was officially termed "small money," that is, by the peasants, the servants, the workmen, the shopkeepers. The great financial interests did not subscribe in proportion to their wealth, possibly because their money preferred short-term treasury bonds. Yet the subscriptions to national loans of one sort or another have been made naturally by the rich, the well-to-do, and the thrifty. Those who have not taken part in the loans and who must pay heavy direct and indirect taxes, will carry more than their proportionate share of the weight. This will be the propertyless classes or those whose possessions were already tied up immovably in other things. So that a shifting of wealth and of obligation is taking place in the countries at war. But, taken in block, billions of debt owing by peoples to themselves leaves them neither richer nor poorer as a community. And should you enlarge your conception to include the earth, the world will be neither richer nor poorer after the war than before, excepting in so far as capital—the two per cent or so among fighting peoples—has not been saved, and to the extent of the actual destruction of stored-up labor, the roads, bridges, houses, farms, etc., that have been destroyed or damaged. The real loss to Europe and to the earth will be the several millions of men, mostly the young, the physically and mentally fit, who will have died—the five

millions already dead† and the many hundreds of thousands yet to die. It may take two or three generations to restore the visible losses of so much virile manhood. This is a direct diminution of the sources of national energy. The German peoples were two centuries in regaining the losses in population during the Thirty Years' War, largely because the birth-rate was merely fractional during a generation and immense numbers of civilians of both sexes were killed.

But to return to America's relation with Europe after the war. Talent of every sort is likely to flow from Europe to the United States. Talent in various forms of art and technical skill will seek to share in the wealth of the United States and security from future wars. European wealth itself is likely in considerable volume to choose America as a base from which to operate, both because of safety there and to avoid the taxes of Europe. Income taxes of five shillings in the pound terrify capital. But if an investment is made from America and the revenue from it drawn to America, European income taxes are avoided. Such incomes might eventually be spent largely in Europe, but a margin of them would reinforce New York banking capital. The European financier even now examines the possibilities of a series of wars in Europe during the next twenty-five or thirty years. If there should be no wars, there will be the constant preparation for them. National thought and energy are likely to pour into military contrivance. The supreme lesson of the war will be the necessity of a people being always armed and trained to maximum efficiency. Financial supremacy may shift from London and Paris to New York. This is a fascinating anticipation. The circumstances will be favorable.

Interest is likely to be higher in Europe than in the United States for an indeterminate period after the war has ended. The cost of living, wages, rents, are all likely to be considerably more than they were before the war. The replacing of hand labor by machines, after the American fashion, has grown during the war.

*M. Jules Roche, who of all the members of the French Parliament has the greatest authority in economic matters, has prepared a list of loans to twenty-eight foreign governments now outstanding, taken by French subscribers since 1894, amounting to 26,797,000,000 francs. One-half is owed by Russia, one and a half billion each by Japan and Brazil, a billion by Argentina, and 559,000,000 francs by Mexico. The interest return on these investments is 1,025,000,000 francs yearly. Besides government loans, France probably has equal sums in private foreign undertakings.

† The numbers of dead, as derived from such semiauthoritative sources as are open, appear to be, in September, 1916: Germany 1,200,000; France 800,000; Russia 1,300,000; Austria 1,100,000; Great Britain 175,000; Italy 75,000; Serbia, Belgium, Turkey, together, 400,000.

Communes, for instance, have overcome harvest difficulties by collectively buying self-binders and renting them to little farmers. The demand for American machinery, tools, and materials is likely to be on a scale quite unknown before the war. These sales during the first two or three years after the war will probably have to be made on credit, that is, paid for by loans raised in the United States, as Great Britain and France are now paying for much that they buy out of the proceeds of loans.

Were American bankers to apply to Europe the constructive work they have given to undertakings at home,—the same knowledge, imagination, and daring,—they would do immense service in the reconstruction of the wasted territories of Europe and to the United States also. It is a question not of our resources but of vision and realization by suitable human instruments.

The significance of the American people for Europe has grown steadily throughout the war. European governments and peoples have had their attention drawn to the United States as never before, and they have perceived our potentialities, morally and materially, in relation to themselves and the world, on a greater scale even than Americans themselves have seen them. The war for Europe has lifted the minds of statesmen and most reflecting persons to a consideration of every large element anywhere that does or might affect events in Europe now and afterward.

An effort will be made by the defeated

group of belligerents to bring the United States into the peace negotiations, with the purpose of softening the terms. The winners, or those who obviously have the advantage when the war is nearing an end, will insist upon settling everything themselves, without the counsel or participation of neutrals. The losers will endeavor to raise questions probably connected with sea-transport or world-trade questions after the war, in which Americans would have real rights. The conclusion of peace will in any event be followed probably by an international conference to determine the rights of neutrals in future wars. The United States Government would have a strong position in such a conference, and might become the leader of the losers and the neutrals in the war in limiting by treaty the prerogatives of belligerents. International law would begin again in such a conference to have substance and a certain authority. Belligerents in this war have listened only to declarations by neutrals that implied the ultimate use of force to maintain them. The United States can properly press after the war for clear definitions and agreements.

Carved on the base of General Sherman's statue in Washington is this utterance of his:

"The object of war is a more perfect peace."

That thought is in the minds of men in Europe who strive to see spiritual fruits issuing from the war. Americans will share in such fruits and may contribute toward their perfection.

FULFILMENT

By Rose Cary Noble

THE princess and the little beggar-maid
Went each into the church, and each one prayed.
"Give me the king's son and his love," prayed one;
And prayed the other, "Give me the king's son
And let him love me."

God became aware
Of what each asked, and said, "I grant the prayer."
And Time, God's messenger with iron shod,
Gave the king's son to both, and both cursed God.



THE SOUL OF JEANNE D'ARC

By Theodosia Garrison

*She came not into the Presence as a martyred saint might come,
Crowned, white-robed and adoring, with very reverence dumb,—
She stood as a straight, young soldier, confident, gallant, strong,
Who asks a boon of his captain in the sudden hush of the drum.*

She said: "Now have I stayed too long in this my place of bliss,
With these glad dead that, comforted, forget what sorrow is
Upon that world whose stony stairs they climbed to come to this.

"But lo, a cry hath torn the peace wherein so long I stayed,
Like a trumpet's call at Heaven's wall from a herald unafraid,—
A million voices in one cry, '*Where is the Maid, the Maid?*'"

"I had forgot from too much joy that olden task of mine,
But I have heard a certain word shatter the chant divine,
Have watched a banner glow and grow before mine eyes for sign.


"I would return to that my land flung in the teeth of war,
I would cast down my robe and crown that pleasure me no more,
And don the armor that I knew, the valiant sword I bore.

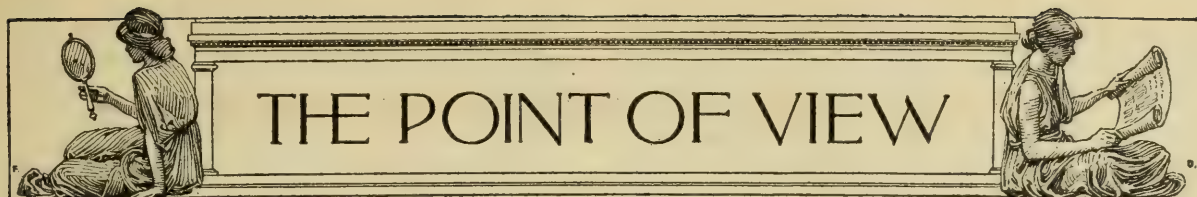
"And angels militant shall fling the gates of Heaven wide,
And souls new-dead whose lives were shed like leaves on war's red tide
Shall cross their swords above our heads and cheer us as we ride.

"For with me goes that soldier saint, Saint Michael of the sword,
And I shall ride on his right side, a page beside his lord,
And men shall follow like swift blades to reap a sure reward.

"Grant that I answer this my call, yea, though the end may be
The naked shame, the biting flame, the last, long agony;
I would go singing down that road where fagots wait for me.

"Mine be the fire about my feet, the smoke above my head;
So might I glow, a torch to show the path my heroes tread;
My Captain! Oh, my Captain, let me go back!" she said.





IN the death of Alan Seeger, the young American poet, who gave his life for the Allied cause in the bayonet charge at Belloy-en-Santerre on July 3, 1916, a talent of unquestionable promise and a spirit of unique and very definite quality was lost to American letters.

Seeger was extremely fastidious about his writing and, as is well known to his intimate friends, regularly destroyed a large portion of it; and it is partly owing to this, and partly to his incredible lack of ambition—nay, indifference, where the forwarding of his own work in any material sense was concerned—that he has as yet made himself so little felt outside his own immediate circle. Nevertheless, in such recent poems as “Champagne, 1915,” “Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France,” and the exquisite “I Have a Rendezvous with Death,” a new and distinct voice has already been heard and recognized, and it is doubtful whether any other poet, with the exception of Masefield and the equally youthful and irrevocable Rupert Brooke, has succeeded in wringing from the chaos of the great war so fine and so authentic a music. During the last year Seeger had become, in a sense, the mouthpiece of many Americans who in heart, at least, are anything but neutral, and who in heart have responded to his challenging and exalted celebration of the cause which he himself, with life and song, served so passionately and so completely.

Yet in the death of this soldier and poet something perhaps even rarer than a true poet has been lost. In Seeger some of the most fundamental traits and longings of the human soul were incarnated in naïf simplicity—in their elements, as it were—and by some miracle of nature had never been warped or moulded into any sort of acquiescence with the conventionalities and compromises which civilization and the force of other personalities so subtly, and almost universally, impose upon the mass of men. People were accustomed to think of him as

“different,” even peculiar; few stopped to realize that in him was transparently manifest what many of us are but do not care or dare to reveal. He did and said what he felt and thought, and when he had nothing to say he was silent. Such sincerity is not usual, nor is it always either agreeable or politic—two matters which were beside the point where Seeger was concerned. It is this quality of the man as a human being, and as a very undistorted manifestation of a certain native aspect of the human soul, that the writer desires somewhat to unfold in these paragraphs, leaving the poet to speak for himself in the poems now published for the first time.

Seeger was of striking appearance. The writer recalls his first glimpse of him at a rather voluble meeting of one of the literary societies at Harvard where both were at that time undergraduates. Tall and rather sparely built, with a pale, but forceful and strangely immobile and mask-like face, straight black hair cut square across the forehead, and remote eyes, he sat through the entire evening in absolute silence, hardly deigning as much as a reply to questions directly put. At first this might have been attributed to either affectation or shyness, but a certain candor coupled with entire self-possession soon eliminated both solutions. On being questioned by a friend at the close of the discussion as to his extraordinary behavior, he announced with entire naturalness that the conversation had not appealed to him, and added that he was by nature not interested in trivial talk. This episode was characteristic of the man and, incredible as it may seem, carried with it no suggestion of conceit or pose.

Throughout his college course his bearing was consistently aloof. He wrote much and destroyed most of his writing, never sought publication in any of the college papers, and even refused to show his poems to friends—in this way gradually raising the very debatable question as to whether he had ever really written any. He could not be made to talk except where his whole heart was

passionately aroused, and then it was always on the great issues of life or thought, the romance of love, and of death, of sacrifice, and of heroism—the romance of the world of large ideas and deeds in which he lived apart by himself, oblivious, rather than scornful, of the every-day routine with its smaller necessities. When he did talk he had a way of impressing the enthusiasm of his thoughts very strongly upon one, even when the thoughts themselves might not be particularly original in content. He was always keenly interested in the life and literature of the Middle Ages, and made a particular study of the mediæval Romance literatures, becoming extremely proficient in old French and Italian as well as English; and he was never tired of rolling off, in his monotonous and deep voice, some of those glorious old chansons of which love and war are the eternal burden. With all this, however, he was not by any means a bookman, was out-of-doors much, could walk most of his comrades off their feet, and delighted in long horseback rides during the summers, in Mexico, where his family had made their home for many years.

After leaving Harvard in 1910 he pursued the even tenor of his way, living for the most part in New York, and consistently refused to "become implicated in any kind of a job," resigning almost at once, and of his own accord, the one position that his advisers had persuaded him to try. He was always writing poems which no one ever saw, and had no plans whatever for the future, so that he was not only unhappy himself, but a continual source of anxiety and wonder to his family and friends, who found it increasingly difficult to understand his inexorable indifference to almost everything. On one occasion an offer for the publication of his poems was made to him, and was later more urgently repeated, but he never took the trouble to reply, and apparently never made any efforts himself to materialize his dreams in that direction. He appeared, in other words, well on the way toward becoming a complete dilettante.

IT was the Great War that wrought the change in this man, or rather offered him the chance to express outwardly in action and resolve (and without compromise) the passionate self within, so thirsty for great experience, so ready, too, for

great sacrifice in any cause that kindled his heart and imagination—and so impatient of the little sacrifices and tasks that the less thrilling cause of daily life demands of us all. "Beware of the little deaths" might well have been his motto—yes, and of the little loves and the small enthusiasms and acquiescences also.

The Poet of the
Foreign Legion

In 1912 the opportunity to go to Paris came to Seeger, and he quickly accepted it in the hope that he might there find a *milieu* more sympathetic with his point of view, and, above all, in the hope of that great and vague adventure, an outlet for his repressed and hardly conscious energies, for which he seemed always passively and fatalistically to be waiting. In Paris he was happier than he had ever been before. He made many congenial friends, and a number of distinguished and even celebrated figures in the world of art and letters were strangely drawn to the silent young American, who accepted this recognition with his usual calm and poise as something quite to be expected. Again he was said to be writing much, but again made no efforts to publish, and his work was hardly shown even to his closer friends. He was still uncertain of himself and his aims, still waiting for that destiny which he felt every day more clearly and steadfastly was somehow in preparation for him.

At the very outbreak of the war Seeger volunteered and was enlisted in the Foreign Legion, to which he remained loyal to the day of his death, in spite of several opportunities to see more brilliant and less exposing service in other branches of the French army. In characteristic fashion he deposited all his poems with a small printer in Bruges, and proceeded to the mobilization. The rest of the story is well known to all who have followed his career in the press.

In the fury and hardships of the war Seeger found himself at last and all toward which he had been blindly groping through many listless years. He had discovered a cause dearer than all else to his heart and an idea so great as to demand his whole body, mind, and spirit—something to which he could give himself up with all the courage and desperate idealism of his being, which had found so little vent for its enthusiasm in the less obvious and exacting battles of every-day life.

His letters are filled with a strange exul-

tation, and thrill with a touching pride at the privilege that has come to him. For the first time he declares himself wholly happy, and finds life at last worthy of his utmost powers. Wounded, he returns impatiently to the front as to "the only place where a man can feel truly contented in such times as these." His courage and energy through two long years are inexhaustible—incredible. At the battle of the Marne, at Champagne, he volunteers for all the most dangerous reconnoitring, writes poems by night in the trenches, and pours out his soul in longing toward the hour when he shall be allowed to sacrifice himself in the cause of human liberty. This longing becomes, later, so intense that he appears to expose himself to unnecessary dangers: as it deepens into an ecstasy his fatalism keeps step with it, yet he dares hardly mention the hope which secretly inspires his heart, as one not worthy of so high and so sacred an end. From this mood was born his touching "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," the last poem that he sent to friends in this country. He had now only one dread, that he survive the great hour of the war and live to know again anything less glorious. "Life," he had said, "is only beautiful when divided between love and war."

On the 30th of May, 1916, Seeger was to have been granted leave to go to Paris, where he had been invited to read his "Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France." Through some error this leave miscarried, and the 3d of July found him forgetful of his disappointment in the elation over the prospect of taking part in his first real bayonet charge. "My dream is coming true," he said. "I cannot hope to see Paris again now before the 6th or the 7th, but if this leave is not granted me—Mak Toob! Mak Toob!" he finished with a smile. This was the charge on Belloy-en-Santerre in which he lost his life.

I quote from the account of his comrade in the Foreign Legion, the Egyptian Rif Bear: "The first section (Alan's section) formed the right and vanguard of the company and mine formed the left wing. After the first bound forward we lay flat on the ground, and I saw the first section advancing beyond us and making toward the extreme right of the village Belloy-en-Santerre. I caught sight of Seeger and called to him, making a sign with my hand.

"He answered with a smile. How pale he was! His tall silhouette stood out on the green of the corn-field. He was the tallest man in his section. His head erect and pride in his eye, I saw him running forward with bayonet fixed. Soon he disappeared, and that was the last time I saw my friend.

"Seeger was found dead. His body was naked, his shirt and tunic being beside him and his rifle planted in the ground with the butt in the air. He had tied a handkerchief to the butt to attract the attention of the stretcher-bearers. He was lying on his side with his legs bent."

Thus Seeger's dearest hope was, indeed, realized. He has tasted that privilege, to him the highest, of death in a pure cause. He has *lived* as well as *sung* his poem, and his whole being has found at last an adequate means of expression for its immeasurable love and sense of beauty—its haughty courage, and scorn of all lesser things. If this love and this courage might not express and fulfil themselves completely, save only in death, the loss is ours and not his.

I recall now our last talk. It was during the summer before his departure for France in 1912 and on a perfect moon-clear August night. I recall the familiar fatalism that he then gave voice to, the fierce discontent and hunger of the man, as of one who seeks blindly something greater than himself, whereby he may be liberated, through which he may reveal himself, to which he may consecrate and surrender his entire soul. I recall then the sudden realization, new to me at that moment, that for some spirits the every-day pressure of life is not sufficient, the every-day demands of life not large nor heroic enough in their claim. As for death—well, I recall also his favorite Indian phrase, repeated that evening, and which sums up beautifully his own attitude: "Inshallah, Death is a transient thing!"

THE will, I have recently read, even an inferior, broken-down old will, can be educated to a point where its owner can make it do almost anything; and when scientifically coerced it will make the mind work full twenty-four hours every day.

Certainly this is an awesome prospect: to have one's mind work like that all the time. No more aimless gossip, no more vacuous dreaming, nor reading foolish books, nor writing silly letters. This slippery engine

must be improved, forsooth, enlarged and invigorated till I can hitch it up to an intellectual sawmill of any size and turn logs into lumbering logarithms at a rate calculated

The
Amateur
Mind

to catch the admiration of the oldest savant. Reading must be systematic and conducted with a definite aim in view. Writing must be periodic and properly related to reading, and, of course, consist of proper proportions of exposition, narrative, and description.

It is the day of efficiency. There is even a tribe which specializes in organization and makes a living telling others how to run their affairs; and doubtless such men are useful and valuable. Any one who has attempted to insert an idea into the third-rate intelligence of the average congressman can point out a field for the activity of scientific thinking exponents and efficiency engineers which would receive the indorsement of every first-class citizen in the country. Nor is there any pleasure in conversing with those who cannot listen or keep to the point, or who dissipate the most interesting speculations in a ready and fallacious generalization or a specious conclusion which will not bear analysis.

But you and I are not such; and I, for one, cannot bear to contemplate my mind trained to the minute and in the pink of condition. How many facts could I not then produce on the instant! With what premeditation would I not manœuvre to get them in; and with what malice would I not overpower with statistics the unfortunate who had the temerity to differ with me!

Surely my present inexcusable slackness has compensations. I am on very good terms with my mind—terms of equality. There is no relation of master and servant, as recommended by the scientists, but we are rather fellow philosophers associating with mutual satisfaction and benefit. We respect one another. If one of us won't work, why there's an end to it; and if persuasion does not avail, we rest rather than resort to coercion. We both like to rest and are prone to regard such periods of relaxation as highly salubrious.

We read entirely without system and advocate this method, or lack of method, as the only practical course. We converse with the same lack of a coherent scheme and are ready to talk on any subject at any

time; nor should lack of familiarity with the topic cramp one's ambition, for as life progresses novelties become increasingly rare and instruction comes more to be appreciated.

Doubtless there is a limit to the knowledge in the world, and certainly there is an early end to the facts one need know. It is not the knowledge that makes the man, but the use to which he puts it. We do not crave new facts, but new exercises with what we have. This is the real aim of education, so often perverted to mere instruction. The true prophet sees the vision of the possibilities in things and is not deterred nor dismayed if the practical application of his theories is not always a triumph. The realm of speculation is far more important than concrete demonstration, just as a principle is more vital than any one of its applications.

Partisanship is incompatible with speculation unless it be limited to a gentle longing. The zest to make converts to one's way of thinking, to convince or silence one's wretched listener, is fatal. No rambling discourse can be had with one who is bent on defending some special tenet or of amassing a bubble reputation for intellectuality almost by force if necessary. Such do not snatch fleeting thoughts from the books in the second-hand shop nor meander recklessly over the golf-links with an eye to nature and a heart full of politics. Rather they do one thing at a time, and do it well, and then, seizing the trump from Gabriel, announce their triumph to a reverent world. Yet their path is thorny, for at the moment of announcement the world is too often busy elsewhere and cannot properly attend.

So, also, with minds overtrained in a special activity, they develop a pettiness which cannot rise above their achievements. They must be exercised along familiar routes where they will show to advantage. They cannot bear to spend their celestial light in illuminating strange places or risk the dangers of the unknown trail. For them the failure to arrive is the knell of the enterprise—the whole undertaking must be counted a loss.

But not so with me. I have given no bonds to arrive anywhere. I glory in the excursion itself; I speculate on every pleasing possibility; I follow any inviting by-paths; I am untrained and unashamed.



THE FIELD OF ART



Autumnal.

J. FRANCIS MURPHY—PAINTER

THE general public is prone to overlook the fact that painters must go through long years of effort in work of the most exacting kind, that brain and hand must both be trained, and that little praise and, too often, less money or centre-of-the-stage privilege is apt to come to one during these years of probation. Modern life moves too fast to endure this—youth is too eager. An easier way in these modern days of all sects, of new isms, is to sweep aside all such old-fashioned notions as the need of knowledge of drawing, of color. Color, it is said, does not exist—anything will do, and of composition and design the less we know the truer and more direct we are. To interpret life as one sees it, regardless of any preconceived or long-tried canons, is all that is necessary to constitute one an artist, if his work but reeks with the verities of his own distorted soul.

Over against all this may be set the work of the distinguished artist whose name is

written at the head of this article—work which has lived and is still living without hurt throughout all the changing fashions of art, fancy, or foolishness.

More than thirty years ago the Salmagundi Club used to have exhibitions of work done in black and white only. If one had a keen and sensitive eye, the treasures of these exhibitions were the delicate, yet very firm and strong, pencil drawings of J. Francis Murphy. A growth of weed forms against the light—a cluster of slender birch-trees at the edge of a meadow—the slant of an old barn—these were the things; but the beauty and the interest lay in the way a pencil perfectly pointed had been made to render explicitly truth of form, and one realized that here was a man who was studying, studying closely, and laying up for himself a perfect mine of knowledge—knowledge that was one day to make him a veritable master. If we turn to the pictures of that day, whether in water-color or oil, we see the use he made of his information

—how happily the word comes here, for Mr. Murphy's works were informed. One never had to question or to grope—his objects were drawn and painted with extreme consciousness of what they were.

sky was very soft and fleecy, more tone than form or color, and the light over the grass near the little stream was very lovely, and that group of slender, sober birches was so delightful against the light that I have



A summer morning.

And how sincerely he has held his course! Year after year he added to his abilities and enlarged his study—the drawing of cloud-form, the study of foliage masses, the understanding of meadows and of rocky hill-sides—all these were gathered into the golden sheaf of truth which has been the mine from which advancing years have been able to draw unfaillingly.

And the point I make here—and I think Murphy's work proves—is that painting is not a haphazard affair, to be entered into lightly or unadvisedly by any one.

We would never say of Mr. Murphy that he is a great imaginative or dramatic artist. He probably never was troubled with a vision in his life. The approach to his art is through the tenets of the Barbizon school. Tone and color are beloved of him, and the rightness of his form is never questioned; therefore one may say his art is based on beautiful seeing. He does not ask us to imagine anything—rather he says simply: "I was walking across the fields to-day—the

brought it all home to show to you." And we are glad that this was and is his mission.

We must not forget, either, that this beautiful seeing has also the plus sign after it—plus the man himself—there is the seeing and the doing.

No man has worked harder or longer to express himself than Murphy. When he used to do water-colors he spoiled sheet after sheet of paper to secure the clear beauty of a wash in some work that interested him, and many of his canvases have been finished only after long effort to secure the right quality of tone, the proper balance of air or texture. He is, we may say, a worker of infinite pains, and he has never been afraid of his work.

An artist told Murphy one day of his difficulties with the proper rendering of foliage, that he had to paint out and paint in, and his trees never seemed possible. Murphy's advice was quick and to the point. "Make a lot of drawings from nature with a sharp pencil," he said. Here,

then, is at least part of his secret—a willingness to go back to nature and to take pains. It's a sermon that all great artists have preached ever, must ever preach, to themselves, and not fear.

The eminent sanity of Murphy's art has always endeared it to artist and public. He is logical and he is trained.

For kinship he is nearer to Wyant than to Inness or others of the older group, and yet, like them all, he is practically self-trained, and it is curiously interesting to note that these men are almost altogether self-taught or taught at home. They are American painters, painting in America, and were we searching for an American landscape we should find it in Murphy's work, done in any one of the years he has practised his profession. Some day some one must write a chapter or two on the home training of these great painters and add to them the names of Winslow Homer and George Fuller.

I am far from meaning to say that a passing glance will give one an understanding of Murphy's message in the world of art. There are many qualities that lie too deep for glances and come to those only who will pause and study. Nor is his gamut so limited as one might believe by what he chooses to give us to-day. In other years there were some wonderful green studies—poems, if you will—done in magical tones of gray and green, and long ago I can remember sunset things where the horizon edge burned in living fire and the world was shrouded in the mystery of night-fall. And he has felt the weather and the season's range—particularly he has loved and painted the spring and the autumn. The warm haze of autumn and Indian summer is often evident in his work and greatly loved for the mystery of half-revealed forms.

The technic, so far as one may say who has not watched the process of development in a canvas, is very direct, very painter-like and honest. If one means by directness the overevidence of paint-and-brush handling, then another meaning must be attached to the word here, for we are never troubled by the pigment in Mr. Murphy's landscapes—on the contrary, the loving care in the use and beauty of pigment is a characteristic in the pictures. The earlier ones showed us plane upon plane of

meadow or hillside, with every inch of the space most delightfully drawn and painted, each object receiving its just amount of color and tone and accent, and if the artist used glazes they are not apparent in the finished work. As time has passed, Mr. Murphy has become, as most thoughtful artists do, more and more synthetic. His pictures are broader, less worked out in detail, but big and calm, the envelope of atmosphere beautifully adjusted.

Against the skies such tree forms as he uses are as delicately feathered as anything that Corot ever did, and with no likeness to that painter. A Murphy is always a Murphy, whether it be a work of years ago or of to-day, and this sterling honesty is a direct expression of the man. He has seen all the schools and all the *isms* come upon the board, speak their little piece, and go. He has listened and has observed—perhaps he has found qualities which in the silence of his own studio have been helpful, but no great revolution has shown itself in his work. Yesterday, perhaps, he accented more fully with darks, while in the works of to-day the accents are reached in the lights, making his canvases a trifle less heavy and just the breath of a tone higher in general value.

Quite as fully as the artists, the public has become keenly alive to the qualities in Mr. Murphy's work. It has received his pictures as authoritative coinage of pure gold is ever received, and the artist in the height of his powers has the pleasure and privilege of knowing that he is popular while still alive, a reward seldom meted out to painters, and won in this instance by a sturdy adherence to those ideals which have led him on.

And yet this popularity has not spoiled him or his work. It's a very delightful thing that we have not had to kill him, or break his heart, or sour him with long waiting in order to enjoy his work.

What the future will do with his fame we cannot tell, but if we may make an estimate built on experience in the lives of other artists his place is secure.

This serene calm seldom comes to an artist either here or abroad, and it is, of course, rarer here than there.

It has been said of Murphy's landscapes that they are deficient in design, that he cares nothing for pattern, and that composition to him is a valueless consideration.

These opinions are empty and without due knowledge, for in his earliest works the balances of composition were beautifully felt; in his later things, as has been said, he follows synthetic expression and cares for very little elaboration of form. Always, it appears to me, he has cared little for the silhouette, that thing which so dominates the observation of the Japanese and which is an essential to the decorator; but Murphy is not a decorator—his terms are three-dimensional, and nowhere are you left unconscious of the substance, nowhere obsessed with the pattern, as with Blake-lock. In Murphy you feel the firm earth under your feet—the sky is neither paint nor putty—it is air in its just understanding of sky structure and cloud-form, and, if we are to be insistent upon the weakness of pattern, let us observe and feel the compensation in his rendering of that most exquisite feature of landscape and landscape

art, the sky-line. Not many painters observe it, and few give it to the observer with the beauty of a reverent touch. Murphy does! If we choose to be severe in our strictures, the thing which may be said against most modern effort is the lack of reverence, and yet it is a demonstrable proposition that there is no great art without it. I have no intention of dwelling upon this, but wish only to draw attention to this quality which abounds in Murphy's landscapes and is one of the great beauties to be seen there. Technically, also, his works are fine, and while I do not know his processes, the result ennobles the canvas.

An ultimate opinion, therefore, places Mr. Murphy safely in that great company of painters who have made American landscape art as significant as the work of the men of 1830 and with a virility characteristic of our people.

ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD.



Edge of a clearing.



Painted by N. C. Wyeth.

THE FIGHT IN THE PEAKS.

The experience of a Norwegian locating engineer, on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who, being an experienced ski-runner, packed mail over the mountains before the railroad was completed.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXI

FEBRUARY, 1917

NO. 2



THE GLORY OF SHIPS

By Henry van Dyke

THE glory of ships is an old, old song,
 since the days when the sea-rovers ran
In their open boats through the roaring surf,
 and the spread of the world began;
The glory of ships is a light on the sea,
 and a star in the story of man.

When Homer sang of the galleys of Greece
 that conquered the Trojan shore,
And Solomon lauded the barques of Tyre
 that brought great wealth to his door,
'Twas little they knew, those ancient men,
 what would come of the sail and the oar.

The Greek ships rescued the West from the East,
 when they harried the Persians home;
And the Roman ships were the wings of strength
 that bore up the empire, Rome;
And the ships of Spain found a wide new world
 far over the fields of foam.

Then the tribes of courage at last saw clear
 that the ocean was not a bound,
But a broad high way, and a challenge to seek
 for treasure as yet unfound;
So the fearless ships fared forth to the search,
 in joy that the globe was round.

Copyright, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

The Glory of Ships

Their hulls were heightened, their sails spread out,
they grew with the growth of their quest;
They opened the secret doors of the East
and the golden gates of the West;
And many a city of high renown
was proud of a ship on its crest.

The fleets of England and Holland and France
were at strife with each other and Spain;
And battle and storm sent a myriad ships
to sleep in the depths of the main;
But the sea-faring spirit could never be drowned,
and it filled up the fleets again.

They greatened and grew, with the aid of steam,
to a wonderful vast array,
That carries the thoughts and the traffic of men
into every harbor and bay;
And now in the world-wide work of the ships
'tis England that leads the way.

O well for the leading that follows the law
of a common right on the sea!
But ill for the leading that tries to hold
what belongs to mankind in fee!
The way of the ships is an open way,
and the ocean must ever be free!

Remember, O first of the maritime folk,
how the rise of your greatness began.
It will fall if you burden the round-the-world road
with the shame of a selfish ban;
For the glory of ships is a light on the sea,
and a star in the story of man!

September 12, 1916.



THE COMPACT OF CHRISTOPHER

A HAPPY VALLEY STORY

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHNN



HE boy had come home for Sunday and must go back now to the Mission School. He picked up his battered hat and there was no good-by.

"I reckon I better be goin'," he said, and out he walked. The mother barely raised her eyes, but after he was gone she rose and from the low doorway looked after his sturdy figure trudging up the road. His whistle, as clear as the call of a quail, filled her ears for a while and then was buried beyond the hill. A smaller lad clutched her black skirt, whimpering:

"Wisht I c'd go to the Mission School."

"Thar haint room," she said, shortly.

"The teacher says thar haint room. I wish to God thar was."

Still whistling, the boy trudged on. Now and then he would lift his shrill voice and the snatch of an old hymn or a folk-song would float through the forest and echo among the crags above him. It was a good three hours' walk whither he was bound, but in less than an hour he stopped where a brook tumbled noisily from a steep ravine and across the road—stopped and looked up the thick shadows whence it came. Hesitant, he stood on one foot and then on the other, with a wary look down the road and up the ravine.

"I said I'd *try* to git back," he said aloud. "I said I'd *try*."

And with this self-excusing sophistry he darted up the brook. The banks were steep and thickly meshed with rhododendron, from which hemlock shot like black arrows upward, but the boy threaded through them like a snake. His breast was hardly heaving when he reached a small plateau hundreds of feet above the road, where two branches of the stream met from narrower ravines right and left. To the right he climbed, not up the bed

of the stream, but to the top of a little spur, along which he went slowly and noiselessly, stooping low. A little farther on he dropped on his knees and crawled to the edge of a cliff, where he lay flat on his belly and peeked over. Below him one Jeb Mullins, a stooping, gray old man, was stirring something in a great brass kettle. A tin cup was going the round of three men squatting near. On a log two men were playing with greasy cards, and near them another lay in drunken sleep. The boy grinned, slid down through the bushes, and, deepening his voice all he could, shouted:

"Throw up yo' hands!"

The old man flattened behind the big kettle with his pistol out. One of the four men leaped for a tree—the others shot up their hands. The card-players rolled over the bank near them, with no thought of where they would land, and the drunken man slept on. The boy laughed loudly.

"Don't shoot!" he cried, and he came through the bushes jeering. The men at the still dropped their hands and looked sheepish and then angry, as did the card-players, whose faces reappeared over the edge of the bank. But the old man and the young one behind the tree, who alone had got ready to fight, joined in with the boy, and the others had to look sheepish again.

"Come on, Chris!" said the old moonshiner, dipping the cup into the white liquor and handing it forth full, "Hit's on me."

Christmas is "new Christmas" in Happy Valley. The women give scant heed to it, and to the men it means "a jug of liquor, a pistol in each hand, and a galloping nag." There had been target-shooting at Uncle Jerry's mill to see who should drink old Jeb Mullin's moonshine and who should smell, and so good was

the marksmanship that nobody went without his dram. The carousing, dancing, and fighting were about all over, and now, twelve days later, it was the dawn of "old Christmas," and St. Hilda sat on the porch of her mission school alone. The old folks of Happy Valley pay puritan heed to "old Christmas." They eat cold food and preserve a solemn demeanor on that day, and they have the pretty legend that at midnight the elders bloom and the beasts of the field and the cattle in the barn kneel, lowing and moaning. The sun was just rising and the day was mild, for a curious warm spell, not uncommon in the hills, had come to Happy Valley. Already singing little workers were "toting rocks" from St. Hilda's garden, corn-field, and vineyard, for it was Monday, and every Monday they gathered—boys and girls—from creek and hillside, to help her as volunteers. Far up the road she heard among them taunting laughter and jeers, and she rose quickly. A loud oath shocked the air, and she saw a boy chasing one of the workers up the vineyard hill. She saw the pursuer raise his hand and fall, just as he was about to hurl a stone. Then there were more laughter and jeers, and the fallen boy picked himself up heavily and started down the road toward her—staggering. On he came staggering, and when he stood swaying before her there was no shocked horror in her face—only pity and sorrow.

"Oh, Chris, Chris!" she said sadly. The boy neither spoke nor lifted his eyes, and she led him up-stairs and put him to bed. All day he slept in a stupor, and it was near sunset when he came down, pale, shamed, and silent. There were several children in the porch.

"Come, Chris!" St. Hilda said, and he followed her down to the edge of the creek, where she sat down on a log and he stood with hanging head before her.

"Chris," she said, "we'll have a plain talk now. This is the fourth time you've been"—the word came with difficulty—"drunk."

"Yes'm."

"I've sent you away three times, and three times I've let you come back. I let you come back after new Christmas, only twelve days ago."

"Yes'm."

"You can't keep your word."

"No'm."

"I don't know what to do now, so I'm going to ask you."

She paused and Chris was silent, but he was thinking, and she waited. Presently he looked straight into her eyes, still silent.

"What do *you* think I'd better do?" she insisted.

"I reckon you got to whoop me, Miss Hildy."

"But you know I can't whip you, Chris. I never whip anybody."

Several times a child had offered to whip himself, had done so, and she wondered whether the boy would propose that, but he repeated, obstinately and hopelessly:

"You got to whoop me."

"I won't—I can't." Then an idea came. "Your mother will have to whip you."

Chris shook his head and was silent. He was not on good terms with his mother. It was a current belief that she had "put pizen in his daddy's liquer." She had then married a man younger than she was, and to the boy's mind the absence of dignity in one case matched the crime in the other.

"All right," he said at last; "but I reckon you better send somebody else atter her. You can't trust me to git by that still"—he stopped with a half-uttered oath of surprise:

"Look thar!"

A woman was coming up the road. She wore a black cotton dress and a black sunbonnet—mourning relics for the dead husband which the living one had never had the means to supplant—and rough shoes. She pushed back the bonnet with one nervous, bony hand, saw the two figures on the edge of the creek, and without any gesture or call came toward them. And only the woman's quickness in St. Hilda saw the tense anxiety of the mother's face relax. The boy saw nothing; he was only amazed.

"Why, mammy, whut the—whut are you doin' up hyeh?"

The mother did not answer, and St. Hilda saw that she did not want to answer. St. Hilda rose with a warm smile of welcome.



F C YOHNN

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Mammy," he said abruptly, "I'll stop drinkin' if you will."—Page 136.

"So this is Chris's mother?"

The woman shook hands limply.

"Hit's whut I passes fer," she said, and she meant neither smartness nor humor. The boy was looking wonderingly, almost suspiciously at her, and she saw she must give him some explanation.

"I been wantin' to see the school hyeh an' Miss Hildy. I had to come up to see Aunt Sue Morrow, who's might' nigh gone, so I jes kep' a-walkin' on up hyeh."

"Miss Hildy hyeh," said the boy, "was jes about to send fer ye."

"To sen' fer *me*?"

"I been drunk agin."

The mother showed no surprise or displeasure.

"Hit's the fourth time since sorghum time," the boy went on relentlessly. "I axed Miss Hildy hyeh to whoop me, but she says she don't niver whoop nobody, so she was jes a-goin' to send fer you to come an' whoop me when you come a-walkin' up the road."

This was all, and the lad pulled out an old Barlow knife and went to a hickory sapling. The two women watched him silently as he cut off a stout switch and calmly began to trim it. At last the woman turned to the teacher and her voice trembled.

"I don't see Chris thar more'n once or twice a year, an' seems kind o' hard that I got to whoop him."

The boy turned sharply, and helplessly she took the switch.

"And hit hain't his fault nohow. His stepdaddy got him drunk. He tol' me so when he come home. I went by the still to find Chris an' cuss out ole Jeb Mullins an' the men thar. An' I come on hyeh."

"Set down a minute, mammy," said Chris, dropping on the log on one side of St. Hilda, and obediently the mother sat down on the other side.

"Mammy," he said abruptly, "I'll stop drinkin' if you will."

St. Hilda almost gasped. The woman lifted her eyes to the mountainside and dropped her gaze presently to her hands, which were twisting the switch in her lap.

"I'll stop if you will," he repeated.

"I'll try, Chris," she said, but she did not look up.

"Gimme yo' hand."

Across St. Hilda's lap she stretched one shaking hand, which the boy clasped.

"Put yo' hand on thar, too, Miss Hildy," he said, and when he felt the pressure of her big, strong, white hand for a moment he got up quickly and turned his face.

"All right, mammy."

St. Hilda rose, too, and started for the house—her eyes so blurred that she could hardly see the path. Midway she wheeled.

"Don't!" she cried.

The mother was already on her way home, breaking the switch to pieces and hiding her face within the black sunbonnet. The boy was staring after her.

UBIQUE

By C. A. Price

'Twas Sunday morning; the church doors were wide.

I watched the endless stream of people go
Along the pave, with hasting step or slow,
But most I watched the few who went inside,
And bitter wonder filled me as I eyed

Those worshippers, in all the pomp and show
Of folk apart from common things and low,
Their sleek apparel and their brows of pride.

Then, "Lord, forgive!" I said, remembering
The monkish tale of that poor vagabond

Who laid at Mary's feet his juggler's art,
Being all he had; so what these have they bring,
Their pearls and sables in profusion fond;—

For who shall judge the offerings of the heart?

ON A BRIEF TEXT FROM ISAIAH

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIC PAPE



THREE men sat on a lordly California terrace, beneath a dazzling autumn sun, and strove with one accord, though diverse tongues, to give me some insight into the Mexican situation. The first man was fifty, and fat, and masterful, not to say bullying. A gloomy survivor of Porfirio Diaz' day, a stockholder in certain deserted Chihuahua mines, he hourly lifts his voice for pacification by force, that his rock may be smitten and flow again with juicy dividends.

"Look at the insolence of Carranza, will you! 'Mexico for Mexicans,' hey? Why, this continent belongs to white men. That's the fiat of destiny. Mexicans don't deserve a country, anyhow. They've got no vim, no initiative, no commercial sense. They don't even care to make money. Intervention? Of course it'll come to intervention in the end, for all our shilly-shallying. The sooner that mongrel breed is cleaned out the better. Cruel? Destiny is always cruel. And always just."

The second man squirmed on his marble bench. He was stooped and yellow and sunken-eyed, a fever-burnt missionary from Yucatan.

"No need to miscall the race so harshly, sir. Though I'll admit they're a lamentable type. So apathetic that they will not even destroy the last fragments of their debased faith and turn from it to a higher faith. Only an intervention that will change their whole basis of thought can redeem Mexico. In that process, the population must needs be largely obliterated. True: the march of progress is always cruel to the casual eye."

The third man heard his comrades' eloquence in silence. He was a civil engineer, twenty-two years in Mexico; lean, lantern-jawed, oddly tranquil. At length, when my instructors had had their say, with repetitions and vociferations, and

had strolled off down the terrace, he spoke.

"There go two as honest fools as God's sun shines on. But the minute they cross the Rio Grande they go blind—Anglo-Saxon blind. Can't see that any other race has the right to exist. So destructive intervention is the only way out for Mexico, eh? Well, they ought to talk to my friend Cory, Ethan A. Cory, San Angelo, Puebla. He'd open their eyes for them. Cory has a new theory of intervention, all his own, based on a rock-bottom understanding of Mexico. A right good theory, I call it. Want to listen?"

I listened.

"Cory's experience is typical. He's a Montpelier boy, sixth in line from hawk-nosed old Ethan Allen himself. Big, shrewd, quiet, just. Put him into cocked hat and knee-breeches, and you'd swear it was his Green Mountain granddaddy stepped down from his State-House pedestal. Mrs. Cory was Minnie May Averill, a Montpelier girl with a generous dash of Stark blood. A little fair, spunky piece; the kind of woman that always makes the muffins for breakfast, and sings around the house in a blue gingham dress with ruffles on it. She'd married Cory in the firm conviction that he'd made the moon and hung it up and set the stars a-going, and ten years of married life hadn't jolted that conviction. Not so you could notice it. A well-matched pair.

"They came down to Mexico twelve years ago and bought a big coffee-place, away off the beaten track. Thirty miles by mule-back up mountain trails from Cristobal and the railroad, eighty miles from Mexia and the nearest American colony. Scenery? All the glories of this world, heaped up. But lonesome? Little San Angelo is the hardest place on earth to reach, and plumb impossible to get away from.



Drawn by Eric Pape.

One of the handsome scamps who hung around and kept the dove-cot in a flutter.

"They bought a big, crumbling hacienda, once owned by a Spanish grandee, all pink stucco and torn brocade and tarnished gilt. It made you grin to see their impeccable household gear set against that shiftless splendor. The crayon enlargements of Uncle Lemuel and Aunt Parthenia, for instance, hung to conceal a particularly candid fresco—nymphs and satyrs—that had once charmed the departed grandee's eye. And the first year, set against the lives around them, the Corys' lives stuck up considerably out of drawing. The laborers drifted through their days contentedly, to Cory's Yankee ire. The cook stole regularly, according to tradition. The house-girls got into stabbing scrapes over dreamy-eyed village loafers, which grieved and bewildered Minnie May. She never could realize that her Mexican maids were different flesh and blood—and fire—from starchy Montpelier "help," and she spent much fruitless time striving to teach them the truly womanly reserves; to their honest bewilderment, too, I reckon. Across the Rio Grande it's—different. But soon the Corys shook down. Cory's men learned to respect him and to do their leisurely best for him. Minnie May's household loved her dearly. The whole village loved her, for that matter. Then their children came, little steps; four boys, splendid little fellows. And what with Cory's coffee fetching top-notch prices, and Mrs. Cory getting prettier and happier every year, it was a mighty good old world for Ethan A. Cory, Esquire.

"Along 1910 came queer fretting rumors. Nothing to worry about, thought Cory. But the rumors grew. One fine day, when his mozo rode back from Cristobal with the weekly mail-bag, Cory gaped, astounded, at the news of Diaz' overthrow. However, the Diaz machine wasn't run on Green Mountain principles, you know. The Corys owned an inward hope that a new régime, while not so smooth-running, might bring relief to poor little houn'-dog Mexico.

"Well, they kept on hoping, and working, and being happy, although the boons to the peons didn't materialize at once. Cory's men grew restless; drifted away

to fight with one Liberator or another. Vicente, a coffee-picker, led off one squad right under Cory's wrathful eyes. Vicente wasn't much loss, though. He was a spoiled, arrogant kid, one of the handsome scamps who hung around and kept Minnie May's dove-cot in a flutter. Mind that name, Vicente. It's coming up later.

"Soon their few American neighbors began to pack their wives and children back to the States. Then Cory got annoying letters from his agent at Mexia. Why did he keep sending mule trains of coffee when the railroad to Vera Cruz was cut off half the time? But none of these things moved the Corys. Their house was stocked with every comfort. The ranch produced everything needed for food. All they need do was sit tight.

"After a year, sitting tight got monotonous. After two years it got on their nerves. Month after month Cory had urged Minnie May to go back to the States. Minnie May had hooted at him. You couldn't pry her away from Cory with a crowbar. But suddenly, in October, 1914, they faced grim emergency. Minnie May must go north to her mother at once. There was no American physician within five days now, no nurses, no nothing. Minnie May must start without delay.

"Well, Minnie cried a solid week. But Cory had put his Green Mountain foot down. I happened in on them the morning she started. Of course I rode with them down the mountains to Cristobal. It was a rough ride, all right, that knife-edge trail. When at last we reached the lone little station, and I saw Cory and his family aboard the providential engine and ore-car that had happened along, I sure was thankful. Later, I heard that our trail had been the easiest stretch of the trip. When I tell you that it took them eight days to travel ninety miles and that their trains were dynamited twice, you can imagine the rest.

"Cory saw 'em off at Vera Cruz, then toiled back to San Angelo and sat down in his crumbling pink palace, with only the unabashed nymphs and Uncle Lemuel and Aunt Parthenia for company. And one eternal year he worked his plantation, and listened to the weird rumors

that floated up from the lowlands, and wrote long letters to Minnie May—and waited. He was the only American short of Mexia. Half that year he never saw a white face. That year aged him, believe me! But once in six weeks or so, when a bunch of mail scrabbled through, he'd brace up. All had gone well with his wife. Her kid sister Patty's wild, ecstatic letter, telling of the new baby's safe coming, was followed by Minnie May's own letters, afire with joy. A girl baby, a real girl baby at last, and, oh, such a darling! She herself was well, the baby thriving, the little boys were happy in their school. Cory fed his starved heart on those letters.

"At last, one November morning in 1915, a vaquero rode up the hill with some ancient newspapers. On the front page of the *Mexican Herald*, Cory read, with amazement, of Carranza's belated 'recognition.'

"'Bully! There's the first glimmer of peace! But, Lucio! Only papers? Have you no letters for me?'

"'Si, señor.' Lucio fished up a grimed handful, tied inside his shirt. Cory tore open the first at hand. Then he gasped.

"News of Carranza's new status had reached Montpelier, Vermont, two weeks before it had filtered up to San Angelo. Minnie May, frantic with delight, was starting back on the first steamer. Yes, he'd scold her for coming, but she couldn't wait. The new baby would never again be such a perfect angel-duck as she was this minute. Cory must see her and help gloat. The little boys teased daily to go back to daddy. Patty had set her young heart on seeing Mexico. And she—'Oh, Ethan Allen Cory, I'm coming home! Home! Home! I'll sail into Vera Cruz harbor November 26 at the latest. So there!'

"Cory sat limp. November 26—and this was the 24th! By no miracle could he reach Vera Cruz in time. Moreover, his Minnie wouldn't wait around Vera Cruz for him. Not she. Innocently confident that recognition spelled safety, she and that freckled romp of a Patty, and the little boys, and that ineffably precious new baby, would start off through a country utterly lawless, swarming with bandits, a country of poisoned wells, of

deserted towns, drained, pillaged, brutalized. By sheer luck, she might find a train going through to Cristobal. By greater luck, her train might not be dynamited. But, when the railroad ended, what of the three days' lonely climb, up through the mountains, on stumbling, half-starved mules? Gangs of outlaws held the mountain passes. Dangers unspeakable waited there for her. Worse yet, there were three trails up from Cristobal. If he chose the wrong trail and missed her——

"Of course, he took the wrong trail. He went tearing down the shortest cut, to find that Minnie May and her cavalcade had started up the longer way two days before. Half-distracted, he started back. Naturally, he spurred his poor beast off a ledge, pitched into undergrowth twenty feet below, and broke his leg. Fortunately the mule wasn't damaged. Somehow Cory crawled back aboard and made his way home. When he finally got there, Minnie May hadn't arrived! Cory put in twenty-four hours of agony before she showed up. Cheerful as a chipmunk, she rode through her own gates and flew to Cory's arms.

"Well, I reckon there never was such a royal home-coming. To be sure, Minnie May was heartbroken over Cory's smashed leg. But she got in the native bone-setter, and he made a fair job of it. This accomplished, she just gave herself up to ecstasy. As for Cory—Well! What with Minnie May, prettier than ever, and her peach of a sister, and his boys, and his brand-new baby, I reckon paradise wouldn't be a patch on San Angelo for him.

"Back in Vermont, Uncle Lemuel and Aunt Parthenia had died and left Minnie May the maple-sugar grove. Minnie May had blown herself accordingly. She'd brought a dray-load of canned grub and quinine, new rugs, a pianola, linen, books. Further, knowing her dear adopted people mighty well, she'd invested in a barrel of Speed's sausage and a hundred pounds of peppermint sticks. Also a trunkful of blinding red-and-green serapes, ribbons, beads—heaven knows what all. Christmas Day she called all San Angelo, forty-six strong, up to the hacienda and held a fiesta. I rode in in

the midst of it. It was worth seeing. Right under the breezy nymphs on the sala ceiling stood the tree, a glossy little magnolia trimmed up like a fire-horse. A china angel hung on the top bough; five Toltec gods, in jasper and onyx, grinned from the background. The pianola was going like mad; the citizenry squatted in goggling rows around the tree, their mouths full of sausages and their eyes full of awe. No, it wasn't a conventional Montpelier Christmas, but it looked mighty good to me.

"They had one month of perfect happiness. Then—the deluge.

"Cory had guarded the village's crops closely. He'd planned each year's harvest so it would last till the next one. So far, no stragglers had entered to loot. The place was too inaccessible. But now, by January, 1916, the Carranzistas were holding central Mexico, and the Villistas and Zaps and freebooters were being driven back and back. They were short of food, they were making forays up the mountains. At daybreak, January 20, up the canyon trail tore a yelling crew and fell on sleeping San Angelo like wolves.

"The people were completely cowed. Not a shot was fired, while the raiders swept up their scanty cattle and grain. But an Indian boy slipped out and fled up the hill to warn the señor. Fifteen good minutes, that fleet-footed youngster gave Cory. Cory utilized those minutes, all right. Game leg forgotten, he roused the household, ordered cattle and horses driven into the patio, portioned out ammunition.

"They won't dare break down the gates. A gringo's gates are inviolable, thank the Lord!' he said to Minnie May. Right then, that howling troop dashed up the hill. They reached the gates. There rose a whoop. Three men, carrying axes, leaped off their horses and smashed the gates with half a dozen blows.

"My horses! And my cattle! All right in reach!"

"Well, they sha'n't have the baby's cow. So there!" Minnie May flashed across the sala, tore open the door, rushed into the patio. She grasped the baby's meek little Jersey by her rope,

jerked her into the sala, thrust her behind the pianola, and swung a pink velvet portière over her. Cory had just gumption enough to hobble across and bolt the door before the whole crew clamored into the patio.

"With glad yelps, three men pounced on the cows and horses and drove them away. The rest ransacked the storehouses. Cory said his blood sizzled to see 'em carrying off the provender he had so carefully saved. It nearly killed him not to shoot. But they were fifty men to his six, and he knew that his sole chance to save the casa would lie in holding his fire. To anger that swarm of hornets would mean ruin, and then some.

"Soon the leader and half his gang rode to the door and demanded admittance. Cory parleyed from a window above. His family wished not to be disturbed. If his amigo, the general, desired to show courtesy to an American household, he would now retire, taking whatever stock and provisions he chose.

"The general reflected. Fingers twitching on his gun, Cory hung at the window. Minnie May, white-lipped, stood close by. She held her own small but efficient automatic hidden below the sill.

"Presently the general spoke, with dignity. He wished not to molest the family of the señor. But he must secure certain supplies. He needed quinine. Also gold. Doubtless the señor had a generous hoard of both. The señor would kindly open the door. At once.

"That monumental gall made Cory see red. But right then up pipes Minnie May. She stood there, no bigger than a pint cup, her fair hair loose on her shoulders, her cheeks crimson. Her blue eyes were fixed on the leader's face. They fairly shot sparks.

"Señor the general will request his men to withdraw. We have neither gold nor quinine to share."

"Señor the general got his breath with an effort.

"Señora best permit us to enter. For enter we shall——"

"Enter your men may, señor.' Like lightning Minnie May brought her gun up from the sill, levelled it at the general's head. 'Yes. Your men may enter.

But, alas, señor, they will enter without a leader.'

"Cory never did know what happened next. But he saw the general take a step toward the door.

"Instantly Minnie May blazed away. So did Patty. So did Cory. So did Cory's five men-servants. The leader keeled over on his horse's neck.

"The troop wasn't expecting such a fusillade. With a screech and a yell they fired one scattering volley, then wheeled and tore off down the hill. The general galloped swaying behind.

"Minnie May and Cory looked at each other. Three very dead bandits lay in the trampled patio. Not one of their little garrison had a scratch. But the uproar had waked the baby. She was screaming the roof off.

"Well, Minnie May Averill!' said Cory feebly. But Minnie May had flown to her youngest.

"Naughty man woke her up, the blessed!' she crooned. 'But he didn't get her own bossy. So there!'

"That was why she'd risked her life to keep the raiders out, see? She was afraid bossy might poke her head from behind the pianola.

"That night they two figured up stock. It wasn't a pleasant job. The raiders had cleaned up San Angelo to a fare-you-well. They'd taken not only cattle and supplies. They'd carried off the eight able-bodied men in the village. That left just thirty-eight folks: women, children, a few old men. Of Cory's household there were nine servants besides his family of seven. Fifty-four people to be kept alive till spring—and next to nothing to feed them on!

"Finally they hit on a plan. When the alarm came that morning Cory's vaquero had saved five mules by hiding them up a ravine. Locked in the casa storeroom stood three barrels of flour and some cases of canned stuff. In the village there remained a few sacks of meal and beans. Cory decided to take over whatever food he could find in the town. To that he would add the bulk of his own store. This heap he would divide equitably between the village families. He and his family would then pack what food remained on the shoulders of his men, clamber on the

five mules, and strike off down the mountains for Mexala.

"It would be a hideously dangerous trip. The canyons were alive with raiders. The trails were washed out by heavy rains. But once they reached Mexala they would be safe. From there they could send back food to poor San Angelo. If they stayed here they could starve, along with San Angelo. Simple and convincing.

"Start they did, two days later. Twelve miles down, on the rim of a dizzy cliff, the mozo in the lead came running back, breathless. He beckoned Cory: he pointed ahead.

"Fifty feet ahead a cloudburst had struck. It had ripped out the whole mountainside. The narrow ledge on which they rode stopped short against a perpendicular wall. Cliffs to the right: a chasm to their left. Nothing to do but turn back.

"A day's rest, and they started again. This time they'd made only eight miles when they saw, strung out along the canyon river below, a troop of ragamuffin cavalry. Luckily the men hadn't seen them. And you can bet Cory lost no time in hurrying his crowd back out of sight. A day's climb took them home again.

"One more trail left. And one more try,' said Minnie May, with her firm little Stark jaw set. 'If we can't make the third trail we'll come back, and I'll raise parsley in a window-box. We can live on that.'

"One more try. Half-way down, one of those blithering tropic rain-storms descended on them. They huddled under a cliff overhang. In the confusion a vaquero neglected to hobble the mules securely. When the storm passed, three of those sacred beasts had wandered away. They never saw those mules again.

"That was a body blow. No Mexia now. Cory stacked his family on the three remaining mules. It was midnight when, for the third time, they rode up to their hacienda. At sight of those simpering nymphs and Uncle Lemuel's crayon glare, Minnie May went into hysterics. It was the end of her rope, poor little plucky thing. But by morning she was her brave self again.

"'We'll hold on for two weeks, Ethan. By that time, maybe, something will happen.'

"Four mortal weeks they held on. It was the height of the rainy season. Wind and storm beat down without mercy. Cory was pegged out. But Minnie May took command. She ordered all San Angelo up to the hacienda and quartered them in the granaries; she fed them as lavishly as she dared. She petted them, and coddled them, and kept them happy. She used to wind up the pianola for 'em daily. Cory said he'd lie there on his pink-and-gold divan and watch his wife and Patty doing the fox-trot for the wide-eyed groups in the doorways, and wonder if he was quite mad or only touched.

"Three older people died that month. Cory gave 'em each a gorgeous funeral. Nothing on earth so delights the Mexican heart as a real flabbergaster of a funeral. Minnie May took down the pink velvet curtains from the sala and handed 'em over for shrouds. San Angelo exulted. No such grandeur was ever known.

"'They'll never dry-clean, anyhow,' said Minnie May simply. 'And we'll give each mourner a sausage and a stick of peppermint. I wish I'd brought a carload of sausage instead of a barrel.'

"The bean-sacks thinned down ominously. Minnie May was scraping the flour-bin. At last, one wet, gray morning, a panicky herder tore in. Another gang of raiders was riding up the hill.

"'Let 'em come. Precious little they'll find,' sniffed Minnie May. Again she secluded the baby's cow, this time in the hacienda chapel. Again Cory ordered his people inside and bolted the gates. But right then up dashed a second herder, waving his hat.

"'Señor! Señor! It is not raiders! It is Vicente! Vicente!'

"'Vicente?' Before Cory came a moment's sight of the Vicente of 1910: a slim, handsome young vagabond, loafing around the coffee-trees and casting starry glances at the giggling maids. The Vicente who had pelted gayly away 'to join the Revolutionists, señor.' But the Vicente who came riding through the gates was different. Here was an arrogant young cavalier in muddy khaki, with

a cut and flourish that made Cory long to hand him one, the minute he swaggered in.

"The populace surged up with yells of welcome. Vicente swung off his sombrero to 'em, for all the world like the young heir returning to his cheering tenantry. He jumped off his horse, saluted Cory with distinct condescension, bowed over Minnie May's hand, then addressed Cory with august calm. He had now attained the rank of first lieutenant under Zapata, señor. In battle he and his twenty ragged scamps had been cut off from the main army and were now on their way to Guadalajara, the Zap stronghold. They were short of food, ammunition, money. Therefore he had led them to San Angelo, knowing that the señor and his village would joyfully supply their needs.

"Cory didn't reply. Instead, he motioned Vicente to follow. He led the way through stripped barns and empty storehouses. He opened the casa cupboards: he pointed to the last sagging meal-sack.

"Vicente saw. Black eyes narrowed, he took it all in.

"'I comprehend, señor.' Majestically he bowed himself away. Majestically he strode back to the populace, which crowded round him with deafening chatter. Cory went in to Minnie May.

"'I can't even ask Vicente and his men to dinner,' sighed Minnie May. 'It makes me feel so miserly! And Vicente was such a nice boy, even if he did steal sugar and flirt with the house-girls.'

"Cory hobbled about the house, restless and miserable. Of course Vicente was a nice boy. But there was something sinister in his coming. Cory thought of the small fortune in United States bills and gold stored in his wall safe. If Vicente suspected that hoard—Vicente, who could never keep his fingers out of the sugar-bowl—

"An hour later Vicente strode haughtily to the great door. Again he salaamed to Cory with the grace of a young hidalgo. Again Cory yearned to punch his beauteous face in.

"'Señor, in this hour I have spoken with my own people.' He waved toward the populace squatted in the patio. 'They tell me many things. They tell me that,

through the first years of war, you kept them at work, and paid them, when there was no chance of shipping your coffee.'

"'Y-yes.' Cory was puzzled. He wasn't looking for this line of talk. 'But I was always expecting things would quiet down and the roads open again.'

"'True. But, meantime, your wages kept them in comfort. They have never suffered lack. When workers at other ranchos have gone hungry, your men were fed each day.'

"Cory didn't answer. Vicente lighted a cigarette, took a reflective puff, tossed it away.

"'A month ago, señor, when raiders looted San Angelo, you abandoned all hope of peace for months to come. But you did not abandon my people. With what grain you had you fed them. With what medicines you had you ministered to their sick. With all splendor you have honored their dead. To my people you and the señora have been as their father and their mother.'

"Cory frowned. What was all this bombast leading up to?

"'To-day, señor, I and my army have come in triumph to San Angelo.' He waved a grandiloquent hand. 'But we find only ashes on deserted hearths. Therefore we must ride on to Guadalarajara.'

"Cory drew a stealthy breath. Glory hallelujah!

"'We would take with us all our people. But they have neither horses nor mules. They could not make the hard trail. Instead, I and my men will make a dash to the plains and send back provision to carry them till harvest. If—' he paused, 'if that you will give to them to-day what store of food remains to you.'

"Cory groped for his gun. Give up the bread he and his family were living on, eh? So that was it!

"'Give up all,' the cool young voice went on, 'save what you and your family will need on five days' journey.'

"'Journey? What journey?'

"'For the five days, señor, that you and your children will ride with us. Under our guard. To Mexala.'

"Cory's head swam.

"'You mean——'

"'I mean, señor, that I now place myself and my army at your service.' Vicente arose with a magnificent salute. 'Above all things, you desire to take the señora and your children to Mexia. But three times over your plan is frustrated. The dangers are too great. To-day you can go in safety. I and my army—' He waved toward the ragged crew in the patio. 'We will guard you, señor! Under our protection you will ride safe from all terrors!'

"Cory sat dazed. Finally he said he must have an hour to decide. He went to Minnie May.

"'Ride with Vicente and his men to Mexala? You better believe we will!' Minnie May dropped the baby and executed a wild Highland fling. 'Afraid of treachery? Fiddlesticks! I'd ride with Vicente to the border and be thankful for the chance!'

"That settled it. Go they did, at day-break next morning. I reckon Cory felt pretty sick. He felt he was taking his wife and the kids straight into a trap. But to stay in starving San Angelo was to stay in a trap. He could take his choice.

"He had to do all the worrying. The little boys were jubilant at the adventure. Patty was having the time of her young life. I'd judge that, back in Montpelier, Patty's most lurid experience had been a carefully chaperoned high-school sociable. Nothing else would account for the way she bubbled over. Minnie May was the gayest of all. She rode a white mule, with the baby in a pannier slung beside her. It must have looked a bit like the Flight into Egypt. She trotted down those glassy trails as contented as if she sat in a rocking-chair in her own sala. She laughed at Cory's long face. Vicente deceive them! Vicente, who used to steal cookies from her own pantry! Besides, Vicente had an ugly bullet scratch which she was dressing. You know how blandly maternal a woman feels toward the man whose hurts she has bound up. Vicente a traitor? She'd as soon expect treachery from the baby's cow.

"Cory told me afterward that her unconcern, in the face of their ghastly danger, made him a little sicker than anything else.

"Three days and nights they crept down the mountains, inching along, so short of mules that half the crowd must take turns riding. Nights they camped on the wet hillside. Not much sleep for Cory. The riding tormented his game leg, and every hour brought some new dread. Why in heaven's name had he trusted Vicente? Vicente, who must know that his señor carried wealth past counting! Without doubt he had confederates by scores lurking along these black canyons. What more easy than an ambush, a swift attack, the regrettable death of the señor and his family—then a tidy division of the proceeds? No. I reckon Cory didn't waste much time in sleep.

"On the fourth day the ambush came.

"It didn't last long. A clatter of falling stones on the trail ahead; a rush of mounted men; then Cory found himself thrusting Minnie May and the kids up a gully and cramming his second automatic into Minnie May's hands.

"Don't shoot till you've got to!" he yelled back. Then he rode straight into the fracas, firing as he went. Minnie May knew her duty. Trust her Green Mountain blood for that. Cory fought on like a demon, loading, firing, slashing with his machete: but all the time his soul was reeling within him. If worst came to worst— What if Minnie May wouldn't have nerve to shoot all five children? What if Patty, that freckled young noodle, should lose her head and strike the gun from her sister's hand? What if Minnie May fired too soon? Or—oh, God! What if she waited too long!

"Yes, it must have been a strained session for Cory. But it didn't last long. It seemed to him that he'd been galloping and firing for ages, when he suddenly realized that the attacking force was giving way. Right along with that lovely thought came another one: an explosion in his game leg. He pitched off his mule in a heap.

"When he came back, it was to a world made up of seventeen different kinds of torment. But none of 'em counted one-two-three with Cory when they told him that the scrap was over and the raiders had scattered, leaving their dead. That proved Vicente and his men were loyal,

you see. Cory had been stewing himself to pulp for nothing. He fainted again for sheer relief. Next thing he knew, his wife and Patty and Vicente were working over the bullet-hole in his leg. None of them had much surgical skill, and I dare say they gave him a rough time of it. Mrs. Cory and Patty wept steadily over their wounded darling, which didn't enliven things. But Cory took it smiling. He could afford to smile. He was badly shot up and in atrocious pain. He was on a mountain trail, under convoy of a gang of Zap outlaws, with his wife and his babies. But the outlaws had proved themselves square. That was all he asked to know.

"They were on the worst of the trail now. How to handle Cory was a problem. But Vicente solved that. He tied a blanket to two poles, stretcher fashion, then told off four men to carry it. They ran in step, so as to give Cory the impression of a rubber-tired ambulance. It wasn't exactly convincing, but Cory didn't whine. Besides, his baby girl rode in the litter with him. She was just old enough to sit on his chest and pat her hands and consider a blanket litter the greatest lark ever. I dare say she helped pass the time.

"Late the third day Cory got fidgety. He had wound fever by now. And always, in spite of his new faith in Vicente, he was harassed by miserable fears. But just at sundown his men halted and lifted him high to see. Straight down the mountain lay Mexia. Little, dirty, forlorn huddle. But I bet you it looked to Cory like the New Jerusalem.

"So far, señor, can we go with you," said Vicente, stately and serene. "I dare not ask my men to ride farther. Even now we are spied upon." (That was no lie. Cory learned, later, that Mexia was now in Carranzista hands, and that a net of Carranza men lay all about, ready to scoop in Zap bands at every chance.)

"Your carriers will go with you into the city. They, you will protect and claim your own. I and my army will not see you again, señor. But we will not forget. You, who have fed our children and buried our dead—you shall be ever a prince in our thoughts."

"There was a lot more large, windy

talk like that. A Mexican has to blow, you know. Ornateness is a racial quality. Yes, it was droll, coming from that ignorant little scrub of a half-breed. But it wasn't droll to Cory. He can't talk about it yet, without choking all up. And the ring the kid gave him will go down to Corys to come, along with great-granddaddy Ethan's musket and powder-horn. The funny part about that ring was that it was loot, no doubt about that. A sacerdotal ring, a rather coarse native emerald in a flamboyant red-gold setting. Very like, the kid had grabbed it in a raid. Or bought it for a peso at a thieves' market. But it's the real thing in Cory's eyes. 'The pledge of a race,' he calls it.

"Well! They went on down the mountain, Cory in his litter, like a bunged-up Cleopatra, and Mrs. Cory on her white mule, and the kids and Patty up on their toes with excitement. At nightfall they reached Mexia. The news of their coming went through the town like wildfire. There were just eight Americans left in Mexia. Maybe they didn't throw their city wide open to the Corys! As luck would have it, there was a good native doctor. He had Cory out of his torture in no time. Though Cory said afterward neither white bed nor chloroform looked half so good as the glimpse of the big barred gates under his window. Those gates spelled sleep.

"Sleep, Cory did. When he woke up, fourteen hours later, he poured out his tale to the American crowd and begged them to rush aid to his boy preserver. They started some grub up to San Angelo, pronto. But no use trying to find Vicente. The kid and his army had melted back into the mountains. Cory never saw them again.

"But Cory didn't calm down. Not by a long shot. Right through his convalescence, and ever since, he's been the loudest little yipper for intervention, ever. Talks it days, nights, and Sundays."

"Intervention?"

"Intervention, yes. But not the kind you're thinking of. He wants us to roll up our sleeves, and dig down deep into our bank-accounts, and send an army of reconstruction into Mexico. An army of doctors and nurses and sanitation ex-

perts; a squadron loaded to its gun-deck ports with flour and beans and blankets and tools and machinery. He says we can rebuild Mexico for her people as easily as we built the Panama Canal. Easier.

"'Only trouble with us Americans, we've got no spiritual imagination,' says Cory, earnest and aglow. 'Take any of our great movements for social betterment. They're bully, as far as they go. But why can't we carry them farther? Why must a geographical boundary halt us? Look at the Y. M. C. A. and the splendid work it does for our own boys, for Jimmy, and Mike, and Heinrich. Why not for Luis, and Juan, and Pedro? Push it along! And the big-brother movement. Why can't a nation be a big brother to a weaker nation? Man, can't you see the grandeur of this opportunity? Isn't it the noblest job one country could tackle, to drag another country out of the pit?'

"'But the practical difficulties——'

"'Practical tommy-rot. Easiest thing you know. Establish a Mexican loan, a whaling big one, with nominal interest, or none. Send down a regiment of trained social workers, men and women who know how to handle poverty and sickness and crime. For a campaign like this will call for consecrated lives as well as blankets and grub and shoes. Ask Latin-America to co-operate with us in sending our army of mercy——'

"'But such a campaign would cost a barrel of money.'

"'Cost money? You're *whistlin'* it'll cost money! And haven't we got the money? Is there another nation on earth that's got as much to spend? Can't we afford to buy bread for those that starve at our gates?'

"'But Mexico is in hard luck because her own people have acted so lawlessly——'

"'Oh, gosh all hemlocks!' wailed Cory, and he got up and began to pace the floor and tear his hair. 'You cold-blooded shark, you swivel-eyed, skinflint son of Belial! If you saw a nine-year-old boy tumble into the ocean, would you stop to ask whether his kid brother had shoved him in? Not much. You'd kick off your shoes and dive straight after him. That's what's up to us. The Mexican peo-



Drawn by Eric Pape.

"Instantly Minnie May blazed away."—Page 142.

ple are children, I tell you. Just children. Stupid children, lazy children, thieving children. But, first and last, they're nothing but kids. Hungry kids at that. And in so far as they are hungry, and we can feed them, aren't they our own children to care for? Answer me that!

"Well, it sounds like a pipe dream. Like Don Quixote in his best vein. Like a wild-goose chase, and then some. Yet, supposing we did lay our Mexican course a bit off the line of threat and retaliation. Come to think of it, would an expedition of nurses and doctors and food-cars, sent to the sick and famished, look much more foolish than all the 'punitive expeditions' that ever toiled, sweating and swearing, over the border?

"Some time since, there was a two-fisted gentleman named Oliver Cromwell, who compiled a little manual for his troops entitled 'The Souldiers' Pocket Bible.' I held a copy in my hands not a month ago. A little, torn, yellow wad of parchment, tied into a strip of cowhide. It opened of itself to a certain passage. I reckon one of Cromwell's troopers had thumbed that passage more than once.

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? To loose the bonds of wickedness, to let the oppressed go free? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry? And that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thine own house?"

"Isaiah said it first. Then Oliver Cromwell, dour old bullet-head, took it for his watchword. Can our own nation choose a nobler watchword to-day? And when you think back, a hundred and forty years or so, to the days when the foundations were laid for our republic—laid four-square, in justice, in rectitude, in loyalty, in brotherhood to all men—can we in honor refuse to take that watchword for our own?"

His level voice stopped. His keen eyes stared out past the steep green of the terraces, away to the dazzling turquoise of the sea. And from the path below us boomed, trumpet-tongued, the voice of him of Diaz' little day.

"Yep. Blot 'em out, the worthless rabble they are. Clean 'em up. Sweep 'em off the face of the earth. It's destiny, I tell you. And destiny is always cruel. And always just."

SERVICE

By Elizabeth Bertron Fahnestock

MAKE Thou me strong, O Lord!
Not for the victor's wreathèd crown,
Not for the glory and renown
But in the hour of grim defeat
That comes upon the battle's heat—
Bless Thou my blunted sword!

Make Thou me strong, O Lord!
Not for the council's highest seat,
But, mingling in the crowded street
To speak, with yonder lowly man
As with a brother; of Thy Plan—
Bless Thou my humble word!

Make Thou me strong, O God!
Not to be first upon that way
Where hungry millions tread their day,
But if, at eve, when courage pales
My step shall guide some foot that fails—
Thine be the path I trod!



The new Foreign Office in Peking.

Built within the last few years; architect and builder, Mr. Charles D. Jameson, an American who has lived for more than twenty years in China. It was erected within the government appropriation.

THE CHINESE ATTITUDE TOWARDS JAPAN

PATRIOTIC AND PRACTICAL OBJECTIONS TO JAPANESE PLANS
FOR THE "DEVELOPMENT" OF CHINESE RESOURCES

BY JEREMIAH W. JENKS



ONE of the chief objects of my recent visit to China was to ascertain, if possible, the actual attitude of the Chinese people towards Japan. For many years I have held the belief that in the ultimate solution of Pacific problems no factor will be more important than China's appraisal of Japanese policies and purposes. Needless to say, the ideas and opinions set forth in the following pages are neither authorized nor gratuitous reflections of the official or individual views of those constituting the government of China. Precedent and prudence necessarily restrict official

outgivings; and, as Judge Elbert H. Gary and others have testified, the present government of China is composed of able, prudent men. The Chinese, also, are proverbial respecters of precedent; none more fine than they when it is a question of observing etiquette. "Proper custom" is still honored in official as well as in private life in China.

While, therefore, a distinction should and must be made between official China's attitude towards Japan and the attitude manifested by the Chinese people, care has been taken to interpret as fairly as possible the general disposition of the Chinese on these matters, irrespective of

class or condition, party affiliation or particular place of residence, north as well as south of the Yangtze valley. Chinese opinions, especially on public matters, are no more difficult to ascertain than are American or European opinions. There is nothing "inscrutable" or mystifying about Chinese character or Chinese manners and methods. The Chinese are very much like other human beings in motive and intent, hard as it seems to be for some foreigners to realize it. The difficulty is chiefly with the foreigner. Also, in the summer of 1916 several events occurred which presented numerous opportunities, each in its own way helping to answer this question—not a simple one, by any means, although some writers regard it as such. When we speak of the Chinese people, it should be borne in mind, we are discussing almost one-quarter of the population of the world.

To ascertain the actual attitude of the Chinese towards Japan, consideration of the merely political elements will not suffice. Probably at no time and in no place has there been, or could there be, less warrant to approach such a question from the merely political angle. The politics of China, of Japan—of the Orient at large—resemble a great river flowing through a level country, which, swollen by turbulent tributaries, threatens to overflow its banks. Many things may happen, politically, which might build the necessary dam and utilize to good purpose these converging political tides in the Orient; many things may happen, politically, to undermine the restraining dikes and river walls and to hasten the inundation. Yet, in spite of or because of this condition of extreme instability, the political elements cannot be overlooked.

Examining conditions and tendencies as they presented themselves during the avalanche of events which swept China from April to September, 1916, it became more and more apparent to me that China will come to her final decision very largely, if not wholly, as the policies involved may be colored by respect for or contravention of vital Chinese moral principles and the conservation or alienation of material resources.

China desires a peaceful understanding with Japan—let there be no misconception as to that. But the terms must be

honorable to both parties; they cannot be dictated at Tokyo in denial of Chinese rights and aspirations. Of this fact I am firmly convinced. The attitude of the assembly regarding the Japanese loan of November, 1916, and its determination not to permit the alienation of the extremely valuable mines as security therefor confirms this view.

China desires peace. "The old gods are not yet dead," and, not merely among the elders but on the lips of her young men, too, I found ample testimony of abiding faith in those ancient principles which might be epitomized: The Spirit is mightier than the sword. The message the Christian missionaries brought to China consolidated and confirmed respect for traditional truths such as "We do not make swords of our best iron, or soldiers of our favorite sons."

That peace which China desires is not a peace without honor. It is not a peace which might succeed the Manchu by a Tenno. The Chinese people are not too proud to fight. If ill-fortune should so will it that the issue must come to trial by the sword, the Chinese, however reluctantly, will take up the sword; and, weighing carefully the cost, the dangers, the difficulties, they have no misgivings as to the ultimate outcome. They are by no means lacking in courage, even though they are discreet.

A short time before I went to China I had a very interesting conversation with one who has enjoyed exceptional opportunities as an observer of Oriental developments. Relations between China and Japan were strained. Many usually well-informed Americans assumed that China would yield at all points. "For the sake of the world, I hope not," said this experienced observer: "China has huge reserves of strength. She might be beaten back temporarily, but she could gather her strength in the interior, where the expense of continual struggle would exhaust any invader, and ultimately her weight of numbers would smother him. The successful conquest of China is an impossibility." I believe that to be true.

The decisive thing, however, is not our American beliefs or deductions, but rather China's view of the matter. China has made up her mind. She is facing a very difficult situation frankly, thoughtfully,

temperately, and with determination; and on this matter both parties, military and radical, are in full accord.

She is sensible of her own past errors—or, to be more correct, errors thrust upon her by circumstances over which she has had little if any control. She desires, if needs be she will demand, as far as historical conditions make it possible, a clean slate and a fresh start. And she is neither selfish nor revengeful in her present disposition.

She recognizes the justice, the prudence, the necessity of considering the rights and requirements of others as well as her own rights and needs. She recognizes particularly the evil consequences of that Manchu-made diplomacy which satisfied itself with playing both ends against the middle. She is determined that Chinese treaties when freely made shall be sacred things and not scraps of paper. Consequently, she will not buy peace at the cost of nullification of the vested interests legitimately and fairly acquired by any treaty power or its citizens.

She recognizes the desirability of concentrating immediate attention upon the development of her vast resources. She is glad to get foreign aid in this work; but she does not recognize the right of any nation to step in without her free consent and alienate from her people these resources.

She recognizes the necessity of reorganizing from top to bottom her entire administrative mechanism. She has already made not a little progress along these lines, aided materially by foreign advice and assistance in many instances, but with a much greater measure of Chinese initiative and executive skill than

is even suspected abroad. She welcomes a continuance of foreign advice and assistance. She rejects tutelage under duress.

Above all, she declines to become a party to any sort of Asiatic confederation or alliance with an avowed or concealed militarist, anti-Occidental tendency.

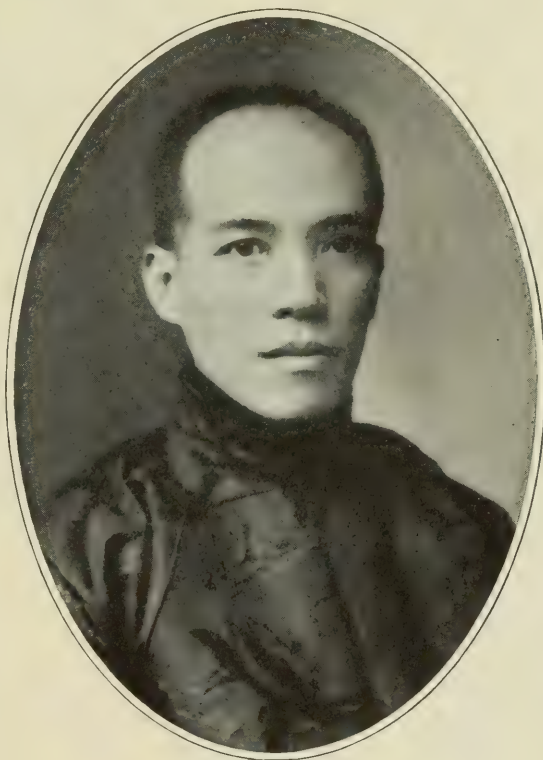
Roughly sketched, these are the dom-

inant ideas under which it may be said the people of China are preparing to arrange the general form of their attitude towards Japan. If Japan frames her Chinese policy so as to co-operate with China along these lines, there will be no difficulty, no danger. But if Japan fails to recognize China's right to have a controlling voice in her own destiny, there will surely be difficulty, there will be danger—for Japan. There is no use mincing words about the matter.

The new government of China is not swayed by anti-

Japanese sentiment. Quite the contrary. In all my talks with Chinese officials I gathered the impression that there is a very deep and sincere desire to aid into being if it may be possible a new era of mutual respect, mutual understanding, mutual confidence.

That impression was not shaken by what transpired as a consequence of the unfortunate and reprehensible Chengchia-tung affair. Indeed, it was strengthened substantially, because in that matter China's foreign office has so far proved itself able to deal with an occasion where unwise Japanese pugnacity revealed itself at its very worst. According to the most trustworthy information, without moral or legal excuse, Japanese soldiers had violated China's sovereignty. Yet, instead of manifesting resentment—however warranted—the Chinese officials exerted



Liang Ch'i-ch'ao.

A loyal modern Chinese and supporter of the present government.

themselves to meet with prudence and with dignity an ugly situation.

The Chinese are patient to a fault. But they are not "sheep." In their quiet, uncomplaining way they bitterly resent some things said about them by superficial judges. For instance, when an American statesman, without any unfriendly intention, of course, quoting an expression used

can be strained too far. The Chinese feel that Japan is mainly responsible for the tension put upon Chinese patience.

Japanese tell us that one of the reasons why they are more competent than Americans to direct the development of China is that they understand the Chinese because they are neighbors, and that we do not because an ocean divides us from

China. The assertion is very plausible, on the surface, and it has deceived many influential Americans. As a matter of fact, it is utterly untenable. It is repudiated by the Chinese themselves. It is rejected by those relatively few Japanese who do understand their Chinese neighbors. To my mind this is one of the false assumptions which are at the very bottom of Sino-Japanese troubles and dangers. Chinese say that those who understand them best—as well, indeed, as they understand themselves—are a few Americans and Englishmen who have lived among them from childhood, or from early manhood or womanhood, and who combine intense loyalty to America or to England with an almost equally intense affection for the Chinese and a belief in the future of China.

There is such a thing as being "too close to the picture." China is a beautiful and extremely valuable picture, and Japan, China's neighbor, sees only the paint, though she has a very keen appreciation of the "values."

In every essential of national consciousness the Chinese and Japanese peoples are as widely removed as the poles. Their tastes, their achievements, their aspirations are very different.

"Bushido," says that gifted Japanese author, Dr. Nitobe Inazo, the very highest authority on the subject, "made the sword its emblem of power and prowess. When Mahomet proclaimed that 'the sword is the key of heaven and of hell' he only echoed a Japanese sentiment." And of the Japanese swordsmith, declares the interpreter of "The Soul of



The gateway to the new Foreign Office.

in a letter which he had received from an American friend in China, gave the prominence which is always his popular prerogative to the "sheep" myth, and talked and wrote about "unchinafying" America, the Chinese regretted this very much, because they felt it to be most unfair, though coming from one of their best friends and well-wishers. In the same way, when a New York editor referred to China as "a province of Japan," and the remark was copied by the enterprising Chinese newspapers, anger seethed in many Chinese hearts. Chinese patience



Office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs in the new building.

Mr. Lu Cheng-hsiang, former Minister.

Japan," he "was not a mere artisan but an inspired artist and his workshop a sanctuary," "he committed his soul and spirit into the forging and tempering of the steel." Does this suggest the patient, peace-loving Chinese, the "sheep" that is lampooned in American cartoon and stinging paragraph? Or the dignified scholar, quite possibly a priest whom Dürer's Saint Jerome might well typify? Or any of the wayside artists whose skilful brush with a few strokes paints to the life the warbling bird or playful kitten?

In Japan "the merchant was placed lowest in the category of vocations." In China the teacher has been exalted, the merchant has been respected, while "the soldier was placed lowest in the category of vocations." They regret that they may perforce have to change this order for a time.

Politically speaking, the soul of Japan, to-day, is still what it was under the Amazon Empress, Jingo. Dr. William Elliot Griffis, one of Japan's best friends and ablest defenders, wrote only a month or two ago:

"Seen in the perspective of over forty years, Japanese popular education has been swamped in militarism. Japan's once-splendid scheme of a university in each of the eight great divisions of the empire has come very close to disgraceful failure. Academic freedom is yet far from a reality. Labor has not been honored. Military glory has been transfigured and war-making honored beyond its deserts, while against money-grubbing, at the expense of health and life, there is scarce protection by law. The fighter is still esteemed above the inventor, healer, or artisan. The manifest result is that Japan is still curiously deficient in high-grade machinists, in intelligent mechanics, and in the finer lines of the newer industries. She is far from being able to compete in the more elaborate machinery or products, while her statutes for the protection of the factory laborer are weak apologies for what they should be."

The new government in China owes its existence, mainly, to unwavering Chinese loyalty to Chinese moral law. It owes nothing to Japan but difficulties. It owes

very much to the patriotic persistence, the loyalty to principle of men like President Li Yuan-hung, Premier Tuan Chi-jui, Dr. Chen Chin-tao, Dr. Wu Ting-fang, Mr. Liang Ch'i-ch'ao, Dr. C. T. Wang, General Tsai Ao, and others. The Chinese who represent their ideals think of their country as a national treasure won by courageous adherence to moral ideals. To them it is a choice jade among the gems which the centuries have ennobled in settings fashioned out of the very heartbeats of reverent sons of Han.

"Rather be dashed to fragments as a piece of jade than held together as a lump of brick."

In spite of the bickerings and the selfish motives of some of the contestants—and such are always found in all countries—that was in reality the sign under which the opponents of monarchy conquered during the winter of 1915 and the spring of 1916. It expressed the spirit of China, the great moral force which governs China's many millions from Hanlin Optimus to common coolie.

The man who voiced this phrase, Mr. Liang Ch'i-ch'ao, was a reformer in Canton when Japan made war upon China in 1894. The attitude of the Chinese people towards Japan is, perforce, colored by thoughts and memories of this very one-sided struggle. They will tell you that most of the present sorrows and humiliations of China are direct consequences of the war; that it brought down upon their defenseless country the wolf-pack of the land-hungry nations and forged the first link in the yoke of the indemnities. They will tell you that it was the greed of the legations which steeled the hearts of the reformers in 1898, and which also produced the Boxer tragedy of 1900. The Chinese who are moulding the new republic have spoken of these things constantly in their friendly gatherings. The emphasis does not lessen as the years pass. As the Chinese of the younger generation note the added respect and prestige that prowess in arms has won for Japan, is it strange that they at times ask themselves if they, too, to win respect and their normal rights, must resort to force rather than rely on reason and justice? Must they, too, get ready and fight a foreign power to preserve their own against unjust aggression? They feel that with

their four hundred millions, and the bravery and skill that their ancestors often showed, they can win by fighting if they must win that way. I have heard these questions discussed with becoming gravity and modest determination by groups of China's best young men. And this is merely one reason why I say neither Mancho nor Tenno nor any alien can ever hope to conquer the will of the Chinese people. For the mind of China is at last made up. The truth of the saying as to the movement of large bodies will suggest itself. It applies to the China of to-day and yesterday.

In the present political life of China, Mr. Liang is playing the useful part of an interested observer. When he declared against Yuan he gave his word that he would neither seek nor accept office. Before the Yunnan revolution he was among the most active and able members of the Council of State.

His first act as a state councillor was to press to a favorable vote a resolution extending the olive branch to Japan. With commendable foresight he urged the importance of seeking immediate and amicable settlement of the Manchurian and Mongolian boundary questions and other vexed Sino-Japanese problems. Japan replied, on the very first opportunity, with the infamous twenty-one demands.

In spite of the self-control exhibited, the rage created in Chinese breasts by these demands is something beyond the imagination of the average American. It was but mildly reflected in the millions subscribed to the National Salvation Fund and the National Patriotic Loans, many of the subscribers of which even to-day do not present for payment their interest coupons. Their "loan" was a free gift. It gave Yuan an opportunity for great public service which a few months later was snatched from him by unwise strivings towards imperialism.

Many attempts have been made to justify or to palliate the Peking monarchical movement of 1915. It is an impossible task. One need not bandy epithets or criticise methods or question motives. I can well believe that some participants sincerely thought that they were acting patriotically for their country's good. But even Yuan long before his death realized and acknowledged to many whom he

took into his confidence that it was—if not a colossal crime—at the very least a monumental, unpardonable blunder. It injured China, cruelly, at a crucial moment in the life of China. Because of one unfortunate factor in the movement it brought into disrepute in China American political advice, American scholarship, and American sincerity in the pursuit of political ideals. Yet, the consequences of this movement have been in some respects favorable.

The monarchist argument which chiefly moved the Chinese themselves was the assertion of the urgent necessity for concentrating all the military strength of China under the hand of one man so that "China's weakness should no longer invite insult." There was no thought of aggression, so far as I could gather while I was in the Far East; there was the will to protect China against further aggression.

The call of the country had been heard by the shepherd tending his flocks on the great slopes of China's far west, by the wheelbarrow trader on the great inland routes, by the small merchant in his tiny shop. Coins, green with hoary age, had been counted out of rusted receptacles and passed from hand to hand until they reached the general fund in Shanghai. The merchant and official stood side by side with the coolie and common outcast as this money was being turned over at the Chinese banks. China's patriotic reply to Japan was spontaneous and nationwide, extending to the Chinese overseas, who likewise contributed their hundreds of thousands. The fund was the active retort; the deadly Chinese boycott was the passive retort. The first was most effective in stimulating China's thorough nationalization; the second was far more effective in, temporarily at least, restraining the vaulting ambitions of Japan.

Among what might be called the numerous "legends" associated with the genesis of the Chouan Hui, the most active agency employed for the promotion of the monarchist plans, was one which received quite a fair measure of credence for some time in Peking. A certain able Chinese was a "power behind the throne" of President Yuan. He had won a notable reputation for ability as a financial and administrative expert, also as a politician.

He is now living abroad, but before the decline and death of Yuan he was one of the most influential men in the Chinese capital.

Shortly after the presentation of Dr. Goodnow's memorandum, according to this Peking "legend," this official received a visit from Dr. Hioki, the Japanese minister, who, it is said, pointed out the very serious character of the growing resentment against Japan, referring particularly to the Salvation Fund and the boycott. He is credited with suggesting to this intimate associate of Yuan that something be done to divert the mind of the people. The latter, according to the story, bethought himself of a subject broached by an earlier visitor, one who sought to play the part of a Chinese Warwick. The subject was the utilization of the Goodnow memorandum (a purely academic discussion, Dr. Goodnow's friends in Peking say, written hastily in response to a general question with no thought of the political use to be made of it) as a very suitable peg upon which to hang the incipient monarchist agitation.

It is asserted by several people who certainly were in the confidence of the more active monarchists that, during this interview, the project was laid before Dr. Hioki, unofficially, of course, and that the Japanese minister was "sounded" with the knowledge and expectation that he would report the conversation to the Japanese foreign office. Be this as it may (and I do not vouch for the facts; I only know the rumor), the "diversion" developed into a civil war which terminated only with the death of Yuan.

Strong as was the resentment against Japan, the moral uprising against Yuan when the monarchist movement developed was still stronger. And in the crisis which was thus precipitated in China, Japanese diplomacy failed to rise to the necessities of the time.

The wise course would have been a policy of strict non-interference, leaving the Chinese to settle the matter among themselves. That was the policy pursued by our own government. Japan, however, chose apparently deliberately and with selfish intent the course most calculated to embarrass and antagonize both parties.

It is absurd to say that the revolution

was promoted or planned in Tokyo. It was not. It was promoted and planned in China. But in many ways which were brought to my attention Japanese officials exerted themselves to intensify the trouble. There is on record, gathered by impartial foreigners, a long list of incidents in Shantung deliberately engineered by Japanese with undoubtedly hostile intent towards China. I have had personally independent accounts by capable observers who understand and speak the Chinese language, confirming many of these incidents—any one of which might have caused complications disastrous to the plans of both the monarchists and the opponents of monarchy. Some of the worst acts of interference came after an armistice had been declared, when both sides were earnestly trying to compose their differences. The only object that any one, Chinese, American, or European, could see for such moves was to weaken China and to afford an excuse for intervention by Japan, or at least for putting more troops, "guards," into China—and this was done.

It is also true that Japan did not even pretend to discourage the monarchist movement until the *de facto* government of China was hopelessly committed to the enthronement of Yuan. Then, and not until then, came the protest—which the Chinese of all parties regarded as a hypocritical impertinence.

The saddest chapter of all, however,—looking at the matter from a broad, impartial standpoint,—was the petty, cavilling spirit manifested by Japan in her hour of greatest opportunity.

Scarcely was Yuan in his coffin and the popular new President installed when a paltry police-court scuffle was magnified into a *casus belli*, while Japanese soldiers and Japanese ships of war were employed to overawe the government of China.

The Chinese are perplexed by the peculiarities of Japanese diplomacy. "Extra-textual" interpretations have not impressed the people of China, who believe with Kung Fu-tze that "Sincerity is the beginning and the end of all things; nothing suffices without sincerity."

They suspect the motive which they believe responsible for what Japanese most unfairly call the Japanese "Monroe Doctrine for Asia." Japan has already

gone vastly beyond any act even most remotely contemplated under our Monroe Doctrine. John Hay declared the true Monroe Doctrine for China. All the world would be glad to see Japan enforce that. The Chinese have, they believe, ample warrant for suspicion. They know that this suspicion is shared by those Americans and Europeans who are best informed as to Chinese and general Oriental conditions. Professor Stanley K. Hornbeck, in "Contemporary Politics in the Far East," expresses the situation very much as the Chinese themselves feel it:

"Whatever her intentions, Japan has accomplished in regard to China at least five things: She has consolidated her own position in her northern sphere of influence, Manchuria; she has driven the Germans out of their former sphere of influence, Shantung, and has constituted herself successor to Germany's rights; she has given warning that she considers Fukien Province an exclusive sphere for Japanese influence; she has undertaken to invade the British sphere of influence; and she stands in a position to menace and to dictate to the Peking government. A glance at the map of north China will show how completely Peking is at Japan's mercy. In control of Port Arthur and of the Shantung Peninsula, Japan commands the entrance to the Gulf of Pechili, which is the doorway by sea to Tien-tsin and Newchwang. In possession of Tsingtao, Dairen, and (virtually) of Antung and Newchwang, Japan thus commands every important port and harbor north of the Yangtse. With the Manchurian railways penetrating the heart of Manchuria and the Shantung Railway extending to the heart of Shantung—and with the right to extend the latter line to join the Peking-Hankow line, Japan is in a position, should she so choose, at any moment to grind Peking between the millstones of her military machine. So far as strategy is concerned, Japan has north China commercially, militarily, and politically at her mercy."

China cannot close her eyes to these facts. Japan herself never ceases to remind the Chinese people that the soul of Nippon is the soul of the soldier. The reminder is particularly unwelcome in China, just now.

The most significant fact, the most magnificent testimonial of Chinese adherence to principle, supplied during the recent Chinese civil war, was China's willingness to risk even external menace rather than tolerate domestic disloyalty, an action taken even against the advice of many of China's best, most sincere friends.

Kung-pao was the title given to the imperial guardians of the "days of the empire." No higher honorary official station was open to a Chinese. Yuan, a lifelong servant of the "Old Buddha," became Yuan Kung-pao as Tsu Hsi prepared to "mount the Dragon" (*i. e.*, to die). For an imperial guardian to usurp the Dragon Throne was, in the Chinese mind, an unthinkable thing. It was contrary to Chinese morality. For Yuan to break the oaths which he had taken to uphold the republic was contrary to Chinese morality.

In the minds of many men, Chinese and foreigners, indelible marks were stamped upon Chinese character through the doctrine enunciated by Mo-ti, a philosopher who flourished more than five centuries before Christ. Mo-ti preached the beauty and utility of love and peace. His views undoubtedly influenced very largely the sages who succeeded him—Laotze, Kung Fu-tze, and Men-tze. Wrongs, sufferings innumerable, the rude succession of sharp jolts which belligerent aliens have given China, do not seem to have shaken her out of her belief in and respect for love and peace. True it is that the Chinese, like ourselves, have been compelled to resort to measures of military preparedness; but the difficulties obstructing adequate military preparedness in China are distressingly grave. They are not confined to matters of money or munitions.

A nation cannot consistently subscribe to pacifism through many centuries without internal as well as external dangers; and to China one of the internal dangers just now is that of military intrigue. The old-style soldier is often ignorant and vicious because his profession was proverbially under a ban; sometimes not merely the man in the ranks but even commanding generals were recruited from among the bandits who plagued and preyed upon the millions of peace-practising Chinese. Of such was more than one notorious mili-

tary leader who was until recently much under the eyes of the American public in newspaper despatches from China. The Chinese realize that a great deal remains to be done in the way of preaching and practising patriotism in military service before China can risk the creation of an adequate standing army. The Chinese soldier must be taught that his loyalty is to his country and not merely to his general, and that the service is not chiefly a means of livelihood, but rather the performance of a patriotic duty. Lessons of centuries have to be unlearned. Now, for two reasons, chiefly, the Chinese people very deeply resent the pressure which is being put upon them by the Japanese, compelling them to hasten military preparedness. They resent the compulsion, because the time itself is unpropitious to them; but their resentment is even more largely due to the moral objection. The Chinese *know* that peace is good, that war is bad; that love is good, and that hate is bad. And they fear the effect of militarism, not merely upon themselves, but upon the whole world. They do not wish a large army. Yet Yuan Sh'ih-k'ai built up the nucleus of a well-trained army, and well-trained officers of Europe have testified to the good work of China's army. The last revolution saw in Szechuan that the Chinese have in them the power to make in due time a real army. For the present the economic and financial preparedness must take precedence. But an army will be created if need be, and a strong beginning has been made. If Japan is sincere in her fear of European aggression in China, she will welcome any such preparations. It will never be used aggressively.

That Japan has given the Chinese good reason to doubt Japanese good faith and to resent the attitude towards China manifested by most Japanese, is frequently admitted by the more conservative observers within the Japanese Empire. While I was in the Orient the Japanese press was agitating with much enthusiasm the advantage of "organizing" Japanese friendship with India "in the interests of business." The *Japan Chronicle*, having in mind editorials supporting this campaign printed in the *Yorodzu* and other Japanese newspapers, made the following caustic comment:

"It is rather singular that, holding such views as they do about Indian friendship, Japanese journalists and politicians should concern themselves so little about Chinese good-will. There are, from time to time, it is true, pronouncements in favor of improving Sino-Japanese relations, but they seldom take the form of a demand for meticulously respecting Chinese rights. Yet there are 400,000,000 people in China who, unless their human nature is of a different quality from that of the Indians, should be all the better customers of Japan for being on the friendliest possible footing. Indeed, if the Yorodzu's argument applies to any country, it is to China, which is almost the only land where a boycott has been proved to be an effective means of protest against the doings of foreign countries which do not meet with Chinese approval. We hear little enough of the necessity of maintaining a warm friendship with the Chinese Government, and at the same time refraining from action which may give umbrage to Chinese who are not satisfied with that government. On the contrary, the demand is always that an excuse be found for intervention and for the establishment of the 'fundamental policy.' It is curious that simultaneously with Japanese in Peking issuing a manifesto declaring that no other interests in China but those of Japan are worthy of consideration (a statement frequently made in Japanese newspapers and political speeches), a prominent newspaper should argue that Britain has no right to question Japan's claim to the reversion of the whole of Germany's and Austria's trade in India and the East generally, and that, whilst a mythical ancient friendship with India is invoked, the real and undeniable indebtedness of Japan to China is forgotten."

Mention has already been made of Chinese reverence for their fatherland. Often one may see deeply affecting evidences of this devotion. A Chinese leaving home for foreign parts will take with him a handful of the soil of his country, and this he will guard as his most precious possession. Laboring hard among strangers, in America or in Europe, he will save his money, no matter how small his earnings, so that if he should die his ashes may be returned to the land which

gave him birth. While the sages warned against pampering the flesh, exalting the soul and mind, and deeming the body merely a corrupt thing, at best—"the stinking bag," as Sinologues express it—earth was given place immediately below heaven in the worship and in the thoughts of the people. It was Chinese disinclination to trifle with the earth which retarded so long the opening up of roads and railways and the development of China's great mineral wealth. Bearing these facts in mind, it is easy enough to understand something at least of how the Chinese are stirred by Japanese efforts to alienate the natural resources of China.

There is sentiment in their attitude; filial piety and patriotism, too. Also, of course, there is a shrewd sense of the practical elements in the matter. The industrial leaders of China cannot, under present circumstances, accept as a convincing argument against their own interests the Japanese plea that "Japan must have possession of China's mines because Japan needs steel so badly that she is compelled to import seventy-five per cent of her metals." The Chinese are disposed to utilize Chinese ores for works of peace. They feel that Japan is inclined to exploit them against the interests of China and of China's friends. The way in which Japanese have schemed to seize possession of the Hanyehping properties, including the great Tayeh mines and the Hanyang Iron Works in the very heart of China, has aroused indignation among Chinese industrial promoters, and wage-earners, too.

The Chinese desire to develop properties like the Hanyehping with American capital and American-made machinery. Japan, they say, interferes with such investments. Japan, they add, is blocking the development of urgently needed new railways, in the same way and for the selfsame purpose. They ridicule Japanese assertions that "America can best serve her own interests by co-operating *through* Japan in China." They interpret this suggestion as actually meaning Japanese employment of American capital to alienate the resources of China. Is it a wrong interpretation?

The Chinese people are very well informed as to the manner in which Japanese writers and others have labored in-

cessantly to create in America and in Europe false impressions of everything Chinese. Naturally, such unfair propaganda has not served to allay suspicions and remove resentment. The mission of Baron Shibusawa in America was fully reported in China. Numerous Japanese flippancies regarding Chinese technical skill and "the necessity for the employment of Japanese superintendents and foremen" in China produced a very bad impression. And is this strange? Many of the best judges consider Chinese workmanship and Chinese art distinctly superior to that of Japan. And while the Japanese have shown great skill in military organization, they have nothing that can compare with the great voluntary co-operative companies of Chinese that work thousands of men in the tin mines of the Federated Malay States.

Chinese speak of Japan's expressed policy in the wooing of American finance for the ultimate undoing of China as "a proposal for an unholy alliance of dollar, despot, and dupe." Its acceptance by us, they say, would threaten the relegation of the Chinese people to the mean parts of hewers of wood and drawers of water in their own land, when their capacity for leadership in industry is great.

The record left in China by the Okuma administration—whatever may have been the actual intentions of the aged marquis—was not a good one. The Chinese point to the sharp conflict between Okuma's words and his acts. "He pledged us peace and friendship," they say, "and then he struck at the very foundations of our national sovereignty." Some of the younger men speak of him as "the Japanese Janus."

A Chinese said this of Japan:

"She sends her emissaries to the United States to talk to you, Americans, of her great friendship for us and her fatherly interest in our welfare. We try to understand what she is saying, but we cannot hear her because of the noise which she is making in our house with her twenty-one demands."

The appointment of Baron Hayashi, "a substantive ambassador," to be Japanese minister at Peking awakened very favorable hopes—they would have been glad to have them expectations—in China. The baron had won his diplomatic

spurs in the Chinese capital. Everything possible was done by Chinese and others to fortify the friendship he expressed towards China. Scarcely had he presented his credentials when these were followed by new demands based upon the act of unwarranted aggression apparently committed, according to Chinese reports, by war-hungry Japanese soldiers at Cheng-chiatung.

Since I returned from the Orient several minor changes have been made in the Japanese legation staff at Peking. In order that Americans may appreciate one of the causes of Japanese diplomatic failure in China, it may be well to reproduce here (without editing or altering as much as a punctuation mark) a first-hand Japanese account of how a Japanese official approaches the service of his country in China:

"Mr. Kenkichi Yoshizawa, newly appointed counselor of the Japanese Legation in Peking, when about to leave for China, was guest of honor at a banquet given by the Kasumi Club, or the Foreign Office Press Club. In response to a farewell address Mr. Yoshizawa said in part:

"'China is like an incompetent person whose monetary allowances are limited by the administrator of his property,' said Mr. Yoshizawa. 'She has been incompetent to manage her financial affairs in the past and is incompetent now.'"

One is tempted to inquire whether Japan would be competent to manage her financial affairs if foreigners held her customs tariffs down to about three per cent, and tied up other income at will as they did China's last year. Take hands off China—and see.

The tactful diplomat continued:

"'There are only two world powers now which can give attention to China in any appreciable degree. They are Japan and the United States. The United States is a rich country and can afford to invest capital in China. She is likely to do so from now on. America's interests in China will grow rapidly. But Japan, for geographical reasons and because of her political and other relations in the past, is in a more convenient position than America to assist China. The responsibility of Japan, therefore, is very great. Japan should treat China as if she were Japan's own relative. This task requires

a great deal of patience on the part of Japan. Japan must care for China as a mother cares for her child. It is my idea that we should be patient with China. If she listens to our friendly suggestions, she should be encouraged; if she does not, she should be chastised as a father punishes his wayward son. I expect to assist Baron Hayashi, my chief, in Peking, with that policy in mind. We should avoid doing things which will only invite the suspicion of the Chinese and foreign nations.' "

The Chinese newspapers, of course, receive such news reports in due course by cable and by mail. Mr. Yoshizawa's impertinent speech preceded this "discreet" official to the capital of China. Supposing an American official accredited by our government to Japan or by China to Japan should speak of Japan in such impudent, insulting terms, what would inevitably happen? Would he be *persona grata* at Tokyo? Would our government or the government of China overlook such a rank offense against international propriety? Not likely. A very few Americans appointed to our diplomatic corps have been indiscreet—although never insulting, as in this case—and swift and condign has been their punishment, even when the "offense" was more or less technical, and open to reasonable explanation.

As a real friend of Japan's I call the attention of her rulers to these facts. I want to see Japan and China friends as I desire to see America and Japan even closer friends than now. But her government cannot expect friendship and confidence when such childishly foolish diplomats run at large unrebuked. A wiser policy, such as was outlined to me in Tokyo, would strengthen her greatly in both China and America, and would insure her future. Will she not adopt it?

Unless there is a change not only in tone, but in deeds, Japan, with her own hand and pen, has written the brief indicting her policy towards China. Her own acts comprise the evidence in the case. The circumstances surrounding these acts intensify their baleful character and consequences.

What must be the sum total of all these cankerous circumstances? Eating into the sound heart of China, as they have

eaten through the years covered by China's indictment of Japan's unfriendly course, could there be any effect but one? Not if the Chinese possessed the patience of Job.

The Chinese are, at last, coming into their own. It is much too late for any nation to attempt to stem the flood of Chinese progress. That is the one Star of Hope for China—she has been misunderstood, her defensive strength underestimated until, at last, Time and the vigorous labors of her youth have tolled the curfew against further aggression or spoliation. The Japanese press and Japan's friends in America never weary of telling of Japan's marvellous progress during the last few decades. I rejoice to agree with them. But when, after a twelve years' absence from Peking, I re-entered the ancient walls I did not find the old city. Twelve years had sufficed to build a new Peking, more marvellously changed than our new western cities. I question if the same brief span of years ever witnessed so great improvements in Tokyo. And, most encouraging of all, the change in the awakened progressive spirit of rulers and people was no less marked.

In Japan, progress, as we understand it, has been a thing of exotic growth. "More than any Westerner can realize," says Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, an ardent admirer and eager defender of Japan, in "Evolution of the Japanese," "the Japanese people have been dependent on governmental initiative from time immemorial. . . . The Occidentalized order now dominant in Japan was adopted, not by the people, but by the rulers, and imposed by them on the people."

In China, the impulse came from below, not from above. The Manchu edicts accepting foreign innovations were compelled by agitation among the Chinese people themselves. The people led, the mandarins merely followed, in China. Not the old government, but the people are building this wonderful new China.

And that is one reason why the present situation, while it may and does annoy, does not greatly alarm the Chinese people. I have been surprised at their confidence. They have faith in themselves. They also repose faith in their friends. They will succeed.

HOW THE "SEASIDE" CAME TO THE OZARKS

By Louis Dodge

Author of "Bonnie May"



THIRTY years ago I spent a year in a remote hamlet in the Ozark Mountains; and to the best of my knowledge and belief it was during my stay there that the first copies of the once-popular and famous Seaside Library made their appearance in that part of the world.

Cleburne, as the ancient settlement was called, was thirty miles from a railroad. Its isolation was more complete than that of any other place I have ever known. A band of outlaws could scarcely have sought a remoter retreat than the unimpeachable citizens of Cleburne had chosen for their homes. The few roads which approached the settlement wound interminably through mountain passes and up precipitous slopes. And these thoroughfares, unimproved in any modern sense, were things to try the stoutest heart when they traversed narrow shoulders of mountain and looked down into bottomless abysses on the one side and hugged high walls of stone on the other.

There were times when the settlement was snow-bound in just such a fashion as has been described by Whittier or by Bret Harte—the "Snow-Bound at Eagle's" description answering better, because of its depiction of profound loneliness. The people seemed really to hibernate on these occasions, their dwelling-places presenting as few evidences of life as you will find about the shelters of bees or bears in mid-winter.

Nevertheless, the town was noted throughout a limited radius for its denominational college, for its iron and sulphur springs, and for what was called in the prospectus of the college "a moral influence."

As the college, standing on its wind-swept hilltop, passed away in flames a good many years ago, I may say that it was a fairly good institution of its kind. The mineral springs were not attractive to the olfactory unsophistication of a boy,

and I used to drink from the well in the middle of the main street, in front of the drug-store, where man and beast stopped after their arduous journeys from the surrounding country on market days.

As for the "moral influence," that was only a phrase to me in those years, but my abiding impression is that Cleburne was not so far away from the busier haunts of men that it could safely withdraw its offensive against the forces of evil. In the boarding-house kept by a Mrs. Sprague, and patronized by out-of-town boys who were attending the college, there was much mystery and secrecy in certain directions. Tobacco and playing-cards were smuggled into the rooms—and these most emphatically were *not* factors which conduced to morality, as morality was regarded from the Cleburne standards. Demijohns found their way into the settlement, too, and were the subject of many furtive manœuvres.

The only regular means of communication between this fastness and the outside world was a ramshackle hack which made the trip once a week from Cleburne to the nearest railroad point and back, to bring mail and passengers. To be sure, this was a "regular" means rather in intention than achievement, and the arrival of the picturesque vehicle was always an event of deep interest. In truth, when Enos Philbrick drove forth out of town on Monday morning Cleburne looked after him as the people of Palos must have looked after Christopher Columbus in his *Santa Maria*—with the feeling that by rights he ought never to come back. It was not alone the physical difficulties which lay in the way of a safe return which were pondered: it was the moral risks also. For there was a feeling in Cleburne that anybody who went within reach of a railroad might at any time come to an evil end.

I can scarcely hope to impart a convincing quality to some of the events I am about to record until I have made it plain that the mental seclusion of Cleburne was

quite as marked as its physical remoteness. The founders of the town had come, I believe, from Virginia; and if the people who lived there in my day were not largely English in their customs and social inheritances, they were certainly not typically American. I believe they viewed with misgivings the government at Washington, and regarded all the Northern States as being peopled by unconsciously comical human beings who did not speak good English and who were characterized chiefly by an overdeveloped acquisitive instinct. They were almost incredibly intolerant of certain forms of pleasure, novel-reading being a particularly heinous offense.

Lawlessness, even from the Cleburne standpoint, had few visible forms in the community, and the only habitually idle man to be found was old Judge Ligon, who personified the law in that section of the Ozarks. How he attained his office I never learned. To me he seemed to have become a judge by some natural process. I had the feeling that he had always been a judge and would always remain one, though my mind became hazy when I tried to picture him as a judge at fourteen—which was my own age. Judging by his appearance I thought it extremely improbable that he had ever been as young as fourteen.

If there had really been no lawlessness in Cleburne there ought to have been no suffering: yet I remember that the town (and its surrounding territory) had three physicians, one of whom was a delightfully picturesque figure. He used to ride out to distant settlements on a horse which was never known to go faster than a walk, with his healing materials and apparatus in his saddle-bags.

Perhaps an additional sense of the town's quality may be conveyed by a brief mention of Cleburne's one eccentric "character"—old Uncle Willum, who never failed to win applause when he stoutly declared that if ever a railroad came to Cleburne he would turn his back on the town forever. I am in doubt to this day whether Uncle Willum derived greater satisfaction or chagrin from the fact that at the time he was gathered to his fathers, long ago, the atmosphere about Cleburne had never been (as it has

never been to this day) disturbed by the smoke and noise of a locomotive.

About the time my father went to Cleburne to take charge of the weekly newspaper and to give his family the benefit of the town's moral influence, there came into the community a young lawyer.

That last clause might well be printed in italics; for Slaydon Powell, the lawyer in question, was destined to effect a strange revolution in Cleburne. He did not state definitely where he had come from; and as if this were not a sufficiently suspicious circumstance in itself, he made matters worse by declaring frankly that he had come to the Ozarks for his health.

Young Powell was plainly a physical weakling; but Cleburne attributed an entirely figurative meaning to the saying: "He went away for his health." It meant, they very well knew, that the person of whom it was spoken was a criminal in hiding. And thus Powell was a marked man immediately.

He lost no time in casting fuel upon the fires of the town's suspicions. He succeeded in becoming acquainted with the minister's wife and with the two or three ladies who were of the college faculty; and when he met any of them on Main Street he removed his hat with an elaborate gesture which was absolutely a new thing in Cleburne. Not that there was anything the matter with the salute, considered from any but the Cleburne standards, but the mountain men regarded the mere act in itself as a thing savoring of cunning and low morals and a generally insidious mind.

He also produced a guitar in the little signal-house of an office in which he established himself, and played on it, and sang dialect songs and old ballads. Within a week he had taught two or three boys, who ventured into his office, how to play chords in the key of D. He went so far as to try to teach one of the boys a song in which Satan was represented as surveying mankind and declaring that they "all wore cloaks."

The town's musical literature had been comprised almost wholly, theretofore, of "Darling Nellie Gray," "Larboard Watch," and a morally rigorous song called "The Stepmother." Thus, when

Satan was permitted, unrebuked, to ridicule worthy men and women, as he was in "They All Wear Cloaks," Cleburne alertly awoke to the fact that it had at last an evil influence. But the lightnings were not really loosed until it developed that Slaydon Powell gave full rein to an ungovernable passion for reading novels.

To be quite frank, there had been in Cleburne, prior to the arrival of the invalid lawyer, two classes of literature (both sparsely represented) to choose between.

One of these was located in the college "library," a dusty room up-stairs in the college building. This seemed to me a very holy place. No one dusted it; few entered it. Only one of my schoolmates whom I can now recall shared my reverence for that divinely ghost-haunted room. His name was Doremus. During the noon hour, after we had eaten the luncheon we had brought to school with us, Doremus would say to me, in what we both conceived to be the manner of a true scholar: "Let us go up into the library." And I, anxious not to introduce a jarring note, would incline my head politely and reply: "Good!" And together we would mount the stairs and enter the presence of those ancient calfskin bindings on which, in faint gilt, there could still be traced such names as Kirke White and Edward Young and John Milton. The collection was not extensive, and there was not a single work of fiction in it.

It is less simple to speak of the second class of literature represented in this circumspect town. Let me say that there were two books in general but irregular circulation. One of these was "Ivanhoe," the other was "True as Steel." It was destiny that juxtaposed those titles—not I.

While I shrink from betraying any facts which seem to place in question the genuineness of the town's famous moral influence, I am compelled to say that "True as Steel" was in theory the forbidden fruit of the girls of Cleburne, while "Ivanhoe" played a corresponding part in the lives of the boys. As a matter of practice the two books were interchangeable in their places between the sexes, and I read "True as Steel" almost if not quite as often as I read "Ivanhoe." When "Ivan-

hoe" was "out," to employ the term of the circulating libraries, and "True as Steel" happened to be "in," then Marion Harland became for the moment my rod and staff instead of Sir Walter.

Both books had to be kept completely under cover. The girls were charged with the responsibility of concealing "True as Steel" from relentless mothers and fathers. The boys looked after the welfare of "Ivanhoe."

The course of "Ivanhoe" through the town was furtive to the last degree. If you had lost track of it you would accost some likely boy in a mysterious manner and conduct him up into the church belfry, or into the loft of the flour-mill, which "ground" only one day in the week and was delightfully ghostly six days out of the seven. You would lower your voice to a whisper. "Where's 'Ivanhoe'?" you would ask. And the other boy would look darkly over his shoulder and whisper, "Lee's got it!"—or it might be Marvin, or Guy, or Jack. And then both of you would emerge into the open again and spend a minute or two trying to look quite unconscious or unconcerned before permitting the eyes of the world to rest upon you at close range.

In the course of its travels "Ivanhoe" suffered deplorably. No one could remember when it had had a back; and as time passed it lost its last leaf, and again and again its successive last leaves. Unregretted the glossary went. The notes went, page by page, unmourned. There was no great outcry when page 493, on which the death of Cœur de Lion was noted, slipped from its place. The last words of Rebecca and Rowena disappeared, yet it was not thought that any real harm had been done. In truth, the story had sunk deep into all our consciences, and we knew the end without reading it.

The last time I saw "True as Steel" it was beautifully intact—a fact which may consist of real criticism in its essence if not in form.

And so for a time I drew solace from two novels, and only a prescient unction from the leather-bound Kirke White.

And then the invalid lawyer came—and with him the Seaside Library. Quite unashamed and unabashed he sat in his

office and read large, paper-backed novels. (The later pocket edition had not, I think, come into existence at that time.) With perfect frankness he offered to lend them. He had a most liberal supply of them, and new numbers arrived every week, unless something happened to Enos Philbrick.

I rejoice to say that my mother not only borrowed "Seasides" from Slaydon Powell, but that she read them and permitted me to read them. (When I meet her again in the land to which she has journeyed I hope I shall remember to thank her for that act of kindness and wisdom—that proof of her faith that in a world of many sorrows there is a predominating good.)

The first of the Seaside novels that came into my hands was "Bleak House." I had never heard the title spoken; and I cannot describe the effect it had on me, there on the cover of that bulky volume, with a picture of tragic suggestion on the first page. I did not read "Bleak House" then. It may have been monopolized by other members of the family until it had to be returned. Perhaps it was a little "old" for me. But its title I made my own—a kind of sinister song to sing to myself as I pursued my boyhood's labors and recreations.

What I did absorb from that first volume was the list of titles in the back pages—and it was with a new rapture that I realized what a world of books there was within my reach, or that would be within my reach when I grew older. Dickens had been dead fourteen years at that time, and all his books were listed in those back pages. And not only Dickens, but many another great story-teller had his name represented on those lists: Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Bulwer-Lytton, Charles Lever, George Eliot, Thackeray, Dumas, Hugo—magic names all.

If I realized that these were the names of the larger figures in the literature of that day it was because my mother designated them as such. For myself there was equal magic in a score of names which seem almost never heard in these days. These names acquired a radiance in my eyes which the names of generals or statesmen or even martyrs never could have possessed. "Ivanhoe"—and perhaps the

enthusiasms of my mother—had made me look with peculiar reverence upon the names of all tale-tellers. I invested them with almost sacred qualities. I built up personalities for many of the authors represented on those Seaside lists. I was inclined to like Mrs. Annie Edwards better than Amelia B. Edwards, for example. (I am speaking now of personalities, rather than books.) Amelia B. Edwards, as I saw her, wore glasses and a veil which was no longer new, and her complexion was somewhat sallow. Mrs. Annie Edwards, on the other hand, was charmingly gay and youthful. She seemed rather frivolous, but this was to conceal sorrows which she unselfishly refused to permit any one to share with her.

Similarly, I drew all those other far-off people about me: B. L. Farjeon, Rosa Nouchette Carey, the author of "My Ducats and My Daughter," Emile Gaboriau, Miss Mulock, Miss M. E. Braddon, Mary Cecil Hay, the author of "Dora Thorne," Mrs. Henry Wood, M. Betham-Edwards, James Payn, F. W. Robinson, "The Duchess," "Rita," Anthony Trollope, T. Adolphus Trollope, G. P. R. James, Wm. Harrison Ainsworth, George Macdonald, Mrs. Oliphant, W. Clark Russell, "Ouida," Mrs. Molesworth, William Black, David Christie Murray, Robert Buchanan, Besant and Rice, E. Marlitt—I recall the names affectionately even now. There were long lists of books by Cooper and Jules Verne. There were even a few of Thomas Hardy's earlier novels. Indeed, one of the shorter tales of this master, and one of the most plausibly ironic of them all, "Fellow-Townsmen," I have never seen since I read it in the Seaside.

I do not mean to create the impression that I read all the books by all these authors. In a number of cases I read only one or two. But I familiarized myself with all the titles, in most cases, and I made the authors my friends. William Black went with me to fish in the Cadron, a mountain stream not far from Cleburne. B. L. Farjeon and Miss Braddon were my guests on Christmas Day, one sitting on either side of me at table. Miss Mulock was secretly pleased when I learned my lessons well at school—and so was Mrs. Wood. George Macdonald walked some-

what sedately with me across a fallow field which was one of my playgrounds, and was politely interested in all I could tell him about the birds of the Ozark region. Charles Dickens shared my garret bedroom with me at night, and G. P. R. James went with me for many a lonely walk along deserted roads.

Some of the books I read during that year made a wonderful impression on me. There was a glamour which I cannot define in "By the Gate of the Sea," with its allusions to the philosopher's stone and its final declaration that this stone may be found "at the head of every peasant's grave." If David Christie Murray did not make the glamour of his story quite comprehensible to me, Robert Buchanan created equal glamour—and fuller comprehension—in "Come Ashore"; and there were a score of other narratives which became woven into my mental fabric, never to disappear.

But to return to the first days of the Seaside's invasion of Cleburne.

The novel with which I made my beginning ought not to have impressed a sturdy boy of fourteen; but it did so. I name the title reluctantly: "The Shadow of a Sin." It opened with a poetical quotation:

"She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread
My heart would hear it and beat
Had it lain for a century dead."

And then the story launched itself with these words—"Had it lain for a century dead" . . . I do not remember whether an interrogation or an exclamation point followed here. I only remember that I was sitting under an oak-tree, with a dim, blue ridge of mountains showing far away between two hilltops, and that it was May. I tapped the page with the back of my hand, lightly, yet with authority. "*This is literature*," I said. My brother, two years my senior, heard me. "What is the fool talking about?" he asked. It was his way to address me in the third person when there was no one about but him and me. I handed him the book. He glanced at the title derisively and then at the opening lines. Then he grunted and put "The Shadow of a Sin" back into my hands. But I was unshaken

in my conviction, and I doubt if I knew that "this is literature" had ever been said before. I have seen the phrase often since—and often it has been quite as far astray as when I tapped the Tennysonian quotation and the passage beneath with the back of my hand and gave voice to my ardent judgment.

The book fascinated me to such a degree that I took it to school with me. I had a physical geography which would just cover it in case of danger. I was trying to finish a chapter during an hour when I should have been mastering the Massachusetts law as applied to partial payments, and I forgot myself completely.

A looming presence appeared from behind me, leaning over me. The principal, a forbidding man with a black beard and a mustache "cropped" at a time when a cropped mustache indicated, clearly, a harsh and unbending personality, laid his long finger on the title of the book, which I had closed in a panic.

His index finger rested on the word "Sin."

"Boys know too much about that word already," he said harshly—and passed on! He did not confiscate the book, after all.

I was disturbed to my very foundations. I had committed Cleburne's unpardonable sin—and the walls had not fallen about my head. I concluded that punishment, in my case, would have to be made a matter of long consideration and peculiar ingenuity and that it would descend another day. But as a matter of fact nothing happened at all, save that the principal kept his black eyes on me almost unremittingly for a day or two.

I tried to fathom this break in the natural order of things. I realized rather clearly that the principal's had been the ecclesiastical point of view, whereas the novel in hand—any novel—should have been approached as a work of art. If he had said, "This is trash," I should have been interested and respectful, though I might never have agreed with him. But I felt the fundamental ineptitude of his moralizing unfavorably with a book as a text. And it seemed to me singularly appropriate that, if he had been going to say, "Boys know too much about that

word already," he should have slipped up on me from behind.

In my mind I convicted him of inconsistency, too; for had it not been only a few weeks earlier that he had required me to memorize and recite "The Barefoot Boy," with its line—

"Quick and treacherous sands of sin"?

However, I soon outgrew the "Dora Thorne" novels, though I have always believed that the earlier books in that interminable series were just what they purported to be: the work of a woman, writing with perfect conviction and earnestness, and not the product of a one-time Brooklyn male citizen, writing in London under a variety of names.

The name of R. E. Francillon next attracted my attention. It seemed to me a particularly appropriate name for a writer of stories, and I liked his titles, with their ingenious subtitles—"A Yarn in Seven Knots" and (I think) "A Fact in Seven Fables." Now that something of perspective is given me, I realize that thirty years ago Francillon was a not unfamiliar figure in the literary world of London, moving in and out of that group which had welcomed to their midst the youthful William Sharp, who was to find and reverence Dante Gabriel Rossetti—and then lose him. Even Rossetti was unknown in Cleburne, but the shadowy figure of R. E. Francillon came up through the abysses and across the passes and was at home.

I found somewhat more congenial material presently in the stories of Miss Braddon. I still wonder if "Henry Dunbar" was not a really first-rate story. At any rate I know I was fascinated by "Sir Jasper's Tenant," and I enjoyed the Braddon titles inordinately—"Dead-Sea Fruit," "To the Bitter End," "Birds of Prey," and the rest. The ceaseless rush of the world of books is impressed upon me now when I reflect that the author of these books died only the other day, and that Mr. W. B. Maxwell, her son, is already established as an author of vigorously melodramatic tales.

There was almost equal delight to be derived from "East Lynne" and "The Mysteries" and "Red-Court Farm," by Mrs. Henry Wood; and I am not sure

that the stories of school life we read to-day, with their criticisms of the policies of the universities, are quite as good art as some of Mrs. Wood's frankly emotional tales of English boys at school.

The Seaside novels did not get into other households as openly and easily as they did into the one in which I lived; but at least they were made entirely visible to all who passed Slaydon Powell's office, or who watched that young man when he walked abroad—for he habitually carried a novel in his hand. And the effect upon the community's leaders was marked.

There was a gasp of resentment and astonishment at first; and I am sure some of the men and women who had most thoroughly a realizing sense of the town's "moral influence" were genuinely distressed. It was as if the invalid lawyer (whose health began to mend rather rapidly) had justified the dark looks which had been cast at him when he lifted his hat to the elderly ladies of the town and spent much of his time playing a guitar.

I think my mother's attitude had much to do with the final outcome of the matter. To the good women who called on her she explained tactfully that the mistrusted paper-backed books really contained some of the world's masterpieces; and my mother, as the wife of the town's editor, was not a person to be disregarded lightly.

Next, a dear old lady who was of the college faculty, and who had come to this distant eyry among the mountains on a day when the roads were frozen and rough, took up the battle—on my mother's side. She was a slight, snowy-haired creature who liked to declare in season and out that her home was in Macon, Ga., and that this city was the South's chief centre of culture. She spoke more distinctly than any other person I ever knew, though what I admired as an acquired excellence was, I now believe, due in a measure to the false teeth the good creature wore. She found "The Light of Asia" in the Seaside, and afterward she would hear nothing against the practice of importing and reading any or all of the books bearing the Seaside imprint.

There were, certainly, remaining reservations in the minds of the town's most expert moralists, when a new factor in the

problem—a new person in the drama—arrived.

The college had been doing very well for a year or two and it had been decided that a music-teacher might be added to the faculty; and so one was engaged—from out of town.

I do not remember where Miss Leafgreen came from. I only recall the fact that on a certain summer day when the Cleburne hack, coming back from its weekly journey, turned the corner two blocks from the post-office and whined its way along the main street toward its stopping-point, the whole town was instantly aware that Miss Leafgreen had arrived.

Certainly she was from some city. There was an air of sophistication about her that fairly shouted of metropolitanism. I have no doubt that some of the wiser heads of Cleburne suspected her of having come, directly or indirectly, from Paris. She wore a veil and gloves; and, as if this were not enough to arouse the town's suspicions, she refused to look demurely ahead, as all the Cleburne ladies did when they returned from a journey, but glanced boldly about her with black eyes which fairly snapped with vitality. And when she arose from her seat in the hack, when the lumbering vehicle stopped at the post-office platform and revealed what I may call her form, she compelled the men of Cleburne to stare as helplessly as ever the Lady Godiva did on that informal ride with which she is associated.

Her waist was not merely a connecting part of her body—a length of skin and bone and ligament merging on equal terms with that which came above and below. It was, I think, the first *waist* ever seen in Cleburne. You could have spanned it with your two hands—or almost. And it seemed all the smaller because of the disproportionate abundance of bust and hips. I really believe Miss Leafgreen would have attracted a certain amount of attention anywhere. She touched the platform with a foot which was scandalously pretty and well shod, from the Cleburne point of view; and in an instant she was standing erect and putting her veil back over her hat, and smiling at all and sundry who happened to come within the radius of her eyes. I think she regarded Cleburne as a family rather than as a town. It re-

mained a mystery to Cleburne (as it has remained to me) how this plump creature could ever have ridden thirty miles in Enos Philbrick's hack, around mountain shoulders and over interminable boulders, with those tiny shoes on her feet and only that wasp-like waist to support her upper body. Yet here she was, as "fit" as an apple on its bough. And the town stood on the post-office platform and stared while Professor Tucker escorted her up the hill and to the select boarding-house close to the college. There was something about Professor Tucker's carriage, as he walked beside Miss Leafgreen, which made the boys on the platform wish to yell; but they restrained themselves. That expression, "a moral influence," could not have been wholly a figure of speech.

Cleburne would have lost the chance of its life had it not sat in judgment upon Miss Leafgreen and turned its thumbs down. The general indictment was expressed in the words "worldly" and "frivolous." But in its heart Cleburne attributed deadlier sins to her and cherished its dark suspicions.

I can describe only briefly how this extraordinary creature had all the bigger boys of Cleburne following her about, within a week or so, precisely as the Pied Piper was followed. If she had elected to walk into the country the town might have burned down and the catastrophe would not have interested a single boy over the age of eight. She moved from point to point like some extraordinary sort of wheel with a perpendicular hub. Spokes of boys revolved around her. The youth of Cleburne learned how to lift its hat and how to run and bring flowers as if for a shrine. A more vital influence than the Seaside had come to the town.

I may succeed in conveying something of the impression she created on the juvenile mind of Cleburne when I refer to a discovery which was not made until some time afterward.

"Ivanhoe" was lost.

Some one inquired for the book after Miss Leafgreen ceased (as a result of circumstances still to be explained) to trouble the minds of Cleburne, and the fact was developed that it had completely disappeared. Some one remembered that

its latest last page was just where the picture, "Death of Bois-Guilbert," had been. But this information was quite without value as a means of locating the lost treasure. Perhaps there was no mystery at all about the disappearance of the book. In all probability some boy, reading it, espied Miss Leafgreen at a distance, and made for her without taking the precaution of putting the book under a mattress or in a loft or under a cupboard. In such a case any unconverted mother would have put the book in the stove, and smiled grimly, and brushed her hands. But the fact remains that if Miss Leafgreen had been a more ordinary kind of person, "Ivanhoe" would probably have been in Cleburne to this day. Its sacrifice was appropriate enough, perhaps—a proof that the knighthood it depicted was still in the world: in a new form, perhaps, but with the old essence.

From the first it was one of Miss Leafgreen's duties to play the piano in the chapel for the Sunday services; and it should be recorded that the very neatness of her performance, on an instrument against which a deep-seated prejudice prevailed, struck all the elders as a sort of insidious sin. She sang as she played, and the mere fact that her voice arose easily and beautifully, by a mysterious artifice rather than by sheer lung power, was ground for a new indictment against her. One sage who had journeyed as far as the railroad years ago, and who had been thought to have escaped its wicked influences, now betrayed himself in a measure by declaring that Miss Leafgreen did not sing like a Christian woman, but that she had, rather, an *opery* voice.

The town forgot the Seaside Library for the moment; and Miss Leafgreen was the agency which brought Cleburne's consciousness back to this original menace.

Slaydon Powell, looking over the top of the latest issue of the library one fine day, caught sight of Miss Leafgreen—and immediately dropped the book to the floor of his office. It was his first glimpse of her.

Before the sun had set he had obtained an introduction to her. Before another day had ended he had gained the side of the music-teacher, by thrusting aside several phalanxes of boys, and had walked in public with her.

And then the unexpected happened. Miss Leafgreen did not wish to cultivate the acquaintance of the lawyer. She did not wish to receive any visits from him. She avoided him. She permitted the whole town to perceive all this.

And again Cleburne found occasion to turn its thumbs down. She would not associate with one who should have been a suitable associate. No, she preferred to lure a lot of innocent boys into the paths of evil. The town judged her again, and now its secret characterization was put into words. *She was fast.*

Here the Seaside Library appears again. The invalid lawyer was simply bewildered by Miss Leafgreen's indifference toward him. He could not understand. He concluded that perhaps *she* did not understand. And one day he collected a bundle of novels and put them into the hands of a passing youth—a youth who, it chanced, was in a dejected mood because he had never been permitted to get any closer than a position in the tire around that wheel of which Miss Leafgreen was the hub. "Take them to Miss Leafgreen, with my compliments," said Powell to this youth.

Half an hour later the messenger returned and announced vindictively, and in the presence of witnesses: "She says she don't care about them. She says she haint got time for such trash."

And when it became generally known that Miss Leafgreen disapproved of the Seaside Library the result was instant as well as curious. The town espoused the cause, not of Miss Leafgreen, but of the hated Seaside. By a *reductio ad absurdum* process it reached the conclusion that there must be something in the "storytales," after all.

And thereafter you could see issues of the Seaside Library on the front porches of Cleburne, and in the Cleburne sitting-rooms, and in the hands of idlers who leaned back in straight-backed chairs in front of the general merchandise stores of Cleburne. I know of one patient citizen who spent six months over "The Initials," and then announced regretfully, "Derned if I kin git the hang of it!"—but it is to be noted that he did not put the book aside on moral grounds.

Before the end of the summer literary

discussion became the fashion in the town. You could meet "The Duchess" on croquet-grounds, and the Brontë sisters at lawn parties, and Victor Hugo or Balzac or Dumas in the drug-store. One delegation of young people called on Professor Tucker and asked him how to pronounce Björnson.

The invalid lawyer, restored to health, went away and was heard of no more. Miss Leafgreen went home for the winter holidays and did not return. It was an open secret in the town that she had not been asked to come back.

The new books which we have all about us now do not seem to me quite so magical as the old. There seems to be an artificial quality in many of the stories which are recommended to me now—as if their authors did not believe in them very implicitly.

But I comfort myself with the conclu-

sion that I am older than I was when the Seaside came to the Ozarks. And I have no doubt that there is a larger army of young people than there was in the old days who look with shining eyes at the new titles and carry the good news from house to house when a good new book has been discovered.

I am sure, too, that the younger generation hold in reverent hands the books of an army of new writers: Wells and Galsworthy and Bennett and Snaith and Phillpotts and Hichens and Thurston and De Morgan and Mariott, and our own Mrs. Rinehart and Meredith Nicholson and Jack London and Francis Lynde and Henry Sydnor Harrison and Will N. Harben and Mrs. Deland and Rex Beach; and that on occasion they tap a printed page and declare, with the same old generous truculence (and perhaps with larger justification): "This is literature."

WHERE THE STEADY TRADE-WINDS BLOW

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"In the harbor, in the island, in the Spanish seas,
Are the tiny white houses and the orange-trees,
And day long, night long, the cool and pleasant
breeze

Of the steady trade-winds blowing.

"And o' nights there's fire-flies and the yellow
moon,

And in the ghostly palm-trees the sleepy tune
Of the quiet voice calling me, the long, low croon

Of the steady trade-winds blowing."



It was in February and March, 1916, that we took our long-desired trip to the Lesser Antilles and Demerara. Surely there can be no more beautiful islands than those of the Spanish Main. Surely not even in the Far East can there be a more lovely tropical wonderland than the coast fringing the Caribbean Sea. We anchored in the sheltered harbor of

St. Thomas ringed by high, steep hills; we lay off the open roadsteads of Santa Cruz, St. Kitts, and Antigua, of mountainous Dominica, and brilliant, multicolored Guadeloupe and Martinique, and of Barbados, whose people have the energy of the North. We moored alongside the quay in St. Lucia. On the way back we spent ten days in Trinidad, with its witchery of landscape, full of the loveliness of the mountain tropics and of the tropics of the plain. Finally we touched at Grenada.

After leaving New York in a snow-storm, we drove south through the Gulf Stream into the warmth of sapphire seas where the trade-wind blew steadily. In the hot nights the stars blazed above us: Orion was overhead, the Dipper lay behind us; it was not until we were near the turning-point of our journey that we

reached the low latitudes where, well after nightfall, the Southern Cross rose slantingly above the horizon. Beneath a waning moon we left the Antilles on our journey southward; and the next moon was nearing full when we steamed northward from Trinidad and Grenada.

Everywhere Danish, French, and British officials, American officials, and Creole, British, French, and American non-official friends were more than kind and hospitable. The glimpse into the social and industrial life of the islands was enthralling. But we were on a holiday, our stay was short, and we did not seek to see more than the picturesque outward charm of the scenery and of that human life that was patent to the passer-by.

In the harbors the negro boatmen swarmed round the ship, and black and brown boys dived like otters after small coins thrown into the water. When the ship was coaled the workers were sometimes men, sometimes strapping women as strong as the men, who chattered and sang as they toiled, while their white teeth flashed in their dark faces. Queer fishing-craft, sometimes with russet sails, danced over the foaming combers which broke the azure of the deep. Rows of tall, slender-stemmed palms stood back of the shining beaches, their fronded tops threshing endlessly in the trade-wind. On the edge of the blue ocean, at the foot of brilliant green mountains, half-hidden in the

tropic vegetation, stood little towns, clusters of low white or red houses. After nightfall the town gallants sat at small tables on the sidewalks outside the taverns or under the trees in the open squares. Powerful, finely built black women, and lithe comely brown women strode along the paths and highroads, erect and supple,

all their burdens, great or small, poised on their heads. Sometimes these burdens were extraordinary because of their bulk or weight, at other times they were comic because it seemed incredible that such small or peculiar objects should not be carried in the hand: once, for instance, we saw a woman carrying on her head a solitary white shoe, and another time, of all things, a single egg.

In all the islands legal and political discriminations based on color have been done away. In some the social discriminations are giving way.

In others sharp social lines are drawn not only between white and colored—as all shades of cross-blood are called—but between colored and black. The whites everywhere composed most of the upper class, although it also included many of the colored; the colored folk made up most of the middle class, and just as they extended into the class above them so their class was entered by the blacks below them; and the bulk of the laborers, in the towns and especially in the country, were blacks, although many were browns. At the fringes all the



Map showing route among the West Indies taken by Mr. Roosevelt.

classes overlapped or merged into one another.

In Martinique the browns outnumbered the blacks. Elsewhere the blacks were in a majority. Together with the white officials were many colored and some black officials. Substantial race justice is done. Friction occurs, of course; yet, on the whole, there is law and order and a real desire to give each man his chance and to treat him fairly. None of these lands have prospered quite as much as Cuba, Porto Rico, and Panama during the last fifteen years, owing to the peculiar relations of these three countries to the United States. But they have prospered far more, they have infinitely better and juster governments, than most of the revolution-ridden "republics" that face on the Caribbean and the Mexican Gulf; from the standpoint of life, liberty, and property they are beyond comparison better living-places for rich men and especially for poor men. They reflect honor on the nations to which they belong: the public servants are upright, fearless, and efficient. The English colonies regard England and the French colonies France with devoted loyalty—a loyalty which in each case has been well earned by the mother country. Everywhere we found that the young white men had thronged to the support of the mother country in the war—almost every family we met had kinsmen at the front. Even more striking was the genuine loyalty of the colored men and black men to the flags under which they had found justice. Thousands had volunteered from the British colonies. Martinique and Guadeloupe were under conscription, like France; and these two islands, with less than half a million population, had sent fifteen thousand soldiers across the seas.

The houses that we visited, in the towns and on the plantations, were built for coolness, with thin partitions and wide windows—with blinds but without glass panes—opening everywhere. Usually they stood on posts above the ground. They were pleasant and comfortable; but it behooved the inmates to speak in low tones and move softly, for otherwise the dwellers therein "had about as much privacy as a goldfish." In the gardens was a wealth of bloom; there were hedges of scarlet hibiscus; the corallita turned the

lattice-work and the fences pink; the purple masses of *Bougainvillea* were the most conspicuous of all. The fields of sugar-cane made the plains a vast sheet of light green. Elsewhere there were banana groves, groves of cocoanut-palm, lime orchards, plantations of coffee and cocoa. The trees were of many different kinds and some of them bore brilliant blossoms, red or white or yellow. The noble cabbage-palms rose like columns loftier and more beautiful than any made by the hand of man. The mahogany-trees spread their gnarled branches like oaks. Very strange, and very graceful, were the clumps of giant bamboo, bending outward, with feathery crowns of foliage on the strong, pliant stems. The dark-green breadfruit-trees with glossy, deeply incised leaves, and the densely foliated mangoes were restful to the eyes after the bright, pitiless glare of the open spaces. Here and there, in Martinique and Dominica, we came on ravines or hill-sides crowded with beautiful tree-ferns. Many parasitic plants, of various and utterly dissimilar kinds, grew on the trunks and branches of the older trees, some with delicate flowers, some with huge leaves like the ears of elephants; while yet others streamed like gray moss or sprouted like grass tufts on the branches. The orange-flowered immortal-tree is called the "mother of the cocoa," because it is planted to shield the young cocoas from the sun.

We motored for miles on every island, always amid scenery that was a delight to the eye. Each island had a charm of its own. On Dominica the administrator, a delightful companion, a widely travelled, widely read man, took us on a new road that twisted up a steep valley into the heart of the mountains. The emerald tropic forest crowded on every hand, spangled with flowers. At the ends of deep ravines we saw the blue ocean; while torrents dashed down the mountainsides. The administrator of Antigua, another delightful companion, drove us across the island to English Harbor. In the old days, the days of the white-winged sailing-ships, when the square-rigged, bluff-bowed, wooden war-vessels carried tier upon tier of smooth-bored cannon, this was a famous haven for the fighting

fleets of England. Judged by modern standards, the ships were small and shallow, although they were crowded with men and guns; and the placid, winding lit-

Josephine was born, destined to greatness and sorrow. In those days the islands were very prosperous; planters and merchants made fortunes rapidly, and were always facing disaster in the shape of hurricane or plague or war; and life was gay and fervid and dangerous.

As far as the inhabitants were concerned, the most picturesque of all the islands were Guadeloupe and Martinique. In these French-speaking islands the negresses and the colored women of the people wore wonderful costumes. Their dresses were blue or red or orange or green or multicolored. Their gaudy turbans were starched stiff, and, on each island, tied in peculiar fashion. They carried



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

A picturesque scene in Fort de France, Martinique.

tle harbor would only do for torpedo-boats nowadays. It was surrounded by quiet, wooded hills; and stone buildings, empty and desolate, were ranged near the wharfs. In the fading evening light we looked over still waters that were peaceful with the peace of death, where once the black hulls floated, and we stood alone in grassy streets that once were alive with the hard-bit, tarry fighting men of the high seas. As we drove home, after dark, through the warm, fragrant air, the golden moon rose on our right hand.

Nelson, when only a daring frigate captain, was well known among these islands. Alexander Hamilton lived his early years on them, until he left to write his name in deathless letters on history's pages. Here the after-time empress

heavy jewelry of beaten gold: bracelets, necklaces, brooches, earrings. They were Catholics, and shrines stood along the



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

Women coaling a ship at St. Lucia.

roads and in groves and grottos. The governors of Guadeloupe and Martinique were both of them soldiers who had

fought in the trenches in the present war, who before the war had seen many strange adventures in other lands. One had been governor of Senegal, on the edge of the desert, where dark-skinned Moslem nomads guide their camel caravans. The other had spent three years near Lake Chad, and knew the naked black heathen of the equatorial forest.

In Guadeloupe we drove out to an estate where all kinds of tropic crops were raised, from vanilla and oranges to sugar. We halted at village after village, to receive an address from the colored *maire* and notables, all with manners not merely courteous but polished. In the evening we were given a handsome formal public dinner at the capital, Pointe-à-Pitre. It was carnival time, and the city was in gala mood. At midnight, when we started for the ship, all the streets were lighted and all the people were in them, gay in their festival attire. A band, preceded by men bearing aloft colored lanterns on sticks, marched ahead of us, and our hosts of the dinner marched behind the band; the merry, jostling crowds thronged the sidewalks, and brightly dressed women danced on the pavement beside us, from time to time, as the music struck into some tune they liked. And so we were escorted down to the quay.

We reached Martinique before sunrise, and steamed in close to the ruins of St. Pierre, the awful monument of the devastating volcanic outburst of Mont Pelée. In the capital, Fort de France, the life that went on was at least as brilliantly picturesque and attractive as in any of those Mediterranean cities which tourists so eagerly visit, and it was astonishing to think how little our people knew of these near-by lands. We of the North dwell in a rather drab world, and on a holiday it is well to see such sights as those of Mar-

tinique: the gay dresses and good looks of the working women, the only less picturesque quality of their mates, the quaint, many-hued houses, the beauty of the landscape outside the city, and within the city the great park or savanna with



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

Statue of Empress Josephine in the Esplanade, Fort de France, Martinique.

its rows of noble trees, the taverns with their tables outside under the colonnades, the little shops, and all the queer mixture of what is French with what is utterly exotic. The market was a really bewildering place, because of the color—always the color—and the strangeness, not only of the buyers and the sellers, but of many of the wares bought and sold. Very impressive was the review of a couple of thousand new soldiers about to sail for the war zone. It took place shortly before sunset, on the savanna. The troops marched past with soldierly carriage, each platoon of recruits guided by some

French veteran who was recovering from his wounds; the bands thrilled us with the "Marseillaise"—fierce and splendid martial music; and the twenty thousand onlookers made a blaze of every known color and combination of colors.

For the last hundred years life has gone

place of the vanishing Indians, and these soon far outnumbered the whites (and do so now, the people from Hindostan being the only ones that can stand the competition with them). In the days of Queen Elizabeth the English, and second to them the French and Dutch, burst into



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

A lane of mahogany-trees in Barbados.

on quietly in the West Indies. Slavery has been abolished. Peace and justice have been measurably attained in all the islands where the government has been steadied by outside help of the right kind, including especially those freed by our own little war of 1898. It is now only Hayti in which the bad old conditions obtain, among a people who have hitherto failed to show fitness for self-government. But there was nothing quiet about West Indian life during the three and a quarter centuries that followed the discovery by Columbus. For nearly a century the Spaniards were not interfered with by other Europeans; and they played the chief part in the extermination of the original Indians, who have practically disappeared, save that in places a little of their blood remains in the mixed population. Very early, however, negroes were introduced as slaves to supply the

the hitherto closed seas, and waged stubborn and successful war with the Spaniards. Even when the three intruding nations were at nominal peace with Spain the reckless and lawless rovers who made up the bulk of their seafaring folk refused to be bound by the peace, banded themselves together into organizations of freebooters, and as buccaneers sacked Spanish cities and harried Spanish galleons. For over a century before the close of the Napoleonic struggles there was a continuous succession of wars waged between England and France. Huge fleets came to the West Indies and some of the memorable sea-fights of history took place in these waters. At the close our own frigates and privateers made their appearance and showed themselves formidable. Throughout the period these regular wars were supplemented by slave insurrections ashore and by piracy, often on a very large scale, afloat.



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

The harbor and mountains of Port of Spain, Trinidad.

Under such conditions most of the islands changed masters, some of them again and again, and the population is everywhere ethnically mixed. Save in Cuba and Porto Rico the negroes almost everywhere immensely outnumber the whites, but are divided from one another linguistically just as are the whites, and in some places the flag and the tongue do not correspond. In the Danish islands the general language, except among the officials, is English. In Dominica and St. Lucia the English flag floats over people who for the most part speak French, and in Trinidad over people some of whom speak Spanish, others French, others English. I was told of one small island—I forget the name—which belongs to France but where half the people speak Dutch and the other half English. The most amusing case was that of the little mountain island of Saba. I was told about it by an American friend, a Harvard man, at whose cool and delightful house on his lime plantation in Dominica we took din-

ner. He had employed a crew of these islanders on his yacht and had visited their home. They are white men. They are the descendants of the old buccaneers who made the island their stronghold and, when times grew perilous, offered its sovereignty to the Dutch. It is Dutch now; but the postmaster is the only man who speaks Dutch, although one of the most numerous of the very few family names, Vanderpool, is obviously derived from a Dutch buccaneer. They all speak English, and they are a very honest, hard-working race, although not particularly intelligent. Exactly how these traits were produced in the offspring of the buccaneers is worth the serious study of masters of the sciences dealing with eugenics, heredity, and environment!

When we reached Demerara—British Guiana—we were on the South American mainland. The climate is not merely tropical but sub-equatorial, for Demerara is only a few degrees north of the line. The coast is low, and the flats adjoining the ocean, covered with rich



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

A native woman of Fort de France, Martinique.



Landing at Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe.

sugar plantations, are actually below sea-level, and the waters are kept from overwhelming them by an extensive series of dikes. It is only in the back country that the landscape becomes as bold and beautiful as that of the West Indian Islands, with river scenery in addition.

Through leagues of muddy shoal water we steamed to the quay at Georgetown, the capital of the colony. As usual we were received with more than cordial hospitality; two of our kind new friends, the solicitor-general and his wife, actually turned over to us their comfortable rooms in the airy, pleasant hotel. It was a lovely city of the mid-tropics. The tree-bordered streets were broad and spacious. The attractive houses, all doors and windows and lattice-work, stood each by itself and bowered in brilliant flowers. The club was built so as to give entry to every breeze. There were few mosquitoes in the city itself, and although it was hot a pleasant breeze blew at night. We dined at the cool open house of the governor, and on another day went there to a garden-party, among the flowers and flowering bushes.

We drove through the botanical gar-

dens, which are among the two or three finest in the world. Here, I am obliged to admit, the mosquitoes were rather a torment. But they could not interfere with our enjoyment. The stately trees were of many different kinds. On the waters of the numerous canals and ditches floated the immense leaves of the *Victoria Regina* lily, each as big as a tea-tray, the resemblance being heightened by the upturned rims. The great flowers were pink or white, and among them were other water-lilies with blue flowers. The jacanas, or lily-trotters, handsomely colored birds the size of a chicken, with very long, slender toes, ran over the lily-pads as if on dry land. When they flew their legs were stretched behind, like a tail. They were old African acquaintances. Herons of different kinds, but mainly the two species of white egret and the tricolor, were tame. In one lake were some manatees, which were feeding on water-plants and on grass which had been thrown in to them. The manatee, called "fish-ox" by the Brazilians, is a bulky, purely plant-eating water-mammal, eight or ten feet long, with smooth, thick skin, blunt snout, fore flippers, and tail. It is not amphibious



Reception by the mayor of a village in Guadeloupe.

any more than a whale or porpoise, and appears above water even less often; although on very rare occasions it may raise its head and neck on the mangrove-roots, or alongside a bank to graze or browse. Ordinarily it eats below water. As we watched them we would see the water-lily leaves twitch and be drawn under, or the floating plants sucked down. Continually we saw the nostrils thrust to the surface and opened, looking like the muzzle of an old-fashioned double-barrelled shot-gun. But this was literally all, except that once, for a moment, a patch of brown hide about a foot square appeared. It is a sluggish, slow-moving creature, preferring still water, and entirely harmless; and interesting because, except for its brother, the dugong, no other beast in any way resembles it. But it does not lend itself to spectacular attraction! I somewhat sympathized with a lady who remarked, anent the manatees having been placed in a lake which was once covered with water-lilies, that even if the water-lilies were less interesting than the manatees the former could be seen and the latter could not, and that now the manatees had eaten all the water-lilies,

so that there was nothing whatever to be seen.

Demerara was once Dutch. A little Dutch blood remains among the whites; and a certain type of mixed blood, part Dutch and part Indian, persists in the back country. These half-breeds are known as "bovianders"—"up-yonders" or "above-yonders" in Dutch dialect—because they live on the rivers above the settlements and back of the beyond. Some Dutch names were retained: "stoop" is used as it is in New York, and a dock or landing-place is called a "stelling"; and many of the plantations are still called by their old Dutch names.

All men and women who when they travel wish to see something different from what they see at home, who care to visit pleasant, rather out-of-the-way places, a little off the beaten track of ordinary tourists, and who have no very long time for their holiday, should assuredly visit the West Indies, and should make the trip include Demerara. There are charming, cultivated, hospitable people; comfortable quarters; no more danger from fever or insects or snakes than in New York from automobiles or tubercu-

lois; and no place more typically tropical can be imagined. It is ablaze with light and vivid color. Of late years, perhaps by way of reaction against old-time exaggeration, there has been a tendency to depreciate tropical coloring. Such understatement is farther away from the truth than the original overstatement against

form and hue, of the bush leafage; the birds show every known tint in every combination; and multitudes of trees, bushes, vines, parasites, plants of all kinds bear flowers that challenge the eye by the delicacy or the bold splendor of their coloring.

In Demerara the black and colored people are, as elsewhere in the West Indies, at least ten-fold more numerous than the whites. Among the whites the Portuguese stand rather apart from the people of other European stocks. The native Indians are not prominent. There are wild but peaceful tribes in the interior, Caribs, Arrawacks, and others; there are occasional villages or small communities of civilized Indians, either by themselves or adjoining other settlements; and there is a strain



Landing at Guadeloupe.

which it protests. In the right season the brilliancy of the wet tropics is almost overwhelming. Of course, in the very high and dense forests everything near the ground is in such perpetual shadow and half-light that all the gorgeous coloring of bird, flower, and leaf is in the sun-bathed, shower-drenched country of the tree-tops overhead, and cannot be seen by the wanderer in the dank, vine-tangled gloom below. But where there is open forest, or where the forest is broken by glades, or where patches of forest, patches of bushes, and patches of treeless land come together, the coloring is unapproachable by anything seen in the North—save for one or two trembling days when the springtime fervor is most intense, or when in fall, here and there, the trees, in bravery of crimson and saffron, greet the glory of death. In the tropics the white flame of the sunlight brings out every detail of the incredible variety, in

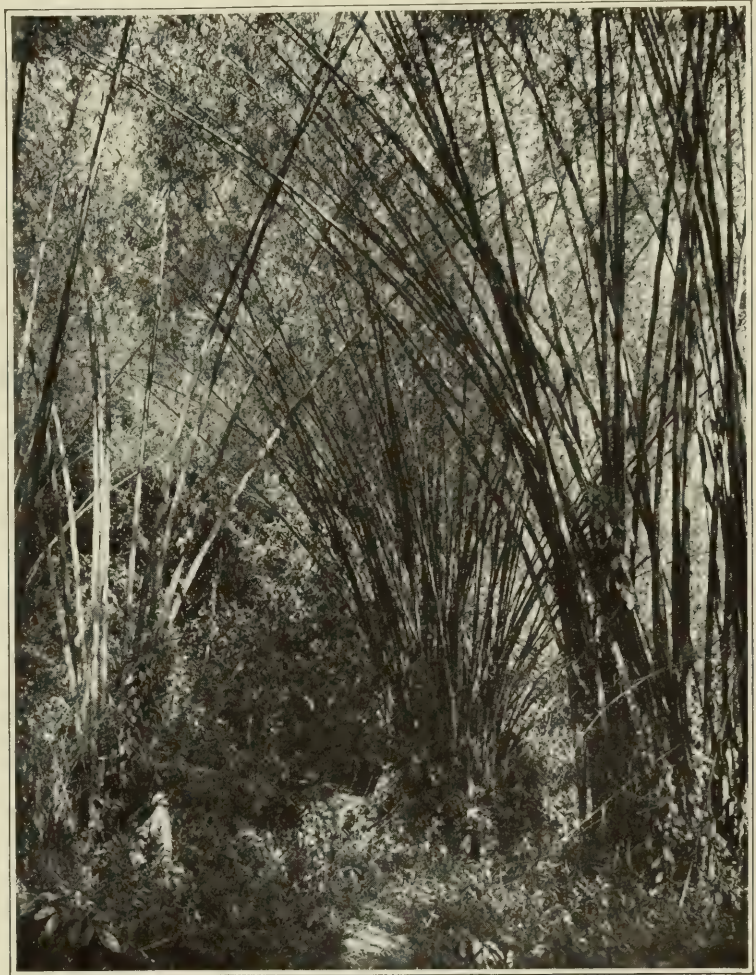
of Indian blood both among the blacks and among the whites. But it is not important. Far otherwise is the case with the coolies from Hindostan. These were brought over, and are still brought over, to supply the demand for labor. They have been excellently treated, they have prospered, and are far better off than in India, and in the large majority of cases they continue to live in the colony after their term of indenture is over. They are mostly Hindoos, but there is a fair percentage of Moslems. They live in villages, or sections of villages, of their own, work on the land by preference, rear plenty of children, and already nearly equal in numbers the people of negro descent. In the second generation a number of them become Christians; but as yet there has not been much mingling of blood between them and the negroes. Their presence, and the peculiar costumes of the more recently arrived—the turbans, the white

tunics, the scanty skirts, the smear of red paint as a caste-mark on the forehead—add a touch of almost fantastic interest to the shifting crowd of wayfarers, hucksters, and laborers. They are slender, rather good-looking people; the young women would be pretty if they did not disfigure themselves with nose-rings and with nose-buttons—metal buttons on the side of the nose. Northern Europeans, Portuguese, native Indians, Chinese, negroes, Hindoos—all are to be found; pure and in every stage of mixture and every social grade. A century hence what product will this melting-pot have produced?

As we landed on the Georgetown quay our friend Beebe, the naturalist, was there to greet us. Next day, in company with the attorney-general of the colony, he took us out to his natural-history station or laboratory, which I have described in the previous article. We started early in the morning. We first crossed the Demerara River, then motored for an hour to the Essequibo River, and ascended it for four or five hours in a little government steamer, which the governor, with characteristic thoughtfulness, had put at our disposal.

On the way up we stopped at a river hamlet where stood the ruins of an old Dutch fort. Rusty cannon lay among the rank weeds, and the crumbling walls and bastions were made of small bricks; in Demerara these small bricks, wherever found, in arch or wall or walk, are the sure signs that once the land was held by the Hollanders. The old wharf remained. There were a few palm-thatched cabins and frail houses with unglazed windows; between them wet, black paths wound through the green vegetation. The local schoolmaster, a courteous colored man, showed us round. In one of the cabins dwelt a Carib family, the father and son

being boatmen; the other people were blacks or mulattoes, with a Hindoo store-keeper, and a Chinese half-breed whose occupation I did not gather. It was Sunday, and in what had once been the



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

A bamboo jungle of Trinidad.

Dutch government-house church was being held by a Congregationalist catechist. The congregation consisted of some twenty men and women, with a few children; all were dressed decently and were serious and devout. The catechist himself was a nearly full-blood Carib Indian, an intelligent, educated, self-restrained man, who was reading the lesson well. No one could witness the services without a cordial appreciation of the good that was being done, of the fight being waged to increase the area of real civilization.

At last we reached Three Rivers, the point which, near the junction of two affluents with the main stream of the Essequibo, Beebe had chosen for his laboratory. We stayed at the house of

Mr. and Mrs. Withers, who own a large rubber-plantation and manage a large lime-plantation; and we shall not soon forget their warm-hearted hospitality; while our hearts went out to their small daughter, a dear little girl of eight. She had been brought up in the wilderness by her mother; and evidently it had been the best kind of education, for to the grace of unconscious refinement she added the charm of a quaint self-reliance in her solitary amusements and interests. The house stood on stone piles; the doors and windows were many; the wide hall went from end to end; in the veranda-living-room were easy chairs and tables with books and magazines. The little Bovian-der maid servant was neat and efficient. It was hot, of course, but not unpleasantly so. There were no mosquitoes or flies, although we had to sleep under mosquito-nettings, on account of the vampire bats. Tanagers and honey-creepers familiarly entered the veranda. A tame little parrot lived most of the time in the garden, but also climbed around the rooms and flew through the hall. The house was on a hilltop, and breezes blew over it. Beyond the clearing roundabout stood the high green wall of primeval woodland. Close beside ran the great river, shimmering in the sunshine, sometimes with glassy, unbroken surface, sometimes lashed into waves by tropic rain-squalls. Far to the south, across countless leagues of unbroken forest, lay the dim mountain ranges which held the sources of the river; northward it flowed to the sea.

We were at the southern limit of agricultural settlement. Seventy miles inland were gold-diggings. A couple of miles east of the house lay a road chopped through the forest and leading straight to the gold-fields. It was the gold-diggers' road. For seventy miles there was no house along it. Singly or in small parties the gold-seekers travel it on foot, going toward the mines; they are for the most part black or brown natives of the colony, with now and then an outsider. They carry their own scanty store of food, and camp wherever night overtakes them. If they fail at the diggings they struggle back along the road, the weaker and more dispirited dying by the way and being buried in shallow, nameless graves.

If they succeed they hire a canoe, with Indian paddlers, and descend the Essequibo in triumph. We met one such party on the river. The canoe was crowded with men and one or two women. They were chanting and singing; they were clad in white clothes; and the blades of the ten paddlers glistened in the sun as in rhythmic union they rose from and dipped into the rippling water.

The rubber-trees were being tapped, tin cups holding the white fluid that flowed from the V-shaped grooves. Such a clean, wholesome-smelling business! And the work on the lime-plantation, which we visited, seemed equally attractive. The forest must, of course, be cleared for these orchards of limes and of rubber-trees.

From Demerara we sailed to Trinidad. Trinidad is of totally different formation from the other, purely insular, West Indian Islands; it is really a piece of the mainland, a broken-off bit of the closely adjoining, mountainous north coast of Venezuela. It is hard not to speak of it in superlatives; for it is like a little paradise. Our steamer skirted the north coast and at sunrise went through one of the bocas or channels separating the northeast corner of the island from certain mountainous islets. As we turned southward we saw on our starboard beam the blue outlines of the lofty Venezuelan shore. Rounding the point we passed by little rocky islands, on each of which stood one or more bungalows, whither the well-to-do citizens of Trinidad retired for week-ends. An hour later we had anchored off the chief city of the island, Port of Spain. Behind it as a background stood high mountains of bold outline, covered to their peaks with the rich tropical forest. To the south stretched flats of bright-green sugar-cane. The picturesque little city lay at the water's edge.

Port of Spain is a most attractive town. From the sea the many-colored houses and the palms stamp it with the familiar tropic look of the West Indies. The streets are clean and the sanitation excellent; the Panama Canal Zone set the example of what could be done amidst dense jungle and under torrid skies in the way of cleanliness and hygiene, and now Port of Spain can itself serve as a model. The



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

A view in the Botanical Gardens in Georgetown.

houses in the older part of the town are deep-walled, with tall doors and windows, and entrance to the shops may be between the pillars of colonnades. Elsewhere the houses are of light and flimsy make, painted any hue from red to mauve. Sometimes they front directly on the street. Sometimes they are surrounded by open gardens, brilliant with crimson poinsettias and masses of purple Bougainvillea and other flowers, yellow, pink, or blue. Sometimes they are behind walls, and through gateways one gets a glimpse of a home life led in rooms darkened for coolness, in dim rooms lying behind jalousies, with broad verandas in front, also

darkened. There are many churches. The Roman Catholic cathedral stands surrounded by old flowering trees. Around the Anglican cathedral rise noble palms, which contrast with the many-branched, many-leaved forest kings of more normal type, much as a Greek temple contrasts with a Gothic cathedral.

The pleasant, roomy, airy hotel, where the dining-room was really a big open veranda, fronted on the park, which is always called the savanna. There were no mosquitoes or flies, and the nights were not hot. All our surroundings were lovely. The savanna is nearly three miles round; it holds a race-course; and a trol-

ley-line skirts it, just within its edge. In different corners there are open groves of large trees: the saman-trees, with wide-spreading branches, like giant pasture oaks, were among the handsomest; and many parasitic grasses and flowers grew on the rough places of the trunks, and extended in thick beds along the nearly level surfaces of the great limbs. Six handsome palms stood in a row by themselves out in the middle of the grassy plain. Apparently the savanna was a grazing common, too: herds of cattle, tame, rather friendly beasts, with much East Indian blood in them, lived there permanently, and showed no excitement except when suddenly assailed by some violent, although transient, rain-squall. We frequently walked round the savanna, after our early cup of coffee—for in Trinidad, as in Continental Europe, "breakfast" comes at about noon, and is what at home we would call lunch. Twice we visited the botanic gardens, on the opposite side of the savanna, beside the dignified and comfortable government-house. These gardens were not as handsome as those in the capital of Demerara, but they possessed one inestimable advantage—there were no mosquitoes, and so we could loiter through them, or sit at our ease on benches under strange trees of dense foliage or clusters of splendid, swaying bamboos.

Just outside the town we visited a most charming house, which seemed the ideal of what houses should be in these lands. Originally, over a hundred years ago, the place was Spanish, and the formal Spanish terrace and garden still remain. But the house was built by the father of the present owner in the first half of the last century, this present owner being an altogether charming French Creole lady of over eighty, than whom there could be no more delightful hostess. We reached the house at sunset. It stood back from the road. On one side a grass-grown avenue of noble palms showed where an old road ran—perhaps to the vanished house of the vanished Spanish grandee. The drive to the front door led under and round huge saman-trees. A wide flight of steps led gently up to the wide front door of the low house. This door was open and so was the equally wide door opposite,

on the other side of the house, so that we could see through. Within, the silent, spacious rooms, already cool, were furnished in a dark mahogany, restful to the eye. Behind the house we walked on gravelled paths between flowering bushes, to the old stone terrace, with its worn balustrade, and seats under the trees. Below and immediately in front were the gardens, filled with flowers; some of them familiar roses and jasmine; some strange and of gorgeous hue, while orchids grew on the stems of the palms. Across the garden, through the rapidly waning tropic twilight, we looked up a beautiful valley to high mountains, clad from spur to sheer summit in the wonderful green of the mighty forest.

Twice we drove to waterfalls—one in the Blue Basin and one in the Caracas Valley. In each case we had to walk or rather climb the latter part of the way. Both were lovely. The Blue Basin was a clear pool in a recess of the mountain-side, so that the steep slopes almost surrounded it. The stream came foaming down from ledge to ledge before it sprang over the last into the pool, through a dense and tangled mass of lush vegetation, which choked the spaces among the trees. The wild banana sent its huge leaves upward among small palms, and in the dense shade of the forest, with the sun just over the mountain crest, it was cool and pleasant beside the water. It was a wild little spot; I had seen pools almost like it at the foot of Mount Kenia; it looked as if it ought to be the drinking-place of mighty beasts, as it would have been in Africa.

The Caracas fall was farther away from Port of Spain. The driver of our motor was a little uncertain as to the route. But he picked up a guide while we were still five miles off, a good-looking, pleasant-faced colored man who spoke in a soft French patois. He had innately good manners, and he was a man of taste, too; he picked some pretty flowers while we were walking back from the fall, and we supposed that he meant to give them to my companion at parting; but no, to our pleasure he evidently wished them for himself, and after, with much politeness, he had parted from us, he carried them off up the hillside to his own little house.

Under his guidance we drove, first along the main road to a little hamlet, and then along a cross-road as far as we could take the motor. We left it near two or three houses, where coolies dwelt; beyond there

broken in many places by streaks and patches of orange, where the great immortal-trees lifted their flower-filled, nearly leafless branches. These immortal-trees grow wild in the forest, in ad-



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

One of the beautiful lanes in the residential section of Port of Spain.

was a family or two of negroes. Then we walked up a rather steep, winding path for about a mile, while thrushes, tanagers, and orioles sang in the near-by trees. The fall was far higher than the other, the stream hurling itself over a great cliff, and reaching the bottom in sheets of filmy spray. Ferns and flowers crowded around the drenched rocks, and rainbows wavered in the little gusts of rain that, as we looked, alternated with bursts of white sunshine. As we descended the hill toward the motor, the green of the forest on which we looked down was

dition to being planted as nurse trees in the cocoa-plantations. Their flowers are bright orange, and where there are many of them they lie like an orange veil over the green of the forest. They do not show so boldly as the crimson flamboyant trees in their season.

Sometimes we drove through the crowded streets of the town, where all the foot passers-by seemed to prefer the middle of the road to the pavement. All was strange and foreign. In the big stores the proprietors might be either white or colored. But almost all the attendants



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

The savanna (a place where the poor are allowed to pasture their cattle free), Trinidad.

were colored; and in addition to the strains of white and negro blood there would sometimes be obvious a mixture of Indian or the oblique eyes of the Chinese.

One morning we drove from Port of Spain north along the coast, and then across a promontory to a beautiful little bay, where the municipality has built a public bathing-beach. There were clean bath-houses, and a pleasant, dark-skinned bathing attendant who, when we had finished our bath, brought water in sections of hollow bamboo trunks to wash the sand from our feet. There was a beach of fine, white sand, with the surf beating gently in under the palms; and the swim in the clear, clean water was unalloyed delight. We had to duck our heads continually on account of the sun, but the water was so warm that we could stay in as long as we wished.

Once we drove entirely across the island to the east coast, where our host, a Scotch gentleman, the wealthiest man on the island, had a bungalow, mounted on stilts, to which he and his family and friends sometimes came for the week-

ends. On our way thither we passed through village after village, sometimes of coolies, sometimes of colored folk.

At last we came out on the coast, and followed its bold curves for miles, watching the white surf beating on the rocks and beaches. A couple of miles beyond the house, near the mouth of a little river which was crossed by an old-fashioned hand-pulley ferry, we went for a swim.

On another day we visited the famous asphalt lake, as the guests of the American company that owns it. We went down on one of the company's steamers with a gay party of our new friends, who were doing everything that hospitable kindness could suggest for our pleasure. The lake, with the pools of water on the surface and the tree islands in the midst of it, was even more curious and interesting than we had supposed it would be; and so were the oil-wells. The men doing the work were for the most part Americans. Two of them wore the Panama medal, and all were vigorous, capable young fellows, of the not-too-proud-to-fight kind—the kind that won the West in pioneer days, and

fought the Civil War to a finish, and on the preservation and development of which depends the future greatness of the republic.

One Sunday morning before church we drove to the market. This is held, as is generally the case in the larger West Indian towns, in and around a big, well-kept shed or open building provided by the municipality. Each man or woman pays a small sum to the clerk of the market for the space where his or her fish or meat or garden produce is exhibited. Coolies, negroes, mulattoes, of both sexes and all ages, in bright dresses and curious head-gear, compose the throng of buyers and sellers. The tropical fruits and vegetables are arranged by the venders in little piles, and on

the top of each pile a brightly colored tomato or mango, or something else red or purple, is if possible so placed as to catch the eye. Besides beef, pork, mutton, and especially fowls, ragged brown hunters may have brought in agouti or small deer or paca—this last being, by the way, the very best meat I have ever eaten, wild or tame. The fish are of many kinds, and at some of the stalls slabs and portions of shark's flesh are sold, both to negroes and coolies. In the midst of the crowd we observed a tall, pretty mulatress with a little green-and-blue parrot on her shoulder; the little bird was obviously a familiar pet and now and then its mistress would lean her head toward it and rub it softly with her cheek, much to the little bird's satisfaction.

When we arrived at Trinidad the car-

nival was about to begin. In old times this was the occasion for as wild street merriment among the upper classes as the lower. But at present the young men and girls of the upper classes only look on at what occurs out of doors, and confine their active participation to private

dances; where, like true Creoles, they dance with ardor all the night long. The public carnival is left chiefly to the working people of the towns, and to the peasantry, who on that occasion flock into the towns and villages and patrol the roads between. The black police, under their white commanders, are very much on the alert and during the days and nights are never suffered to go out singly, keeping in squads so as to overawe the boisterous; for during the nights the



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

Coolie types of Trinidad.

excited gangs are apt to wage vigorous war on one another with stones and long sticks.

On the last afternoon of the carnival a friend took us in his dog-cart through the streets where the revel was at its height. Many carriages were out, with white, black, colored, or Hindoo occupants; and very pretty some of the dark Creole girls were. Few of these, however, took part in the revel. The people in costume were almost all on foot, moving slowly down and up the various streets, while the on-lookers formed a dense mass on the sidewalks, standing or sitting, and filled the balconies and windows above. To my unaccustomed eyes the holiday costumes and general aspect of not a few of the spectators were almost as out-of-the-common and attractive as those of the pro-

fessed holiday-makers in the centre of the street.

The coolies from India have been an addition of great value to the population of Trinidad and Demerara, and they have themselves immensely benefited by the change. One serious trouble has been the comparatively small number of women among the immigrants; but this, of course, tends to disappear as the generation born on the island grows up. Of this younger generation, born on the soil and educated in the schools, a considerable number become Christians, and some intermarry with representatives of all the other races—I have myself seen the offspring of such marriages with negroes, whites, mulattoes, Chinese, and native Indians; and, although most of them keep to their own in marrying, their intolerance of creed and caste diminishes, their use of English increases, and their assimilation goes on.

In a sketch like this it is not possible to discuss the complex, difficult, and absorbingly interesting topics of most importance to the ultimate future of

the West Indies, such as the questions of race, of sex relations, and of industrial development. They are none of them simple; and they are well worth the most intelligent, dispassionate, and yet sympathetic study. The application of formulas and theories developed by well-meaning outsiders who dwell under radically different conditions works only harm. One thing is certain. No race ever so sacrificed the permanent welfare of the race to the profit of the individuals of two or three generations, no race ever for temporary ease and gain invited such nemesis of race destruction as the Northern white race—English, French, Dutch, and Danish—did by the introduction of black slavery in the West Indies. Whites can live and thrive in these lands; not only are the upper-class whites of Creole origin in the islands a handsome, vigorous, and fertile people, but the same thing is true of the few spots where white yeoman farmers or fishermen have permanently established themselves, as is notably true of Saba, but also in small iso-



From a photograph, copyright by Brown & Dawson.

Specimen of a grand saman-tree in the grounds of the Governor's palace, Trinidad.

lated localities which I came across elsewhere. The white did not die out because he could not live and work. He died out because for his ease and profit he wickedly introduced negro slaves whose descendants elbowed his descendants from the land—the process going on at practically the same rate of speed before and after slavery was abolished. Numerically, except in the Spanish islands, the whites are now but an unimportant fraction of the population. They still form almost everywhere the bulk of the small upper class, and a small, but important, element in the much larger middle class; but even in the upper class the colored blood is slowly gaining ground. Nowhere is there a more sincere effort made to do justice, without regard to color, on the merits of each man, in all civil and industrial relations. Such justice can never be done, in the West Indies or anywhere else, unless each man is made to understand and to act on the theory that the full performance of duties should be the prerequisite to any claim for the enjoyment of rights; and that words and combinations of words which do not and are not made to represent facts result in well-nigh unadulterated mischief. For over a half-century in the West Indies the negro has done far better in the islands where the government has been, at least at the top, under predominantly white control than he has done in Hayti, whence the whites were expelled with fire and sword a century and a quarter ago. The whites of Hayti came to complete and utter destruction because their forefathers had introduced slavery, so that for generations they ate their bread at ease in the sweat of other men's brows; and then the blacks of Hayti avenged this crime by a crime of their own as monstrous and as short-sighted, and by so doing condemned their own descendants to lag behind or go backward, while their fellows in neighboring regions struggled painfully upward and onward.

I have made no attempt to give the names of our many kind hosts and friends or tell in detail of their hospitalities and friendly acts. Everywhere we were shown all possible kindness and courtesy; and most in Trinidad, simply because in Trinidad we stayed longest. Our Trini-

dad friends were some of British, some of French, others of Spanish, Corsican, German, or Portuguese blood, usually with several of these strains in their veins; and manlier men or more charming women are nowhere to be found. There was in them a note of fine gallantry; for they were indomitably gay and cheerful, carrying their heads high; and yet all had sent their sons and brothers to the war, for they are deeply loyal to the empire. I was much struck by the fact that the Catholics among them, of French, Spanish, or Portuguese extraction, had usually sent their children to Catholic academies in England for their higher education. All of them did everything in their power to make our stay on the island pleasant; and they all came down to bid us farewell on the quay or to accompany us out on the tender and wave us good-by as we leaned over the ship's side.

The morning after leaving Trinidad we were anchored in the beautiful landlocked harbor of Grenada. High hills, brilliant green with wonderful tropical vegetation, and one or two of them crowned with gray old forts, surrounded it on three sides. At the bottom of the bay the little town lay, seeming as if bowered in palm fronds, for everywhere the palms sprang erect and slender above the low white and pink and blue houses. Like so many of these low-built, palm-sheltered tropic towns, it was a real little "golden city of St. Mary's"; again and again these little tropic towns made us think of John Masefield.

After a delightful motor ride along the precipitous edge of the island, through scenery both wild and lovely, we took lunch at Government House. As elsewhere so here we were deeply impressed by the gallant bearing of our hosts; we trespassed on their courtesy only because they insisted; for of their nearest and dearest some had died at the front and the others, at the front, were facing life or death with equal hearts. The pleasant, roomy house stood open to the breezes; birds of bright hue flew freely through the rooms and one pair had made their nest in a spot made ready for them.

Grenada has travelled farthest along the road on which most of the West Indian


islands are travelling. Her resident white population, non-official, has almost vanished. It is an island predominantly of black or colored peasant proprietors. They are doing well, thanks to the orderly justice maintained by the representatives of the British Government; they are loyal to the British flag, and in this war have sent nearly five hundred men to join the British army. It is well to face facts. As yet most of the independent states fronting the Gulf of Mexico and the Car-

ibbean Sea have failed to make even a beginning in the path of progress trodden by such South American commonwealths as Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, and Chile. In the lands under English, French, and American (United States) control the conditions of present life and the prospects for the future are immeasurably better, for the people as a whole, and especially for the poorer people, than in most—not all—of the neighboring so-called “independent” states.

AFTER ALL

By Elizabeth Herrick

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

“HE'D be pretty, wouldn't she, if she were dolled up?” Farrell's darkly blue Irish eyes swept appraisingly, not over the girl ahead, but over the speaker. A modish hat with a fifty-dollar plume floating over a fluff of unnatural gold hair; a piquant face with the youthful color of skilful make-up—not the make-up of the theatre—the Bijou's leading woman was an artist—but of a society woman who must make the least of her forty years; a velvet coat-suit admirably tailored; correct and costly furs of blue fox; an elegant foot shod in made-to-measure shoes of approved fashion. Yet in the tout ensemble something lacked. Appreciation of what he missed sounded in Farrell's voice, the voice of the heavy man, deep and of a throaty richness, with a curious suggestion of nap in it, as of velvet.

“‘Dolling up' wouldn't improve her!”

Edna Stapleton shrugged a shapely shoulder, and her over-red upper lip lifted. In both movements a childish petulance expressed itself, and there was something childish, too, in the resentful candor of the innocently blue eyes turned suddenly to his.

“Oh, if you admire her as much as that—” she began; then, as the girl ahead

of them mounted Mrs. Berry's steps and stood an instant at the mercy of the jeering wind, futilely trying to repress her skirt with one shabbily gloved hand while the other struggled with the door, derision died on her tongue.

“Poor little *thing!*” she murmured.

The rough March wind had all the cruelty of an ill-timed jester. It whipped up the girl's coat to show a frayed lining and her skirt hem to display the worn, time-scalloped flounce of a silk petticoat no mending could improve. Mending was, in fact, hastening its demolition, the painstakingly cross-stitched slits serving only to break away the tender fabric in new places. Every whip and flirt of the serge skirt revealed fresh devastation above a pair of high-heeled, light-topped shoes, which, with the hat, a coquettish turban with a bit of fur around the crown and a rose of soft, quaint pink nestled in the fur, were the only touches of to-day in a costume otherwise obsolete. Yet, though the foot within the stylish shoe was slim and shapely, and the face, framed by the turban and a cloud of dusky hair, was daintily flushed with the rose of real youth and bewitchingly pretty, the efforts to smarten her appearance only emphasized its general shabbiness.

“*Poor little thing!*” the actress repeated with transferred stress.

Farrell tossed his cigarette into the street.

"I'm not so sure of that," he remarked deliberately. "She has youth, beauty, innocence. She's not parted with any of them to the usurer!"

There was a blue glitter under the white, long-fringed lids. But the red curve of Miss Stapleton's lips broke into a smile of infinite dazzle. They were under Mrs. Berry's windows. With professional instinct the actress played to an invisible audience.

"—yet!" she said, between gleaming teeth. "Give her time, Willy!"

He made a gesture of distaste.

"Don't malign your sex, Edna!"

They were at the steps. She spoke hurriedly—an impetuous rush of words.

"Why do you say such things to me? When you *know*! You say she's young and beautiful and innocent. And you mean, so was I—once! And so I was! So I was!"

He turned on the top step and looked at her curiously. The tremor in the beautiful voice was very real. What had glittered in the childishly blue eyes trembled now on the lashes—real tears. Surprise and a certain quick emotion passed like a puff of rosy smoke across the man's face, veiling yet illumining it.

"You were, Edna!"—the even richness of the deep voice was troubled, broken—"all that! And to me—more!"

The woman quivered. He had opened the door for her, but, before passing it, she leaned against the door-frame and lifted brimming eyes, at once childish and maternal, wistful yet yearning.

"You *know*!" The words, just murmured as she passed him, were poignant as a cry. And the lips, over-red with the rouge of art, were curved with the tremulous sweetness of a hurt child's. There was instinctive gentleness, instinctive reassurance in the hand that touched her arm.

"I—know!" The significant emphasis, its suggestion of gentle strength, of a strong arm to lean on in trouble, came in with them and reached, like a helping hand, to the stricken figure in the hall. The "blue-serge girl," as they called her because, since she came among them six months before, she had been seen to wear

nothing else, stood facing Mrs. Berry's closing door, her eyes fixed in dumb terror on the lessening slit through which came Mrs. Berry's voice, stiffened uncompromisingly.

"—till Sunday night, then—no longer. I've got my little girl to take care of."

Mrs. Berry's door and the outer door closed in unison; Mrs. Berry's with a decisive click, the outside door with an expressive bang which helped to drown the actor's heartfelt "Damn!"

Miss Stapleton's eyes, quite dry and tearless now, lifted to his in innocent solicitude.

"Oh! Did you pinch your fingers, Willy?"

He caught the cue quickly and shook a gloved hand.

"Not to hurt much," he said in his melodious Irish voice. He glanced over at the girl smilingly. "And little hurts never kill, you know. Good evening, Miss Copeland."

The warmth of color came back into the girl's face. The paralyzing terror left her eyes. They ceased to stare at the closed door, moved, and came to his, clinging with the instinct of self-preservation. Mr. Farrell had been speaking to his wife, but he had meant the words for her, had thrown them to her in her dire need as one throws a plank to a drowning person. She was temporarily buoyed. Whatever might happen to her now would not happen to her *alone*. In this cold, dreary, hurrying, heartless house she had found friends!

She pulled herself together, Mrs. Berry's bill twisting like a live thing between her reanimate fingers, and attempted to achieve a friendly bow and smile. But to the players' eyes the performance was pitifully overacted. She was too eager, too grateful. They looked after her as she went on up-stairs, the actress winking back sympathetic tears.

"She asked her for her room, Willy," she murmured in awed sotto voce.

Farrell answered with the puzzle of one contemplating an enigma.

"The devil!" he said toward Mrs. Berry's door.

His wife answered as enigmatically, with her characteristic little shrug.

"Oh, I don't know!"

"You veer, Edna," he remarked as they mounted, "like a weather-vane."

"Well, there's Linda!"

The four-year-old was popular with the actor, who had no children of his own. He too shrugged slightly.

"Oh, well!" he conceded.

In her room the blue-serge girl cast Mrs. Berry's crumpled statement on the dresser. It was no longer the most tremendous thing in her life, the awful, unfaceable crisis, the sharp dividing line between life and death, but relegated, by that deep, rich, kindly Irish voice, to its proper place among the little hurts of life. "And little hurts," he had said, "never kill." She had until Sunday night! She would find a way. She might—such miracles do happen sometimes outside the pages of fiction—get a check for a story in the very nick of need. Or, if she didn't, these new friends of hers would help her. She had thought of the theatre before as a possible avenue out of the perplexed maze of the artist's existence—the actor's art and the author's are so near akin! She might succeed in the one, though she failed in the other. These new friends would help her to find something to do in the theatre. At least, Mr. Farrell would.

"He is good," she told herself, warming her heart with the remembered sound of his voice. "Mrs. Farrell may drink, as they say, but *he* is good. I know that he is good. He will help me. He is *good*!" She felt soothed and uplifted.

In the sitting-room of the Farrell apartment Edna Stapleton whirled to face her husband, those innocently blue eyes fastening to his in childish consternation.

"She has only until Sunday night!" she said dramatically and helplessly.

Farrell, divesting his shoulders of his overcoat, shook them uncertainly.

"I suppose we could pay her board for her?"

Instantly the actress's face changed. Alarm sapped its sympathy. They couldn't do that!

"It takes all of your salary to pay ours and buy your clothes. And I'm saving out of mine toward a ruby bracelet."

"Oh!" Farrell was brushing the coat he had taken off, with an actor's elaborate carefulness. The Thespian's wardrobe be-

ing his chief stock in trade, he is constant in conserving it.

"You couldn't offer her money, anyhow," she went on defensively. "She doesn't belong to us. She would resent it."

He lifted his heavy eyebrows over a patch of powder on the cloth. He had worn the overcoat in the last act, and the ingenue's forehead had rested confidently on his shoulder.

"Possibly!"

It was agreement with reservation. What was unsaid nettled his wife more even than the calm overlook of his tone. She passed into her bedroom and sat down at the dressing-table, dawdling first with its gleaming ivory, then with her face.

"Of course you want to help her," she remarked, watching his perturbed brow in the mirror while she discreetly powdered her own, "because, you know, she thinks heaven smiles through your eyes."

Farrell dropped his brushes and picked them up, frowning.

"For the Lord's sake, Edna! You talk as if she were a *matinée* girl!"

Miss Stapleton, having critically surveyed her face, began subtly transforming it.

"Do you know she isn't?"

He ignored the question, putting one himself. "What did the girl do?"

Edna answered a trifle vaguely. She wrote stories and things. Which she sold when she could. Miss Stapleton was giving careful artistic attention to her lips, which left hiatuses in her conversation. Farrell gathered that the blue-serge girl had "appeared" in a standard magazine or two. "Hoped to" again.

"It's like with us," his wife paused to say clearly. "If she gets over with one house, she'll get over with another. A waiting game? Sure thing! Every star was once an ingenue, though! And if you keep on climbing, you're sure to get up in the sky some time."

"If you don't starve first," Farrell suggested grimly.

Edna laid down the hare's foot.

"Ingenués don't starve, Willy!" she said slowly. "Not even in August. They get on somehow or they go under. If they go under, they get on just the same—sometimes faster."

"And lose everything!" There was sweeping condemnation in the words. Her restored face forgotten, Edna took it in the hollows of her hands and stared into her reflection with those wide, baby-blue eyes, whose dilated pupils had always a curious fixity, as if focussed on distance.

"'Youth, beauty, innocence,' " she recapitulated dreamily. "It sounds like everything, but I've an idea you've missed something, Willy. Never mind! It will come to me what. Or, if it doesn't, you'll never know what you've left out; so it's all one." She smiled whimsically, and, despite his frown, Farrell smiled with her. Flippant on the gravest subjects, there was yet a captivating charm in her flippancy. It had a holding power beyond most women's sincerity. He delighted in while he loathed it. But while they smiled together her mood veered. A tragic intentness came into the wide eyes. She rose and went to him, laying both hands on his breast.

"I had to get on," she said in a queer, appealing voice that vibrated and broke with thrilling sweetness. "Dad had been a good actor, but he was played out, worn out, broken. He couldn't take care of us—or himself. I *had* to get on, and to get on I had to have a lot more than myself. I had to have clothes, jewels, all those things that dazzle and draw the public more than good acting—you *know*! Well, I got them and—" her voice strengthened—and hardened: "I got on. And when I no longer needed to get on I—couldn't go back. I couldn't redeem—isn't that the word?—'youth, innocence, beauty.' They'd gone into the button-moulder's melting-pot, I guess. Ever see Cyril Maude's 'Peer Gynt,' Willy?—on the screen, of course. The last act made me cry. Peer had parted with 'youth, beauty, innocence'—everything, as you say, but there was still *something* that kept him out of the melting-pot!"

"The love and belief of a good woman!" said Farrell succinctly.

His wife flinched. A flood of color swept up under the art pink of her cheeks—a woman's burning blush! She turned her face aside.

"I said that you had missed something, Willy! Perhaps Ibsen missed it, too—I

never read him. But Mr. Maude found it and put it in. What? Oh, I don't know—it's hard to name—a sort of a divine sense of shame, maybe."

There was a tap on the door. She looked at him quickly.

"You go, Will!" He went, a trifle disturbed, for again he had caught the glitter of tears on her cheeks. She brushed them off skilfully, listening to the outer room. How Willy's voice had softened from its rigid righteousness of a minute ago! Of course!—it was the blue-serge girl with all that she hadn't taken to the usurer's. Willy had asked her, and she was coming in. Miss Stapleton moved hastily to the door between the rooms, hesitated on the threshold, then went in smiling, a hot little demon in her heart, and offered a cordial hand.

The girl was direct almost to crudity. Since they knew, there was no need for subterfuge. She stated her plight frankly, first thanking Farrell for what he had said about little hurts not killing. She did not mean this should kill her. But to live, one must have some means of livelihood. If stories wouldn't sell—and just now they didn't—she must try something else. Meeting them to-night, she had thought of the theatre. Perhaps he—and Miss Stapleton—might know of an opening.

Farrell's handsome face was more than ever disturbed. He looked helplessly to Edna. But the hot little demon in her heart was mocking him out of her eyes. Her words came back. "Of course, you want to help her. . . . She thinks heaven smiles through your eyes."

"I am very sorry, Miss Copeland," he was beginning embarrassedly, when Edna cut in with the ease and sang-froid of the leading woman in a familiar part.

"Willy! Mr. Morley is putting on 'The Yankee Consul' week after next. He'll want a chorus. You," she bore daringly on the pronoun, still sweetly smiling, "could speak to him for Miss Copeland." She turned full to the latter, the smile become radiance. "Mr. Farrell will be delighted to do all that he can."

In the fulness of her relief the girl answered, as the actress intended that she should, with grateful sincerity.

"I knew that he would. Thank you,

Mr. Farrell, very, very much. And you, Mrs. Farrell. You—"anxiety was again uppermost in the young voice—"you will see Mr. Morley to-night? I'll wait up."

To those eyes that knew it so well in all its sudden facile changes there was a swift relaxing in Edna Stapleton's face. It had been professionally sympathetic. It became womanly pitiful. She gave the promise as simply as the girl had spoken and walked with her to the door.

"Don't worry!" she said. "Eleven o'clock will come! And I'm sure it will be all right."

She closed the door, her back against it, and faced her husband with the arch delight of a mischievous child.

"She thinks *you* promised, Willy," she laughed softly.

Farrell's lips tightened.

"I have not the slightest intention of speaking to Morley," he said shortly.

His wife laughed again, a jarring note in the laugh's harmony.

"Not even to help 'youth, beauty, and innocence' hold on to itself?" she jeered.

He took a turn or two on the hearth, then came and stood before her, looking her squarely in the eyes.

"I'm not sure it would help her hold on," he said. "Are you? It might help her let go!"

So it was she who spoke to Morley that night. He was promptly interested.

"Looks?" he inquired, and, being satisfied on this all-important point, slurred over lesser accomplishments. She could dance? Sing? Or, if she couldn't, she could be taught. Mostly, they were taught, those good for anything. If she got over, why, later there might be a small part.

"Morley will take her on," the leading woman confided during the second act to the villain into whose brutal arms the business of the scene had thrown her.

The heavy added a few words of his own, with subdued violence, to the end of his lines—"Morley be damned!"

Virtue, helpless in the grasp of villainy, had time before the rescuing hero's entrance for an upward flash from under the meekly lowered lids.

"Don't anticipate, Willy!" she breathed. "He will be—by and by!"

At Mrs. Berry's the blue-serge girl,

waiting up for her verdict, waited anxiously and long. "Eleven o'clock would come!" Did come. Passed. And twelve. And one. It was a member of the company's birthday. And he was celebrating by a supper after the performance. Farrell hated these after-theatre suppers with grim cause. His wife's spirits sparkled with the wine, frothed with the champagne. Her beauty dazzled. Her eyes were now diamonds, now sapphires; her lips rubies; her cheeks needed no rouge. Her very voice was transformed, its lucent silver changed to liquid gold. In her exhilarated mood she was the leading woman to her finger-tips. She pitched the scene. There was no letting down. As on stage all played up to her, even her husband. But while he smiled professionally over her repartee, there was a deepening ache in his eyes. Morley, the manager, watching her, frowned stormily.

"Better get her home, Farrell," he counselled. "She'll be good for nothing to-morrow. Good Lord, why can't she cut out the drinks? She'd go far!"

Farrell got her home. She laid her head on his shoulder in the taxicab and wept and laughed alternately—wept because her husband didn't approve of her, laughed in memory of the good time she had had.

Going up-stairs at Mrs. Berry's she sang in a sweet, clear voice of irresistible magnetism Rubinstein's "*Du bist wie eine Blume*," the pitiable breaks between the words lending them added satire.

"Thou art so like a flower,
So pure and fair and kind, . . ."

The blue-serge girl came into the hall as the actress finished the last verse:

"It seems as though I must lay then
My hand upon thy brow,
Praying that God may preserve thee
As pure and fair as now."

The question she had come out to ask trembled and died on Ruth Copeland's tongue before the high brilliance of the actress's face, the note of license in the uncontrolled, still graceful gestures.

"For you!" said Miss Stapleton graciously, in her beautiful voice even more than its wonted charm. "It doesn't

quite fit me, does it, darling?" she appealed to her husband.

Farrell made no answer, but, opening their door, tried gently to guide her through it. On the threshold she rebelled against his arm and stood alone, supporting herself against the door-frame. She had remembered suddenly that the blue-serge girl was waiting up. Reaction was setting in: the unnatural light was dying out of her face, leaving a cloudy vagueness. But she was still mistress of herself enough to say, with a wicked little flicker of her eyes into his:

"Oh! W-Willy spoke to Mr. Morley. And he said—tell her what Morley said, Willy!"

The girl turned to Farrell eagerly. After a ceremonious bow he had apparently taken no notice of her, though poignantly conscious of the consternation in her face. The consternation had passed with the look of instinctive womanly repulsion that followed it. Her look was haggard now with the sharp hunger of anxiety. What did anything count but that she should earn bread?

As clearly as if he read her mind, the actor understood. He hesitated an instant, and in that instant his wife wavered and, with a foolish laugh, drooped her head drowsily against his shoulder. A shudder passed through him. He looked up, his own face suddenly haggard.

"There is no opening," he said deliberately. "Mr. Morley is full up," and helped his wife through the door. He turned back as he was closing it to add, with bitter emphasis: "Believe me, Miss Copeland, there's nothing in it!" Then flinched from the sick collapse in the girl's face.

"W-what'd you tell her that for?" his wife asked querulously as he put her to bed like a child, having dismissed her maid with his time-worn formula:

"Mrs. Farrell is ill. I'll attend to her myself."

And she repeated her question next day over the silent noon breakfast in their sitting-room. She asked it on a note of injury. Somehow it seemed to put her less in the wrong that Willy hadn't done right either. If she had drunk too much champagne, Willy had lied to the blue-serge girl!

"Why did you tell her that? Morley said he would take her on."

Farrell glanced from the newspaper he was reading. And the glance, swift, scathing, contemptuous, swept over her like a fire, missing nothing in its path, not a mark left by last night—and other nights—the flickering eyes, the loose, restless lips, the gray pasty pallor, the air of mingled deprecation and defiance. She felt her cheeks scorch. Some remnant in her of self-respect caught fire and flared.

"All right! Go on and save her!" she burst out furiously and rose from the table.

There was little talk between them on their way to the theatre, the barest commonplaces. She dined with the character woman; Farrell at the club. He walked home with her after the night performance, then returned to the Friars. Sunday morning he went for a walk, and again after dinner. It was bitter cold and snowing. She knew the walk for an excuse.

"Just to be away from me!" she thought, moving restlessly about the rooms. "I'm not his kind. He thinks the Copeland girl is. But how long would she be, I wonder, if—" Immediately the temptation came to tell her what Morley had said. The girl hadn't parted with her youth, her beauty, her innocence to the usurer—yet! But tomorrow? Her hand lifted to knock at Ruth Copeland's door. She would go in and tell the girl that Morley would take her on. Instantly the lights went up before her eyes; the overture crashed in her ears; she saw the chorus file from the wings; heard the curtain rise. The sound, the smell, the dear, hateful, sweet, bitter, insatiate *taste* of it all! She felt the old familiar shudder of overstimulated nerves that rebelled even while they cried out, like the drunkard's, for more—more—more *what?*

The hand lifted to knock dropped; a ray of sunlight slanting through the window at the hall-end set a diamond on it ablaze, lit the heart of a ruby. More diamonds? emeralds? rubies? "Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies." The words came to her ears in the voice of her grandfather reading from an old book she had

half-forgotten. The price of a good woman is above rubies! And for rubies—*rubies!* she had parted with that good woman—parted *under price!* She crept back to her room, the hand that had been raised to knock crushed with its knuckles against her mouth to keep back the shamed moan. The hard facets of the gems cut her lips, but she was not conscious of pain. She knew only that this was what Willy had meant when he said that the blue-serge girl wasn't poor! And to help her keep her riches he had shut the theatre door in her face. But it wasn't the only door to the usurer's! It wasn't! And where did he think the girl was going from Mrs. Berry's? What did he think she was going to do?

She went over to a window and stood looking into the spring storm. A banshee wind drove the drifting snow blindly through the air. She thought dully that it would blow all night. And that she would have to go out in it—to that inevitable Sunday night dress-rehearsal that is the bane of stock companies. Willy was out in it now—walking! She wondered if he would get his feet wet.

"If he does, he'll have a cold, and it will hurt his voice. . . ." She had taken her hand from her mouth and was drumming idly with it on the pane. She saw suddenly little dark flecks on the glass—almost black against the white drift without, like spots on innocence. By and by, if she went on looking at them, would they seem to coalesce and make one big black spot to obscure all the whiteness, so that one would never guess it had once been white—looking through the pane? . . . "Through a glass darkly . . ." And these words, too, came to her in the old voice from the old book.

"I didn't know I knew so much Bible," she said to herself. "But it's all true. The price of a good woman *is* above rubies. Ruth Copeland is rich. I'm poor—*poor!* Though," her voice caught in a strangled laugh of awful bitterness, "I've got the rubies!—the *rubies!*"

"But Willy's wrong, too," she went on passionately, drawing a quick breath. "He sees through the glass darkly. I'm not all black!—not all bad! He sees from the wrong side, and all the little spots—there are so many of them!—seem to

run together and blur the white, just like the spots on the pane!" Her lips quivered pitifully. She broke off, biting them for control. But thought ran on.

Yet he loved her! From a sort of habit, perhaps, the habit of a good man who has taken a woman for better, for worse. She caught her breath again, this time with a sob. It had been pretty much the worse for him! Still—she clung pitifully to the repetition—he loved her, though there was a strange new kind of hunger for his love in her heart. It wasn't enough that he should love her from habit. She wanted him to love her for something good in her—something he could respect. "But I don't suppose he ever will!" For the spots were there, after all! And while man is man, he will see "through a glass darkly" all the little spots very big and very black against a woman's innocence.

Her thought returned to the other woman—the girl he respected. "What will she do?" she asked herself again. And again she repeated drearily: "The theatre's not the only road to the usurer's! Willy thinks it is, because it's the one I took. Willy doesn't know. He's a man! Any woman could tell him. Any girl who is beautiful and friendless and alone, who is out of work and at the end of her money. Has the Copeland girl any friends, I wonder?—any friends but us? How she looked at Willy out of her big eyes the night we found her in the hall with Mrs. Berry's billet-doux in her hands, like a two weeks' notice—only hers was two days! After all, managers aren't the hardest-hearted people in the world! Berry turns her out; Morley takes her on—or would, if Willy'd let him." But if she wasn't taken on, what would she do? Perhaps she had found something. She hadn't, last night! And to-day was Sunday. And to-night was Sunday night—the time limit of Berry's notice!

"She's counting on us," thought Edna wearily. "She's counting on Willy! And Willy hasn't done anything, but do her out of the engagement I got for her. And he hasn't found her another. He'll be sorry—but she will be gone. And he'll forget her—like most men!" If she stays on here, the tempter insinuated softly, he won't forget her. "She's *got* to stay on here," said the woman in her.

She left the window and, going to her desk, drew out a Bagdad wrist-bag. There were fifty dollars in the quaint oriental pocketbook with its pendent jewel—fifty dollars from last week's salary. She had saved them toward the

myself. And I know. So I'd like to help her—without her knowing it."

Mrs. Berry took the money and counted it carefully, yet something other than cupidity glistened in her eyes when she raised them. She leaned forward across



"There is no opening," he said deliberately.—Page 193.

bracelet, a platinum circlet of rubies and diamonds. She took out the bills and crisped them over smoothly, glad that they were gold certificates. They gave a sense of value to her action. A grave sweetness, a look of purity almost virginal, came over the worn, beautiful face, obliterating, as paint had never done, its lines of physical and moral fag. She couldn't buy back her own womanhood for the price of rubies, but she could, perhaps, save the other woman's for her! She went swiftly out of her room and down the stairs to Mrs. Berry's.

"Let her stay on, Mrs. Berry! And when this money is gone, if she's not getting on, say nothing to her, just come to me for more. Her work will sell again by and by. Just now nothing sells, because she needs the money. That's always the way. I've been down and out

her capacious lap and grasped the actress's smooth, carefully manicured hand in her coarsened fingers.

"You're a good woman, Miss Stapleton," she said heartily, "whatever folks may say—and there's always harsh tongues, my dear! Some folks would think ill of me for giving her notice, but what could I do? Payin' guests are my livin' and Linda's. But you're a good woman! For what does the Good Book say? 'Insomuch as you've done it to the least of 'em, my children, you've done it to me.' And he didn't mean just children. He meant all the down and outers. You're a good woman, Miss Stapleton, and I'll let my little girl come up and see you any time you want her."

A good woman! If Willy had only heard! Yet he would merely concede with the sombre gravity of an arraign-

ment, "You were all that—once!" The blood rushed from her contracting heart in a hot flood up over her face and into the unnatural gold of her carefully arranged hair. She found herself speaking Willy's words aloud, but speaking them with a curious touching simplicity.

"I was all that—once, Mrs. Berry!"

She rose hastily. The blood, ebbing from her face, left it white under the rouge. What had she said to this woman? But Mrs. Berry, largely generous, pushed back the words like change from an overpayment.

"Don't say no more! You're all that—now! And I'll send my little girl right up to you."

Impulsively the actress leaned forward and kissed the blowzed cheek.

"Thank you," she said. "I won't hurt her—dear Mrs. Berry!"

She went up-stairs with a springing step, her head high, her eyes shining. Quite unconsciously she began singing on the stairs. And the song was a favorite hymn of her grandfather's.

"Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer! Jesus is purer!
Who makes the woeful heart to sing."

The editor of *The Telegram* called through his half-opened door:

"From a new play, Miss Stapleton?"

She called back to him joyously:

"From a very old one—a miracle play, Mr. Markham!" And went on up, singing.

Little Linda Berry followed her shortly, resplendent in a big blue satin bow that nearly covered her bobbed hair. She cuddled down in Edna's arms and rubbed her round cheek in blissful content against the silk and lace that lightly masked the beautiful bosom.

She was singing softly to the child, whose dark eyes were closing sleepily, when Farrell came in. He paused an instant in the door, and she heard a quick, sharp breath, as if the lips between which it came had framed the words "My God!" But when her eyes, half-defiant, half-wistful, lifted to his, his lips had forced their usual gentle, courteous smile.

"Borrowed a baby?" he inquired, as he passed behind her.

"I've none of my own," she answered softly.

He was a long time in the wardrobe, hanging coat and hat. At last he came around and stood with his back to the fireplace, his hands behind him. The handsome face was very pale and the blue-gray eyes held a grave sadness; but the finely chiselled lips still smiled.

"It's coming on to blow. You won't go to-night, Edna?"

She looked up quickly.

"If *you* do!"

"Oh, I shall have to," he smiled, "being a man. But a woman——"

She smiled, too, but her lips quivered.

"Any kind of a woman?"

He looked faintly puzzled, but repeated the words.

"Any kind of a woman!" Then his eyes fell to brooding over her again with a still intentness.

"How long has this little girl been here?"

"Two hours, perhaps."

"And you've been holding and singing to her all the time?"

"Yes."

"And singing what you were just now singing?"

"What was I singing?"

"A sort of a hymn."

"Yes. Sorts of hymns!"

There was a long silence. Then:

"I didn't know you knew any."

She spoke almost humbly.

"I do. I know some Bible, too."

There was another silence. Out of it: "Does it bother you—the singing?"

she asked with a new shyness. They seemed to be feeling one another like strangers or like players opposed to each other in new rôles.

He made a courteous gesture of dissent.

"Oh, no! Not at all. I like it. Please go on."

The words of the hymn she had sung on the stairs after she had been called a good woman came to Edna's lips. She sang it now, *like* a good woman with her child on her breast. Yet strangely discordant thoughts were passing through her mind as she sang.

"Mrs. Berry called me a 'good woman.' What would Willy say? But I mustn't tell him. He must find it out for himself



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"All right! Go on and save her!" she burst out furiously, and rose from the table.—Page 193.

—that everybody doesn't think me as bad as he does. He thinks I'm acting now—playing to him. I can see his throat flicker above his collar.—Why *will* Willy wear turn-down collars? They're so unbecoming—I can see his throat flicker and his fingers work and that queer little quiver in his cheek. He looks as if he wanted to say something and couldn't quite find the words. Not that I'm a good woman, he wouldn't say that! But something kind and sort of intimate. He's going to say it now. No, he isn't. He hears Mrs. Berry coming. Oh, dear!"

Mrs. Berry entered on her knock at Farrell's bidding, garrulously apologetic for having let Linda bother Miss Stapleton so long. But she declared and called Farrell to witness if it wasn't a picture!

"It's very pretty," he admitted with a quiet sincerity that brought the true color into his wife's cheeks.

Mrs. Berry, however, was unsatisfied. It was more than pretty! It was like one of those Madonnas—Farrell's sensitive lips registered a voiceless protest—Father Flynn had in his study.

"You'd ought to have a child of your own, Miss Stapleton," she climaxed, detaching her daughter. "You're that fond of children!"

The rose under Edna's rouge became a flame. She put up her hands to hide it from Willy, under pretense of rearranging her tumbled hair.

"Oh, I adore children," she smiled successfully, "—other people's. But I don't want any."

There was an embarrassed silence. Once Willy would have said: "I do!" Now he said nothing. She lowered her burning cheeks over the child Mrs. Berry was lifting. Willy had said nothing! He no longer wanted children—her children! Because he didn't think her a good woman! But he needn't think—

"Her mother sent her up," she explained when Mrs. Berry had carried off her daughter, fast and happily asleep. "I *had* to be nice to her!" But her voice didn't ring true. She caught herself up on the false note sharply. Willy needn't think he was perfect himself.

"Willy! Have you done anything about that blue-serge girl—Miss Copeland, I mean? You know you promised."

"Er—what is that?" He seemed to come out of his abstraction wholly confused.

Edna Stapleton's delicately pencilled eyebrows lifted.

"About Ruth Copeland. You took her engagement away. How did you think she was going to live if you didn't find her something else? What did you think she was going to do? Where did you think she was going to stay? You wouldn't let her take what would at least have taken care of her. What did you think she was going to do?"

She was fiercely glad of the consternation in his face.

"I know. I meant to see if I couldn't find her something else, but——"

She said for him what hesitated on his lips, her own curling. They were over-red with art, but the scorn on them cut. His eyes flinched.

"You *forgot*! Well, Mrs. Berry doesn't forget. She can't afford to. It's her living and her little girl's. She gave Miss Copeland until to-night—Sunday night. Because she must have the room to get ready for the new tenant Monday. Where could the girl go Sunday? What could she do? Willy, there are other roads than the theatre to the usurer's! Whose fault will it be if she takes one of them? Mrs. Berry's—or yours? But don't worry, Willy!" The beautiful lips laughed lightly in mock derision. "Some other man will see, as you did, that she hasn't parted with her youth, her beauty, her innocence—yet!—and he'll give her a job! Don't look so worried. She won't starve. Young and beautiful and innocent girls never *do*! I know, you see, because——" the mocking voice dragged slowly over the words with a heavy undertone of terrible significance—"I was all that—once, myself."

Farrell's face had whitened. There was a blue-white ring around his lips. She had meant only to punish him, not to start the old agony. She was almost frightened at what she had done. Without taking his eyes from hers, he had begun to move toward the door. She sprang after him, between it and him.

"Willy! Where are you going? What are you going to do?"



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

He paused an instant in the door.—Page 196.

He put her aside gently, yet with decision.

"To see what I *can* do—at the eleventh hour!" he said gravely. "She's not gone yet?"

An idea came to her. "You can't offer her money! She's not one of *us*. She'd think you meant to insult her!"

He answered, still with that white unbroken gravity:

"I've not thought of offering her money. There is another way."

Standing where he left her, she heard him run down the stairs and knock at Mrs. Berry's door. Panic seized her. She ran into the hall. He mustn't do that! Mrs. Berry would tell him that she was a good woman!

"Willy! Stop!" she called over the balustrade. But Mrs. Berry's door closed in answer.

It was a long time before it opened and let Farrell out. And he was a long time coming up the stairs and getting from the upper hall into their sitting-room. A long time in closing the door. With the same slow deliberateness he crossed to the fireplace. Presently she caught the aroma of a cigarette. She had thrown herself into a chair and picked up a *Dramatic Mirror*, turning the pages idly. She did not look up, but she knew that he was moving restlessly about the room, lifting now this, now that from mantel and table and setting it down again with exaggerated carefulness.

"Willy's surprised," the blood pounded in her ears. "He didn't think it was in me!"

At last he paused in front of her with that quiet clearing of the throat peculiar to the actor. When his voice came, there was a new quality in its heavy richness—a curious sort of diffidence, or—her heart eased suddenly—was it deference?

"So," he said, "you've been playing the good Samaritan!"

Playing! She flashed him her mocking little smile.

"You wouldn't have thought of me for the rôle?"

"Perhaps not. But you've filled it capably."

She had "played" a new rôle and filled it "capably"! Actor's praise! But this wasn't all, evidently. He made the round of the room again and came back.

"I thought—what have you been doing to your hand?" he interrupted himself.

She tried to pull it from his suddenly solicitous fingers. Their touch thrilled her. She felt the blood surge under her rouge.

"Oh, that! I cut it—on glass, yes!"

"You had better take care of it, or it will give you trouble."

"It's all right," she said carelessly. "You thought——?"

"Oh, yes," he straightened, his eyes still holding hers, though, at her insistence, he had let her hand go. "I thought you were going to buy a ruby bracelet."

"And I thought the price of a good woman was above rubies." A curious smile, part wistful, part mocking, shone through the childish blue eyes. "I told you I knew some Bible."

He was silent a while; then, in a voice strange to her ears in all the years they had lived together, though she had heard it sometimes on stage, when the heavy had played opposite a virtuous heroine:

"So that is why you did it!" he mused, as if speaking to himself.

She lifted brimming eyes, at once childish and maternal, wistful with timid appeal, yet yearning with unsatisfied womanhood.

"I hadn't parted with my heart to the usurer, Willy," she said with reproachful dignity.

He stooped suddenly, the blue spiral of smoke from the cigarette between his fingers wreathing her head like a halo, and, for the first time in many months, kissed her on the lips.

"You're a good sort, Edna," he said sincerely, "after all."

After all!

THE WALLABY TRACK

A STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER



JULIE LECOUR came to the Frederick House River camp from the God-knows-where border-land of the North while the rush into the Porcupine mining district was flooding the country with adventurers from the wind's twelve corners. Beneath the gusty flame of yellow torch-lights pack-laden men were pouring down the embankment from the railroad to the tent city that sentinelled the watercourse to the gold towns when the girl with the banjo threaded her way through underbrush tangles to a log at the shore. Against the blackness of the forest the lights of the camp gleamed daringly before her until the moon of June, rising above the rim of the pines, limned the blackness of the unfinished railway bridge with etcher's art and dimmed the golden flare of the torches with encompassing radiance. The harsh noises of the camp died down from the raucous shrieks of phonographs and the hoarse shouts of maudlin men to a hush of silence through which came the purl of the northward-flowing river. Julie Lecour thrummed the preluding chords of the song that the North Country was to know for her own. Then, soft as the pine-odored air, rose the rich tone of her voice, pouring into the night a passionate cry of love and life, that song of Old France that the bush heard with the passing of the first voyageurs.

As she sang she saw Nora Grayne, standing at the door of one of the tents, looking out upon the night; and she saw Stephen Crews, who had been walking restlessly between the torches, come down the path past the woman in the doorway. Julie watched his coming, knowing that he halted close to her, but giving no sign of her knowledge until she had lingered over the ending of "A la claire Fontaine."

Then she rose from the log, flinging her banjo over her shoulder by its broad ribbon, and laughed with a low, throaty sound that echoed the sob in the song. The man leaned forward, almost touching her. In the moonlight Julie Lecour saw how young, and fine, and fair he was. "Are you a ghost?" he asked, a little burr of accent softening his speech while his boyish voice trembled as if in terror of his daring. Julie Lecour laughed again. Something of his young eagerness flamed in a brand to light the fires of her venturing spirit. "Ghosts are of the past," she told him, "and I am of to-night. You're English?" He nodded. "And you seek the golden fleece?"

"I have just caught its gleam."

The girl shrugged, not pretending misunderstanding of the sudden blaze in his eyes, the sudden lowering of his voice. "You English!" she said. "You are the——"

"What?"

"The sentimentalists of the world. When did you come to this district?" Her manner changed swiftly as she looked past him toward the tent up the path where Nora Grayne stood, silhouetted against the yellow lights. A big man had paused there, lifting his broad-brimmed hat in apparent deference to the stranger. Julie Lecour watched the two above her as she listened to the Englishman's answer: "On to-day's train."

"Then you met her?" She nodded toward the tent.

"Miss Grayne? No. We came on the same liner out of Bristol, and on the same train from Montreal, but we didn't meet."

Julie Lecour's laughter held a note of bitterness. "And yet," she said, "you spoke to me?"

"I'm sorry," he responded quickly, "but I wanted to know you when I heard you sing."



Drawn by W. M. Berger.

"It's a strange world, Julie, my dear," she said.—Page 203.

"I'm not sure," she said, "that you'll ever know me."

"Is that a challenge?"

"A prophecy."

"I shall not let it come true."

Julie laughed. "What can you do?" she asked, leading his way up the path. As she passed the woman and the big man of the broad-brimmed hat she spoke to the latter. "We meet again?"

"Once more," the man said, his voice edged with the sharpness of defiant satire that whetted her own. The girl gave him a glance of petulant indignation as she passed him. Then she turned to Crews. "The Porcupine will be a real camp," she said, "since John Radleigh and I have come."

"Yes?"

"There hasn't been a camp in Canada for six years where we haven't met. He prospects for the Grosbeck syndicates. I'm a camp-follower, singer, dancer, entertainer. I've done my stunts in every camp from Cobalt to Cariboo. He's chased gold strikes all over the world. Every once in a while we cross paths."

"You're friends?"

"We understand each other, Radleigh and I. People who understand each other love or hate, I guess. We hate. Is this the first time you've been in the North?"

"The first time."

She leaned close to him, studying his frank blue eyes with an intentness that seemed the essence of coquetry; but her words were impersonal enough. "Men and women come to the North," she said, "for gold, for adventure, for love of the land. Take your choice, monsieur. You are at the gates." She swung out her arm toward river and forest. "Tomorrow we take the trail." She held out her hand to him. "I think I shall like you," she said.

"I know—" he began, but Julie halted him. "Make no promises," she bade him. "Friends do not need them and enemies do not keep them." She left him standing in the path, staring after her. Once she looked back over her shoulder. Radleigh was talking to Nora Grayne while Crews gazed out over the river. Julie hummed softly a gay little chanson of Provence, but she sighed as

she came to its ending. "It's a strange world, Julie, my dear," she said.

She seemed to find it a gay world, however, on the next morning when she took her place in the big canoe at the landing for the journey toward the gold-fields. Crews had been waiting for her with a welcome that had been shadowed so slightly by Nora Grayne's coming with Radleigh that no one less keen than Julie could have noticed the change in his manner. A flickering smile went over the girl's mouth as she saw Nora Grayne's courteous half-acknowledgment of acquaintance with the Englishman. Her quick glance appraised the other woman's distinction of manner as swiftly as it noted her dowdiness of dress. There was about Nora Grayne that high quality of race that aureoles some of those women who come of the blood of kings. A supreme consciousness of established social position seemed to endow her with confidence to travel alone to the ends of the earth, condescending on the way to her fellow travellers. She was not old, perhaps but a year or two older than Crews or Julie Lecour, but the ages of a land of tradition had set their seal upon her spirit. Some consciousness of this woman's power, some realization that she was destined to do battle with her, roused Julie to summons of her own charms. She dropped down into the canoe with the grace of a wild thing. Poised like a bird of passage, her red hat vivid against the forest background, she blazed like some winged messenger of flame. She saw the kindling light in Stephen Crews's eyes as he smiled at her. She heard Nora Grayne's whisper to Radleigh, "A scarlet tanager," and shrugged at sight of the prospector's nod. She turned to give the other woman an audacious smile of blithe camaraderie. Then, as the Crees dipped their paddles and shot out the canoe from the shore where the gold-seekers bartered with other boatmen, she began to sing a merry verse that had rolled through the camp on the night before:

"Won't you take me there,
Won't you take me there,
Take me out to the Porcupine,
Where the boys and girls have a whale of a
time?"

"Won't you take me there?"

Lose me, I don't care,

Where the little brown girls have gold in their curls,

Won't you take me there?"

She winked daringly at Nora Grayne, who laughed at the sheer comedy of the girl's acting. Julie leaned backward toward her with the friendliness of a child, although her eyes glinted under the sombre watching of Radleigh. "You go to the Porcupine, yes?" she asked. "Prospecting?"

"I am going to be with my brother at the Wellston Mines."

"Oh!" A tiny cloud of doubt drifted over the sunshine of Julie's laughter. Women with husbands and brothers in the camps were not the friends of the Julie Lecours. Nora Grayne bent to the girl. "May I tell you how much I enjoyed your song last night?" she smiled in the manner Carmen Sylva might bestow upon a gypsy minstrel.

"*Merci*, madame. Mr. Crews, he also liked it. You know Mr. Crews?" Even Radleigh's gray eyes flashed in appreciation of how the gypsy had won a point by presenting a royal prince to a monarch with the nonchalance of perfect equality. Julie Lecour smiled at Crews as if to demand his admiration of her cleverness, but she lost the smile when she saw how wistful were his eyes. He was looking at Nora Grayne with the curious gaze of a man who, doubtful of himself, asks understanding from another. Nora Grayne's answering glance promised friendship. With quick prescience of mood the girl of the North Country felt herself set outside the door of a place of the soul where a hearth-fire had been kindled. A little twisting twitch moved her red lips, but her dark eyes twinkled with mocking mirth as she faced Radleigh.

"Mr. Radleigh and I," she said lightly, "should be old friends—and are not. He saved my life in Cobalt once, when the Camel's Back Mine took fire. He dragged me from under the timbers of the house and carried me to the hospital. But he never came to ask if I lived!" She laughed at the dull red glow that spread over Radleigh's bronzed face. "A little life—it is not much to be grate-

ful for, is it?" Her smile went back to Crews. "But I am glad it is so, and are you not?"

She drowned his answer in the humming of the gay topical parody. As the canoe shot from the wide sweep of the Frederick House River into the lonely stillness of Nighthawk Lake, and back again into the dark narrows of Porcupine Creek, Julie Lecour's mood ran from gayety to mockery, from mockery to daring. Whether she flirted with Crews, gossiped with Nora Grayne, jibed at Radleigh, or sang to herself, she raised bright pinions of spirit. On the long walk over the trail from the creek to Golden City her blithe merriment shortened the wearisome road. On the boat from Golden City to the South Porcupine camp Julie's laughter made the voyage a Jason's journey with Colchis a bright land of promise. But it was Julie who fell into gloom as the four of them went from the shore of Porcupine Lake toward the tar-papered shack the camp called its hotel.

They were passing Captain Marshall's shack when the dark mood fell on the girl. On the veranda a half-dozen men and women were at tea. One of them shouted to Radleigh an invitation to join them. "I'll be back," he called. A sally of laughter followed him and jangled out of tune the bells of Julie's laughter. She was very quiet when she bade Nora Grayne good-by at the shack hotel ere the other woman went out on the trail to the Wellston Mines. Nora Grayne held out her hand with a graciousness that brought to Crews's face a gleam that found no mirroring in Julie's. "I am coming to see you some day very soon," she told the girl, "and I wish you would come out to see me—both of you."

"I thank you," Julie said, "for to-day. But to-day is to-morrow's yesterday." She saw Stephen Crews's eyes again seek the friendliness of Nora Grayne's. She saw Radleigh's unsmiling regard of her. She tossed him a glance of disdain as she entered the hotel. At the door Crews overtook her, halting her entrance.

"You don't mean," he said, his young eyes shining as they had shone when he had come to her in the moonlight, "that to-day's the only day you'll give me?"

Julie Lecour looked around the lobby of the shack hotel, filled with mining men from the corners of the world, a lobby such as she had known through the years she had been meeting Radleigh. A dozen men of her acquaintance shouted greeting to her. The clerk, a sleek-haired boy she had known at Sixty-Six, waved his pen to her. She turned back from them to the boyish honesty of Stephen Crews's smile. "Let's be friends on the trail," she said to him, "to the cross-roads, monsieur." She gave him her hand in promise, then turned to the crowd in the lobby. From a place beside a table a man who had been reading a newspaper looked up, seeing the girl for the first time since her coming. "Why, it's the Redbird!" he cried. "Welcome to our city, Julie!" Julie Lecour gave to him the long, slow, level look that measures strength before it goes into combat. "My name," she said, "is Mademoiselle Lecour. You may call me that, if you speak to me at all!" Then, head up, shoulders back, she signed the register with a flourish. She turned from the desk to face Radleigh. "If you have any trouble with any of them," he said, his backward nod indicating the lobby crowd, "let me know."

For an instant Julie surveyed him. Then, "When the good God no longer lets me care for myself, I shall notify you," she told him.

The Porcupine camp gave to Julie Lecour a new stage for her talents. She sang, and danced, and played in the halls and cafés of the district, but she held herself aloof from the loungers as she had not always done in other camps. The men who knew her determination of purpose from their recollections of her in the days of Cobalt and Larder Lake left her in the place she chose for herself. If she played propriety, they reasoned, it was her game. Fear of her sharp tongue deterred any others from trying to break through the crust of hauteur that she had assumed. The women, all but Nora Grayne, ignored her presence. Therefore she flaunted before them the bondage in which she held Crews, knowing that the young Englishman was of the type whom they would have welcomed had he not been so flagrantly her slave. The knowledge that every hour she was spending

with the boy from the Cotswolds set another log in the barrier between her and the other women of the mining district disturbed her less than did Nora Grayne's proffer of friendship.

When Nora Grayne called upon her a week after their coming into camp Julie set down the kindness to the other's ignorance of her reputation. But when Nora Grayne persistently sought her out, taking her out to the Wellston Mines for occasional luncheons, walking with her along the highway of the Wallaby Track, where they were the cynosure of many and hostile eyes, listening to her songs, drawing out her fancies, the girl decided that for some reason of her own Nora Grayne was espousing her friendship in the face of Porcupine's disapproval. She knew as well as any other that the mining district was to the woman from Galway only a point of passage, not a home as it was to the women of the camps. She knew that to a woman who held the place in London that Nora Grayne seemed to hold there was no wide gulf dividing Porcupine matrons and Porcupine singing girls. She was shrewd enough to divine, however, that Nora Grayne never made purposeless effort and never aroused needless antagonism unless she counted the end of more importance than the means. Being wise in the way of women, Julie reasoned that Nora sought her because of an interest in Stephen Crews. When Crews told her that he had called on the Graynes, finding that they knew many of his friends in England, Julie seasoned Nora's kindness with plenty of the salt of human suspicion.

Once, when she went with Crews to dinner at the Wellston, the girl puzzled a little over the curious bond that seemed to draw together the man from the Cotswolds and the woman from Galway. In the living-room, after dinner, Nora had played some charming old ballads with an exquisiteness of appreciation that aroused the artist in Julie to praise and that seemed to send Crews into a trance of enjoyment. He had gone to the piano, standing beside it while he talked with Nora. Their talk had been of places, of music, of art, of books, but it had been colored with the tenderness of a love of beauty held in common. Nora Grayne

had led Stephen down primrose paths of remembrance into glades of loveliness hidden from the girl who heard murmurs of old streams through the course of their conversation. Julie listened to them with a strange ache in her heart. "Are you homesick?" she asked Crews as they went back to town. "No," he said shortly. "Why?" She gave no reason for the inquiry, but, as if knowing its cause, he did not go to the Wellston for a fortnight. Through that time he waded deeper and deeper into the stream of his passion for Julie.

That Crews loved the singer no one could doubt. An infatuation, swift and sweeping as a bush fire, had blazed over his life. He had come out of England a boy, with a boy's love of the far places, a boy's eager pursuit of the thrills of life. Julie Lecour, lovely and luring, had met him as priestess of the place of his pilgrimage. To her he gave the homage of his venturing heart, the throbs of his hot blood, the joy of his youth. If he kept from her the white flame of his questing soul, he gave no thought to the flickering light in that inner shrine. If Julie felt any lack in his love, she gave no sign of her apprehension. She sang for him gay songs of love and laughter while he paddled his canoe through the still waters of the northern lake. She let him tell her over and over again of his love; she smiled on him while he pleaded, and smiled away from him when he made plans for their future. She knew that for her he was neglecting the work he should be doing, the opportunities he should be seeking, but it was not until she plumbed his discouragement at his failure to attain any foothold in the camp that she even asked him: "Do you think I am good for you to love?" His quick answer, "You're the only good I have up here," seemed to settle the question for him, if not for her.

What Crews felt toward her was the talk of the camp; what Julie felt for Crews no one but she knew until the day when she met Radleigh on the Track. She had been walking alone to the gold-fields and was coming back, singing, down the road, when Radleigh came out of the path from Yellow Creek. Julie laughed as he halted her. "I want to talk to you," he said.

"Of what?" She measured his strength of will and waited. "Of cabbages? Or kings?"

"Of Crews."

"Yes?"

"What are you going to do with him, Julie?"

"Why should you wish to know?"

"I may be sorry for him."

"You?" Her mockery flung out silver sparks. "I know your motive."

"What do you think it is?"

"Miss Nora Grayne has told you that I hypnotize the poor boy. I think that you love her. Therefore you chastise me. Is it not so?" She cocked her head to one side, waiting Radleigh's affirmation, for she believed in Radleigh's veracity. But Radleigh's denial surprised her. "That is not the reason," he said. "Miss Grayne has never mentioned Crews to me."

"She knows him—very well."

"She may."

"And cares for him?"

"I know nothing about that. Do you care for him?"

"What is it to you?" she demanded. Some fire in his eyes drove her to divert his answer. "If you were an outcast," she said, "spurned, and laughed at, and played with, and scorned, don't you believe you'd care for the man who gave you respect and affection?"

"Does Crews give you those? And if he did, what would it matter to you if you don't love him? If you love him, Julie, it's nothing to me." His eyes stared straight into her own. "If you care for him, and he cares for you, marry him, and I'll dance at your wedding. But, if you're playing him as you played me, back in the old Cobalt days, when I believed in women, I'll not stand by and watch you drive him and yourself to hell."

"It won't hurt him to care for me."

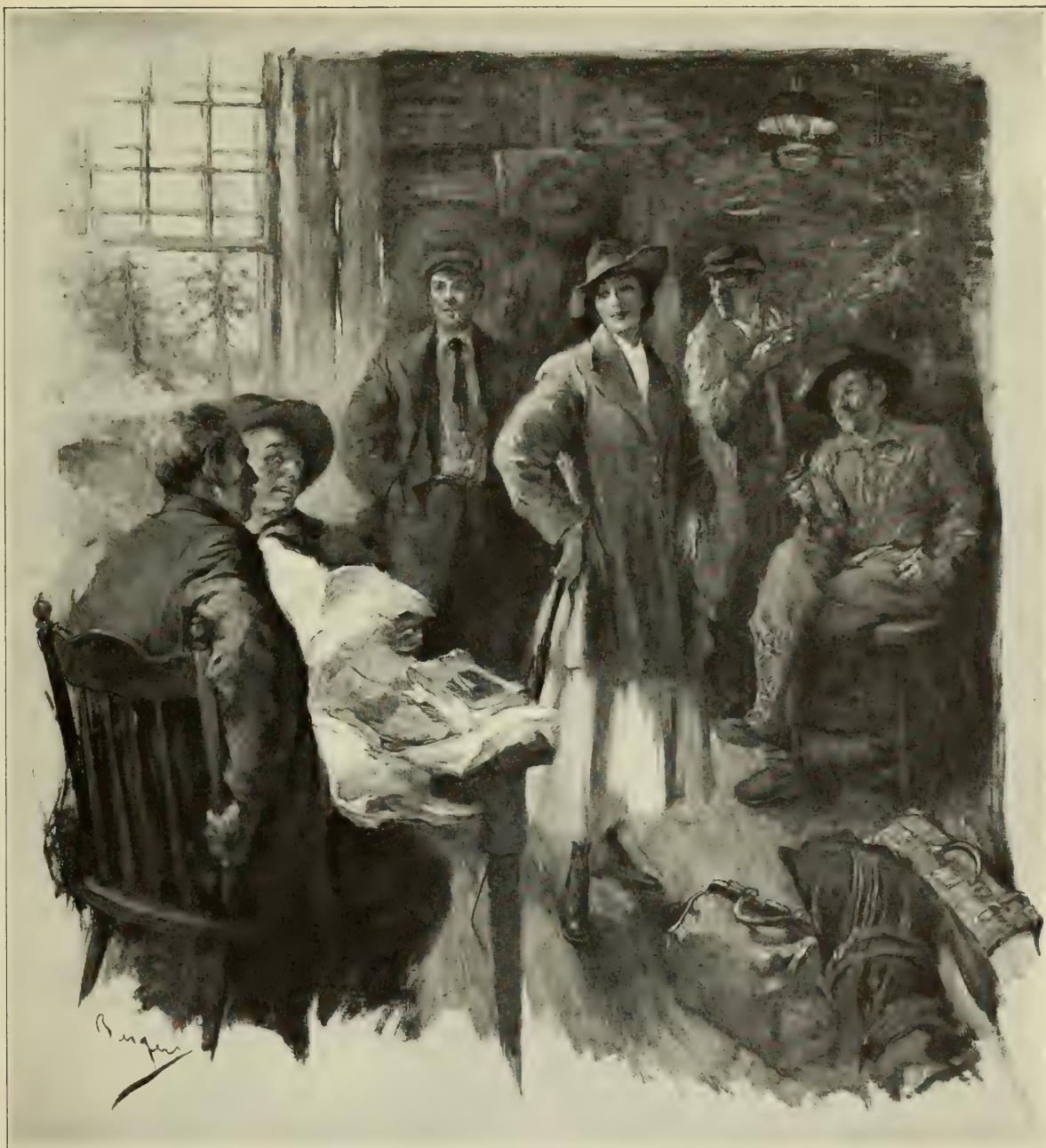
"I'm a better judge of that than you are."

"It didn't hurt you—if you ever cared."

"Didn't it?" He laughed sneeringly.

"Well, perhaps it shouldn't have hurt me, but I believed in you, Julie, as Crews may believe in you now. Why don't you play a square game?"

"I play square."



"My name," she said, "is Mademoiselle Lecour."—Page 205.

"Not to yourself. What'll the end be for you, Julie, if you go on this way?"

"If I'm hurt, I'm hurt." She frowned suddenly. "Why should you plead for Stephen?"

"I'm not pleading for him, nor for Nora Grayne, not for any one but yourself." His earnestness gripped her. "You're 'tophole,' Julie, in a man's game. If you owe, you pay. Don't you think you owe me a debt?"

"You took part of it," she said slowly, "when you kissed me the night you carried me out from the fire. That's why I've hated you so, John Radleigh.

Men don't kiss the women they believe in as you kissed me. Oh, I know what I was, and I know what you were, two of a kind, one of us no better and no worse than the other. You say I played you? If you'd really believed in me, you know that I didn't. For I did love you then as I've hated you ever since. I loved you so much that I wanted you to care for me as men care for women they trust. I thought you did care that way. That night I knew you didn't. And I flung you out of my life—so! And now you come back with a demand that I shall fling away Stephen Crews, the boy who

cares for me as you couldn't. *Voilà*, you are impudent, John Radleigh!"

"Crews doesn't love you any better than I did," Radleigh told her, "nor any differently. He's younger, that's all, and he'll marry you, if you'll let him, and he'll think he's happy till one day when a word from home will set him thinking of his own kind of women. Then he'll wake up to knowledge of what he's done with his life. He's a gentleman, and he won't leave you, but you'll be cheated all the same, Julie, and he'll be cheated worse than you. That's the truth. And what are you going to do?"

"Whatever the wind wills," she taunted him, laughing into his set face with its blazing eyes and taking up her song again as she swung down the corduroy. At a turn of the road she looked back, but Radleigh had gone from sight. She changed her tune to a whistle that rang out in the forest; but whistle and steps lagged as she went along the Track. So plunged in her thoughts was she that Nora Grayne had to call her thrice as she passed the Wellston. "Have tea with me," she bade her. "I'm alone, and you come like the sunshine to a dark place."

"I don't feel much like sunshine," Julie said listlessly. As she sank into one of the wicker chairs of the room that Nora Grayne had made into a haven of home in the wilderness, the girl studied intently the means she had used for the transformation of the place. Suddenly she spoke her thoughts aloud. "I wonder," she mused, "why some people have everything and others have nothing?"

Nora Grayne set down her teacup. "You don't really believe that, my dear?" she questioned. "Haven't you seen how the law of balance works out? Haven't you seen that those who have one gift lose another? Haven't you seen how those who seem to have the least of the world's gifts have the greatest of all—love and freedom?"

"You think that," said Julie, "because you're Irish. I've had love, of its kind, and I've had nothing but freedom. I'd give it up for almost anything else." She rose to walk restlessly across the room to the piano that Michael Grayne had caused to be packed over forty miles of trail that his sister might find it awaiting

her. Julie scanned the sheets of music on the rack. Some of them she knew. One that she did not know she studied intently. "Do you sing these at home?" she asked.

"Sometimes," Nora Grayne said. With perception that the girl had a desire to hear of the older lands, and, perhaps, with the thought of the sharpness of the weapon by which she might strike, Nora Grayne began to talk of her life in Connaught. It was a pleasant picture that she painted, a background of soft beauty before which moved fine-souled men and lovely women, men like Stephen Crews, Julie translated them, and women like Nora Grayne. The girl listened in tranced attention while the soft voice ran on in recollections of the charm of home places and home people. "And the memory I love best of all," Nora Grayne ended, smiling at Julie over the silver tea-urn "is the thought of walking home sometimes in the dusk and seeing the soft lights of the lamps shining out through the windows. Isn't it sweet to remember?"

Julie Lecour arose from the piano. "The only home I ever had," she said, every word striking with the clang of a hammer on its anvil, "was an orphan asylum in Montreal. I was sent out to work from there. I starved for two years while I slaved at dressmaking. The last gown I made was a wedding-gown for the girl who married the man who'd been telling me he loved me. I went out on the road with a travelling show. I was in North Bay when the rush to Cobalt came through. I've been drifting around the North Country since then from one camp to another, singing and dancing. Home?" She laughed. "This is the only real home I've ever been in!"

She faced Nora Grayne defiantly, but Nora Grayne only smiled. "Well, my dear," she said, the princess patronizing the peasant, "you've had what many a woman might envy. You've had liberty and you've had love."

"Love!" the girl flamed.

"Love. For I know one man who loves you now." Some thrill in her voice told Julie Lecour that her wild guess had been right, that Nora Grayne loved Stephen Crews. Steadily she gazed at the other woman in the certain knowledge that beneath the surface of their lives they were

fighting a world-old duel. To her, as to the people from whom Stephen Crews had come—to whom he would one day desire to return—Nora Grayne was the good woman of home and motherhood, un-

graces to make life serene, all the charm to make life companionable. To herself, Julie of the asylum, of the travelling shows, of the camp revels, had been given but the power of the storm to rouse, to



"What are you going to do with him, Julie?"—Page 206.

touched even by her descent among the gardens of modern theories of womanhood. To her Nora Grayne was the girl whom Stephen Crews would have chosen had he not met Julie of the highroad, as the old Frenchmen of Ville Marie called her. To Nora Grayne had been given all the

thrill, to sweep over, to blast the lives of men. From the depths of her knowledge she spoke to the other woman who loved the bright-eyed boy from the Cotswolds.

"All men aren't the same," she said, "but all men who love one woman love her in the same way. If I ever find a man

who loves me as he'd love you, I'd—I'd die for him!"

"I believe," said Nora Grayne, "that you could find him—almost at hand." She moved around the teacups with long, slender, ring-laden fingers. "I wonder," she said, "if you and I mean the same emotion when we speak of love? When I say love, I mean that high spiritual relationship that must exalt men and women, that fire that must burn out all lesser thought. Love should be the sublimation of congeniality," she went on, not looking at the girl beside the piano; "something beyond friendship, something above passion. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know anything about it," said Julie.

As she walked over the Track to the hotel she pondered Nora Grayne's words and Nora Grayne's motive in speaking them, wondering dully if they were truth. If they were true, Radleigh was right. She was cheating Stephen Crews, for she could never give to him the congeniality of heart, and mind, and soul that Nora Grayne declared the perfect love. The little lights of the houses clustered around the mines, tiny homes set in the forest, brought to her remembrance of the other woman's description of her own home in the twilight. So must Stephen Crews's home appear to those who came to it through the dusk. To that home his dreams would always return, taking him from her in some time to come. She fought back the tears that rushed to her eyes as she came in sight of town.

When she found Stephen waiting for her after she had ended her songs at the Little Nugget Dance Hall she greeted him with almost lethargic indifference. The boy, thinking to dispel her gloom of mood, tried to discover its motive in dissatisfaction with her way of life. "Marry me, Julie," he pleaded, "and we'll have a home."

"What sort of home would you choose if you could have everything you wanted?" she asked him.

The query flung him into the groove of old imaginings. As well as he might he drew for her another such picture as Nora Grayne had painted. "I thought so," she said when he had done. "I guess I'll stay at the hotel awhile."

The power of curiosity, however, impelled her to acceptance of the invitation that Nora Grayne brought to her the next morning. "I'm alone," she came to the hotel to say, "and my brother'll be gone a fortnight. Won't you come out to the mines with me?" Julie hesitated over the idea for a little while, then, possibly with the thought that association with the other woman might veneer her with the grace she wished to attain, went with Nora.

Crews came to see her that night. His hand-clasp thanked Nora for her kindness to Julie. His eyes smiled at Nora when she moved about the room. Little by little he drifted into talk with her till Julie was left outside the circle of their interests. The intimacy of their talk, the comradeship of their friendliness, turned a knife in the wound of Julie's sensitiveness. She went out on the veranda, leaving them alone in the lamplighted room. Through the doorway she watched them, fighting back her tears so well that she was humming the song of the voyageurs when they came outdoors.

Through that week Julie grew strangely silent while she watched the growing tree of that curious root of sympathy between the man she loved and the other woman who loved him. Her sharpened power of divination assured her that neither the man nor the woman realized how firm was the spiritual need that brought them together. With the uncanny witchery of her sixth sense Julie apprehended her lover's emotions even before he awakened to understanding of them. She had known, when she came, that Nora Grayne's kindness to her was a form of devotion to Stephen, and she came to dread the time when he would understand its motive, knowing that his understanding would give to Nora his gratitude even while it took from herself his admiration. Through seven nights of watching Julie saw that Nora Grayne was of Stephen's world as decisively as she herself was without it. One night she saw that Stephen had come to the inevitable and fatal point of comparison between the two of them. All through that night she kept remembering the way that Nora and Stephen had stood together beside the piano. Daylight found her tossing rest-

lessly. "But he loves me!" she was saying over and over.

That night Stephen Crews renewed his pleading while they drifted on the still waters of the lake. "Marry me!" he urged her.

"When we're old, and lame, and blind,"

town toward the dark edges of the encircling bush she ceased from song and laughter. "I wonder," she asked Stephen, "why you don't love me as I want to be loved?"

"But I do love you," he said, "and I've never loved another woman."



"Do you sing these at home?" she asked.—Page 208.

she said, swinging around her banjo, "I may marry you. To-night we're young, and strong, and we are not blind. Therefore let us laugh and sing." She smiled at his annoyance as she lifted the song of the voyageurs. All through "Chante, rossignol, chante" she laughed at him. But as the canoe drifted away from the

"Not yet," she said, "but one day you will. Do you know that you've never told me anything of yourself? Nothing of your home, or your childhood, or your ambitions, or your memories do I know. All I know of you is that you love me."

"Isn't that enough?"

"I used to think that it was," she said.

"Now I am not sure." And, though he urged her with the burning words of a boy in love in the summer-time of the North Country, she shrugged him off and went back to her gay songs. For Julie Lecour of the highroad, Julie of the waifs, was fighting the battle of her soul, chanting as she went, as had the Crusaders out of the Old France of her people. In the course of her wild days she had loved many men, from the man of Montreal, who had stirred her womanhood, to Radleigh, whom she had loved so well that she spurned him for the dross in his desire. But she had loved none of them with the longing and the tenderness, the pride and the joy, that she gave to the boy from the Cotswolds, who was giving to her the love of his youth. Because she loved him as she had cared for no other, Julie Lecour climbed through the bracken of suffering to the peak of vision where she might look on the bright plain of his life. Seeing its quiet valleys, its peaceful rivers, its straight roads, she saw herself an alien there. Nora Grayne's teachings were bearing their fruit. For the first time in her life Julie Lecour saw herself as the world, that was Stephen Crews's world, saw her. Being Julie, she sang a pæan to the nightingale as she struggled through Gethsemane. Only Radleigh, passing the Wellston after she had said good night to Crews and seeing her alone on the veranda, guessed her secret.

"Why don't you marry him?" he asked her abruptly when he had come beside her.

"Who knows but what I shall? And you'll dance at my wedding, yes?"

He turned away with a look of pain that hurt the girl. For the next week she avoided him as well as Crews, losing herself day after day in long rambles along paths that ran from the Wallaby Track. Sometimes at night her song would lure Stephen out on some lonely way, but she herself evaded his chase. One night he went to the mines, not in the hope of finding Julie as much as in the desire for Nora's presence and the peace it brought to him. In the darkness of the veranda he almost stumbled over Julie. "I'm waiting for the moon to rise," she told him. He took his place on a chair beside her. In a little time Nora Grayne came

out. The three of them stayed strangely silent as the great orb of the September moon gleamed through the trunks of the pines, lifting its silver splendor to the wide sky above the tree tops. When the moonlight was flooding the clearing with white radiance, a memory of the night when they had met at the Frederick House River camp roused Crews. "Sing the nightingale song, Julie," he urged her; "the one you sang that night in June." "Chante, rossignol, chante," he hummed for her leading. "I'll get the banjo."

"I don't want it," she said. "I'll sing another song of another nightingale." She flung back her dark head against the pillar of the porch, then began to sing softly on the insistent note of a minor key:

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long."

As she sang, her voice lifting slowly, splendidly to the moon, Julie Lecour saw the passion of homesickness sweep over Stephen Crews's face. All his love of the land he had left behind, that part of his life whose pages he had never opened for her reading, flashed over the boy's mobile countenance as she went on:

"In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song."

All the memories of home, all the sacred recollections of the youth he was leaving behind, all the little, beloved things of the heart, drifted the clouds of their passing over the light that had gleamed in Stephen's eyes. Julie Lecour, artist of the dance-halls, with no wealth in the world but God's golden gift of a voice, saw in the eyes of the man she loved all the barriers of race, of birth, of spirit, of soul that kept them apart. Knowing that every word she sang was driving into the man's mind the knowledge that she had held since she had come to Nora Grayne's, the certainty that their ways of life must lie apart if his life were to be what he would wish for it, she sent her voice soaring in Moore's immortal ballad:

"That bower and that music I never forget,
But oft when alone in the bloom of the year,

I think, Is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?"

She saw Stephen Crews's hand fold over Nora's. With the old sixth sense she knew that the inevitable had happened, that in his hurt, his loneliness of soul, he had sought the woman of his own people. Their land of home was by Bendemeer's stream, a quiet land, a land of roses. Some day they would return to it. Waiting that day, they would cherish the memory of it and the hope of it—together. A bitter laugh rose in Julie's throat at the thought that her song had revealed them to each other. Their hands had fallen apart, but the girl on the step below them knew that their souls had met on the road of her singing. A long time she stared at the rim of the pines beneath the September moon. Then, with no word, she went from them into the night.

Radleigh, going to a mine beyond Porcupine Lake, met her at dawn upon the dock. Her banjo was slung over her shoulder, her pack lay at her feet. "You're not going away?" he asked her. She flung back her red-capped head with the old audacity, but Radleigh saw that she was strangely weary.

"Why not?" she said. "Life's a road."

"Yes," he said slowly, wondering what circumstance had hastened upon her the decision of departure and the philosophy of living. "Life's a sort of Wallaby Track, I think, a road through the bush to the gold-fields."

A new sadness in his voice brought Julie's attention to him. She watched

him consideringly a moment. Then, as he turned to face her in the gray of the early morning, they threw aside their armor. "Tell me," she said, "do you believe that, no matter how you stumble or go off the line, you'll come out right in the end, if you only keep on the Track?"

"I believe just that, Julie," he said.

"I want you to know," she said, "that I'm keeping on the road—as straight as I can."

"I've always known that," he said humbly. "I made only one mistake about you, my dear. I'll never make it again."

She stepped down into the gasolene-launch that the greasy boatman had made ready. "I suppose," she said whimsically, "that we're only saying *au revoir*? You and I will be in the next gold rush, wherever it'll be, but the others who came with us won't be there. They'll be back in the old country, back home, they call it. You see," she said, holding out her hand, "that I didn't care for him?"

"I see," said Radleigh.

He lifted his broad-brimmed hat in farewell to her as the boat shot out from the dock, cleaving the dark waters toward Golden City. As he stepped into his own canoe he saw a scarlet tanager dart against the blackness of the bush. He watched it till it flew over the town toward the Track. Then he turned his gaze toward the little boat where the flash of Julie's cap blazed. "God made you both," he thought, "to be just as you are." For a long time the only man who loved Julie Lecour in the way that she wished to be loved watched the tiny speck of scarlet. Then, with the sunrise in his eyes, he went to his work of the day.





Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

"Is it good?" she asked, when he had inhaled the first deep breath.—Page 217.

STRANDED IN ARCADY

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

V

A SECRET FOR ONE



PRIME awoke unrefreshed at the moment when the morning sun was beginning to gild the tops of the highest trees, to find his camp-mate up and busying herself housewifely over the breakfast fire.

"You looked so utterly tired and worn out I thought I'd let you sleep as long as you could," she offered. "Are you feeling any better this morning?"

"I'm not sick," he protested, wincing a little in spite of himself in deference to the stiffened thews and sinews.

"You mustn't be," she argued cheerfully. "To-day is the day when we must go back a few thousand years and become Stone-Age people."

"Meaning that the provisions will be gone?"

"Yes."

"There are rabbits," he asserted. "I saw two of them yesterday. Does the domestic-science course include the cooking of rabbits *au voyageur*?"

"It is going to include the cooking of anything we can find to cook. Does the literary course include the catching of rabbits with one's bare hands?"

"It includes an imagination which is better than the possession of many traps and weapons," he jested. "I feel it in my bones that we are not going to starve."

"Let us be thankful to your bones," she returned gayly, and at this Prime felt the grisly night and its horrors withdrawing a little way.

There was more of the cheerful badi-nage to enliven the scanty breakfast, but there was pathos in the air when Prime felt for his cigarette-papers and mechanically opened his empty tobacco-pouch.

"You poor man!" she cooed, pitying him. "What will you do now?"

Prime had a thought which was only partly regretful. He might have searched in the pockets of the dead men for more tobacco, but it had not occurred to him at the time. He dismissed the thought and came back to the playing of his part in the secret for one.

"The lack of tobacco is a small consideration, when there is so much else at stake," he maintained. "If the Grider guess is the right one, it is evident that something has turned up to tangle it. Unscrupulous as he is in the matter of idiotic jokes, I know him well enough to be sure that he wouldn't leave us here to famish. He is only an amateur aviator, and it is quite within the possibilities that he has wrecked himself somewhere. It seems to me that we ought to take this river for a guide and push on for ourselves. Doesn't it appeal that way to you?"

"If we only had a boat of some kind," she sighed. "But even then we couldn't push very far without something to eat."

It was time to usher in the glad surprise, and Prime began to gather up the breakfast leavings. "We'll go over and have a look at the river, anyway," he suggested, and a few minutes later he had led the way across the point of land, and had heard the young woman's cry of delight and relief when she discovered the stranded canoe.

"You knew about this all the time," was her reproachful accusation. "You were over here last night. That is why you had the prophetic bones a little while ago. Why didn't you tell me before?"

He grinned. "At the moment you seemed cheerful enough without the addition of the good news. Do you know what is in that canoe?"

"No."

"Things to eat," he avouched solemnly; "lots of them! More than we could eat in a month."

*. A summary of the preceding chapters of "Stranded in Arcady" appears on page 5 of the Advertising pages.

"But they are not ours," she objected.

"No matter; we are going to eat them just the same."

"You mean that we can hire the owners to take us out of this wilderness? Have you any money?"

"Plenty of it," he boasted, chinking the buckskin bag in his pocket, the finding of which he had, up to this moment, entirely forgotten.

"But where are the owners? I don't see any camp."

"That is one reason why I didn't tell you last night. I found the canoe, but I didn't find anything that looked—er—like a camp."

"Then we shall have to sit down patiently and wait until they come back. They wouldn't go very far away and leave a loaded canoe alone like this, would they?"

Prime gave a furtive side glance at the shadowy pool in the eddy. Truly the canoe-owners had not gone very far, but it was quite far enough. If he could have framed any reasonable excuse for it, he would have urged the immediate borrowing of the canoe, and an equally immediate departure from the spot of grisly associations. Indeed, he did go so far as to suggest it, and was brought up standing, as he more than half-expected to be, against Miss Millington's conscience.

"Why, certainly we couldn't do anything like that!" she protested. "It would be highway robbery! We must wait until they return. Surely they won't be gone very long."

There was no help for it except in telling her the shocking truth, and Prime was not equal to that. So he reconciled himself as best he could to the enforced delay, hoping that the tender conscience would not demand too much time.

Almost at once the owner of the conscience suggested that they make a round through the adjoining forest in an attempt to discover the camp of the missing men. Prime acceded cheerfully enough, though he was impatient to examine the canoe-load, in which he was hoping there might prove to be a supply of tobacco. For the better part of the forenoon they quartered the forest around and about between the river and the lake in widen-

ing circles, missing nothing but the glade of horrors, which Prime took good care to avoid. At noon they came back to the canoe landing and made a frugal meal on the remains of their own store of food.

"We are too punctiliously foolish," Prime declared when the second meal without its tobacco aftermath had been endured. "You say we are obliged to wait, and in that case we shall have to borrow, sooner or later. I don't see any reason why we shouldn't begin it now. We can explain everything, you know; and, besides, I have money with which to pay for what we take."

"But your money isn't Canadian money," was the ready objection voiced by the tender conscience.

Prime's laugh did not ring quite true. "That is where you are mistaken," he retorted. "It is good English gold, in sovereigns."

If the young woman were surprised to learn that a man who had expected to motor out of Canada in a day or two at the most had supplied himself with a stock of English sovereigns, she did not question the fact. But for fear she might, Prime went on hastily.

"I always like to be prepared for all kinds of emergencies when I leave home, and this time I wasn't sure just where I was going to bring up, you know—after Grider had changed his mind as to our starting-point."

The evasion served its purpose, and the young woman assented to an immediate examination of the canoe-load. Prime helped her down the steep bank, and they began to rummage, spreading their findings out on the little beach. As Prime had intimated, there was a liberal stock of provisions—jerked deer-meat, smoke-cured bacon, flour, meal, salt, baking-powder, tea, and sugar, but no coffee, a few tins of vegetables, a small sack of potatoes, and, last but not least, a canvas-covered mass of something which they decided was pemmican.

Rummaging further, the precious tobacco came to light—two huge twists of it hidden in the centre of one of the two remaining blanket rolls. Prime stopped right where he was, crumbled a bit of the dried leaf in his hands, and made a ciga-

rette, his companion looking on with a little lip-curl which might have been of derision or merely of amusement.

"Is it good?" she asked, when he had inhaled the first deep breath.

"It's vile!" he returned. "At the same time, it is so much better than nothing that I could do a Highland fling for pure joy. Take my advice, Miss Millington, and never become a slave to the tobacco habit."

"Miss Millington," she repeated, half musingly. "Doesn't that strike you as being a trifle absurd at this distance from a drawing-room?"

"It surely does," he admitted frankly; "and so, for that matter, does 'Mr. Prime.'"

She looked up at him with a charming little grimace.

"I'll concede the 'Lucetta' if you will concede the 'Donald.'"

"It's a go," he laughed. "It is the last of the conventions, and we'll tell it good-bý without a whimper." With the goodly array of foodstuff spread out upon the sand, and with his back carefully turned upon the pool of dread, he felt that he could afford to be light-hearted.

There was only a little more of the rummaging to be done. A canvas-covered roll unlashd from its place beneath a canoe-stay proved to be a square of duck large enough to make a small sleeping-tent. Inside of this roll there was an ample stock of cartridges for the two repeating rifles lying cased in their canvas covers in the bottom of the boat, and an Indian-tanned deer-skin used as a wrapping for the ammunition. With the guns there was a serviceable woodsman's axe. In the bow, where Prime had dropped the two savage-looking hunting-knives, there were a few utensils: a teapot, a camper's skillet large enough to be worth while, tin cup and plates, an empty whiskey bottle, and a basin—the latter presumably for the dough-mixing.

After they had their findings lying on the sand the tender conscience came in play again, and nothing would do but everything must be put back just as they had found it, Prime drawing the line, however, at a portion of the tobacco and enough of the food to serve for supper and breakfast. During the remainder of

the afternoon they left the canoe-load undisturbed, but when evening came Prime borrowed the basin, the cups, plates, and the larger skillet. Farther along he borrowed the canvas roll and the axe and set up the tiny sleeping-tent, placing it so that Lucetta, if she were so minded, could see the fire.

Just before she retired the young woman made a generous protest.

"You mustn't do all the borrowing for me," she insisted. "Go right down there and get one of those blanket rolls for yourself. I shan't sleep a wink if you don't."

The next morning there were more speculations, on the young woman's part, as to the whereabouts of the canoe-owners, with much wonderment at their protracted absence and the singular abandonment of their entire outfit, even to the weapons. Whereat Prime invented all sorts of theories to account for this curious state of affairs, all of them much more ingenious than plausible.

For himself, the mystery was scarcely less unexplainable. Why two men, evidently outfitted for a long journey, should stop by the way, build five fires that were plainly not camp-fires, and then fall to and fight each other to death over a bag of English sovereigns, were puzzles that he did not attempt to solve in his own behalf. It was enough that the facts had befallen, and that the net result for a pair of helpless castaways was a well-stocked canoe which Lucetta's acid-proof honesty was still preventing them from appropriating.

After a breakfast served with the garnishings afforded by the Heaven-sent supplies, Prime uncased the two rifles and looked them over. They were United States products of an early edition, but were apparently serviceable and in good order. In the canvas case of one of the guns there was a packet of fish lines and hooks. At Lucetta's suggestion a few shots were fired as a signal for the lost canoe-owners. Nothing coming of this, they tried a little target practice, selecting the largest tree in sight for a mark, and both missing it with monotonous regularity. Later in the day Prime brought the talk around by degrees to the expediencies. How much of the present good

weather must they waste in waiting for the hypothetical return of the absentees? Perhaps some accident had happened; perhaps the absentees would never turn up. Who could tell?

Domestic Science, with gymnasium-teaching on the side, fought the suggestion to which all this pointed. They had no manner of right to take the canoe and its belongings without the consent of the owners. What was the hurry? By waiting they would be sure to obtain the help they were needing, and another day or two must certainly end the suspense.

Prime went as far as he could without telling the shocking truth. With the dead men's pool so near at hand he was shudderingly anxious to be gone, but the young woman's logic was unanswerable and the delay was extended. A single small advance marked this second day. Along toward evening Prime unloaded the canoe, and together they made a few heroic attempts to acquire the art of paddling. It was apparently a lost art so far as they were concerned. The big birch-bark, lightened of its load, did everything but what it was expected to do, yawing and careening under the unskilful handling in a most disconcerting manner.

"If I could only rig up some way to row the thing!" Prime exclaimed, when they had contrived to drift and seesaw half a mile or more down the almost currentless first reach of the stream.

"You couldn't," asserted the more practical young woman. "The sides are as thin as paper, and they wouldn't hold rowlocks if you could make them. Besides, who ever heard of rowing a birch-bark canoe?"

"Somebody will hear of it, if I ever live to work this vacation trip of ours into a story— No, no; paddle the other way! We want to turn around and go back!"

They got the hang of it a little better after a while, the young woman catching the knack first; and after much labor they won back to their camping-place on the small peninsula. Over the evening fire Prime unwrapped the deerskin they had found in the canvas roll.

"We shall have to have moccasins of some sort," he announced. "That flimsy

boat isn't going to stand for shoes with heels on them. Does domestic science include a semester in shoemaking? I can assure you in advance that literature doesn't."

Lucetta took the leather and sat for a time regarding it thoughtfully. "No needle, no thread, no pattern," she mused. "And if we cut it and spoil it there won't be enough left for two pairs."

"If you have an idea, try it; I'll stand the expense of the leather," chuckled Prime, with large liberality.

But now the young woman was hesitating on another score.

"This leather belongs to the owners of the canoe; I don't know that we have any right to cut it," she objected.

Prime was tempted to say things ob-jurgatory of these phantom owners who would not down, but he didn't. Every fresh reference to the two dead men gave him an impulse to glance over his shoulder at the silent pool in the eddy, and the longer the thing went on the less able he was to control the prompting.

"You forget that we are able to pay for all damages," was what he really did say, and at that the young woman removed a shoe, placed a neatly stockinged foot on the skin and marked around it with a bit of charcoal taken from the fire, leaving a generous margin. Borrowing Prime's pocket-knife she cut to the line, made tiny buttonholes all around the piece, and threaded them with a drawing-string made of the soft leather.

"You've got it!" exclaimed the unskilled one in open-eyed admiration, after the one-piece slipper was fashioned and tried on. "You are a wonder! I shouldn't have thought of that in a month of Sundays. It's capital!"

There was enough material in the single skin to make the two pairs, with something left over, and Prime put his on at once with a sigh of relief born of the grateful chance to get rid of the civilized shoes. Past that there was more talk about the ever-thickening mysteries, and again Lucetta refused to accept the Grider explanation, while Prime clung to it simply because he could not invent any other. Yet it was borne in upon him that the mystery was edging away from the Grider hypothesis in spite of all he could do.

There was nothing to connect the two canoe men, fighting over the purse of gold, with Grider, or with the abduction of a school-teacher and a writer of stories; yet there were pointings here, too, if one might read them. Why were the five fires lighted in the glade unless it were for a signal of some sort? Prime wished from the bottom of his heart that he could set the keen mentality of his companion at work on this latest phase of the mystery, but with the dead men lying stiff and still at the bottom of their pool less than a stone's throw away his courage failed him and his lips were sealed.

VI

CANOEDLINGS

ON the fifth morning—their third at the peninsula camp—Prime registered a solemn vow to make this the last day of the entirely unnecessary delay. More and more he was tormented by the fear that the dead men might escape from their weightings and rise to become a menace to Lucetta's sanity or his own; and, though he had been given the best possible proof that his companion was above reproach in the matter of calm courage and freedom from hysteria, he meant to take no chances—for her or for himself.

At his suggestion they began the day by making another essay at the paddling, embarking in the emptied canoe shortly after breakfast. Gaining a little facility after an hour or so, they headed the birch-bark down-stream past the point which they had reached the previous afternoon, and soon found themselves in a quickening current. Prime, kneeling in the bow, gave the word, and Lucetta obeyed it.

"We'll try the quick water," he flung back to her. "We'll have to have the experience, and we had better get it with the empty canoe, rather than with the load."

This seemed logical, but it led to results. In a short time the shores grew rocky and there was no safe place to land. Moreover, the little river was now running so swiftly that they were afraid to try to turn around. Rapid after rapid was passed in vain struggles to stop the tri-

umphal progress, and if the canoe's lading had been aboard, Prime would have been entirely happy, since every rapid they shot was taking them farther away from the scene of the tragedy. But the lading was not aboard.

"We've got to do something to head off this runaway!" the bowman shouted back over his shoulder in one of the quieter raceways. "We're leaving our commissary behind."

"Anything you say," chimed in the steerswoman from the stern of the dancing runaway. "My knees are getting awfully tired, but I can stand it as long as you can."

"That is the trouble," Prime called back. "We're staying with it too long. The next pool we come to, you paddle like mad, all on one side, and I'll do the same. We've simply *got* to turn around!"

The manœuvre worked like a charm. A succession of the eddy-pools came rushing up from down-stream, and in the third of them they contrived to get the birch-bark reversed and pointed upstream. Then it suddenly occurred to the young woman that they had had their trouble for nothing; that the same end might have been gained if they had merely turned themselves around and faced the other way. Her shriek of laughter made Prime stop paddling for the moment.

"I need a guardian—we both need guardians!" he snorted, when she told him what she was laughing at, and then they dug their paddles in a frantic effort to stem the swift current.

It was no go—less than no go. In spite of all they could do the birch-bark refused to be driven up-stream. What was worse, it began to drift backward, slowly at first, but presently at a pace which made them quickly turn to face the other way lest they be smashed in a rapid. A mile or more fled to the rear before they could take breath, and two more rapids were passed, up which Prime knew they could never force the canoe with any skill they possessed or were likely to acquire.

Taking advantage of the next lull in the unmanageable flight, he shouted again.

"We'll have to go ashore! We are getting so far away now that we shall

never get back. You're steering: try it in the next quiet place we come to, and I'll do all I can to help."

The "next quiet place" proved to be a full half-mile farther along, and they had a dozen hair-breadth escapes in more of the quick stretches before they reached it. Prime lived years in moments in the swifter rushes. Knowing his own helplessness in the water, he was in deadly fear of a capsize, not from any unmanly dread of death but because he had a vivid and unnerving picture of Lucetta's predicament if she should escape and be left alone and helpless in the heart of the forest wilderness. He drew his first good breath after the runaway canoe had been safely beached on the shore of an eddy and they had tottered carefully out of it to drag it still higher upon the shelving bank.

"My heavens!" he panted, throwing himself down to gasp at leisure. "I wouldn't go through that again for a farm in Paradise! Weren't you scared stiff?"

"I certainly was," was the frank admission. The young woman had taken her characteristic attitude, sitting down with her chin propped in her hands.

"But, just the same, you didn't forget to paddle!" Prime exulted. "You are a comrade, right, Lucetta! It's a thousand pities you aren't a man!"

"Isn't it?" she murmured, without turning her head.

"Do you know—I was simply paralyzed at the thought of what would happen if we should upset—not so much at the thought of what would be certain to happen to me, but on your account."

"The protective instinct," she remarked; "it is like a good many other things which we have outgrown—or are outgrowing—quite useless, but stubbornly persistent."

"You mean that you don't need it?"

"I haven't needed it yet, have I?"

"No," he admitted soberly. "So far, you have had the nerve, and more than your share of the physique."

"I have had better training, perhaps," she offered, as if willing to make it easier for him. "A little farther along you will begin to develop, while I shall stand still."

But Prime would not let it rest at that.

"I have always maintained that most

women have a finer nerve, and finer courage, than most men; I am speaking now of the civilized average. You are proving my theory, and I owe you something. But to get back to things present; doesn't it occur to you that we have gotten ourselves into a rather awkward mess?"

"It does, indeed. We must be miles from anything to eat, and if you know of any way to take this canoe up-stream I wish you would tell me; I don't."

"It will be by main strength and awkwardness, as the Irishman played the cornet, if we do it at all," Prime decided.

"And if, in the meantime, the owners come back and find it gone——"

Prime got up stiffly. "I have a feeling that they haven't come back yet, and it is growing fast into a feeling that they are not going to come back at all. Shall we try a towing stunt?"

They tried it, though they had no tow-line and were reduced to the necessity of dragging the canoe along in the shallows, each with a hand on the gunwale. This did not answer very well, and after fighting for a half-hour in the first of the rapids and getting thoroughly wet and bedraggled they had to give it up and reverse the process, letting the birch-bark drift down to the safe dockage again.

While they were resting from their labors, and the hampered half of the towing squad was wringing the water from her skirts, Prime looked at his watch.

"Heavens and earth!" he exclaimed. "It is noon already! I thought I was beginning to feel that way inside. Why didn't we have sense enough to take a bite along with us when we left camp this morning?"

"Oh, if you are going into the whys, why didn't we have sense enough to know that we couldn't handle the canoe? How far have we come?"

Prime shook his head. "You couldn't prove it by me. A part of the time it seemed to me that we were bettering a mile a minute." He got up and hobbled back and forth on the little beach to work the canoe-cramp out of his knees. "It looks to me as if we are up against it good and hard; the canoe is here, and the dunnage is up yonder. Which do we do: carry the canoe to the dunnage, or the dunnage to the canoe? It's a heav-

only choice either way around. What do you say?"

Lucetta voted at once for the canoe-carrying, if it were at all possible. So much, she said, they owed to the owners, who had every right to expect to find their property where they had left it. Again Prime was tempted to say hard things about the ghosts which so stubbornly refused to be laid, and again he denied himself.

"The canoe it is," he responded grimly, but by the time they had dragged the light but unwieldy craft out of the water and part way up the bank they were convinced that the other alternative was the only one. A short portage they might have made, or possibly a long one, if they had known enough to turn the birch-bark bottom-side up and carry it on their heads *voyageur*-fashion. But they still had this to learn.

"It's a frost," was Prime's decision after they had tugged and stumbled a little way with the clumsy burden knocking at their legs. "The mountain won't go to Mohammed—that much is perfectly plain. Are you game for a long portage with the camp outfit? It seems to be the only thing there is left for us to do."

The young woman was game, and since they were on the wrong side of the river they put the canoe into the water again and paddled to the other side, leaving the birch-bark drawn out upon the bank of the eddy-pool. From that they went on, hunger urging them and the water-softened moccasins holding them back and making them pick their way like children in the first few days of the bare-foot season. The distance proved to be about three miles and they made it in something over an hour. The embers of their morning fire were still alive, and the belated midday meal was quickly cooked and despatched.

"Now for the hard part of it," Prime announced, as he began to pack the camp outfit. "You sit right still and rest, and I'll get things ready for the tote."

"Then you have determined to ride rough-shod over the rights of the people who own the things?" the young woman asked.

Prime turned his back deliberately upon the pool of dread.

"Necessity knows no law, and we can't stay here forever waiting for something to turn up. Somebody has given us a strong-hand deal, for what reason God only knows, and we've got to fight out of it the best way we can. We'll take these things, and we are willing to pay for them if anybody should ask us to; but in any event we are going to take them, because it is a matter of life and death to us. I'll shoulder all the responsibility, moral and otherwise."

She laughed a little at this. "More of the protective instinct? I can't allow that—my conscience is my own. But I suppose you are right. There doesn't seem to be anything else to do. And you needn't fit all of those packs to your own back; I propose to carry my share."

He protested at that, and learned one more thing about Lucetta Millington: up to a certain point she was as docile and leadable as the woman of the Stone Age is supposed to have been, and beyond that she was adamant.

"You said a little while ago it was a pity I wasn't a man: it is the woman's part nowadays to ask no odds. Will you try to remember that?"

Here was a hint of a brand-new Lucetta, and Prime wondered how he had contrived to live twenty-eight years in a world of women only to be brought in contact for the first time with the real, simon-pure article in the heart of a Canadian wilderness. Nevertheless he took her at her word and made a small pack for her, with a carrying-strap cut from the remains of the deerskin. At the very best the portage promised to demand three trips, which was appalling.

It was well past the middle of the afternoon when they reached the canoe at the end of the first carry. The three-mile trudge had been made in silence, neither of the amateur carriers having breath to spare for talk. Since they had the tent and one of the blanket-rolls and sufficient food, Prime was for putting off the remaining double carry to another day, but again Lucetta was adamant.

"If we do that we shall lose all day to-morrow," was the form her protest took; "and now that we have started we had better keep on going."

"Oh, what is the frantic hurry?"

Prime cut in. "You said your school didn't begin until September. Haven't we the entire, unspoiled summer ahead of us?"

"Clothes," she remarked briefly. "Yours may last all summer, but mine won't—not if we have to go on tramping through the woods every day."

Prime's laugh was a shout. "We'll be blanket Indians, both of us, before we get out of this. I feel that in my bones, too. But about the second carry; we'll make it if you say so. It will at least give us a good appetite for supper."

They made it, reaching the end of the six-mile doubling a short while before the late sunset. Prime was all in, down, and out, but he would not admit it until after the supper had been eaten and the shelter-tent set up over its bed of spruce-tips. Then he let go with both hands.

"I'm dog-tired, and I am not ashamed to admit it," he confessed. "But you—you look as fresh as a daisy. What are you made of—spring steel?"

"Not by any manner of means; but I wasn't going to be the first to say anything. I feel as if I were slowly ossifying. I wouldn't walk another mile to-night for a fortune."

Prime stretched himself lazily before the fire with his hands under his head. "Luckily, you don't have to. You had better turn in and get all the sleep that is coming to you. I'm going to hit the blankets after I smoke another pinch of this horrible tobacco."

As he sat up to roll the pinch a rising wind began to swish through the tree-tops. A little later there was a fitful play of lightning followed by a muttering of distant thunder.

"That means rain, and you are going to get wet," said the young woman, as she was preparing to creep under her canvas. An instant later a gusty blast came down the river, threatening to scatter the fire. Prime sprang up at once and began to take the necessary precautions against a conflagration. In the midst of the haste-making he heard his companion say: "We might drag the canoe up here and turn it over so that you could have it for a shelter."

With the fire safely banked they went together to the river's edge to carry out

her suggestion. By this time the precursor blast of the shower was lashing the little river into foam, and the spray from the rapid just above them wet their faces. One glance, lightning assisted, at the little beach where they had drawn up the canoe was enough. The birch-bark was gone.

The young woman was the first to find speech. At another lightning-flash she cried out quickly:

"There it is! Don't you see it?—going down the river! The wind is blowing it away!"

Immediately they dashed off in pursuit, stumbling through the forest in darkness which, between the lightning-flashes, was like a blanketing of invisibility. The race was a short one. One flash showed them the canoe dancing down the race-way of a lower rapid, and at the next it had disappeared.

VII

ROULANT MA BOULE

At the disappearance of the canoe Prime called the halt which the black darkness was insisting upon, and they made their way back in the teeth of the storm to the camp-fire. In a few minutes the summer squall had blown itself out, with scarcely enough rain to make a drip from the trees. Weary as he was, Prime took the axe, searched until he found a pine stump, and from it hewed the material for a couple of torches. With these for light they set out doggedly down the stream in search of their lost hope.

Happily, since they were both fagged enough to drop in their tracks, the birch-bark was discovered stranded on their side of the river a hundred yards below the lower rapid. This time they ran no risks, and, though it cost them a half-hour of stumbling toil, they did not rest until they had carried the canoe around the rapid to place it high and dry in the little glade where they had made their camp.

The next morning found them plentifully stiff and sore from their strenuous exertions of the day before, but there was good cheer in the thought that thus far

they had triumphed stoutly over difficulty and disaster.

"I feel as if I couldn't put one foot before the other, and I am sure you must be in the same condition," Prime groaned, over the second helping of fried potatoes and bacon, served in Domestic Science's best style. "Just the same, I mean to take a dose of the hair of the dog that bit me and go up after the remainder of our loot. While I am doing it you must stay here and watch the canoe, to see that it doesn't run away again. I wouldn't trust it a single minute, even on dry land."

"No," was the firm rejoinder. "You must get the sex idea out of your head once for all, Donald. It will be time enough for you to make it easy for me when I need it worse than I do now."

"Yesterday I said you were a wonder, Lucetta; to-day I rise to remark that you are two wonders, and mighty plucky ones at that."

"And to-morrow I shall be three wonders, and the next day four, and so on to infinity, I suppose," she said, laughing. "By the way, speaking of days, what day is this?"

Prime drew a notched twig from his pocket.

"Don't ever say after this that I am not the original Robinson Crusoe," he grinned. "I cut this twig the second day, just before we began the hike for the river." Then he counted up: "According to my almanac, this ought to be Monday—wash-day."

"Then yesterday was Sunday, which is why we had all our bad luck. We ought to have stayed at home and gone to church. Is it possible that we were both in Quebec no longer ago than last Tuesday night? It seems as if months had elapsed since then—months, I said, but I ought to have said ages."

"Are things changing for you so radically, then?" he asked.

"They are, indeed. And for you?"

"Yes; I guess so. For one thing I have discovered the habitat of about a million muscles that I didn't know I had; and for another——"

"Well?" she challenged, "why don't you say it?"

"I will say it. For another I have

discovered the most remarkable woman that ever lived."

She laughed joyously. "See what a few days of unavoidable propinquity will do! But you are mistaken—I'm not especially remarkable. You are only doing what Mr. Grider said you ought to do—studying the female of the species at short range."

"Grider was an ass!" was the impatient rejoinder. "If I had him here I'd duck him in the river in spite of his fifty pounds excess. But this isn't getting the remainder of the dunnage. Are you quite sure you want to go along?"

"Quite sure," she returned, and once more they took the river-side trail to the stream-head.

The third carry was lighter than the others had been, and the six-mile tramp was the best possible panacea for stiffened joints and lamed muscles. By the time they had reassembled themselves and their belongings in the little glade between the rapids they were both in fine fettle, and ready to begin the real journey.

The loading of the canoe was a new thing, but in this they gave common sense a free rein. The camp stuff and provisions were made into packages with the blankets and the tent canvas for wrappings, and each package was securely lashed beneath the brace-bars of the birch-bark, so that in case of a capsize there would still be some chance for salvage. Prime's final precaution was worthy of a real woodsman. Drying the empty whiskey bottle carefully with a wisp of grass, he filled it with matches, corked it tightly, and skewered it in an inside pocket of his coat.

"You are learning," Lucetta observed; and then: "Did you get that out of a story?"

"No, indeed; I dug it up whole out of my literary imagination. If I should tumble overboard you want to be sure to save the pieces, if you ever hope to see a fire again. Are we all ready?"

Five minutes later they had taken their lives in their hands and were shooting the rapids. With the laden canoe the paddling was an entirely different proposition. Mile after mile the quick water held, with only the shortest of reaches between Scylla and Charybdis for the

breath-catching. At first the keen strain of it keyed nerve and muscle to the snapping-point; but after a time the fine wine of peril had its due and exhilarating effect, and they shouted and laughed, calling to each other above the turmoil of the waters, gasping joyously when the spray from the white-fanged boulders slapped them in the face, and having the luck of the innocent or the drunken, since disaster held aloof and they escaped with nothing more serious than the spray wettings.

Though light-heartedness thus sat in the saddle—or knelt on the paddling-mat—prudence was not wholly banished. At noon, when they pulled out at the foot of a quiet reach to make a pot of tea, they found that they were at the head of a rapid too swift and tortuous to offer anything but certain catastrophe. While the tea water was heating Prime went ahead to reconnoitre.

"Too many chances," he reported on his return. "And, besides, the carry is only a few hundred yards. It means more hard work, but we can't afford to run the risk."

"Oh, dear me!" sighed the young woman in mock despair; "have we got to unload that canoe piece by piece, and then carry and load it all over again?"

"We shall doubtless have to do it so many times that we shall count that day lost when we are denied the opportunity," Prime laughed. "But, heaven helping us, we shall make no more three-mile portages, as we did yesterday."

The task did not seem quite so formidable after they had broken their fast. Moreover, in the repeated packings and unpackings, they were gaining facility. With the dunnage transported they were ready to attack the birch-bark, and Lucetta had an inspiration.

"Haven't I seen a picture somewhere of the old *voyageurs* carrying their canoes on their heads?" she asked.

"Why, of course!" said Prime. "Why didn't we think of that last night? I believe I could carry it that way alone. Now, then, over she goes and up she goes; you set the pace, and for pity's sake don't stumble."

Nobody stumbled, and in due time the canoe was launched below the rapids,

was reloaded, and the paddling was resumed. This day, which ended in a snug camp at the foot of a stretch of slow water which had kept them paddling all the afternoon, was a fair sample of their days through the remainder of the week. Night after night, after they had been shooting rapids or making long carries, or paddling steadily through stretches where the current did not go fast enough for them, Prime found Lucetta's prophecy as to his growth coming true. Day by day he was finding himself anew, advancing by leaps and bounds, as it seemed, into a stronger and fresher and simpler manhood.

And as for the young woman—there were times when the realization that in a few hours of a single mysterious night she had passed from the world of the commonplace into a world hitherto unpictured even in her wildest imaginings, was graspable, but these moments were rare. Adaptable, even under the fetterings of the conventions, Lucetta Millington was finding herself fairly gifted now that the fetterings were removed. From childhood she had longed for an opportunity to explore the undiscovered regions of her own individuality, and now the opportunity had come. It pleased her prodigiously to find that Prime seemed not to be even remotely touched by their unchaperoned condition. From the first he had been merely the loyal comrade, and she tried consistently to meet him always upon his own ground—tried and succeeded.

On the Saturday night they found themselves at the head of a long portage, still in the heart of the wilderness, and having yet to see the first sign of any human predecessor along the pathway traced through the great forest by their little river.

"I can't understand it," Prime said that night over the camp-fire. "We have covered a good many miles since last Monday, and still we don't seem to be getting anywhere. Another thing I don't fancy is the way the river has changed its course. Have you noticed that for the last three days it has been flowing mainly northward?"

The young woman became interested at once. "I hadn't noticed it," she ad-

mitted, and then—"Why don't you like it?"

"Because it seems a bit ominous. It may mean that we were carted clear over to the northern side of the big watershed, though that doesn't seem possible. If we were, we are going painstakingly away from civilization instead of toward it. That would account at once for the fact that we haven't come across any timber-cuttings. The northern rivers all flow into Hudson Bay."

Lucetta's gaze became abstracted. "Besides that, we are still groping in the blind alleys of the mysteries," she put in. "Have you given up the Mr. Grider idea?"

"I can't give it up wholly and save my sanity," Prime averred. "Think a minute; if we throw that away, what have we to fall back upon? Nothing, absolutely nothing! Nature abhors a vacuum, and so does the sane mind. Don't mistake me; I haven't the slightest idea that Grider let us in for any such experience as this, meaning to. But he took a chance, as every practical joker does, and the result in our case has spelled disaster. I am only hoping that it has spelled disaster for him, too, confound him!"

She smiled sweetly.

"Are you calling it disaster now? Only yesterday you said you were enjoying it. Have you changed your mind?"

"I have, and I haven't. From a purely selfish point of view, I'm having the finest kind of a vacation, and enjoying every blessed minute of it. More than that, the raggeder I grow the better I feel. It's

perfectly barbarous, I know; but it is the truth. My compunctions are all vicarious. I shouldn't have had half so much fun if I had gone motoring through New England."

The young woman smiled again. "You needn't waste any of the vicarious compunctions on me. Honestly, Donald, I—I'm having the time of my life. It is the call of the wild, I suppose. I shall go back home, if I ever reach home, a perfect savage, no doubt, but the life of the humdrum will never be able to lay hold of me again, in the sense that it will possess me, as it used to."

Prime's grin was an expression of the purely primitive.

"It is a reversion to type," he asserted, getting up to arrange Lucetta's sleeping-tent. "It makes one wonder if all humanity isn't built that way; if it wouldn't go back at a gallop if it were given half a chance."

"I don't call it going back," was the quiet reply. "I feel as if I had merely dropped a large number of utterly useless hamperings. Life has never seemed so free and completely desirable before, and yet, when we have been running some of the most terrifying rapids I have felt that I could give it up without a murmur if I shouldn't prove big enough to keep it in spite of the danger. At such times I have felt that I could go out with only one big regret—the thought that I wasn't going to live long enough to find out *why* I had to be drowned in the heart of a Canadian forest."

(To be continued.)



ARTEMIS ON LATMOS

By Amelia Josephine Burr

I CALLED him to the mountain and he came.
The valley drew him—ah, could I not see
How slowly and reluctantly at first
His feet were turned from the familiar ways?
Until I stooped to him and put aside
The dimness of his sight that hid my face;
Then he came gladly, but with arms outstretched,
Hasting with quickened breath and burning eyes,
As man to woman, but I led him still
A pace ahead, always a pace ahead
And out of reach—and so he followed me.
Now he is mine; his body lies asleep,
With every slender limb in perfect peace
Lax as a child's, and on the boyish cheek
The lashes lie unmoving; but his soul—
His soul stands up as one who puts aside
His garments at the games, to run his course
In naked beauty of unhampered strength.
So do I love thee best, Endymion!
Clad in these cast-off weeds, however fair,
Thy kisses would have made of Artemis
Only a woman. Now thou art a god,
To breathe new life upon the needy world
And look with clear, all-comprehending eyes
Through every cloud that men have made themselves,
Crying "This way!" with calm authority
And making darkness bright—even as I
Among the stars, on earth Endymion.
Ours is the commerce of immortal love—
Hearts lifted and assuaged—the hand of wrong
Palsied in act to strike—healing of pain
And quickening of poverty to hope—
Mercy in souls that knew it not, and joy
In the dulled eyes of weepers; by these things
Thou godlike dost attest thy love for me,
A goddess, and thou feelest in thy strength
My tenderness, and knowest me thine own.
Yet thou wert born a man and not a god.
Strange—had I left thee in the valley there
Thou wouldst have stayed a shepherd, rising slow
With yawns and stretchings of unwilling limbs,
And eyes too heavy to behold the dawn;
Until the fervid touch of eager noon
Kindled thy blood to human passion—nay,
How had I borne to see thee dancing then

Among the herd-girls, thrilled by sudden sight
Of swaying arms and soft young bosoms, dazed
By some warm gust of unexpected curls
Across thine eyes? Or else, when all the world
Lay swooned in summer trance, amid the shade
Dappled with shifting splendor, heralded
By shrill sonorous music of the wood,
Pursuing the flushed ivory of some fair
Not all-elusive dryad? Squandering
Thy strength and youth and beauty, in the arms
Of what is of the earth and can endure
No longer than the earth? To watch thee grow
Heavy of foot and gnarled of hand, a churl
Deep drinking with the rest at harvest-home,
Taking to bed and board a docile mate
To give thee food and children at the will
Of thy gross thoughtless body, and at last
To see thee die, worn out, yet clinging still
To that uncomely garment stained with use
And shapeless grown with age and careless wear—
That garment men would call Endymion?
Across the starry spaces comes to me
My liberated lover's cry of joy:
"This is the better way, my love!"—and yet
That red mouth moves as to a woman's kiss,
The arm goes tensely out as if to draw
To the strong breast quick-shaken with a sigh
The dryad's yielding laughter, and the hand
Curves as about a little hand that steals
Home to its palm—a little clinging hand.
Sleep, body, sleep! Art thou Endymion?
Endymion is a god and far away.
Insensate thing, what right is thine to dream
Dreams of the valley when thy soul is gone?
Hast thou indeed a life that is thine own?
Nay, hast thou rights as well?—I pity thee.
For my Endymion shall not taste of death;
The measureless eternities are his
Wherein to spend his ever-crescent strength.
His beauty grows forever with the still
Immortal growth of the unhastening gods,
Who smile to see the worlds drop into dust,
Knowing what is to come. But what of thee,
Endymion the mortal? Thou must grow
Less beautiful, not more, as year by year
Binds leaden sandals on thy dragging feet.
The vision that beholds what men call Time
A little dancing mote which quivers down
Among a thousand others through a beam
Of light supernal, to be lost in dark—
That vision is the god's, and without end

His time for loving, as his power for love
 Without a limit. Ah, but what of thee,
 Endymion the mortal? Thou canst love
 Only a little, and a little while,
 And in one little unexpanding way.
 Earth bounds thee, as it holds thee at the last,
 And if thou go unfruitful to the dust,
 That is thine end. There trembles on my lips
 The smile that is the weeping of the gods
 To think how I have cheated thee, poor thing
 Of clay; how eagerly thy hands went out
 To clasp me—Artemis—a pace ahead,
 Always a pace ahead and out of reach.
 Poor fool, can mortal arms take Artemis?
 Thou shouldst have followed Aphrodite—nay,
 Flesh as thou art, thine was a nobler choice;
 Thou wouldst not seek a wanton, though divine—
 Thy stammering lips would woo no less than hers
 Who is a virgin even to the gods.
 Haply didst even think to have of me
 The comfort of the hearth and hear my voice
 From lips like thine cry “Father” at thy knees—
 And lo, I give thee nothing but long sleep
 Disquieted with dreams.

The world is still—
 The heavens wheel above me where I stand
 Poised between earth and sky. From far away
 It seems that I can hear the sleepless hearts
 Of all the cheated dreamers of the world.
 The hearts that found the perfect love too late
 To clasp and hold it close—those sadder hearts
 Who thought to realize transcendently
 Body and soul—to prison Artemis
 A bride—and fared as thou, Endymion
 The mortal. Bitter waste of dreams and tears!
 O Father Zeus, why didst thou fashion men
 Of body and of spirit if the twain
 Must torture each the other evermore?
 Zeus does not answer—and the skies wheel on.
 Their eyes are calm with seeing overmuch,
 Those stars—but I, since I am of the gods,
 I grieve in vision for the pains of men.
 Such waste of dreams and tears—and yet—and yet
 Is it all waste? Blessed indeed is he
 Who deems that he has seen God face to face.
 Whether the dream be very truth or not,
 Blessed is he if it be truth for him.
 The heart that found the perfect love too late,
 Perchance, had love been free to clasp and hold,
 It had proved less than perfect. Now that heart

Goes glorious, having seen divinity
Unveiled, a hallowed creature through the years.
And thou, my sleeper—yea, I call thee mine
Although thy dreams have never known my face.
What shall I do—shall I awaken thee
Or shall I hold thee here with poppies bound
Shut from thine earth, thine only heritage,
And leave my lover free to range the stars?

Standest thou here, Endymion the god,
With sad, sweet eyes upon me? Thou didst hear
My thought while still I locked it in my heart,
Reluctant to release it. O my love,
Zeus is our father—where he giveth life
Shall we give death? Take unto thee again
Thy cast-off garment—stooping from the god,
Endue thee with thy body. Go once more
Into the valley, to the flocks and herds,
The rustic festival, the hearth at night.
Go clothed among mankind, Endymion,
Thou who hast walked with Artemis free-limbed
Upon the heights of heaven. Thou shalt fulfil
The simple tale of thy mortality,
Thou who hast been divine. Live out thy life—
The things of earth cannot ignobly come
Ever again, my lover, unto thee.
And for the sake of her, the child of Zeus
Who gave thee godhead, thou shalt tenderly
Cherish and reverence her whom thou dost choose
To be thy wife—and thou shalt carry forth
Thy children to behold me pass on high
And teach them little songs of Artemis.
Thine earthly vesture shall conform itself
To thy true body's beauty, till at last
It fall from thee—thou hardly knowest how
Nor carest—and thou face me once again
Upon these heights, my lover and my god—
The truer god because the truer man.

I bid thee no farewell, Endymion.





JIM

By Jay Campbell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY TOWNSEND



WHENEVER there was any excitement in chase Jim Stilton always brought forth most practical ideas. They were probably born in him; but then, too, I suppose, a man can't try his hand at every game of life, including gold-mining, banking, and laying railroad tracks in Siberia, without learning a lot about human nature and climbing out of holes. At any rate, he got it somehow.

Once he even travelled over Europe with Barnum's circus. Maybe that was where he began his French; for he spoke it, not like most Americans, who pronounce "S'il vous plaît" as if they are referring to table furniture, but clear and snappy, with all the pretty little turnings, just like a Parisian. Every now and then he would drop back into his soft drawl, and with his broad, sunny grin, his comical windmill arms and dangling legs, Jim was well-nigh irresistible for anybody.

He ought to have been rich; for everything that he touched at once began to glow with the rosy-tinted dawn of success. But Jim would always leave during the monotonous waiting for the sun to rise. He knew too well that there were good jobs waiting for him everywhere, and a comfortable little legacy from his uncle

tided him over the resting-periods, which were many.

If he had a specialty, it was speeding motor-cars; but he would compromise on anything likely to produce a thrill, and it usually did, with him to stir it. Yet, in the world of excitement in which he lived, each time that anything happened he was more surprised and delighted than anybody.

I met him first one night in Boston, sitting on a bollard of the docks and scraping the mud from his smelly long-shoreman's boots with an oyster-shell, while he whistled an air from "Mignon."

A year afterward he was managing a coffee plantation in Brazil.

I thought that he was settled when I discovered him later in Mexico City; for he had a fine position with an oil company and employed his leisure time making violent love to a pretty Spanish señorita, whose parents already enfolded him with such glances of possession that I thought even Jim powerless to ever wriggle out of.

As I was leaving I asked him when he was coming back to New York.

"Never!" he replied. "Never! Going to stay here rest of my life. Kindest people in the world . . . and no worries!"

Imagine my surprise when, on my arrival in Paris, during the summer of 1914,

the very first man that I saw was Jim, legs coiled round one of the iron tables in front of the Café de la Paix, drinking some infernal grenadine mixture and looking as contented as a puppy on a fur rug.

He spied me almost as soon as I did him, and waved his arm.

"Hello!" I cried. "You still wandering? When are you coming back to God's country?"

He slowly shook his head.

"It's here," he drawled. "Going to stay here rest of my life. Kindest people in the world . . . and no worries."

"But that's what you said about Mexico!"

"Yes, Mexico's a fine place, and it's

mighty restful to put off everything till mañana; but here it's so much better. . . . Motto is: 'All right, that's what we'll do to-night!'"

Soon after the war broke out Jim disappeared, and we heard only occasional tales of his crazy antics in Belgium, where he divided his time between writing unpublishable vivid despatches for American newspapers and assisting in the escape of refugees. Once he even found time to play a practical joke on a German officer. The officer, not possessing a sense of humor, promptly had him locked up in jail for his pains, and it required the best efforts of the American minister to fish him out.

When the Germans were uncomfort-



On my arrival in Paris the very first man that I saw was Jim.—Page 230.



And there was Jim.

ably close to Paris and every one was scrambling to get away to safety, who should bob up again there but Jim.

"What you going to do now?" I asked him.

"Same as you other brutes: feast my morbid curiosity on the sufferings of these poor people. I'm ashamed of it, though!"

It was only a day or two after his return before news came of the victory of the Marne, and everybody lined up at the Prefecture of Police armed with a long list of friends and relatives and a thousand other fictitious reasons for obtaining automobile passes, which would take him over the battle-fields.

Jim was there with us the first day; the

second he turned up missing, till I, suspecting him of having found something better, left Henry Stiles to look after our interests (which he did most unsuccessfully) and gave up hunting passes to hunt for Jim.

His white-haired concierge knew nothing.

"Je ne sais pas!" she said with a despairing flaunt of her hand. "Monsieur est parti, comme toujours!"

He had not been to Henry's, and that night, after I had finished the round of all his curious haunts on the Rive Gauche, he was still missing.

Missing he remained till two nights later.

I was sitting in my room, cursing the good luck that I knew he was having, with a good many oaths directed at unconvincible police officials who had interfered with my own, when I heard a terrible commotion on the stairs.

It stamped its way up to my landing, the door banged open, and there was Jim.

His arms stuck through the sleeves of a bob-tailed tunic of the Foreign Legion, that part near the tails (or rather the lack of them) being occupied mostly by air. His red trousers and hob-nailed shoes fit him as well as anybody. His cap, too small, was

perched jauntily on the side of his head. The inevitable overcoat was on his arm.

The appearance of the angel Gabriel might have affected me nearly as much.

"Damn!" I gasped.

"Damn, yourself!" grinned Jim. "Ain't I a fine-looking soldier?"

"With a foot less arms and a yard more stomach, you might fit your clothes, if that's what you mean . . . but what the . . . ?"

"No insults! Remember, I'm a soldier, and, what's more, a dangerous soldier. I'm the proud commander of a machine gun."

"Of a . . . ?"

"Machine gun! The answer to your next is Mexico. As I was about to tell

you that I expect to be a corporal in a few days, and want to spare you any more exhausting questions, I may have forgotten to mention that I was once a colonel of Huerta's. Always have regretted leaving him too soon. If we'd held out a little longer, there might have been another ally. He never did like Germans.

"About my friends, they're interesting. . . . Unlimited opportunities for languages. . . . Govorite vi po russky? . . . On one side of me stands a big black negro from Madagascar; on the other a sharp-nosed Sicilian. . . . Best friend's a Russian Jew. . . . That reminds me, that low-down rascal borrowed my last sou; so please lend me two hundred francs." As, stupefied, I handed him the money, he continued:

"Other thing I came to tell you is that you are to keep a trunk for me. . . . Got to go now. . . . See the others. . . . Must be back in barracks by ten. . . . Thanks for the money. . . . See you soon."

"Trunk's with your concierge!" he yelled from the door; and a moment later I heard him clatter down the stairs.

In a week he reappeared, this time in a uniform that fit and, sure enough, with his corporal's chevrons.

A month later he departed, leaving an address, "Secteur Postal 41," and a memory which at once began to show itself in inquiries after his well-being from half the population of Paris, till I envied him more than ever.

At first I tried to write,



"I will have prisoners, mon lieutenant."—Page 235.



"Quel farceur, que

but the fiend took such delight in sending me those printed military post-cards on which one scratches out all except his choice that finally I gave up in disgust:

NOTHING is to be written on this side except the date and signature of the sender. Sentences not required may be erased. If anything else is added the post card will be destroyed.

I am quite well.

I have been admitted into hospital.

{ sick } and am going on well.
{ wounded } and hope to be discharged soon.

I am being sent down to the base.

I have received your { letter dated _____
{ telegram „ _____
{ parcel „ _____

Letter follows at first opportunity.

I have received no letter from you

{ lately.
{ for a long time.

Signature {
only. }

Date _____

[Postage must be prepaid on any letter or post card addressed to the sender of this card.]

After that I heard nothing.

One cold November day I was walking down the Boulevard des Italiens when I spied a fierce-looking lieutenant from the first Foreign Legion.

Somehow I always associate fierce-looking lieutenants with the Foreign Legion, which I greatly admire, and this fact, coupled with the possibility of obtaining news of Jim, proved too great a temptation.

"Pardon, monsieur," I stopped him, "but can you give me news of Corporal Stilton?"

"Caporal Stilton!" he beamed, in an attempt at English. "You are a friend of Caporal Stilton? Ah! He is magnificent, monsieur. He is in my company. But he is no longer a caporal. He was a sergeant. Now he is a sous-lieutenant. . . . But do me the honor to have a small glass with me, monsieur, in the little restaurant en face. I will tell you about Jacques Stilton."

We crossed the street, entered the restaurant, and, gasping our way through the heavy, smoke-laden atmosphere, settled down at one of the little marble-topped tables.

The waiter was sent for Italian ver-



"Jacques Stilton!"—Page 236.

mouth—"To do honor to our future allies!" said my friend prophetically. Then he tilted his chair comfortably back and reopened the subject:

"Ah, he is magnifique, Jacques Stilton! He is not one man, he is forty!"

"What has he been doing now?"

"Ah, you have it, monsieur! You have it! What has he been doing now, Jacques Stilton? Each morning we ask what has he been doing now, Jacques Stilton. And always it is something new. One day it is two prisoners. Another day it is four. And always there is a story.

"'Jacques Stilton has discovered a new germ for making boches,' say the company, 'and he has improved on nature. He makes them with their uniforms on.'

"'But why do you not make them clean, Jacques Stilton?' they ask him. 'They take too much water. Better make Frenchmen instead.'

"At first, it was so strange that I almost believed it myself, till I began to watch him.

"One day, when our trenches were very close to the Germans, less than ten meters, I saw him, who threw sandwiches into their trenches.

"'What do you?' I asked angrily, for I suspected him.

"'You can trust me, mon lieutenant,' he answered. 'I must have prisoners, and before three days I will have them.'

"The next day I saw him, who held up on a pole a loaf of bread, a loaf so beautiful that it made me hungry. He was shouting in German, which I do not understand.

"'What do you?' I asked again.

"'I will have prisoners, mon lieutenant. They are hungry.'

"That night they waked me.

"'Jacques Stilton has five new prisoners.'

"I hurried to see.

"Yes, before Jacques Stilton were five starved-looking Germans. My men were crowding around, laughing.

"'How did you get them?' I asked.

"'They were hungry, mon lieutenant.'

"'That is true,' said one of the prisoners in French. 'We were hungry. He let us taste good food. He tempted us with bread from your trenches. To-night, when we were still more hungry, he said to us: "Your supper is waiting!" It was too much. Now we have had our supper. We are content.'"



I returned home to find myself for once anxiously awaited.
—Page 237.

He paused while the waiter poured out our drinks; then, lifting his glass—

“To Jacques Stilton!” he proposed. “May he capture many more boches!”

“To Jacques Stilton!” I repeated, and to myself I added: “May he come back safe!”

When we were readjusted, and the lieutenant was wreathed in smiles and smoke caused by one of my cigars, I ventured to become inquisitive.

“What else is he doing?”

“I do not know how to answer your question, monsieur. He does so much. Always he does something, and always it is something new. I will tell you another story about him.

“One day when I was inspecting my trenches I saw Jacques Stilton, with four soldiers, entering the tunnel leading to our poste d’écoute. All had spades.

“What is it, mes braves?” I asked.

“We will a joke play on the boches,” answered Jacques Stilton.

“Be careful that it shall be on the boches,” I cautioned.

“That night they brought me three prisoners, one after the other. The third was a captain—and a very furious captain.

“I do not so much mind being cap-

tured,” he said, “as I mind that a soldier shall drag me by the neck. You must punish him.”

“I learned that Jacques Stilton, with his spades, had dug a tunnel, and within a meter of the German poste d’écoute, had made his own. When it grew dark and the German poste was manned, each time that a sentry stuck up his head Jacques Stilton covered it with a bag, and with his long arms on the neck, dragged the sentry up, then down again into his tunnel.

“But funniest of all was one night when our trenches were in a wood.

“Jacques Stilton went out with one soldier to patrol. They

came back with five prisoners. Our men had all the rifles.

Jacques Stilton had also his revolver.

“Where did you find them?” I asked Jacques Stilton.

“They also were patrolling.”

“How did you capture so many?”

“I am a ventriloquist.”

“Why did they not run away?”

“Regard them, mon lieutenant.”

“They were all holding up their pantalon, for their belts and suspenders had been cut, also their shoe-laces.

“What would I not give to have been there! Even the boches smiled.

“Now every one cuts the suspenders and laces, even the boches, so that it is no longer amusing.”

“Quel farceur, que Jacques Stilton!” he chuckled reminiscently.

Again he raised his glass. Again we drank to our absent friend, with a gravity



that to an onlooker must have seemed strange.

As he set down his glass he started as if he had forgotten something, and jerked out his watch.

"You will excuse me, monsieur. I should like to tell more stories of Jacques Stilton, for there are many. But at four o'clock I must be at the Ministère of War, and I shall have to hurry. To-night I go back to the front.

"I will take a message to Jacques Stilton?"

"Tell him I hate him."

"Pardon, monsieur, I do not understand. Will you write it on your carte de visite?"

He stared at it a full minute before he looked up, bewildered.

"Yet I do not understand. You cannot hate him. He is too brave. Also he would smile at you; then you must love him, like all the world."

Fall turned into winter, and winter into spring, bringing no more news than a paragraph in the newspapers which stated that Sous-Lieutenant Jacques Stilton du Premier Étranger had been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor for conspicuous bravery in action.

One sunny afternoon in May I returned home to find myself for once anxiously awaited. No sooner had I set foot in the entryway than the door of the concierge's lodge popped open and was immediately replaced by the bulk of the concierge, reinforced by his plump little wife and numerous budding concierges in a staring row behind him.

"Monsieur!" he stammered excitedly; "monsieur! It is already two times that one has telephoned from the Ambulance Américaine that monsieur should come there at once. I have tried to find monsieur by telephone at the restaurants, and even now the petit Jules searches!"

I knew that hospital too well to be much disturbed. All their calls were as-soon-as-possible ones. Nevertheless, I set out at once on the long trip to Neuilly, wondering whether I was to help with the new ward or whether some one of the staff was ill, so that I would be required for another siege at the sterilizer.

I had left the street-car and was negotiating the two long blocks which still

separated me from the hospital, when I passed my old tailor, headed in the opposite direction, hobbling blindly along, a prey to violent grief. I wanted to call him, but, realizing the embarrassment and the impossibility of consolation, I kept on.

Farther along my surprise was further increased on passing the sobbing, voluminous figure of my tobacco merchant. She had closed her shop during the busiest part of the day!

Inside the gate I came upon the fourteen-year-old daughter of Jim's concierge, arms filled with a bunch of roses that must have cost her savings of many a day.

"Oh, monsieur! Is it not terrible!" she burst out tearfully. I knew then.

"They will not let me see him, monsieur," she sobbed, "not even for one little minute. I was afraid to cry there, and I ran away so quickly that I forgot my flowers. Will you take them to him? I will wait here to know."

His nurse slipped out of his room and closed the door behind her.



"He's been asking for you ever since this morning, when he regained consciousness. But please don't stay longer than two minutes. There isn't much left," she concluded sadly, "yet he may have the misfortune to live."

Tucked up among the pillows there met my eyes three medals and Jim's smile.

"You old devil!" he exclaimed, feebly holding out his left arm. The stump of the right one twitched convulsively.

"You old devil!" he repeated, as fiercely as his weakened voice would permit. "Look what a job you've got! . . . Got to trundle me around rest of your life! . . . The beggars clipped my spine! . . .

"Couldn't take these, though! (He glanced lovingly down at his medals, the full triumvirate: Croix de Guerre, Médaille

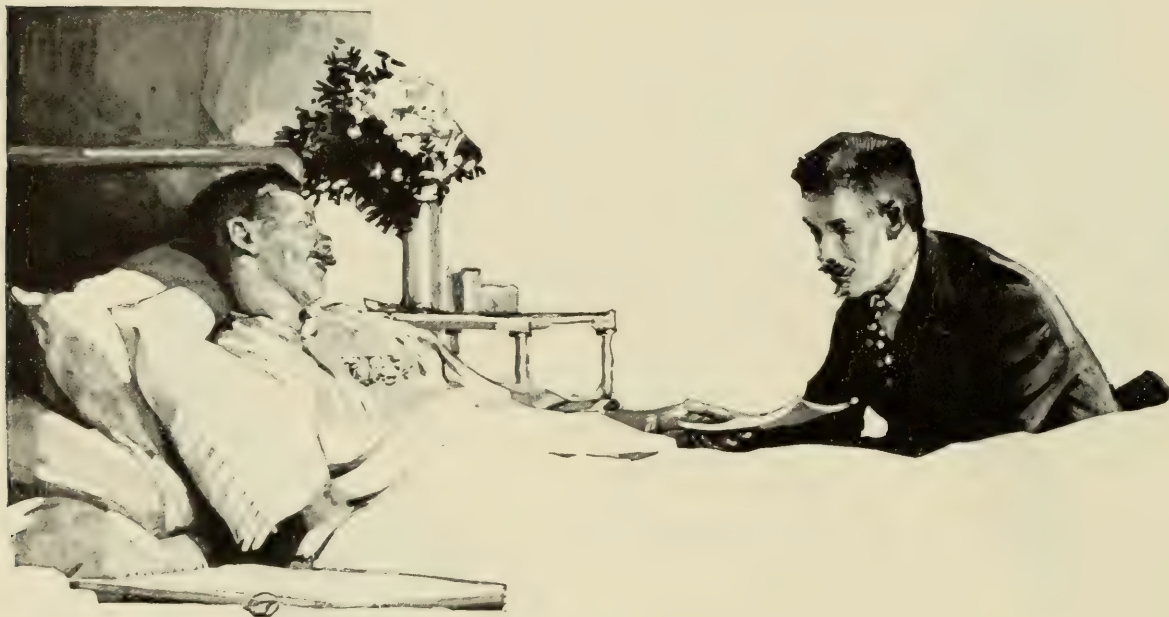
Militaire, and Légion d'Honneur.) . . . But Miss Hempstead gave me only one minute. . . . Here's a check. (It was for fifty thousand francs.) . . . Had a deuce of a time signing it. . . . See, Miss Hempstead was witness! . . . Soldiering's good for the finances. . . . Give half to suffering people of our quarter. . . . Must be a lot of them by now . . . other half to orphans at Etretât. . . . Saw some on way there. . . . Haunted me ever since. . . . All papers in trunk. . . . Thank the little girl for flowers!"

He paused for a moment, gasping, then slowly held out his hand as once more he smiled up into my eyes.

"Good-by!" he said tremulously.

"Good-by!" I choked, and stumbled out of the room.

Before morning he was dead.



Three medals and Jim's smile.



Any game creature which moves is beautiful to me when viewed along a gun-barrel.

THE GAME-BIRD OF THE FUTURE

By Henry Wysham Lanier

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



SOMETHING (I fancy it was a sonnet in sweet potatoes by black Maitre Robert) had caused a momentary pause in that daily, pitiful evening occupation of trying to figure out just how that overeducated fissiparous covey by the "Big Back Swamp" had managed to get away unharmed—and why they couldn't do it again next day. My mind strayed to other aspects of the sport which had so engrossed me.

I turned to the pink-cheeked youth of eighty beside me. (He has a habit, which can only be described as "devilish," of coming home to lunch with the limit—while I am still floundering about in the "bays," forgetting the bull-briers twined lovingly around my neck and legs in an intense determination to get, somehow, the other half of that dozen birds, which I had visualized at starting as the least bag becoming a sportsman of my age and ardor.)

"How is it," I asked, "that a man like you, who hunts the whole season, can concentrate so on quail, to the exclusion of all other shooting?"

The p. c. y. fixed upon me the same expression with which he regards a late-hatched, cheeping, half-feathered interloper in a covey of hurtling January birds.

"There isn't any other kind of shooting," he remarked.

I haven't reached that pinnacle yet. Heine notes the curious fact that "of course, no woman is ugly"—and it's equally true that any game creature which moves is beautiful to me when viewed along a gun-barrel. The feel of a stock against your cheek—but analogies that start from Heine are perilous: suffice it to say that I am one of those born slaves of the magician's hollow steel wand to whom happiness consists in hearing a gun go off—with a chance of seeing something drop ahead. Yet if those superior persons who deplore the barbarism of sport,

if these were in charge of the world, and were about to abolish all kinds of game-shooting save one, certain it is that my vote would let everything else go—yes, from caribou to jack-snipe—to save Bob-white for the sportsman.

There are a number of excellent reasons

the doorway appears the cheerful blackness of Uncle Isham's countenance above a huge armful of "fat" wood and pine logs.

"Mawnin', sah. Yessah, col' foh sho'," says he. "Had to brek ice to wateh de mule dis mawnin'."

He kneels before the fireplace, piles up

four-foot logs on the andirons, with plenty of lightwood knots and splinters beneath, strikes a match—and in a moment the room is full of glare and resinous odor.

"Breakfas' at eight o'clock, sah," remarks Isham, departing to perform his fire rites in the other bedrooms of the bungalow.

Eight o'clock is an hour away. The flickering light and ocean-like roar from the old fireplace are hypnotizing: there is a refinement of sybaritism in lolling there and wondering if a cat-nap, while the room is warming, might not give an extra flavor



Buggies, from which peer anxious dogs, are grouped under the tall pines.
—Page 241.

for this preference—though your true quail specialist would no more descend to them than would Falstaff. Before articulating these bones of fact, let me invoke the aid of whatever "winged words" our prose affords, to give you who are sceptical some faint sense of what Carolina quail-shooting means.

You are lying in that luxurious state between sleeping and waking, just conscious enough to be pervaded with the pleasant knowledge—first, that outside the open door the earth lies chill beneath a heavy rime of frost, while you relax snugly under three blankets and a comfort; and, secondly, that the world of duties and business and scurry is blotted out, while there unrolls before you a vision of thirty ecstatic days in the happy hunting-grounds.

Before this realization has lost the least of its roseate hues, a heavy tread sounds on the porch outside the bedroom; there is the thump of a log on the boards; and in

to the anticipation which is going to tauten the nerves presently. But then gun and shells and shooting-clothes are to be unpacked. Still, there's no hurry—. And presently your nerves string tight, and your brain clears with a click, and you leap out of bed into a realization that you have just twenty minutes in which to get ready.

The morning sun is blazing through the vine-covered marten-box in front of the house, and the fire is so hot that you throw open a window—to lose a few more minutes in listening to a mocking-bird in the glossy green mock-orange-tree, who sings as if his name must be Franz Schubert.

On the hearth stands a great brown earthenware jug filled with water, which is now actually boiling from its nearness to that fiery furnace of pine: even shaving is a luxury under such circumstances.

The last part of the toilet, and the unpacking of gun and ammunition, are hurried by the sound of the gong for

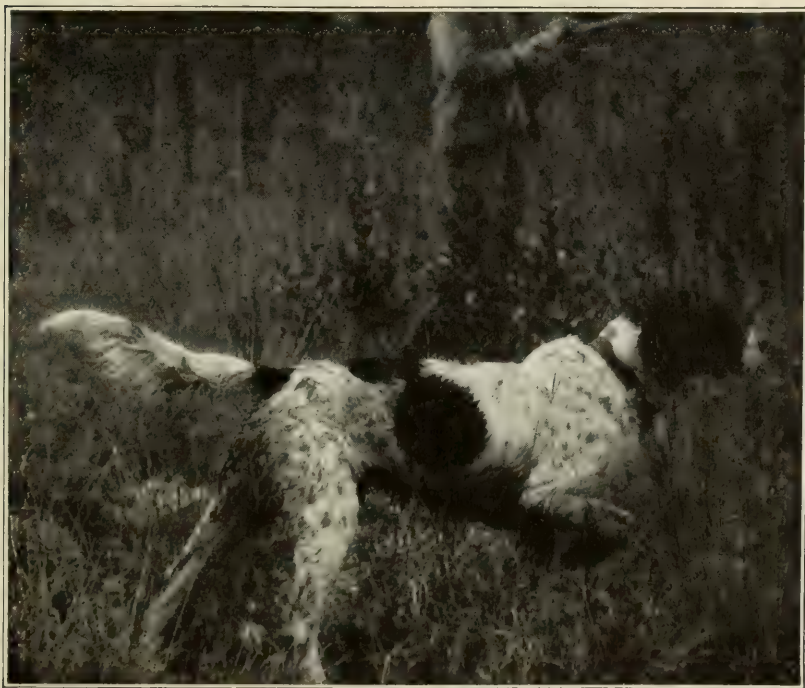
breakfast, served at a long table in the living-room that runs right through the bungalow. This is a light repast of fruit, broiled quail and woodcock, bacon and eggs, kidney stew, frizzled beef, hominy, corn fritters, corn bread, hot rolls, and other similar trifles, always topping the edifice with half a dozen or more buckwheat cakes and syrup, which means a third cup of the ambrosia Robert dispenses under the title of coffee.

Outside, the brilliant sun has already melted all the frost except in the shadows; guides and buggies, from which peer anxious dogs, are grouped under the tall pines back of the bungalow; everything becomes intent but unhurried preparation for

to make room for two pairs of feet; the after-breakfast pipe sends a thread of smoke up into the still air; "Giddap, Kitty mule," says Frank; and we are off.



His tail has a ludicrous downward twist; . . . that crook brings back vividly his grandfather, "the finest hunting-dog that ever was."—Page 242.



Frozen to marble, eyes strained and eager.—Page 242.

the day's work. Lunch, water-bottles, gun, and shells are stowed away in the wagon; a heavy ulster goes on over canvas shooting-coat; little Di, on the floor of the buggy, is coiled up somehow so as

great, and it's all gone through with again.

On we drive, through the silent pine-woods, with straight, tall columns between which shafts of sunshine strike the red-

Though we are starting on a three-pipe drive, the second dog, old Lookout, runs beside the wagon: a ten-mile jaunt is hardly sufficient to get his eagerness down to the manageable point. He trots along, every muscle showing the strain of repression; one wary eye glances back at us as he draws ahead almost imperceptibly; then, just as he is about to make a wild dash off into a corn-field, a stern "Heel!" brings him reluctantly back—until in five minutes the inner steam-pressure becomes too

brown of the carpet of needles; across wide swamps of green bay, live-oak, holly, and high reeds, the water coming into the buggy in some of the fords; past wide, flat fields of cotton and corn, with negro cabins

and the dog in awed silence, then begin to dance madly round and round; and far above, surveying all this easy busyness, a black turkey-buzzard sails calmly across the sky.



Di . . . suddenly stops dead, tail and head high, the rippling muscles on her thin sides turned to bronze.—Page 243.

and a "big" house in each clearing; the front yards of the houses are bare except for a few euonymus and other broad-leaved evergreens, and the paths and little flower-beds are marked out by rows of greenish or purplish bottles stuck into the earth (it is a favorite mode of decoration: a new grave in a roadside burying-ground has the same pathetic ornamenting, with the addition of broken pieces of mirrors, bits of bright-colored china, artificial flowers); a pretty girl in a red dress is feeding a flock of geese: she runs into the house looking startlingly like the cardinal bird which just flashed across the road and disappeared behind a long-leaf pine; a group of negro women and children are picking the last of the cotton in the field beyond, and their crooning song and bright-colored dresses are pleasant to ear and eye; up to their knees in mud and water, several men are ditching beside the road; before the "open-work," rickety cabin, whose broken window is stuffed with sacks, half a dozen pickaninnies watch us

Everything has a peculiar fascination in the exhilarating morning air, and the even more exhilarating knowledge that every mile brings us nearer the country we're going to hunt, beyond Saddle-tree, where Frank says he found a dozen coveys one day the week before.

Lookout, taking advantage of the "divarting of attintion" caused by redbirds, feathered and otherwise, has managed to edge into the woods ten feet from the road.

"Lookout, *heel!*"

"But, instead of returning, he stops, frozen to marble, eyes strained and eager, jaw working slightly.

"Wait a minute, Frank, it looks as if the old rascal had birds."

In a jiffy you are walking up behind him, gun loaded and ready, nerves strung to concert pitch. His tail has a ludicrous downward twist, unlike the typical Llewellyn setter's stand, for all his famous pedigree; and the sight of that crook brings back vividly his grandfather of the same name, "the finest hunting-dog that ever was," long since departed to the place where all good dogs go, whose tail used to settle into just that hebraic curve. You realize afresh what a place the relation with his dogs plays in the quail-shooter's pleasure.

Lookout moves ahead as you pass him, drawing and standing as if in catalepsy. Then he works on and on. Still no birds. Something in his manner arouses suspicion, which quickly becomes certainty: the old rascal hadn't smelt quail at all, but, having decided it was long past time to begin hunting, has taken the one sure means to stop the buggy and get down to the se-

rious business of life! He takes his scolding shamefacedly and resumes his place behind the wagon.

At last Saddletree Swamp is reached and forded; you stop in a grove of young oaks; little Di, whimpering with eagerness leaps out; the mule is unharnessed and hitched, overcoats are discarded, lunch and shells stowed away in capacious pockets, and you set off at a brisk pace along the edge of a corn-and-pea-field.

The dogs are far ahead: Di is quartering across the field; Lookout's first rush has carried him out of sight. The morning air bites just enough to make the action of one's muscles a conscious pleasure; every sense is on the alert as you push through wet sedge and bushes, one eye upon Diana, the other exploring, first woods, then open, for any sign of the vanished Look. In spite of this concentration, one becomes inevitably aware of the crisp holly-trees with their red berries, the scarlet rose-haws and brilliant black-alder clusters in the swamp, the green briers and climbing "bamboo" in the bay to the left, the orange yellow of the patches of sedge,

the lively *chewink* from the trim black and red bird scuttling about in the bushes, the great cypress-trees over in the big swamp, their tassels outlined against the dead blue of the sky. It is a pleasant sight, the Carolina woods in December—with the knowledge pulsing through one's veins that any instant something may happen.

And presently the anticipated moment arrives. Di swings out of the corn-field where it dips to the edge of the swamp—and suddenly stops dead, tail and head high, the rippling muscles on her thin sides turned to bronze.

"Whoa-a, girl!" you admonish her as you hasten forward, for she is creeping ahead, and her only fault is a youthful overeagerness that sometimes makes her edge in too close to a covey. Before half the distance is covered, Lookout appears from nowhere and gallops toward his pointing mate. "*Lookout!*" But he has seen her as you speak, and halts in his tracks, "backing" the stand. You are conscious what a picture they make, but your whole mind is right ahead of Di's nose in the bushes there, and you are



By the edge of a long corn-field, you come upon both dogs on a dead stand.—Page 244.

figuring out just how quick a snap-shot it's going to be, and that the rise will be the last chance at the covey, since the swamp beyond is impenetrable.

Ready for action, you tramp into the

long corn-field, you come upon both dogs on a dead stand. The cover is light, and when you are still twenty yards away a fine covey of at least fifteen birds roars up. The first shot is too quick, but one

drops at the second barrel; the rest vanish into the woods. Di retrieves in rapture. Bringing the eager dogs to heel, you follow the line Frank has marked, into the deep pine forest.

"They're right ahead," whispers Frank.

"Go on, Di. Careful; careful now, madam."

The little dog crouches and slips to and fro like a hunting-cat. Presently she stops, her quivering nose toward a tall patch of gall-berry bushes.



The little dog crouches and slips to and fro like a hunting-cat.

low bushes ahead of Di. Nothing happens. She draws up cautiously, and Lookout follows. Together they trail warily along the edge, through the bull-briers, into the swamp, out again, while, every muscle tense, you follow on the firm ground. For two hundred yards they keep this up; then the scent leads right into the swamp. Running forward to where a slashway has been cut into the "bay," you hear a roar of wings, and that wise covey gets up fifty yards in front of the dogs and entirely out of gunshot.

That episode is ended; calling the dogs, you set out to look for some less educated birds.

Quarter of a mile away, by the edge of a



Birds ahead! Di "pussy-catting" as she draws close to a covey.

As you enter, a quail rises behind you, with that roar of wings so disconcerting even to a seasoned shot. Wheeling swiftly to the left, you get a glimpse of

him, through the bushes, high up among the trees and *scooting* for safety. Somehow the gun jumps on him, swings with him a fraction of a second; and at the report you have the heart-satisfying experience of seeing him crumble and drop.

"Good shot!" cries Frank. "I didn't dream you'd get that one."

Reloading quickly, you take the dogs toward the spot. In the midst of the thicket another gets up: there is just one instant to shoot, before the gunstock is fairly against your shoulder; and when the dogs bring in the two red-brown birds, one a handsome cock with black cap and white throat, life doesn't seem to offer any more satisfying moment.

one dashes out of a grass tuft at your feet. It's a clear straightaway chance, with plenty of time—the hardest kind when you're tuned up to snap-shots—but you drop him twenty-five yards away,



She stops, her quivering nose toward a tall patch of gall-berry bushes.—Page 244.



Half an hour's thrashing through bushes . . . fails to raise any more singlers.

Half an hour's thrashing through bushes and scouring of the whole neighborhood fails to raise any more singlers; but as you give it up and start back,

and I fear there's a bit of a swagger to your walk as you emerge and start for the next field.

A long search follows. At last, as Lookout is galloping along the edge of a cotton-field, he drops to earth as if he had been clubbed, his nose pointing to a fringe of young oaks still covered with dry leaves.

The covey rises as you start in, but you see a bird drop to right and left as you fire, and you decide you have solved the quail problem once for all.

"Mark them, Frank; mark."

The two plump beauties go into a pocket that begins to be substantial.

"Did you get them down, Frank?"



Old Lookout . . . disappears on affairs of his own.—Page 247.



A proceeding so unusual that she is not rebuked for grabbing it and fetching before she is given the word.—Page 248.

"Right to the ground. Now we'll get some shooting."

Indeed, it looks so, for the country

the dogs here and there, swinging in wider circles, following the line back to the woods quarter of a mile away, work-

ahead is open, cleared woodland, with low sprouts, a little wire-grass, and a small patch of marsh to one side. In your mind the half-dozen birds bagged is already doubled, and you set out at double-quick for the next scene of action only a hundred yards away.

But when you have covered the spot where the covey "broke down," not a bird has been found.

"I think they swung to the left as they settled down," says the puzzled Frank, feeling his responsibility. To the left you go, urging



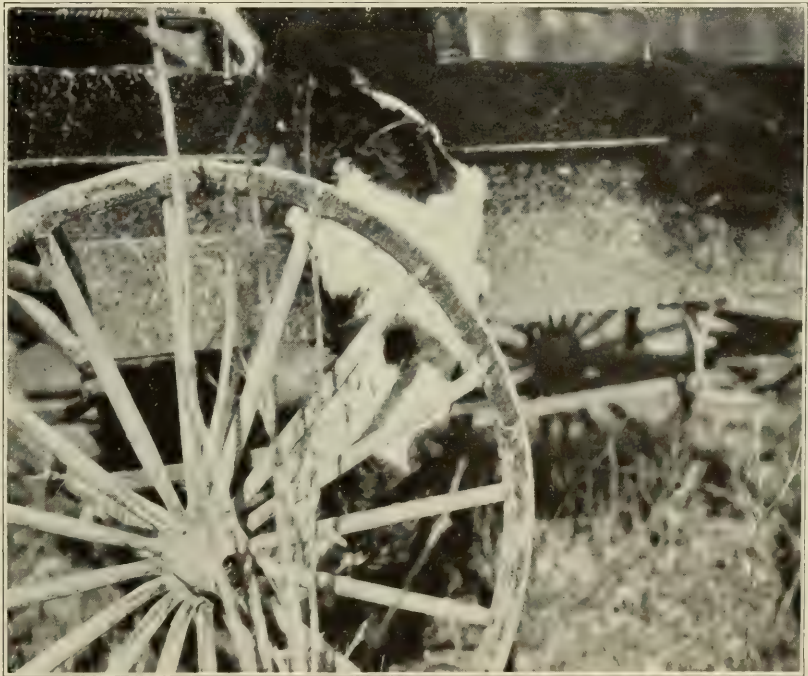
It is half past twelve, and lunch time.—Page 248.

ing the ground over and over, wondering but determined.

For quarter of an hour this keeps up, for half an hour, for three quarters.

“They must be here!” you exclaim for the tenth time. Yet where?

Old Lookout becomes disgusted with this fruitless, monotonous quest and disappears on affairs of his own. After a ten-minute search you round him up and get a little satisfaction from the deserved thrashing you administer. But you know you are wasting precious time now; so finally your obstinate resolve capitulates. Returning past the spot where the covey vanished, you happen to swing out fifty feet more to



They can barely crawl up the side of the wagon.—Page 249.

the right, through isolated grass tussocks standing in the water.

Suddenly, without warning, a quail gets up in front of the dog, not ten yards from

where you had looked so often. You miss him with both barrels, and this completes the upset of nerves already frayed. As you step forward, another bustles out from the tuft you're stepping on—and goes away unscathed. And, to complete your discomfiture, eight or ten get up all

stretched out in the grass, glad of a rest, but they come to life suddenly when a quail carcass drops beside them, and their eyes plead so for more that no one could resist a half-and-half division of the eatables.

"Four coveys and six birds in pocket! Frank, they're playing with us."

The reflection rangles so that pipes are scarcely lighted when you are off again, to the huge satisfaction of the dogs, who start out as if there had been no morning hunt at all.

As you tramp along the sandy road, Di suddenly stops right in the track. You work cautiously into the young sprouts: a huge covey *whirs* up, bunched nicely. As the gun sounds, your doubting eyes see two birds drop to each barrel, but it takes Frank's confirmation to credit this phenomenon.

In spite of urging, and "Dead bird—dead—find dead," repeated till your throat is tired, only three come to light; so you follow up the line of flight hoping to run across the "crippler" as well as to reduce the covey further.

Nothing happens for a hundred yards or more; then Lookout comes to a point at a big, rotten, moss-covered log.

"That's that wounded bird: I told you we'd find him," exclaims Frank.

Both dogs are fixed.

"Fetch him here, Lookout."

The big dog starts forward, noses eagerly along the log, leaps over, tests the other side.

"Fetch him out, sir."

With a whine of impatience, Look begins to scratch.

"He's there, sure. Fetch him."

Wild scratches and yelps of ardor from Lookout, whose head is now buried under the log.



A tall column of smoke from your chimney shows that Isham has been getting ready for your return.—Page 249.

around you at the report and look for another hiding-place. The rascals have played you a baffling trick, running sideways, in the opposite direction from their flight, as soon as they lit, and then lying close in the marsh.

The next covey is out in the open field; the dogs stand it, one from the north, the other from the south; it gets up wild when you are nearly forty yards away, and you manage with a lucky long shot to get one bird which drops right in front of Di—a proceeding so unusual that she is not rebuked for grabbing it and fetching before she is given the word. The singlers from this bunch prove so elusive that only one is flushed, in an unshootable thicket.

It is half past twelve, and lunch time. You find a shady spot (for the midday sun is actually hot), with a log for a back, the brown-paper parcels come out, and you review the morning over sandwiches, quail, cake, and apples. The dogs are

Still urging him, Frank tears at the rotten log with his fingers, and scoops out the dirt on the opposite side, in an effort to see under. In a moment his fingers meet Lookout's excavation; the excited dog sees something move, grabs it with his sharp teeth—and there is a human yell mingled with the canine noises.

"Bit me to the bone," mumbles Frank, and proceeds to show that if the parson, as his fellows call him, does not ordinarily "cuss," it's not because he doesn't know how.

Lookout pays not the least attention to Frank's remarks upon his ancestry or to your laughter; digging as if his life depended on it, whining, yelping, he presently makes a quick snap and drags out by the neck—a big, fat 'possum, who grins and shams death. Even Frank forgets his finger for a moment in the excitement; and an old darky, who has been cutting wood near by, hastens up at the magic word "'Possum!" and grins wider than the animal when it is presented to him.

You get back to business; find half a dozen singlers and kill two; find another covey among close oak saplings which gets away untouched; and then get a dozen birds nicely broken down in the open woods and separated enough to flush by ones and twos. And here, where you should get your limit of fifteen without half trying, your shooting nerves go amuck: you score eight misses in five minutes—and start back for the wagon in a chastened frame of mind, only slightly relieved by jumping a big woodcock on the way and dropping him neatly.

The two dogs are tired out by the time we reach Kitty mule, and no wonder, for they have covered probably fifty to sev-

enty-five miles, much of it at top speed. They can barely crawl up the side of the wagon, and need a helping hand to reach the inside, where they curl up in utter exhaustion.

With overcoats buttoned tight, lap-robes, and a dog upon each wet foot pro-



Homeward bound.

viding "animal heat," you traverse the long stretch homeward.

The sun sinks to the horizon and disappears in a glorious blaze of orange red. The pine-trees turn black and melt together, the taller ones standing silhouetted against the flaming sunset. The night cold creeps through all the wraps and feet become numb and blocky. And when through the dusk the bungalow lights shine out and a tall column of smoke from your chimney shows that Isham has been getting ready for your return, there was never a sight more welcome.

Then the sensuous joy of a bath before the blaze, and clean, light clothes and a well-earned drop of the "crather," and the ability to follow Chef Robert's wildest flights of culinary imagination. After which you relax into an easy chair before the living-room fire or join the bridge enthusiasts—with the satisfying consciousness that to-morrow is still another day.

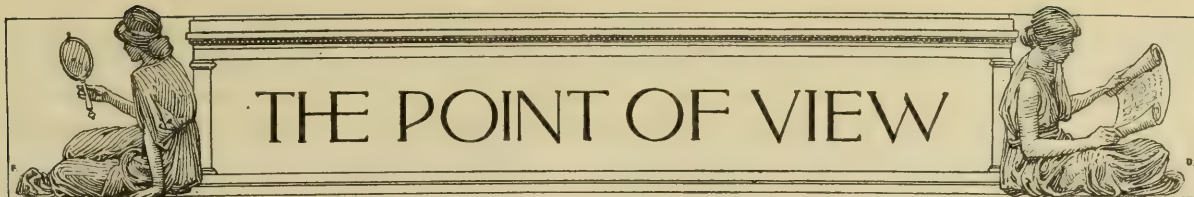


Copyright by John S. Sargent—from a photograph copyright by Curtis & Cameron.

William Merritt Chase.

From the painting by Sargent, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

—See "The Field of Art," page 255.



THE POINT OF VIEW

IN the protests aroused by a recent attempt to remodel old hymns, one finds matter for wistful amusement, when one considers the nature of the protesters and the nature of hymns. Confidently adult, confidently agnostic, why should we care if

some man tampers with our ancient songs of sanctuary? Why

should we not regard as laudably scientific and logical this effort to renovate the hymn-book? But that is just the trouble, for hymns are not scientific and logical, and neither are we. It may have been decades since we have sung or heard a hymn, but we like to think that somewhere people are singing the old familiar words of our childhood. In pouring new terms into old tunes Professor Patton has not perceived the vital fact that a hymn to be a hymn must be a little obsolete.

The old hymns are the landmarks of our infancy, gracious and glamorous with memories. We do not wish old haunted rooms torn down to make place for socialist sanitation; we do not wish hoary trees clipped of excrescent but wonder-working imagery. To open the hymn-book and wander there at will is to evoke, as nothing else can do, the mystic mood of our childhood's faith. We have not forgotten the geography of that gentle land whence all the paths led skyward. It was there, rapt by its majesty, we watched Imperial Salem rise; there, breathing the incense of spiced breezes, we sailed to India's coral strand; there that our boisterous feet grew soft in stepping "by cool Siloam's shady rill," and our awed hearts were storm-swept by a vision of "cross-crowned Calvary." In that haunted domain was drama to quicken the pulse:

"Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground?
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?"

In that "sweet and blessed country," made mystical with music, heard melodies were sweet, but those unheard were sweeter. Can any power of poet or artist

paint for us such a vision of singing hosts as:

"Ten thousand times ten thousand,"

or:

"What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!"

Where save in that blessed Bethlehem of our childhood's possession can we listen with the old throbbing Christmas joy when the herald angels sing? No, in that fair old land, we will allow no one to remove one stone of association builded out of the beauty of old words.

As a child would be careless of forgotten architects, so we are indifferent to the authorship of hymns. We attach certain names to the making of sacred song—Watts and Wesley, Heber and Havergal—but rarely examine with critical attention the characteristics of the groups belonging to each. Holy and humble men and women of God have composed our praises for us, and in the power of their words over our imaginations their personalities have been obliterated. An examination of the index of authors shows no name of literary reputation. Only one great poet ever contributed songs to the liturgy of worship, and that was David. One stops to ponder the reason, for it is not that our famous singers have been without faith. The authors of "Saul" and of "In Memoriam" were men of fervor as intense as that of Watts, yet neither Browning nor Tennyson ever wrote a hymn. A comparison of "Saul" with "The Son of God goes forth to war" might assist toward the explanation. The first expresses the religion of an adult, the second that of a child. Both types of religious expression are equally true and vital, they are merely different. Milton's "Hymn of the Nativity" and Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" are great religious poems; they address themselves to adult intelligence, adult emotion, adult æsthetic sense. They differ in quality from hymns as poets differ from hymn-makers in their

intense intellectuality. The test of a great hymn is that it shall not be beyond the intelligence, the emotion, and the imagination of a child of ten. This is why we resent any retouching of our old canticles that destroys their sacred simplicity, their flashing pictures, their vivid personal God. Our brains may have substituted the words "creative energy" for "Lord God almighty" in our view of the universe, but we allow no one to do so in the hymns of our childhood.

The trouble with remaking ancient song to fit present convictions is that such effort must necessarily reflect only the personal creed, while a hymn must both express and address universal emotion and conviction. Socialism and pacifism have not yet so leavened the lump that there is an instant response to their appeal either in a liturgy or out of it. The theorists are always the grown-ups of their generation, the last people to be chosen to write hymns for the rest, who both in principles and practices have not yet put away childish things. Hymns are the voice of the heart, and most of us are old-fashioned in our hearts however new-fangled in our heads. There are few instances when a modern hymn has been able to stir emotions so that they react to new words with all the instancy with which they throb to those hallowed by long usage. Two notable examples are "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and Kipling's "Recessional."

The adequacy of appeal in these two great lyrics by no means disproves the inadequacy of most attempts to write hymns for one's contemporaries, and by no means excuses the greater sacrilege of rewriting. We smile at the charge of inconsistency in our lusty singing of "Jerusalem the golden," and of

"O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not long for rest?"

—we who frankly doubt a paradise, or certainly doubt whether we'll find rest there. Our misty conceptions of a life to come are as alien to the plea,

"Rescue me from fires undying,"

as they are to the thought of:

"Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see."

Yet we should resent the removal of "Dies iræ" from our ritual, no matter how far we have removed its theology from our creed.

We may be triple-armored pacifists, but we have no intention of depriving the child element in our imagination of its "Onward Christian soldiers," or of "We march, we march to victory."

To delete from our hymnology all allusions to "war, depravity, and woe," as Professor Patton desires, is completely to destroy the emotional cogency of our hymns. We readily admit that words and theology have become antiquated, but we are not inconsistent in retaining both, for the incongruity is purely superficial. Not the matter but the mood is what makes a hymn. Consistency is the concern of the intellect, but even our intellect may approve our spirit's reverence for the form of our consecrated songs, for they are tested not by the thoughts they express but by the feelings they arouse.

Perhaps what makes a hymn precious is our homesickness for the days when its meaning was as convincing to us as its mood is even yet compelling. That is why even the most rational of us resent any desecration of those years when our faith was that of children. There is in "Clayhanger" a telling scene where Edwin and Hilda, he alien and condemnatory, she alien but sympathetic, are attending the Sunday-school centenary and listening to the hymns that rock through those phalanxed squares of worshippers.

The multitude is singing:

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride."

Hilda shook her head.

"What's the matter?" he asked, leaning toward her from his barrel.

"That's the most splendid religious verse ever written!" she cried passionately. "You can say what you like. It's worth while believing anything, if you can sing words like that and mean them!"

She had an air of restrained fury.

But fancy her exciting herself over a hymn!

Edwin's surprise is analogous to ours when we read the protests called forth by the retouching of sacred songs. Fancy our exciting ourselves over a hymn! It is because we know that we have right, if not reason, on our side. No one shall profane

the gentle old ways where we walked with God once long ago. Our reverence for our hymns is our reverence for the imperishable child soul within us. It reveals the unconscious conviction that after all somewhere there is a kingdom of heaven, and that somewhere within sight and sound of it lies our childhood's holy land, the kingdom of hymns.

LIKE the immense majority of the inhabitants of New York I did not enjoy the inestimable privilege of being born on Manhattan Island. But I have lived on that island for now very nearly sixty years, and I have seen the extraordinary expansion of the last half-century. I have been a witness of the many and mighty changes which transformed the Empire City into a city truly imperial. When I knew it first it was rather straggling, more or less slouchy, badly paved, and very badly cleaned. Those were the dark ages of American architecture; yet New Yorkers were more than satisfied with Fifth Avenue, lined on both sides from Washington Square to 40th Street with monotonous brown-stone dwellings, devoid of all approach to style. Above 40th Street, Fifth Avenue was infested with cattle-yards, which somehow seemed to make Central Park still farther away from the centre of population. And when I was first taken to Central Park there was only one house on all its four sides. It stood incomplete in the midst of a disheartening waste of streets laid out but not built on. There were all around vacant spaces, rocky, hilly, unpromising, dotted here and there with the wooden shanties of the squatters who were girt about by goats and who raised scanty crops in little patches of dismal soil, painfully cleared from brambles and boulders.

In the scant sixty years of my citizenship New York has awakened and become conscious of herself. She has developed a civic conscience; and she is indefatigable, even if intermittent, in setting her house in order. And I wonder sometimes how much of this awakening and how large a share of the civic consciousness is due to the possession of Central Park, a monument to the foresight of a few of its citizens of threescore years ago and ten. The city

had done its part in making the Erie Canal, which in its turn had helped to make the city, and it had provided itself with what was then believed to be an ample supply of water, brought from the Croton reservoir by the aqueduct which was the city's first important achievement as a municipality. But the Croton aqueduct was useful; it was a necessity; and Central Park was at first only a luxury, created by foresight in expectation of beauty.

When I made acquaintance with Central Park it was barely half finished; it extended only a little above the ramble at the top of the lake. George E. Waring, the youthful superintendent of planting, had just set out the trees which now tower superbly over the Mall. The upper half, from 80th or 90th Street to 110th, was a chaos of uninviting and generally treeless space. Yet it was out of a chaos as unpromising as this upper half that the lower half had been made into a thing of beauty. Very few of those who gladly enjoy the gracious restfulness of Central Park ever stop to think that it is unique among the parks of the great cities of the world in that it was not an inheritance but a creation. It did not merely happen, as Hyde Park had happened and the Bois de Boulogne and the Prater and the Thier-Garten; it was made with hands. Its beauty was called into being by the genius of its designer, Frederick Law Olmsted; it is intentionally a work of art and not casually a work of nature. Now that it has come to the maturity which the vision of its creator foresaw and which his skill made possible, we must admit that there is solid support for Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's suggestion that Central Park is probably the most important work of art to be credited to any American.

Like other works of art Central Park has had its adventures and its perils. In the dismal days of the Tweed ring it fell into the hands of the Philistines, represented by the egregious Judge Hilton. It has had to be defended against invaders of all sorts who wished to divert it from its primary purpose as a pleasure-ground for all the people. Many of these invaders are working folks like the artists who wanted a site for a greatly needed exhibiton hall, a salon-building, and like the Shakspeare tercentenarians who wanted to use it for the performance of their masque. Eternal vigilance is

the price of many things besides liberty; and perhaps a vigilance committee might even now alleviate the terror inspired by the mass-meeting of misbegotten monstrosities that brazenly disfigures the lower end of the Mall.

WHILE New York can claim the whole credit for Central Park, since it was created—out of whole cloth, so to speak—at the command of the city itself, it can claim only half the credit for the Riverside Drive. Central Park had to be made out of the dust of the earth, and Riverside Drive needed only to be improved and preserved and made to yield its full beauty. All that was needed to dower New York with a waterside avenue unequalled and indeed unapproached by anything of the kind possessed by any other city was to make the best of natural advantages, whereas there were no natural advantages to utilize in the making of Central Park. As the Tweed ring deserves the discredit for endangering Central Park, it deserves also the credit for beginning the Riverside Drive. I have heard that the exciting cause was a sordid real-estate speculation, a buying up cheaply by insiders to sell out expensively to the city; and this may very well be the fact. None the less, the men who devised that royal road high above the banks of the noble river deserved well of the city they were then despoiling. Perhaps one or another of them had imagination and was able to look ahead a little and to foresee the time when the job which was to put money immediately into his pocket would prove to be a precious possession for the whole city half a century later.

From 72d Street the Riverside Drive stretches itself northward mile after mile, at the top of the sharply rising bank of the superb stream and over against the Palisades. Its single row of edifices—dwellings all of them, single residences or composite apartment-houses—may lack uniformity; they may be irregular in height and uncertain in design; but seen from the stream below they crown the protracted height not unsatisfactorily. Arching viaducts span the occasional valleys, the Soldiers and Sailors Monument delights the eye with its grace-

ful proportions, and Grant's tomb stands at the parting of the ways, simple, stalwart massive like the man whose memorial it is. The Decoration Day parade, which used to pass up lower Fifth Avenue, now marches up Riverside, and the thinning ranks of the veterans of a war, now more than half a century in the distance, pass in front of the monument which commemorates their own services and often go on to the tomb of their great commander.

Always on Decoration Day there swings at anchor in the river, almost under the shadow of the Soldiers and Sailors Monument, a man-of-war, battleship or cruiser, gray and grim. A detachment from its crew is always a part of the United States contingent which holds the head of the line. On other occasions, at irregular intervals, not a single man-of-war but the whole Atlantic fleet distributes itself at stations a quarter of a mile apart, until the line disappears in the dim distance as the river curves in. Then it is that the dwellers in the single residences and in the composite apartment-houses, instead of hearing the chimes at midnight, are told the time by the four double strokes of the ships' bells. In no other of the great maritime cities of the world can a mighty fleet drop anchor so close to the shore, so close indeed to the heart of the city, that in the silent watches of the night a little child turning in his sleep can faintly hear eight bells.

One disfigurement the Riverside Drive has always had—the railroad that skirts the water's edge below and that wound its sinuous way along the shore twoscore years before the Drive came into being. At last this disfigurement is about to be removed. The city and the railroad company have each made concessions and sacrifices; and the tracks are doomed to disappear. They will go into tunnels or they will be roofed over with steel and concrete. They will be veiled from the sight of those who go down to the sea in ships or who stroll along the water's edge on the paths of the park. The hiding of the tracks will not be accomplished in a day or in a year; but sooner or later they will be so well hidden that their presence will not be suspected.

It is true that one of our foremost authorities on landscape design has expressed

grave doubts as to the roofing over of the lower end of the Drive where the tracks of the railroad are to multiply and to fan out. He fears that it will be difficult to deal with the resulting flat space and to disguise it so as to create the pleasing contours demanded by art. A layman has no right to an opinion on these delicate matters; and yet a suggestion may be ventured that there is perhaps an opportunity to utilize a stumbling-block as a stepping-stone. Where the multiplying tracks are to be roofed over is at the very

end of the Riverside Drive where it is cut across by 72d Street, and where it is brought into closest contact with the surrounding houses. Why should not this end be treated, not as part of a rolling park, but frankly as a level square? Why should it not be made a playground for the swarming children? Why should it not have its sand-pile and its wading-pool, its merry-go-round and its swings—"scups" is the good old New York word. Why should it not be modelled on the Champs Elysées rather than on the Bois de Boulogne?



CHASE—THE ARTIST

TIME was when interest in the Fine Arts in this country was almost exclusively confined to amateurs or to the very rich, while the people at large hardly knew of their existence. A painting was then valued for its prettiness or for the story which it told. But fortunately there came a period of awakening when the people began slowly to realize the significance of art. We generally date this change from the "eighteen seventies." Various causes contributed to it, among them the Centennial Exposition, the great increase in European travel by Americans, the opening of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and the importation of foreign works by dealers. But there was another and very important factor which should not be overlooked. This was the increase in the number of talented American art students in the best schools of Europe. The limitations existing here to the scope and mission of art had to give way before broader standards when able men who had studied under the masters of Europe, in Paris, Munich, and Antwerp, returned home with their eyes opened and their hands trained. Their influence was controlling on the youthful aspirants of that time, who have since become mature artists. The process was not unlike the Occidentalizing of Japan, who sent her

youths to all the Western countries to gather the best the world could give.

William Merritt Chase returned from his six years of Europe in 1878, and the part which he took in this reformation was of great importance. He came from Munich—from the schools of Pilotti and Wagner—as finished a master of his brush as any man in this country. Indeed, his method was superior to that of the Munich school. It was based on wide observation and thorough comprehension of the best art. He had gathered the elements of his *technic* from many localities and from all time. He was really the pupil of the great masters of Holland, Italy, and Spain, and he had absorbed much from his contemporaries—Duvenceck, Whistler, Sargent, and others.

This able *technic* was controlled by a whole-souled devotion to the realities of nature. What he saw, in and out of doors, in the most trifling still life as in the broadest sweeps of Long Island, was realized on his canvas with masterly ease. He delighted in nature's aspects—in transient differences of appearance. It can truly be said of his art that it was inspired by nature.

Many artists with such an endowment would have sought the uninterrupted seclusion of the studio—not so with Chase. He was a born teacher. He wished others to get an insight into nature similar to his own

and he wanted them to render it as well as he did. His light was never hidden under a bushel. He was always quick to detect ability in others and always generous to younger talent. While it may be true that he was driven by necessity into the classroom, I am sure that he found positive delight—not irksome work—in teaching.

Thus it was that Chase's part in disseminating a true appreciation of good art in this country became a most important one. He brought a message from Europe. He aided in the overthrow of the insular standards which had so long prevailed here, and in the establishment of a broader and finer art—an art that was henceforth to be judged by the highest criteria.

Now, while Chase accomplished much in the regeneration of art in this country, and fought lustily in the battle between the Society of American Artists (of which he was the president for ten years) and the National Academy of Design, he is not to be regarded as a revolutionist of the type of Manet or Monet, or even of Whistler, for he was not, like them, a creator of the new and original. He was the missionary of finished, masterly expression, an exponent of the best technical methods that had developed in Europe. It has always seemed to me that artists fall naturally into two classes. I will call them—for lack of better words—the evolutionists and the technicians. In the former class we are apt to find the idealists, in the latter the realists. Chase belonged to the latter class. He was a realist, as some one has said, "with the courage of his eyes." He was not subjective in expression, not a mystic, and very little of a poet, and he was never transported by passion. On the other hand, he was a lover of nature, a master with wonderful control of his means of expression, never careless or clumsy—a brilliant craftsman with astonishing versatility. He knew his method far too well to be tempted into any lines of experimental evolution.

Chase was one of those who, while on the watch for new truths, could never be carried away by fads. Few painters weathered the shock of Impressionism as he did. It may have lifted his key or strengthened his color, but not to any notable extent, for Chase's art was grounded in his own admirable way of working, not to be lightly modified and never to be abandoned. Other men might change their methods; some of his con-

temporaries are on their third or fourth. To try out new stunts is often the very life of genius. It is equally the refuge of the ignorant. Gifted men have been wrecked by it. But Chase's bark was too well anchored to be driven on the rocks. He abhorred the latest movements. As a teacher he came to fear the disastrous effects of the ultra-modern influences on the rising generation of painters and raised his voice against them on many occasions. His address, shortly before his last illness, at the banquet of the American Federation of Arts at Washington, sounded the alarm and set forth the high mission of art, and the only conditions under which art can develop, in a manner that was notably impressive.

Chase was, above all, a painter. He might have excelled in other branches of art, but he kept close to his brush. Moreover, he was a painter of so-called "easel pictures," using the expression in its highest sense. His picture was sufficient in itself and dependent on no outside relationship as in the case of mural decoration. The easel picture must be regarded as a complete entity to be separated from all else. Hence the office of the frame. Some pictures can stand little framing, others much more. The richly carved and gilded frame has its *raison d'être*, and certain pictures demand it. The more it foregrounds—to use an expression of the studio—the better it shuts off the outside world from that of the picture. Within that frame the artist establishes all the conditions of universality. He must be consistent and true to those conditions. If so he can carry us wherever he wishes—to heaven above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth—and for the time being the world we live in may "go hang." Herein is evidenced the power of art. Chase's pictures are of this type—atmospherically complete in themselves—they need the frame, look better when tilted from the wall, or better still when on the easel, but always in the frame. Thus isolated, we are carried to the spot depicted and see and feel all that Chase found in his subject and knew so well how to convey. We realize the locality, the time of day, and even the temperature.

Chase was master of the essentials of his method—never amateurish, unconsciously accurate, and extraordinarily dexterous. He delighted more in color and values than in

line. I recall no great composition by him, and yet every canvas has agreeable arrangement.

Chase produced many admirable portraits, but perhaps he was not, in the strictest sense, a portrait-painter. He carried his picture-making into his portraiture. A portrait has every right to be decorative and cannot be too well painted, but the rendering of character is admittedly its chief mission. Chase has drawn high praise on many occasions for the accomplishment of this very end, but it is not the chief feature in his portraits. He always saw the possible picture in his subject and placed that before the portrayal of character. He did not attempt to fathom the sitter. His aim in portraiture, as in all else, was the triumph of paint. He delighted so much in the external aspect of things and in the skill of craftsmanship that he let all else go, and so he does not greatly awaken our interest in the individuality of his subject, but he does call forth our enjoyment in the things which he enjoyed—play of light, material surfaces, richness, voluptuous, even barbaric color coupled with exquisite refinement of tone—all rendered with wonderful skill and appropriate handling. In the portrait of Miss M., for example, we enjoy the pose, the foreshortened arm, the Watteau pleat, and the lace collar with its contrast to the dark dress. These are what Chase delighted in, and it was for the sake of these rather than the face of the lady that he painted the picture.

Under present standards Chase will be classed by many as academic. Would we had more of his kind! How willingly we would give some of the late and noisy comers in exchange for gifted and educated painters of the Chase type! *Technic* has its own value in art, and Chase had the true spirit of the technical craftsman. It will never rank as high as poetic imagination or idealism, and those who twenty years ago looked for Chase to develop into a great idealistic interpreter must naturally be disappointed. This is their fault—not Chase's. That was not his goal, but his line was none the less one of great value in which he was supremely efficient. He had a rare intimacy with nature, a masterful power of expression, and to American art few men have rendered greater service.

HOWARD RUSSELL BUTLER.

CHASE—THE TEACHER

IT is now some sixteen years since I left Mr. Chase, after a period of eight years under his instruction. The incidents of those years, the faces of the hundreds of students, have for the most part passed from my memory, but I have never forgotten his teaching and the inspiration derived therefrom.

He was a master of painting and, to my mind, one of the great American masters. I remember the magic of his brush. To see him paint was a revelation. It was like listening to some great orator who held you enthralled by the power of his eloquence. I never thought of the brushes or paint, because the contact between his hand and brain was so direct that conscious effort was eliminated.

The great teacher in any art is apt to be either a small producer or a poor performer, and the opposite is also true. The great painter seldom knows how to pass his knowledge on to others. Although, when he paints, all his faculties co-ordinate to produce the work of art, yet when confronted with the smaller and oftentimes tedious problems of dealing with individuals as a teacher he becomes discursive and produces an unsatisfactory result. But Mr. Chase was an example of a great painter being a great teacher, and his teaching has had a tremendous influence on American art. His classes were always very large, and when a man teaches for thirty years, always giving the best that is in him, having a vision and trying to impart it to others, the result is cumulative. The students in many cases become teachers. The influence ramifies and becomes a power for good in the land.

Mr. Chase took pains to know his pupils, and in classes of a hundred or more he would remember the names of nearly all. In cases where he forgot he would say, "Oh, yes, you are the lady from Ohio"—or something of that sort.

I call to mind some of his favorite expressions. When a student was somewhat timid about painting he would say: "Never be sparing in the use of paint; always paint with a full brush"; or if a student was prone to work the life out of a canvas, his comment would be: "It takes two to paint a picture, one to do the painting and the other to stand by with an axe to stop it at the right moment." On one occasion a

Western art instructor brought him a large number of water-colors to criticise. They were the output of a dozen years, done in various countries. After looking them all over carefully, Chase said: "My dear sir, I advise you to put all these in a drawer, lock the drawer, and then lose the key." This was caustic, to say the least, but he knew his man. It acted as a stimulus to the art professor, and that summer he turned out splendid work. Chase was not fond of making such remarks, but in individual cases they were sometimes needed to produce the desired effect. One of the truest things he ever said was: "There is nothing so rare in art as the artistic."

His dress was always immaculate. I have seen him paint many times in a white flannel suit, holding a palette and brushes, without getting a spot on his clothes. This was a part of his teaching, because he was fond of teaching by example. He hated slovenly *technic* and sloppy students. He was one of the men to dignify the profession of painting in this country, and saw no connection between great art and a velvet coat, tam-o'-shanter, long hair, and other paraphernalia of the proverbial artist. With him the artist emerged from that particular phase and took on the appearance of other men. His dress was a part of his art psychology. As students it made us respect him the more and, in turn, respect ourselves.

Chase's old 10th Street studio was probably the most remarkable studio in the country, full of most interesting objects. The visitor was astonished to see a diminutive human head hanging by long black hair, the head belonging to a member of some South American tribe. One of the customs of this tribe was to take the head of the dead, shrink it by the use of hot stones, and then to sew up the mouth with gut so that no secrets could be told after death. This and other things unique and beautiful were there. In the large central studio the ceiling was lofty, and dust had been allowed to accumulate on all objects on the side walls and those suspended from the ceilings, such as hanging-lamps, etc., so that the local color on the bottoms of these objects melted gradually into the dust collected on their tops. In contrast to this the floor was highly polished, and all around the studio to

a height of about seven feet were numerous articles of glistening brass, copper pots with outsides of dead black and insides of flaming brilliance, Spanish furniture, superb hangings, and on one wall a huge white swan suspended on a piece of maroon-colored velvet. (It was under this swan that Carmen-cita danced.) The effect was beautiful and extraordinary. There was a gradual transition from the richness and brilliance near the floor up the side wall into the quiet gray atmosphere of the ceiling.

The dominant note of his life was service to the world of art. By teaching, lecturing, buying pictures, and helping poor students, he did an enormous amount of good. The introspective type of artist spends much time when not actively painting in apparent inaction. His inactivity is a means of storing energy for his working hours. He believes that ideas germinate when the mind has lain fallow for a period. Great things are sometimes born in this way. There is another type of artist who finds diversion in changing his kind of work, who believes that one class of endeavor augments the other. The many-sided man who must have the energy of a Cellini. I place Mr. Chase under this type. His greatness came from the sheer fulness of his nature; what he did he did with all his might, his store of energy enabled him to vary his interest, and most of his work was done for the profession of painting.

We must remember that Chase, when he returned from Munich, was an absolute rebel. He helped to scatter the cohorts of the Düsseldorf and other schools of doubtful taste. He called attention to great painting as he knew it, constantly and consistently until the end.

In later years he saw people worshipping strange gods, and was criticised for not changing his point of view, but, unaffected, he held on to his own ideals. His passing was a great loss to art, and men of his quality are scarce in these days of large profession and little faith. New art movements come and go, each decade heralds a new artistic god, but the generations give their big men to the great tradition of painting. When the story of American art is finally told, Chase's name will be high on the list of the great.

GIFFORD BEAL.



Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"HE GITS DE CHILE OUT'N HIS BED . . . 'FO' DAYBREAK FUR TER GO WID HIM TER
SEE EF DEY HAD KOTCH A RABBIT."

—"Pharzy," page 306.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXI

MARCH, 1917

NO. 3



From a photograph, copyright by Wm. Notman & Son, Canada.

A snow-shoe hike across country.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND THE WHITE OUTDOORS

BY LAWRENCE PERRY

OUT of the white, gleaming, open spaces has come to the students of our northern colleges and universities the ringing outdoor call. The response to it marks one of the significant phases of extra-curricular life in seats of learning which look frequently upon areas of snow and ice between early December and March, while the young men of institutions situated in less vigorous environment who are obliged, as one may say, to take their winter weather when they can get it, have begun to recognize the opportunities for exhilarating sport that lurk in the heart of the so-called closed months.

It is a thoroughly wholesome condition; it makes for husky physique, singing blood, and clear heads. Probing deeper,

we find in faculty circles a well-established theory that this modern outdoor tendency serves in considerable degree to ameliorate problems of student control; for be it known that your average college boy lacks something of that complete repose in his hibernating period which marks the ursine species. It may be only a coincidence, but the fact remains that old barns and hayricks contiguous to northern centres of education are no longer burned on winter nights, and that derangements of dormitory lighting systems and other manifestations of youthful exuberance are rapidly passing into the limbo of tradition.

Dartmouth makes as much of winter sports as she does of football. Activities on snow and ice are conducted on a definite, organized basis, and she is spon-

Copyright, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

sor for brave, inspiring out-of-door inter-collegiate contests, with dark, quivering pines and silent white mountains as a background, at a time when her southerly friends are shivering over steam-radiators,

There may be no doubt that eventually every college and university which is situated in a region where snow and ice obtain over at least a few weeks of winter will go in for winter sports along definite,



From a photograph by Leland Griggs.

A Dartmouth ski-jumper.

A skilled ski-jumper coming down-hill like a flash and soaring into the air, is a thrilling spectacle to witness.—Page 267.

or cheering for basket-ball in stuffy gymnasiums, or for hockey in damp buildings devoted to the manufacture of artificial ice.

Williams has a strong winter-sport system which involves a large percentage of her student body; so have the University of Vermont, Colgate, Middlebury, Massachusetts "Aggies," and, in an unorganized but growing basis, New Hampshire State, Cornell, Wisconsin, and Amherst.

organized lines. Once a start is made, enthusiasm arises spontaneously. For there is a poetry in the winter hills that grips, a lure that once felt is irresistible. The tang of the sharp air adds zest to the competitive spirit, sharpens the desire to excel, while at the same time opponents on ski or snow-shoe or ice-boat are bound together in the fraternal ties of a common enthusiasm.

And those who for the first time fare forth on a hike when the world glitters and the new-fallen snow crinkles under foot, find that life holds for them that which they did not expect. Indian file, while the odor of frying bacon and broiling steak arise. The evening wind begins to moan through the pines, the shadows melt on the snows, and the eyes of lusty men turn toward the pine-bough beds



From a photograph by Leland Griggs.

Dartmouth students on the trail.

Indian file, over partially obliterated trails, the long line of sturdy youth wends its way.

over partially obliterated trails, the long line of sturdy youth in many-colored toques and mackinaws wends its way, say, to a trail cabin at the base of a brooding mountain. Here are blankets, firewood, cooking-utensils. A sparkling brook flows near by. Soon smoke is curling from the cabin chimney, and the pedestrians gather about the roaring logs with their pipes

with their layers of double blankets. Never doubt they'll sleep; never doubt they'll return to their classrooms with brighter eyes, quieter nerves, and a vast store of bounding health.

Cornell, while finding the weather too variable to admit of the organization of winter sports upon a definite basis, is none the less ardent in their pursuit, and

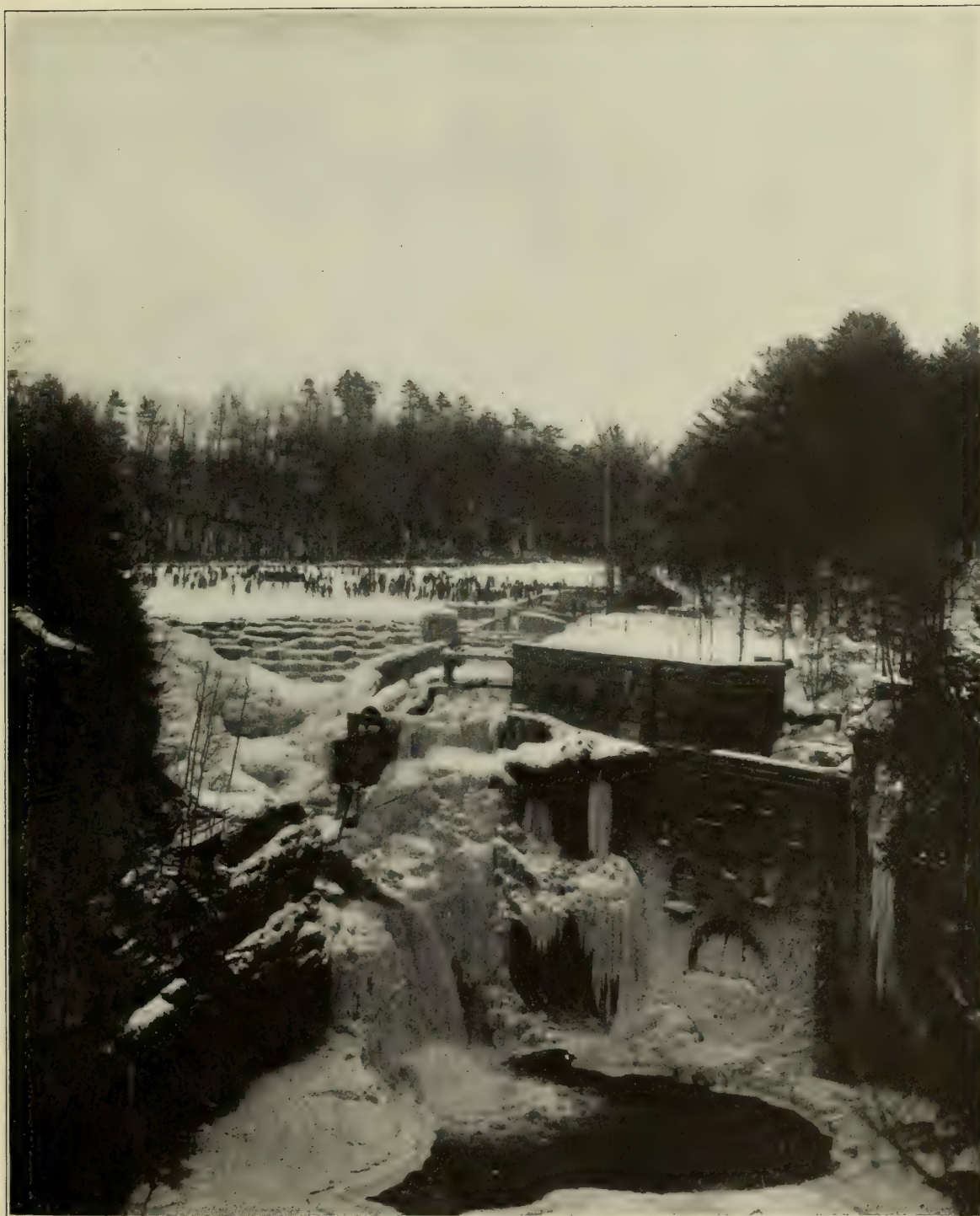


The steel toboggan, Beebe Lake, Cornell University.

Here tobogganing flourishes whenever weather allows.

even finds in them a source of financial increment. Cayuga Lake rarely freezes over, and when it does the ice is generally fissured and seamed because of the great depth of water. On the campus, however, is Beebe Lake, an artificial body of water a quarter of a mile long, sheltered by steep banks. Here tobogganing flourishes whenever weather allows, and

skating, of course. The university permits the athletic association to charge an admission to skaters and toboggan parties and the money goes to the support of minor sports. There is a steel toboggan slide on the south bank of the lake and it is very popular with the entire student body. Skiing is also in favor with the students, but there is no club



Cornell students on Beebe Lake. Triphammer Falls in foreground.

Beebe Lake, an artificial body of water a quarter of a mile long. . . . The university permits the athletic association to charge an admission, and the money goes to the support of minor sports.—Page 262.

and the sport is purely an individual affair. There is every desire for the conduct of winter sports on the Dartmouth scale, but unfortunately the climate at Cornell is tempered by the lakes of central New York and thus Ithaca is not in the snow belt.

Amherst and Yale have not gone in for outdoor sports amid the snows in any

organized way, but among the student body are included many who fare forth on ski and snow-shoe when conditions permit, and entrants from both these seats of learning have flaunted the purple and white and the blue at the Williams and Dartmouth carnivals. Colgate, a small college with a vast amount of spirit, has an outing club and sends her men far

and wide to winter meets in the northern region, while each winter she holds a meet of her own. The weather in the region of Hamilton, New York—the seat of Colgate—is ideal for winter sports of all sorts. Middlebury College, at Middlebury, Vermont, has frequently sent her ski and snow-shoe men to Hanover, and this year

ing over the blazing logs in some far-away trail cabin. Their skill and their strength, the feats they accomplish both in the way of endurance and of specialized aptitude, create throughout the college a spirit of emulation which each winter serves to enlist an increasing number of men in the pursuit of the white outdoor gods.



Hockey at Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.

The seat of Colgate is ideal for winter sports of all sorts.

for the first time she has a flourishing outing club.

The University of Vermont at Burlington also has a comprehensive winter outdoor sport system directed by an outing club which comprises practically the entire student body.

These outing clubs do a splendid work in interesting students in the pleasures of the open country, and all the system of conducting trips, establishing trail cabins, mapping the country, and organizing carnivals comes under their sole supervision. Carnivals, of course, are devised as means to an end, that end being the developing of enthusiasm for all forms of skating, snow-shoeing, skiing, tramping, and camping. They are colorful and picturesque, and serve to throw into the light of publicity deep-chested, rugged, powerful men, most of whose spare time is spent in the white open on ski or snow-shoe, or brood-

In the universities of our northwest there is no definite organization devoted to the encouragement of skiing, snow-shoeing, and the like. Perhaps this is because so many of the students have been accustomed to the employment of the shoe and the ski in a practical way. The snows are deep in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, and not a few of the students come from the lumber regions, where these articles are a matter of course. Students at these universities use them day in and day out as they have always used them—to get somewhere.

But a sport that does flourish at Wisconsin is ice-boating. Lake Mendota, at Madison, upon which the university is most beautifully situated, is frozen practically all winter, and is of sufficient area to admit of the widest latitude in manœuvring these swift craft. The ice-boat is for racing *per se*. It has no other use.



Student of Williams College on a hike.

There is a poetry in the winter hills that grips, a lure that once felt is irresistible.—Page 260.

The Wisconsin students so use it, and it is their testimony that they cause more thrills to the square inch than any sport ever devised—not even excepting football. When the ice-boat approaches head on, one runner rearing high in the air, it is a frightful thing to contemplate. Its sheer momentum dazes the observer. Sometimes it takes affairs into its own hands, throws out its sailors, and goes

careering off to destruction like a mad-dened horse. It is the testimony at Wisconsin that the sport of ice-boating furnishes more to the second than any known thing. Robert Louis Stevenson said of his experience on such a craft that it “was living three to the minute.” And so it is. It is the swiftest speed engine ever designed by man—the aeroplane excepted; it has travelled two miles in ninety sec-



Snow-shoeing party of Middlebury College leaving for a tramp to Lake Champlain.

Middlebury this year for the first time has a flourishing outing club.—Page 264.



From a photograph by Leland Griggs.

Dartmouth ski-jumpers, three abreast.

It is a fascinating sport and an art as well.

onds. Many students own their own craft while others rent them from firms in Madison. Skating, tobogganing, and hockey are other attractions that offer amusement for a great portion of the student body. As a matter of fact, it is not an uncommon winter spectacle for *two or three thousand to be on the lake at one time.*

Lovers of outdoor life who have never learned to ski have missed a great deal. It is a fascinating sport and an art as well. A narrow, clean-cut spoor—always the sign of an accomplished ski-runner—lying across the white flank of a hill is a beautiful thing to behold, and so are the “herring-bone” tracks which a knight of the ski will record on the flawless snow as evidence of his skill.

Once the writer, who had not mastered the art, undertook to follow a ski-runner through the snows of a northern forest on snow-shoes. The journey of several miles was for the most part a solitary one; the man on skis would glide along companionably on the level or up-grade, but when a hill or the slightest depression ap-

peared he would wave his hand in gesture of farewell and disappear.

It is really a modern sport, at least modern so far as popularity goes. Historically, however, skiing dates back some fourteen hundred years. Procopius—sixth century—refers to it, and in the thirteenth century Saxo Grammaticus. The inhabitants of northern Norway have employed the ski time out of mind. It was not, however, until the late seventies that peasants from Telemark came to a winter meet held near Christiania and electrified observers with their proficiency on skis. All of Norway went in for the sport with enthusiasm, but it was a long time before it spread to other lands. Now there are ski clubs throughout the world where winters are characterized by snow and ice.

The ski is used as a practical means of locomotion as well as for sport. Dwellers of northern mountain districts find it essential in the closed months, but they use it as they use shoes and stockings, with no thought of carrying it beyond a



From a photograph by Leland Griggs.

Paulson, of New Hampshire State College, turning a "flip."

Last year at the Dartmouth Carnival, Paulson . . . startled the thousands of spectators by turning a complete somersault.

merely utilitarian purpose. In the realm of sport skiing has attained its great development as an art, and ornate furbishings, such as the Telemark and Christiana swings and other methods of turning or stopping forward progress, the recording of various sorts of tracks, and ski-joring and ski-skating and ski-jumping have been applied in the course of the years.

The general impression of ski-jumping seems to be that the runner in his course down hill leaps into the air and alights some feet farther down. This is not the case. Jumps are always made from an inequality on a hill or mountain side. This inequality may be natural or artificial. Usually it is artificial, as perfect take-offs do not as a rule grow of themselves. Take-offs are built at heights ranging from two feet for beginners to eight feet for adepts. It is nothing more than a snow-covered platform, projecting from the hillside several hundred feet from the starting-point. A skilled ski-jumper coming down hill like a flash of light, taking the jump and soaring into

the air, landing straight as an arrow from eighty to a hundred feet farther down, and gliding out of sight is a thrilling spectacle to witness.

Last year at the Dartmouth Carnival, Paulson, of New Hampshire University, startled the thousands of spectators by turning a complete somersault as he left the take-off. He repeated this hair-raising feat many times, while cameras clicked and the wintry welkin shook with acclaim.

The snow-shoe, of course, has existed in varying forms from the time when men first went abroad on the snows. It rivals the ski in point of popularity with the students at Dartmouth, Williams, and other winter-sport colleges. And the visitor is likely to hear a great deal of good-natured argument as to the relative merits of the two forms of travel.

As a matter of fact, it has often been demonstrated that a beginner on snow-shoes can easily outdistance the novice on skis, because snow-shoeing is by no means as difficult an accomplishment. There is

not the slightest doubt, however, that a good ski-runner can lose the best man on snow-shoes. It is true that the latter makes better headway through thick underbrush on the side of a hill and in thickly wooded lands; none the less, the man on skis more than holds his own with the exponent of the webbed shoe in general cross-country work. Yet, as indicated, the snow-shoe sections of the various outing clubs form a very strong element therein.

Dartmouth was the founder of organized winter sport in this country and to-day stands supreme in the field. The plan of bringing together students who loved the splendid Hanover country, of exploring near-by mountains, and of going far afield into the higher hills of New Hampshire met with instant approval when the Dartmouth Outing Club was formed during the winter of 1909-10.

It was during the early weeks of this winter that a lonely ski-runner would fare forth from the university in the white dawn of a day of recess, dipping and rising from valley to valley, returning when the western horizon revealed over the tops of the brooding pines a broad crimson gash. And he marvelled that with more than a thousand red-blooded men housed near by he rarely saw a ski-track other than his own and all too few traces of the webbed foot. He was Frank H. Harris, of the class of 1911, and he deserves a monument on the Dartmouth campus; for it was he who sent the call ringing through listless dormitory and fraternity house, and so ended the one bane of ex-

istence at Hanover—the long winter months. It is a fact now that an appreciable proportion of Dartmouth's student body sees the passing of the snow with a tinge of regret. For the Outing Club is one of Dartmouth's strongest institutions, and the annual winter carnival in February has come to be recognized not only as one of the chief functions among the

colleges but as one of the great national winter events.

Hanover is very happily located in respect to facilities for winter diversions. It is in a snow belt which has for its southern boundary the northern part of New York State, its northern boundary extending into Canada. The snowfall is heavy, the air dry and cold, so that the snow lies in that powdery, puffy condition which makes for the most satisfactory skiing and snow-shoeing. The university is situated on a pine-covered



From a photograph by Leland Griggs.

Cabin at Skyline Farm, Littleton, north end of the Dartmouth sixty-mile trail.

plateau, rising sheer from the Connecticut River, and on all sides rear the foot-hills of the White Mountains.

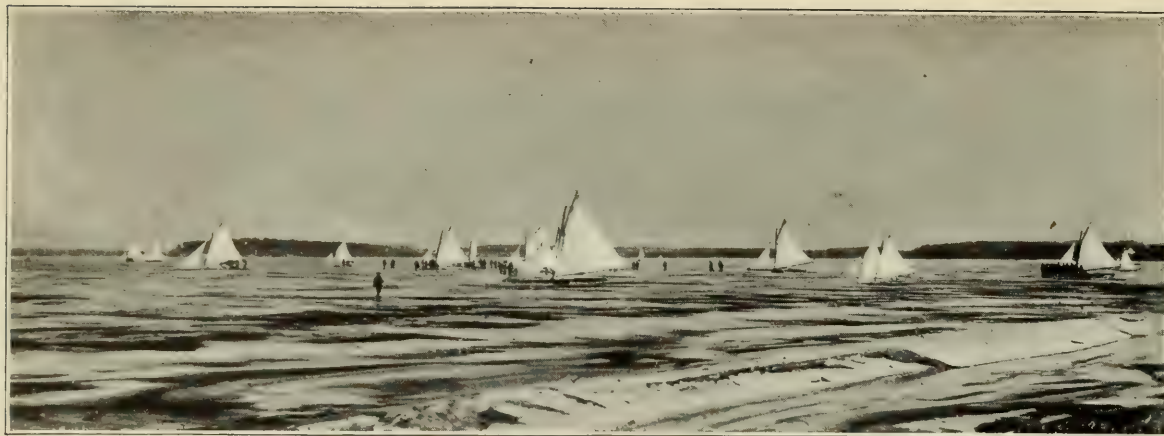
Interesting and picturesque places lie in all directions within an hour's trip of the campus. A favorite short trip is through the village of Norwich, Vermont, across the river from Hanover, to Meeting House Hill, where, looking down the wonderful Connecticut River valley, can be seen Mt. Ascutney, nineteen miles away to the north, Mt. Moosilauke, Mt. Cube, and Mt. Lafayette. Or an eight-mile trip to the east, bringing the snow-shoer or ski-runner to the Outing Club hut at the base of Moose Mountain, which affords fine opportunity for climbing. Then there is



From a photograph by Leland Griggs.

Cabin at Mount Moosilauke.

The plan of exploring near-by mountains and of going far afield into the higher hills met with instant approval when the Dartmouth Outing Club was formed.—Page 268.



Ice-boating on Lake Mendota, University of Wisconsin.

The lake is frozen practically all winter and is of sufficient area to admit of the widest latitude in manoeuvring these swift craft.
—Page 264.

the Pompanoosuc River road, which leads the way farther to those beautiful little mountain lakes, Fairlee and Morey. Dartmouth, in brief, is rich in its surrounding spots of beauty.

The Outing Club organizes and codifies these trips and has established huts at strategic points. Work also is continued each year on the establishment of camps penetrating north to the White Mountains. The ambition is eventually to open communications as far north as the Dartmouth Grant, a track of virgin wilderness owned by the college near the Canadian line.

The club now controls the cabin and land at Moose Mountain; two cabins and land at Cube Mountain; a cabin and land at Farmington Pond; a cabin and land at Glen Cliff and the Agassiz Basin; it owns the sky-line farm at Middleton, New Hampshire, as well as ski-jumps and toboggan-slides in the wonderful Vale of Tempe at Hanover. The cabins are constantly kept in order, supplied with blankets and cooking-utensils, and stocked with fire-wood. The club maintains seventy miles of well-marked trail from Hanover to North Woodstock, and conducts trips to points of interest in a five-mile radius of Hanover twice a week throughout the year. There is an occasional long trip to the cabins as well as an annual ski trip to the Green Mountains and one to Mt. Washington in the White Mountains, in which ski-runners from Canadian and other universities participate.

There is an annual ski-relay race with McGill University, alternating between

Montreal and Hanover, and club members are entered in various winter meets at North Woodstock, Vermont, Newport, New Hampshire, and at Williamstown.

A winter carnival at Dartmouth is an extraordinary function, and the visitor carries with him from this region of whispering pines and snow indelible impressions. The university throws open its dormitories and fraternity houses to guests, mainly attractive young women and their chaperones, who arrive from all points of the compass on a Thursday night. Alumni come back as for Commencement, with a fair representation of those interested in winter sports from the country round. The meet starts on Friday with preliminary ski and snow-shoe dashes on the Occum Pond; cross-country ski and snow-shoe events, beginning and ending in the Vale of Tempe; obstacle snow-shoe races and a hockey match on the Alumni Oval against a Canadian University team. In the evening the Dramatic Club gives its annual play. On Saturday the ski-joring and intercollegiate relay ski and snow-shoe events are held, and the meet concludes with an intercollegiate ski-jumping contest in which students of American and Canadian seats of learning participate. The carnival closes with the junior prom.

One who has not been at Hanover at this time can have no idea of the genuine enthusiasm which attends these various events. Over the white slopes move several thousand spectators in sleighs, on ski or snow-shoe, or on foot, following the con-

testants from point to point and cheering them on. And last February, with the carnival a thing of the past, it was interesting to observe next morning groups of students crossing the spacious campus, on skis, packs on their backs, bound for Sabbath communion with the white outdoor gods. The carnival was merely a phase, not the whole of winter at Hanover.

Williams College is almost ideally situated for the enjoyment of winter sports. Surrounded on all sides by mountains varying in height from 2,500 feet to 3,500 feet, this Berkshire community offers countless opportunities for ski and snowshoe trips of almost any length. On the south is Greylock, with an altitude of 3,505 feet, the highest point in the State. From this elevation a superb view is afforded, embracing the Berkshires, Taconics, Green Mountains, and the Catskills, and on clear days even the Adirondacks and the White Mountains. Eastwardly is Hoosic Mountain, which the famous Mohawk Trail straddles. The long range of the Taconics, culminating in Berlin Mountain, 2,804 feet high, along which runs the New York-Massachusetts State

line, shuts in the valley on the west. On the north is the Dome, 2,784 feet above sea-level, the imposing southerly outpost of the Green Mountains. Near here starts the Long Trail of the Green Mountain Club, which stretches 250 miles to the Canadian border. All these summits are within eight miles of the town. Shorter hills, ideal for skiing, are numerous near by, and even on the campus.

Despite all these natural advantages, skis, until four years ago, were a curiosity seen once or twice a winter on the campus, and snow-shoes were hardly more common. In the last few years, however, winter sports have come to occupy a large place in college life and interest in them is still growing. Every afternoon parties of enthusiasts may be seen going out or returning from trips. Some are freshmen, bent on getting over their awkwardness on some hill shielded from the public gaze, others upper classmen whose pack-sacks and blankets speak of longer expeditions.

The Outing Club, to whose efforts these changed conditions are due, was founded in the spring of 1915, with the general purpose of fostering the non-athletic out-



From a photograph, copyright by Wm. Notman & Son, Canada.

Hockey practice, McGill University.

door life of the college. The first officers were Samuel C. McKown, president; Russell M. Geer, vice-president; Roland Palmedo, secretary, and Roger W. Riis, treasurer. The club met with instantaneous success as it filled a much-needed place among undergraduate activities.

The first definite event of the club took form in the "First Annual Winter Carnival of Williams College." The events were very well contested, although many of the students who were just learning the arts of skiing and snow-shoeing did not enter, thinking themselves too green. The races included 100-yard and mile events for skiers and snow-shoers and a ski-jumping contest. Most of the participants in the latter event were decidedly new at the game, and tradition recalls merry memories of their tumbles and grotesque gyrations. A jump of very modest size was used for this first contest and is still being used by beginners.

Last year's winter carnival was a much more pretentious affair. The list of entrants was almost three times as large as that of the previous winter, and a distinct advance was evident in skill of the contestants. Open and novice short and long distance races for both skiers and snow-shoers were conducted, and all were closely contested. The new ski-jump, which had been built during the fall, could not be used on account of unfavorable weather conditions. The features of the carnival were perhaps the ski-joring races, in which men on skis drive thoroughbred trotters. Three heats were held on the Main Street of the town, and the best time for the 300 yards was 43 seconds from a standing start.

During the winter trips to the neighboring heights, Greylock, Berlin Mountain, and the Dome, are the rule on Saturday afternoons. Greylock is the favorite objective and is visited by scores of students during the winter months. On week-day afternoons the ski-jump, the nearer slopes, and the more accessible heights are popular.

The club entered the present winter season with high hopes and good pros-

pects of getting the majority of the college to spend their recreation hours in the great outdoors instead of in rooms stuffy with tobacco smoke. It will co-operate with the Dartmouth Outing Club in running a combined trip up Mt. Washington, and a four-man ski-relay team will be sent to the winter carnival at Hanover this year.

Canadian colleges and universities were our predecessors in the realm of winter sports by a great many years. As a matter of fact, this was due probably as much to choice as necessity, since the long, hard winters forced outdoor play under any and all conditions. Then, too, the boys of the Dominion come to college adept in the use both of ski and of snow-shoe. It is the testimony of physical directors at Toronto, Ottawa, McGill, Queens, Ridley, McMaster, Trinity, and other seats of learning in Canada, as well as the four Provincial universities—Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and British Columbia—that winter sports have a directly beneficial effect upon physical efficiency, and that the good results of a winter in the open endure throughout the twelve months. McGill has its ski and snow-shoe club, and annually sends a team to the winter carnival at Hanover as well as to events in Canada. Those who have seen students at their winter sports at the University of British Columbia paint enthusiastic pictures of that wonderful region of Point Grey, near Vancouver, where the snow-covered mountains, the blue, icy gulf, and the wonderful valleys are not transcended by anything in Switzerland.

New Hampshire State reports an extraordinary advance in snow-shoeing and skiing. Intramural hockey and tobogganing have long characterized the long winters at Durham. There is a Snow Club at the university devoted to the development of winter meets, and while entrance of members in the various winter meets of the north has been individual, it is expected that within another year they will be sent forth under organized sanction.

THE LORD'S OWN LEVEL

A HAPPY VALLEY STORY

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHNN



HE blacksmith-shop sat huddled by the roadside at the mouth of Wolf Run—a hut of blackened boards. The roof-tree sagged from each gable down to the crazy chimney in the centre, and the smoke curled up between the clap-board shingles or, as the wind listed, out through the cracks of any wall. It was a bird-singing, light-flashing morning in spring, and Lum Chapman did things that would have set all Happy Valley to wondering. A bareheaded, yellow-haired girl rode down Wolf Run on an old nag. She was perched on a sack of corn, and she gave Lum a shy “how-dye” when she saw him through the wide door. Lum’s great forearm eased, the bellows flattened with a long, slow wheeze, and he went to the door and looked after her. Professionally he noted that one hind shoe of the old nag was loose and that the other was gone. Then he went back to his work. It would not be a busy day with Uncle Jerry at the mill—there would not be more than one or two ahead of her and her meal would soon be ground. Several times he quit work to go to the door and look down the road, and finally he saw her coming. Again she gave him a shy “how-dye,” and his eyes followed her up Wolf Run until she was out of sight.

The miracle these simple acts would have been to others was none to him. He was hardly self-conscious, much less analytical, and he went back to his work again.

A little way up that creek Lum himself lived in a log cabin, and he lived alone. This in itself was as rare as a miracle in the hills, and the reason, while clear, was still a mystery: Lum had never been known to look twice at the same woman. He was big, kind, taciturn, ox-eyed, calm. He was so good-natured that anybody could banter him, but nobody ever carried it too far, except a bully from an adjoining county one court day. Lum

picked him up bodily and dashed him to the ground so that blood gushed from his nose and he lay there bewildered, white, and still. Lum rarely went to church, and he never talked religion, politics, or neighborhood gossip. He was really thought to be quite stupid, in spite of the fact that he could make lightning calculations about crops, hogs, and cattle in his head. However, one man knew better, but he was a “furriner,” a geologist, a “rock-pecker” from the Bluegrass. To him Lum betrayed an uncanny eye in discovering coal signs and tracing them to their hidden beds, and wide and valuable knowledge of the same. Once the foreigner lost his barometer just when he was trying to locate a coal vein on the side of the mountain opposite. Two days later Lum pointed to a ravine across the valley.

“You’ll find that coal not fer from the bottom o’ that big poplar over thar.” The geologist stared, but he went across and found the coal and came back mystified.

“How’d you do it?”

Lum led him up Wolf Run. Where the vein showed by the creek-side Lum had built a little dam, and when the water ran even with the mud-covered stones he had turned the stream aside. The geologist lay down, sighted across the surface of the water, and his eye caught the base of the big poplar.

“Hit’s the Lord’s own level,” said Lum, and back he went to his work, the man looking after him and muttering:

“The Lord’s own level.”

Hardly knowing it, Lum waited for grinding day. There was the same exchange of “how-dyes” between him and the girl, going and coming, and Lum noted that the remaining hind shoe was gone from the old nag and that one of the front ones was going. This too was gone the next time she passed, and for the first time Lum spoke:

“Yo’ hoss needs shoein’.”



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"You stay hyeh with the baby," he said quietly, "an' I'll take yo' meal home."—Page 276.

"She ain't wuth it," said the girl. Two hours later, when the girl came back, Lum took up the conversation again.

"Oh, yes, she is," he drawled, and the girl slid from her sack of meal and watched him, which she could do fearlessly, for Lum never looked at her. He had never asked her name and he did not ask her now.

"I'm Jeb Mullins's gal," she said. "Pap'll be comin' 'long hyeh some day an' pay ye."

"My name's Lum—Lum Chapman."

"They calls me Marthy."

He lifted her bag to the horse's bony withers with one hand, but he did not offer to help her mount. He watched her again as she rode away, and when she looked back he turned with a queer feeling into his shop. Two days later Jeb Mullins came by.

"Whad' I owe ye?" he asked.

"Nothin'," said Lum gruffly.

The next day the old man brought down a broken plough on his shoulder, and to the same question he got the same answer:

"Nothin'." So he went back and teased Martha, who blushed when she next passed the door of the shop, and this time Lum did not go out to watch her down the road.

Sunday following, Parson Small, the circuit-rider, preached in the open-air "meetin'-house," that had the sky for a roof and blossoming rhododendron for walls, and—wonder of wonders—Lum Chapman was there. In the rear he sat, and everybody turned to look at Lum. So simple was he that the reason of his presence was soon plain, for he could no more keep his eyes from the back of Martha Mullins's yellow head than a needle could keep its point from the North Pole. The circuit-rider on his next circuit would preach the funeral services of Uncle Billy Hall, who had been dead ten years, and Uncle Billy would be draped with all the virtues that so few men have when alive and that so few lack when dead. He would marry such couples as might to marriage be inclined. There were peculiar customs in Happy Valley, and sometimes a baby might without shame be present at the wedding of its own parents. To be sure, Lum's eyes did swerve once

when the preacher spoke of marriage—swerved from where the women sat to where sat the men—to young Jake Kilburn, called Devil Jake, a name of which he was rather proud; for Martha's eyes had swerved to him too, and Jake shot back a killing glance and began twisting his black mustache.

And then the preacher told about the woman whom folks once stoned.

Lum listened dully and waited helplessly around at the end of the meeting until he saw Martha and Jake go down the road together, Martha shy and conscious and Jake the conquering daredevil that he was known to be among women. Lum went back to his cabin, cooked his dinner, and sat down in his doorway to whittle and dream.

Lum went to church no more. When Martha passed his shop, the same "how-dye" passed between them and no more. Twice the circuit-rider came and went and Martha and Devil Jake did not ask his services. A man who knew Jake's record in another county started a dark rumor which finally reached Lum and sent him after the daredevil. But Jake had fled and Lum followed him almost to the edge of the bluegrass country to find that Jake had a wife and child. He had meant to bring Jake back to his duty, but he merely beat him up, kicked him to one side of the road like a dog, and came back to his shop.

Old Jeb Mullins came by thereafter with the old nag and the sack of corn, and Lum went on doing little jobs for him for nothing, for Jeb was a skinflint, a moon-shiner, and a mean old man. He did not turn Martha out of his hut, because he was callous and because he needed her to cook and to save him work in the garden and corn-field. Martha stayed closely at home, but she was treated so kindly by some of the neighbors that once she ventured to go to church. Then she knew from the glances, whispers, and giggles of the other girls just where she stood, and she was not seen again very far from her own door. It was a long time before Lum saw her again, so long, indeed, that when at last he saw her coming down Wolf Run on a sack of corn she carried a baby in her arms. She did not look up as she approached, and when she passed she turned her head and did not speak to him. So

Lum sat where he was and waited for her to come back, and she knew he had been waiting as soon as she saw him. She felt him staring at her even when she turned her head, and she did not look up until the old nag stopped. Lum was barring the way.

"Yo' hoss needs shoein'," he said gravely, and from her lap he took the baby unafraid. Indeed, the child dimpled and smiled at him, and the little arm around his neck gave him a curious shiver that ran up the back of his head and down his spine. The shoeing was quickly done, and in absolute silence, but when they started up Wolf Run Lum went with them.

"Come by my shack a minit," he said.

The girl said nothing; that in itself would be another scandal, of course, but what was the difference what folks might say? At his cabin he reached up and lifted mother and child from the old nag, and the girl's hair brushed his cheek.

"You stay hyeh with the baby," he said quietly, "an' I'll take yo' meal home." She looked at him with mingled

trust and despair. What was the difference?

It was near sundown when Lum got back. Smoke was coming out of his rickety chimney, and the wail of an old ballad reached his ears. Singing, the girl did not hear him coming, and through the open door he saw that the room had been tidied up and that she was cooking supper. The baby was playing on the floor. She turned at the creak of his footstep on the threshold and for the first time she spoke.

"Supper'll be ready in a minit."

A few minutes later he was seated at the table alone and the girl, with the baby on one arm, was waiting on him. By and by he pushed back his chair, pulled out his pipe, and sat down in the doorway. Dusk was coming. In the shadowy depths below a wood-thrush was fluting his last notes for that day. Then for the first time each called the other by name.

"Marthy, the circuit-rider'll be 'roun' two weeks from next Sunday."

"All right, Lum."

OBLIVIO DEI

By Shane Leslie

THE Lord looked down on a Christendom of blood and lint
Seemingly sacrificed *Patri et Filio*.

He looked as sad and beautiful as a Medici print
Of Self and Sonhead *et cum Spiritu Sancto*.

There were tears like planets in the eyes of Him
And a fierceness like the sun upon His brow,
As He broke the silences of time with "Cherubim
And Seraphim, let us be done with Europe now."

Then all the slain and starvèd children of the Poles
Answered from Holy Quire, "*laus dulci Domino*."
And dead men drowned like rats or trapped like moles
In trench or tide sang, "*gloria Patri et Filio*."

The Lord spoke in His heart not merrily nor stern:
"The Vengeance which is mine be gone for devils' debt!
O Cherubim, let neither love nor anger burn!
O Seraphim, that Europe ever was—forget!"

The Lord looked back from all the murder and first-aid
Men offered up on earth to Him *et Filio*,
And smiled as though He dreamed mankind were never made
In image like to Him *et Spiritui Sancto*.

STANDARDS

BY W. C. BROWNELL

I

MEASURES OF VALUE



It is perhaps a little difficult precisely to define the term "standards," but it is happily even more superfluous than difficult because every one knows what it means. Whereas criticism deals with the rational application of principles applicable to the matter in hand, and has therefore a sufficiently delimited field of its own, standards are in different case. They belong in the realm of sense rather than in that of reason and are felt as ideal exemplars for measurement by comparison, not deduced as criteria of absolute authority. As such they arise insensibly in the mind which automatically sifts its experiences, and are not the direct result of reflection. In a word, they are the products not of philosophy but of culture, and consequently pertinent constituents of every one's intellectual baggage. And in the field of art and letters they play an especially prominent rôle because art and letters are artificial simplifications of material much less synthetized and therefore less susceptible of comparative measurement, namely nature and human life. The possession of them is equally essential to artist and public. Without standards in common it is impossible for artist and public to get together, for without them the two have no common language. Even low standards shared by each have undoubtedly a strong cementing force. Any kind of language uttered and savored constitutes a bond of solidarity—even the variety that Walpole said he used on principle because everybody understood it. A certain standard is therefore logically to be induced from even such practice as his—the elementary standard of comprehensibility. But as the instance of Walpole shows it may easily be a low one and, in considering art and letters at all events,

I shall not be expected to apologize for using the word standard to denote a quality rather than a defect, and just as when we speak of "style" we mean good style and not bad, to mean by standards high standards not low, or what is the same thing, exacting not indulgent ones. Besides, speaking practically, nobody not negligible is extravagant enough even at the present time to profess low ones as such; and those that may be considered inevitable—since the act of judging in itself implies standards of some kind—are no doubt subconscious possessions. So that we may leave both these out of the account without risk of misconception in noting as one of the really significant signs of our revolutionary and transitional time the wide disappearance of standards altogether, the contempt felt for them as conventions, the indignation aroused by them as fetters, the hatred inspired by them as tyranny.

This spirit of revolt—conceived of course as renovation by its votaries but still manifestly in the destructive stage witnessed by the fierceness of its iconoclastic zest, so much greater than its constructive concentration—is plainly confined to no one people and to no one field of activity. It is indeed so marked in the field of art and letters because it is general and because the field of art and letters is less and less a sheltered enclosure and more and more open to the winds of the world. Everybody is agreed about the character of this spirit, both those to whom it signifies the New Day of a diviner order and those who deem it a return to chaos, fatuously exultant in the efficacy of a fresh start. Any consideration of it accordingly need lose no time in groping in the vague as to its nature. Its friends and foes, exponents and censors, would probably agree that one of its main constituent traits is impatience with established standards of all sorts; but what has not perhaps been as clearly perceived is the extension of this impatience

to an inveterate hostility to standards in themselves—at least, as I have just noted, to all explicit and conscious ones. Goethe's idea of "culture conquers" has lost its value, because the new spirit involves a break with, not an evolution of, the past. In the new *belles lettres* a historical reference arouses uneasiness and a mythological allusion irritation because they are felt to be not obscure but outworn. The heart sinks with ennui at the mention of Amarillis in the shade and thrills with pleasure in imaging the imagist in the bath. The plight of the pedant in the face of such preferences as prevail arouses pity. His entire mental furniture is of a sudden outmoded. The coin may be of standard weight and fineness, it loses its currency if its design is not novel—making it, that is to say, *fiat* and irredeemable in the mart of art, sterling only in its grosser capacity. The objection is to formulations themselves as restrictions on energy. The age feels its vitality with a more exquisite consciousness than any that has preceded it. It does little else, one may say in a large view, than in one form or another express, illustrate, or celebrate this consciousness.

And every one who sympathetically "belongs" to it feels himself stanchly supported by the consensus of all it esteems. Nothing fortifies—and occludes, it may be added—like such confirmation. The militancy of the age therefore finds itself not only in possession of a perfectly definite—if mainly destructive—credo, but of a practically united and enthusiastic army. Bunyan would certainly have given the banner inscribed "Anarchy" to one of his Diablonian captains. But who now reads Bunyan—any more than Bolingbroke—or has ever read him? All the "modernist" needs to do if challenged is to follow the example of Max Müller, who replied to an opponent seeking to confute him by citing Saint Paul: "Oh! Paulus; I do not agree with Paulus." Why is it that the present age differs so radically from its predecessors in its attitude to its ancestry? Why its sudden break with, its drastic departure from, its own traditions, its light-hearted and adventurous abandonment of its heritage? Why does it so cheerily contemplate complete substitution in-

stead of, as has been the programme of revolutionaries hitherto, amelioration and advance? To compare great things with small, Christianity assimilated the antique world in transforming it. The Renaissance was manifestly not a *naissance*; the Reformation as plainly not a fresh formation. The Revolution was retrospective as well as inventive and, enriching its imagination with culture, justified its most energetic phases by the appeal to reason rather than to pure energy—which indeed it regulated radically enough. The present oklocratic expansion, modified only by concentration upon securing expansion for others and contemptuous of results achieved even to this end by any former experience, is so striking because it is in no wise a phase of traceable evolution but is so marked a variation from type.

The cause is to be found, no doubt, in the immense extension in our time of what may be called the intellectual and æsthetic electorate, in which, owing to education either imperfect or highly specialized, genuine culture has become less general; with the result that the intellect, which has standards, has lost co-operative touch with the susceptibility and the will, which have not, but whose activities are vastly more seductive as involving not only less tension, but often no tension at all. For the instinctive hostility to standards proceeds from the tension which conformity imposes both on the artist who produces and the public which appreciates. Hence the objection to standards as conventions, and to conventions as in conflict with the spontaneity which is a corollary of our energetic vitality. Conventions they certainly are, and the epithet "conventional" has doubtless earned the odium it has realized. But it is a mark of naïveté to object to conventions as such. Criticism may properly analyze them in examining their title to validity in the disputed cases with which it is a considerable part of the function of criticism to deal. But no one has heretofore maintained that there are not useful conventions. Those of the stage for instance are even necessary. Those of ornament, even structural ornament, hardly less so. In fact the foundations of the structure in the roomy upper stories of which the

artist works and the public enjoys are based on conventions tested by the application of principles by criticism and established as sound. Conventions that are standards are, in a word, not conventions merely. And the more securely and unconsciously both artist and public can rest on them without constant verification of their ready-reckoner, as Carlyle says, the less strain will there be on spontaneity of an elevated instead of an elementary order and on the appreciation of its exercise. Any one whose spontaneity is unable to find scope for its exercise in these upper stories, or is unprepared by the requisite preliminary discipline to cope with the competition he finds there, and who in consequence undertakes to reconstruct the established foundations of the splendid edifice of letters and art, will assuredly need all the vitality that even a child of the twentieth century is likely to possess.

II

THE PUBLIC

THE mutual relation existing between artist and public has always been obvious to any analysis of the origin and development of art, whose genesis plainly proceeds from the fusion of co-operation and whose growth has been governed by demand not less than by supply, since however the artist may have stimulated demand he is himself a product. It is plain, accordingly, that in the main a public gets not only, as has been remarked, the newspapers it deserves, but the art and letters it appreciates. And since every public at present is far more sensitive than ever before to the general spirit of the era without restrictions of time and place, our own is as open as any other to the prevailing cosmopolitan spirit of revolt against the accepted and the standard, with corresponding results in its letters and art. In this field we have always, perhaps, been less marked by origination than by impressionability, and no doubt our reflection of cosmopolitan influences at the present time is due to the same disposition—observable indeed now elsewhere than in this special field; in, for example, the adoption of foreign forms

of social violence without foreign justification, the tendency of our social sentimentalists, in fine, as has been observed, “not to redress a grievance but to create one.” The grievance of standards, at all events, we have taken very hard, and, owing to our ingrained individualism, have accentuated what elsewhere has been a more unified phase of a general movement by the incoherency of personal obstreperousness. This solvent has disintegrated the force as well as the decorum of our public, and made it clear that the agency of which art and letters now stand in most urgent need is a public with standards to which they may appeal and by which they may be constrained.

A detached observer must admit, however, that they seem less likely to get it than they have been heretofore, since the changes that have taken place in our own generation have been in the direction of enfeebling this public by extension and dissipating its concentrated influence by diversification. Democracy—to which, so far as art and letters are concerned, any advocate who does not conceive it as largely the spread in widest commonalty of aristocratic virtues is a traitor—has largely become a self-authenticating cult, as antagonistic as *Kultur* to culture, and many of its devotees now mainly illustrate aristocratic vices: arrogance, contemptuousness, intolerance, obscurantism. Terribly little learning is enough to incur the damnatory title of “high-brow.” The connoisseur is deemed a dilettante and the dilettante a snob, fastidiousness being conceived as necessarily affectation and not merely evincing defective sympathies but actively mean. “People desire to popularize art,” said Manet, “without perceiving that art always loses in height what it gains in breadth.” If Molière, who spoke of his *métier* as the business of making *les honnêtes gens* laugh, had only practised on his cook, which he is said to have also done, “we should perhaps have had,” observes M. André Gide, “more ‘Fourberies de Scapin’ and other ‘Monsieur de Pourceaugnacs,’ but I doubt if he would have given us ‘Le Misanthrope.’” And M. Gide continues: “These *honnêtes gens*, as Molière called them, equally removed from a court that was too rigid

and a pit that was too free, were precisely what Molière regarded as his particular public, and it was to this public that he addressed himself. The Court of Louis XIV represented formalism; the *parterre* represented naturalism; they represented *good taste*. Without the Court this society would not, I think, have been possible. And it was through this society that the admirable French tradition was so long maintained."

A public not unlike this we once had and we have it no longer. Its limitations were marked but they emphasized its existence. Its standards were narrow, but it had standards. We had a class not numerous but fairly defined, corresponding to the class Charles Sumner found in England, distinct from the nobility but possessed in abundance of serious knowledge, high accomplishment, and refined taste, the class, precisely, called by Molière *les honnêtes gens*. We have now a far larger public but a promiscuous one, in which the elements least sensitive to letters and art are disproportionately large, owing among other things to the specialization of the elective system with its consequent destruction of common intellectual interests and therefore of common standards in our higher education; and in which, owing to the spread of popular education, all standards are often swamped by the caprices of pure appetite and the demands of undisciplined desires. Rapacity is not fastidious and the kind of art and literature that satisfies its pangs shares its quality as well as responding quantitatively to its exorbitant needs.

The colleges no longer provide the community with an educated class in the sense in which they used to. They are greatly increased in number and prodigiously in size, but their graduates taken in the mass are furnished with a different equipment. There has been a marked advance in the various branches of learning conveniently to be grouped under the head of science, and there is undoubtedly much more scholarship of any and all kinds in the country than ever before. Its contributions to the literature of all subjects of study have an undoubted and new importance, increasingly recognized abroad, for example. The technical side

of the art of writing has been effectively studied and popularized so that all manner of public questions social and political are discussed not only competently but effectively by writers who as writers have no established position. The text-book literature is enormous and the volume of collateral reading allied with it correspondingly large. The vast population teaching and being taught is portentous. Summer as well as winter the round proceeds without intermission for both sexes and all ages. Art and letters never before received a tithe of the general attention now bestowed on them. Every other painter has classes, every college its art courses, every English Department its seminaries in short-story or play writing. Add the output of the common schools and the American educational conspectus becomes almost grotesquely impressive. The proportion it bears to the increase of population, however, is a qualifying consideration, the obviously superficial character of much of it is another, the encroachment of business on the professions in a rising ratio with every college class graduated, a third. Vocational training has ravaged the cloisters of the cultural disciplines. The classics have disappeared before the universal passion for preparing, as Arnold observed, "to fight the battle of life with the waiters in foreign hotels." And certainly not the least hostile influence to the cultural unification of a public thus miscellaneously educated is the absorption of its most serious elements in the various special studies whose only common bond is an indifference to general culture. If Darwin could lose his interest in poetry through devotion to natural science, it can hardly be expected that the courses which now dominate our curriculums will fail to have a similar effect, except in so far as they are less seriously pursued.

To expect literary and art standards of such a public as this—incontestably superior as it is I think, in other ways, and especially as it appears to the eye of hope!—is visionary. What does such a public ask of arts and letters? It asks sensation. Hence its exorbitant demand for novelty, which more surely than anything else satisfies the craving for sensation, and which accordingly is so generally ac-

cepted at its face value. The demand is impolitic because the supply is disproportionately small. An ounce of alcohol will give the world a new aspect, but one is supposed to be better without it if for no other reason because a little later two ounces are needed, and when the limits of capacity are reached the original staleness of things appears intensified. Undoubtedly letters and art suffer at the present time from the effort to satisfy an overstimulated appetite which only extravagance can appease. The demand is also unphilosophic because novelty is of necessity transitory and the moment it ceases to be so it is no longer novel. The epithet "different," for example, now so generally employed as the last word of laudation, we should hasten to make the most of while it lasts; some little child, like the one in Andersen's story of "The Two Cheats," is sure ere long to ask how it is synonymous with "preferable." And in losing its character novelty inevitably of course loses its charm. Nothing is more grotesque than last year's fashions. Fashions having no standards they appear in reminiscence in sharp stereotype, and following them seems stark slavery. Ceasing to be novel they disclose their lack of quality. In fine the passion for novelty blinds its victim to the distinction between intrinsic and extrinsic, which is all the more important for being elementary. It would be idle to deny the sanctions of the extrinsic, but it is obvious that in this case they are altogether subjective. If our public would once admit that the element of novelty in anything has nothing whatever to do with the value of the object, it might reflect usefully on the value of the mind that considers the object, with the result of coming to perceive on the one hand that all that can be asked of the object is to possess intrinsic value, and on the other that it is very much its own business to justify the value of its novel sensations. This may easily be below standard, like the pugnacity of the chivalrous soul who had only heard of the Crucifixion the day before.

Carlyle, reading the Scriptures while presiding at family prayers in the home of an absent friend, and encountering the line, "Is there any taste in the white of

an egg," exclaiming to the consternation of the household, "Bless my soul, I didn't know that was in Job!" exhibits a surprise of different quality from that of Emerson's small boy who, laboriously learning the alphabet and having the letter pointed out to him, exclaimed, "The devil, is that 'Z'!" It has a richer background—a background Carlyle himself needed when, announcing that he didn't consider Titian of great importance, he earned Thackeray's retort that the fact was of small importance with regard to Titian but of much with regard to Thomas Carlyle. So on those occasions, admittedly rare, when candor compels crudity to confess to culture: "I never thought of that," or "What surprises me about Shakespeare is his modernness," what culture feels is the lack of standards implied in the lack of background disclosed. "How do you manage to invent those hats," inquired a friend of the comedian Hyacinthe. "I don't invent them," replied the actor, "I keep them."

One need not be learned in its hats to value the light a knowledge of the past throws on the present. Even to despise the conventional intelligently one should know its *raison d'être*. As a matter of fact the current dislike of it is largely based on ignorance. How violate precedent with complete satisfaction without a real acquaintance with it? What wasted opportunities for iconoclastic delight, what neglected possibilities of destructive activity lie behind the veil which for the uneducated conceals the standardized tradition. If, on the other hand, any feebler apostle of the new spirit should balk at the general disposition to revolt for its own sake and maintain that mere neglect of precedent and confining oneself to the positive business of personal expression without regard to either following or defying precedent is the path to true originality, how is one to know that he is not essentially respecting, or in the case of our geniuses repeating, some masterpiece of the unvalued past. In such a case those who do know can hardly be blamed for taking a different kind of interest from his own in his self-expression. They may rank his performance intelligently, but how can he? His work may

be good but his philosophy must be false. In strict logic therefore only familiarity with the standards of achievement can justify the radical iconoclast to himself. A little general learning has come to be a useful thing in a world where from its infrequency it has ceased to be dangerous and where the thirsty drink deep but taste not the Pierian spring.

Even subjectively considered the charm of novelty has no greater claim than that of familiarity. Real value in the cause once given—without which appreciation of its novelty is valueless, since every one must acknowledge that to admire what is inferior *merely* because it is novel would lower the most elementary of standards—familiarity is as admirable a sensation as novelty. I think myself it is in better taste, but an inclination to one or the other is no doubt a matter of temperament. Old things of value newly felt and newly presented, new things of value aptly introduced, have their own abundant warrant, which it would be stupid to contest. Saint Paul relied on the Athenians' openmindedness in this respect to second his zeal for their spiritual welfare, and Saint Augustine confesses charmingly the charm he felt in the fugitive beauties of new aspects of nature. Scherer has an admirable passage in eulogy of freshness of view and expression—in high differentiation, of course, which is the whole point. No one would deny the repulsiveness of the commonplace, the trite, the fusty, or the unprofitableness of the stale and flat. In fact the clamor for novelty has itself already reached the stage at which it enters this category. But familiarity in what is admirable has an equal authentication. The richer the mind, the more it delights in associations; the more undisciplined the temper, the more it chafes at them as at best immaterial. *Toujours perdrix* contains a warning for the intellectual palate, but this organ has other sources of satisfaction than variety; for example, Alonso of Aragon's "Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, old authors to read." "What novelty," says George Eliot, "is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and *loved* because it is known?" Deprivation of it often brings out its real quality with unexpected sharpness. The

prodigal son no doubt found a solace in the old environment which had escaped the notice of his elder brother, and perhaps it is still greater experience with husks that our public chiefly needs to teach it the attractiveness of the familiar that is established—not causelessly—and wean it from the pursuit of the untried, the untested, and accordingly the problematical. At all events, by definition novelty can have no standards and consequently the love of it though it may characterize cannot constitute a public as distinct from the individuals that materially compose it. And it is so much the most prominent as fairly to seem the only common characteristic that with regard to art and letters our public possesses.

A sound philosophy, however, is no more than general culture, the desideratum of an emotional age, and it is not difficult to trace our depreciation of the former to a popular recoil from disciplined thought, in itself emotional, and of the latter to the purely emotional extension which our democratic tradition has of late so remarkably acquired. One of the results has been the wide-spread feeling that intellectual standards are undemocratic, as excluding the greenhorn and the ignoramus from sympathies extended to the sinner and the criminal—who have assuredly a different title to them, belonging at least to a different order of unfortunates. How otherwise account for the diffusion of popular discussion of literary and art as well as social and political themes among the inexpert, whose interest in them is taken as evidence of the spread of intelligence, though it is an interest which would cease if confronted by subjection to intelligent standards. The less the science of these themes is understood, the more opportunity for the *voces et praeterea nihil*, now so audible and often so eloquent in their exposition. One of the commonest of current phenomena is the emotional preoccupation of intelligent but unenriched minds, in instinctive revolt against traditional standards, with *res non judicatae*, things yet to be adjudged, reading nothing else, for example—save fiction, of course—and showing in consequence less augmentation of mental furniture than the results of prolonged emotional stimulation.

A public of which a large element feels in this way is bound to make few demands of knowledge in its artists and authors,—even in its writers of fiction! Accordingly one must admit that in the field of fiction—bewilderingly populous at the present time—our later writers, excelling in whatever way they may, nevertheless differ most noticeably from their European contemporaries in possessing less of the knowledge which is power here as elsewhere. They are certainly not less clever any more than their public is less clever than the European public. But every one is clever nowadays. We are perhaps suffering from a surfeit of cleverness, since being merely clever it is impossible to be clever enough. Our cleverness is apt to stop short of imagination and rest contentedly in invention, forgetful of Shelley's reminder that the Muses were the daughters of Memory. Columbus himself invented nothing, but the children of his discovery have imperfectly shared the ruling passion to which they owe their existence. New discoveries in life are hardly to be expected of those who take its portrayal so lightly as to neglect its existing maps and charts. And this is why our current fiction seems so experimental, so speculative, so amateur in its portrayal of life, why it seems so immature in one word, compared grade for grade with that of Europe. The contrast is as sensible in a page as in a volume in any confrontation of the two.

I know of no English short-story writer of her rank who gives me the positive delight that Miss Edna Ferber does—or did. But why should we play *all* the time? Why should we bracket O. Henry's immensely clever "expanded anecdotes," as Mrs. Gerould calls them, with the incisive cameos carved out of the very substance of life taken seriously, however limitedly, of a consummate artist like Maupassant. Such fixed stars of our fiction as Henry James and Mr. Howells are perfectly comparable with their European coevals, but I am speaking of the present day—not of the day before yesterday whose horoscope, so rapid are our changes, is already superseded. And how are we to have a standard of culture, of solidity, of intellectual seriousness, in fine, as exacting as that to

which a Swiss or a Scandinavian novelist is held, a standard to which such rather solitary writers as Mrs. Wharton in prose and Mrs. Dargan in poetry, having the requisite talent and equipment, instinctively conform, if our public is so given over to the elation of emotion as to frown impatiently on any intellectual standard of severity, or, owing to its dread of conventionality, on any common standard whatever? An enthusiastic writer, herself a poet, speaks ecstatically of "the unprecedented magnificence of this modern era, the unprecedented emotion of this changing world," as if the two were interdependent, which I dare say they are, but also as if mercurial emotion were a better thing than constancy, which is more doubtful, or as if unprecedented emotion were a good thing in itself, whereas it is probably bad for the health. Orderly evolution—which is at least spared the retesting of its exclusions—is unsatisfactory to the impatient, desirous of changing magnificence. It involves such long periods that we can hardly speak of its abruptest phases as unprecedented unless they occur as "sports," which are indeed immune from the virus of precedent. However it is quite right to talk of this changing world, and since it is so changing difficult to talk of it long—except in the language of emotion. Otherwise than emotionally one is impelled to consider its shiftings as related to the standards of what is stable, which is just what it objects to. Hence the difficulty its apostles and its critics have in getting together about it.

To assign to art and letters the work of transforming æsthetically the representative public of an era like this is to set it a task of a difficulty that would deject Don Quixote and dismay Mrs. Partington. There remains the alternative of increasing the "remnant." Of the undemocratic doctrine of the "remnant" in the social and political field I have never, myself, felt either the aptness or the attraction. The interests of people in general are not those of the remnant, and history shows how, unchecked, the remnant administers them. Except in a few fundamentals they are less matters of principle than matters of adjustment. And the attractiveness of the doctrine

must be measured by the character of the remnant itself—in our case certainly hardly worth the sacrifice of the rest of the nation to achieve. But the remnant in art and letters is another affair altogether. It cannot be too largely increased at whatever sacrifices; and the

only way in which it can be increased is by the spread of its standards. Otherwise art and letters will be deprived of the public which is their stimulus and their support and be reduced to that which subjects them to the satisfaction of stand-ardless caprice.

(To be continued.)

COMMERCIALISM IN THE THEATRE

By James L. Ford



IN the eyes of those who have been unfortunate enough to fall under the spell of what I call, in my simple, kindly fashion, the "Hoot-Owl" school of thought, in honor of a bird that flaps its wings and hoots instead of talking sense, Commercialism and the Critic of the Box-Office are the two most thoroughly discredited figures in the theatrical world. As my own slender knowledge of the stage has been derived from another school—that of experience tempered by reflection—I feel moved to say a few words in defense of these two much-maligned and but little-understood figures. For I have long since arrived at the belief that Commercialism in the theatre means a great deal more than mere money-making; that it is absolutely essential to the highest forms of dramatic art, and that the ticket-rack, on which the box-office critic writes his opinion in indelible ink, is an almost unfailing barometer, not only of popular taste but of the merit of the entertainment that lies behind it.

It was the late A. M. Palmer, one of the most distinguished managers of his day, who coined the phrase "the critic of the box-office" more than a third of a century ago, as a staggering counter-blow to the scribes who had denounced a play that the public was clamoring to see. The word Commerce and its derivatives always stood for dignity and probity in affairs until the great money-bags of the town were poured into the theatre with

lavish hands. And when the last of that money had been absorbed in the quagmire of popular indifference, there remained to the investors the satisfaction of branding the successful playhouses with the opprobrious term Commercialism.

Now I say unreservedly that every dollar that passes in through the box-office window is dedicated to the service of true dramatic art and that every dollar carried around to the back door in a bag helps to pauperize and degrade it. The greater the sums carried in through that back door to supply the deficiency indicated by the ticket-rack, the greater the danger to the American drama. For every one of those dollars paid into the box-office is a ballot cast in favor of the play at a polling-place where men, women, and children have equal rights of suffrage. Quite appropriately, too, for the stage is a democracy, designed for the masses rather than the academic classes, and the keen judgment shown by the voters frequently causes me to regret that a like intelligence is not always manifested on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

By Commercialism I do not mean gambling in doubtful plays or newly made stars, but high-class business principles, similar to those employed by the late Henry Irving, who was one of the best commercial managers this country has ever seen and, incidentally, the one who did more to raise our standard of dramatic representation than any manager of his time. Henry Irving was not only a great

actor but a great stage-manager and great business man as well. In the latter capacity he showed his genius even before he appeared on our stage by making a careful study of theatrical conditions here and of the tastes and prejudices of our playgoers. In his production of plays he spent money lavishly, and he showed his respect for his public by giving as finished a performance in the smallest town as he did on a first night in New York. In other words, he conducted his affairs like a business man of intelligence and integrity and not as a mountebank, and the public responded by paying his high-scaled prices without a murmur.

The theatrical gambler of to-day follows methods which, though distinctly uncommercial, are called Commercial by the philosophers of the "Hoot-Owl" school of thought. I do not know by what means he guesses at the value of the dramas that he produces unless it be that he "hefts" them with judicial hand after the manner of an actor "hefting" his part to see if it is a long one. I do know, however, that he places his new productions in a row like a string of race-horses and puts his money on the one that first forges ahead.

"But," cries Academic Thought, "how is the merit of a play affected by the number of persons who pay to see it? Some of the greatest books in the world have not sold well at first, and some have never sold. Some of the best pictures receive no attention whatever until the hand that painted them has ceased to work. Are not plays to be judged by the same rules?"

This brings us to the milk in the cocoa-nut. It is quite true that the value of a book is not affected by the number of its purchasers and that the merit of a picture remains the same until its colors fade, but in the theatre the audience is literally a part of the play, representing, in the opinion of experienced men, an equation of one-third. To obtain the highest artistic results in a dramatic representation it is necessary to have a paying audience that fills every portion of the theatre. It takes a Commercial manager to get this audience together. It is impossible to make benches laugh, and deadheads have but little better sense of humor than benches. It is impossible for even the wisest man-

ager to predict the popularity of a play by reading the manuscript, and it frequently happens that a finished dress rehearsal fails to give him the information he so anxiously desires. Mr. Palmer told me that once, at the close of a dress rehearsal, he said in reply to the query of one of his actors: "What do I think of this play? I think it is the worst piece of rot I have ever listened to in my life, and I believe that I am on the eve of the greatest failure of my career." That was the prejudgment of one of the most thoughtful and successful managers of his generation of a play called "Jim, the Penman," with Agnes Booth in the cast!

I asked Charles Frohman once what salary he would be willing to pay a man who could determine with absolute infallibility the drawing powers of a play by simply reading the manuscript. To this query Mr. Frohman promptly made answer: "I trust that such a man will never show himself in the business, for he would rob theatricals of the element of uncertainty which I find so fascinating, and compel me to seek some other means of livelihood."

About a third of a century ago I was present at the dress rehearsal of what I still regard as the most brilliant comic opera of our time, presented before an audience of invited guests made up of critics, managers, actors, singers, and even a few of those birds of ill-omen, theatrical costumers, who in those days used to hover about dubious theatrical enterprises like so many banshees. The first act went without a laugh, and at the close of the performance opinion was divided among those experts as to whether the next night would see complete failure or stupendous success. On every hand I saw heads wagging doubtfully and heard voices wail that the piece was "above the heads of the public." (I have yet to hear fear expressed that a piece is "below the feet of the public.") The next night I saw the same performance given before a house filled with paying spectators, who are the only persons capable of judging an entertainment, and by the time the curtain fell on the first act we all realized that "Patience" was achieving a tremendous success and was not above anybody's head. The truth was also borne in upon

me that paying spectators could laugh even if benches and deadheads could not.

And I will remark that in both these instances that I have named the ticket-rack was quick to register the verdict that neither managers nor experts could obtain for themselves.

If the Critic of the Box-Office is not to be depended on, show me a single drama that has won his approval that did not possess some very great merit, even if its faults were glaring. Boil down "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a paste-pot-and-shears version of a book that is no longer read, dealing with a theme that has ceased to vex our politics. It is a play that staggers under half a century of ridicule, but we have only to skim off its absurdities and non-essentials to find in the bottom of the retort a nugget of the pure gold of drama in the form of one of the greatest dramatic themes of all time—the selling of a man's body without selling his soul. It is not academic thought but the suffrage of a vast number of unsophisticated people that has enabled this play to bring back more actors to Broadway than any other attraction that ever went out on the road. At the risk of being called unsophisticated myself, I lift my voice in its praise. I will even go further and maintain that the introduction of the apocryphal tableau representing Little Eva and the faithful slave in heaven was a stroke of artistic and commercial genius on the part of some inventive fakir who has long since, I hope, gone to join them both in the world beyond. It was artistic because this fakir knew that the audience must be sent home happy and consoled after the sight of so much suffering. It was commercial because he wished his auditors to come again—which they did.

Another play for which the democracy has been casting its ballots for nearly half a century, as recorded on thousands of ticket-racks, is "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." Put that in the retort, and what do we find in the shape of real drama? The great, world-wide domestic tragedy of drunkenness.

To speak of entertainments of a higher order of appeal, though lacking in the power to rouse the elemental passions of simple-minded folk, I may quote the box-office criticism of "Ben-Hur" and "The

Music Master," the two great successes of recent years, both of which are still playing to enormous audiences.

"Ben-Hur" was first produced November 29, 1899, at the Broadway Theatre, in New York, and during the first eighteen weeks of its engagement the line of voters at the box-office was never broken between eight in the morning and ten at night. Up to December, 1916, the play has been presented 5,446 times to gross receipts of \$7,572,543, to an attendance of more than 11,405,400 people.

"The Music Master" was first presented in the autumn of 1904, at the Bijou Theatre, in New York, and during the twelve years that followed, although it has not been produced continuously all that time, three million auditors have paid as many dollars to see it. Three years after its first presentation it was given at the Academy of Music for four weeks, to gross receipts of \$97,967.50.

All of these entertainments are regarded by thinkers of the "Hoot-Owl" school as "mere box-office successes," for theirs is a philosophy that considers only the manager's profits and never takes into account the other side of the window where the voters stand in unbroken line waiting for a chance to register their opinions on the ticket-rack, nor the enormous amount of clean, wholesome entertainment that they have received for their money. And in that very quality of cleanliness every one of these dramas accurately reflects the taste of the American public.

I do not pretend for a moment that these audiences are made up exclusively of the so-called "educated" classes, but it is those learned in life rather than in books who really love the drama and can tell the difference between good acting and bad. Just now the academic mind is supplying us with an immense number of books dealing with the stage, and of all those that have been written since Commercialism became a crime I have read scarcely one that was not penned by the hand of ignorance. The Gospel that nearly all of them preach is that the righteous manager should produce dramas that nobody wishes to see instead of sinking into the slough of Commercialism with those that fill his theatre.

A WINTER'S TRIP TO NASSAU

By Oscar Frederick Howard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



THE water overside changed in color, after two days, from an olive green to a deep, thrilling blue, with golden patches of Gulf weed laced over the wave slopes. Flying-fish, tiny, vibrating darts of silver, snapped from the foam patches, sailed for yards, and then pattered back into that incredibly blue sea.

Then there came the sight of an emerald-green harbor, a clean sand bottom, twenty feet down, with shoals of jewel-colored fish as clearly visible from the

boat's deck as are flowers by the wayside from a carriage. Bending cocoanut-palms were strangely like their photographs, but the feel of a winter's sun soaking warmth on our shoulder-blades was a curious surprise.

There was an ugly tin-roofed customshed and a beautiful pink-walled customhouse with shutters terra-cotta color, its open door inky black in the brilliant light. Little groups of men were on the dock dressed in white clothes and speaking in the crisp accents of England. About them were a great number of negroes



*O. F. Hammond
Nassau 1916*

The tops of cocoanut-palms seem to whirl.—Page 289.

wearing ragged garments weathered into hues of quality. They were meeting the boat with two-wheeled, unpainted carts to which were harnessed, mainly with rope, the smallest, most disreputable horses in the world, or sad and drooping donkeys.

Above were the branches of strange, feathery cedar-trees; underfoot an unfamiliar sandy white earth.

For we had sailed down New York Bay and in due course arrived at Nassau in the Bahamas! The gentleman who had been asked to look out for us told the stuttering black truckman, with his absurd cart and horse, and the bowing black hack-driver where to take us, and just how much incomprehensible English currency we were going to pay them.

We were driven into shimmering white streets dotted with figures almost lost in the sunlight, save for negro necks and arms and feet. An old black woman was passed who carried two long, crooked green sticks jointed like bamboo. "That must be sugar-cane," we said together. In a shop-window at the corner were for sale two unused, new, muzzle-loading shotguns. The walls of the shop were yellow, and by its windows and doors hung blue-green shutters of heavy panelled wood. Masses of purple blossoms

hung over a beautiful sagging gate. We drove beside a thick, high wall of gray stone which had been painted with various pigments now weathered into thin washes of faded color. There was no dust and an extraordinary absence of odor. Nothing smelled at all either good or bad. Negroes suddenly seemed to have the only proper complexion. They fitted into the environment and the whites were out of color value.

We came into a house with a cool, shadowed porch completely shuttered with permanent shutters which the people there call "jalousies." Outside the open windows glared a more brilliant daylight than our summer afternoons. Against the garden wall blazed scarlet blossoms we learned to know as hibiscus. There was a new sound in the air—the shuffle of bare feet on the road outside. A trim and saucy little lizard, quite soberly clad in gray, whisked into sight by the window, ceased to move, then bowed politely three times and blew out a yellow pouch on his throat. We were duly welcomed to the edge of the tropics. Our next acquaintance was a royal palm, which grew in the garden across the way, where two rooms we hoped to occupy were being indolently whitewashed by an antique negro well

versed in lore concerning spirits. Since the Baptist missionary lived on the floor above, the old darky considered gravely that our future studio would be comparatively free from any evil spooks, but he advocated hanging an empty bottle over the door to really make things certain. Which has nothing to do with the royal palm. When we first saw it, it seemed as if the trunk must be made of concrete modelled into a stunning, great gray vase. It required close examination and fingering to realize that there were live wood fibres running under the pitted and lichen-grown surface. Even the very top seemed unnatural. Amber and purple fronds of blossoms and seeds grew at the summit of the column, and the gigantic sheath from which the swaying leaves sprouted was apparently an artificial, dyed green.

Nassau is an old town on a small island called New Providence, one of a multi-

tudinous spatter of reef-bordered islands named the Bahamas. The archipelago is strung around the northwestern boundaries of the Spanish Main. Stand on a hill behind the town, and its gray-shingled or red roofs show through unfamiliar textures of deep-green foliage. The tops of cocoanut-palms seem to whirl against an emerald-green harbor where rise the slim masts of many ships. Across the bay is a narrow island, its gray-green length running along almost to meet another island, and so on as far as the eye can see to the northeast. Beyond the islands is the deep-blue ocean and above the horizon a sky of lavender. Spaniards and Englishmen fought for Nassau. It was once captured by Americans. Pirates controlled it utterly for a time. Wreckers piled their ships on the purple sea-fans of its reefs. At one period the town was wealthy. That was when the blockade-runners of our Civil War piled cotton on its wharves



C. F. Howard
Nassau 1916

Gardens are usually walled to the edge of the walks and on every street are beautiful, graceful gates.—Page 290.

higher than the roofs of the pink-walled warehouses which now handle long brown rows of sponges from the out-island mud-flats, tawny bundles of sisal for rope manufacture, and, since German dyes are scarce, some logwood.

In the winter portions of the town are given over to two big hotels, where the

or fireplaces, and the porches are entirely shuttered. Frequently the house walls are of smooth stone painted with bright colors. Gardens are usually walled to the edge of the walks and on every street are beautiful, graceful gates. Inside the gardens the fruits we were accustomed to associate only with grocers' windows and



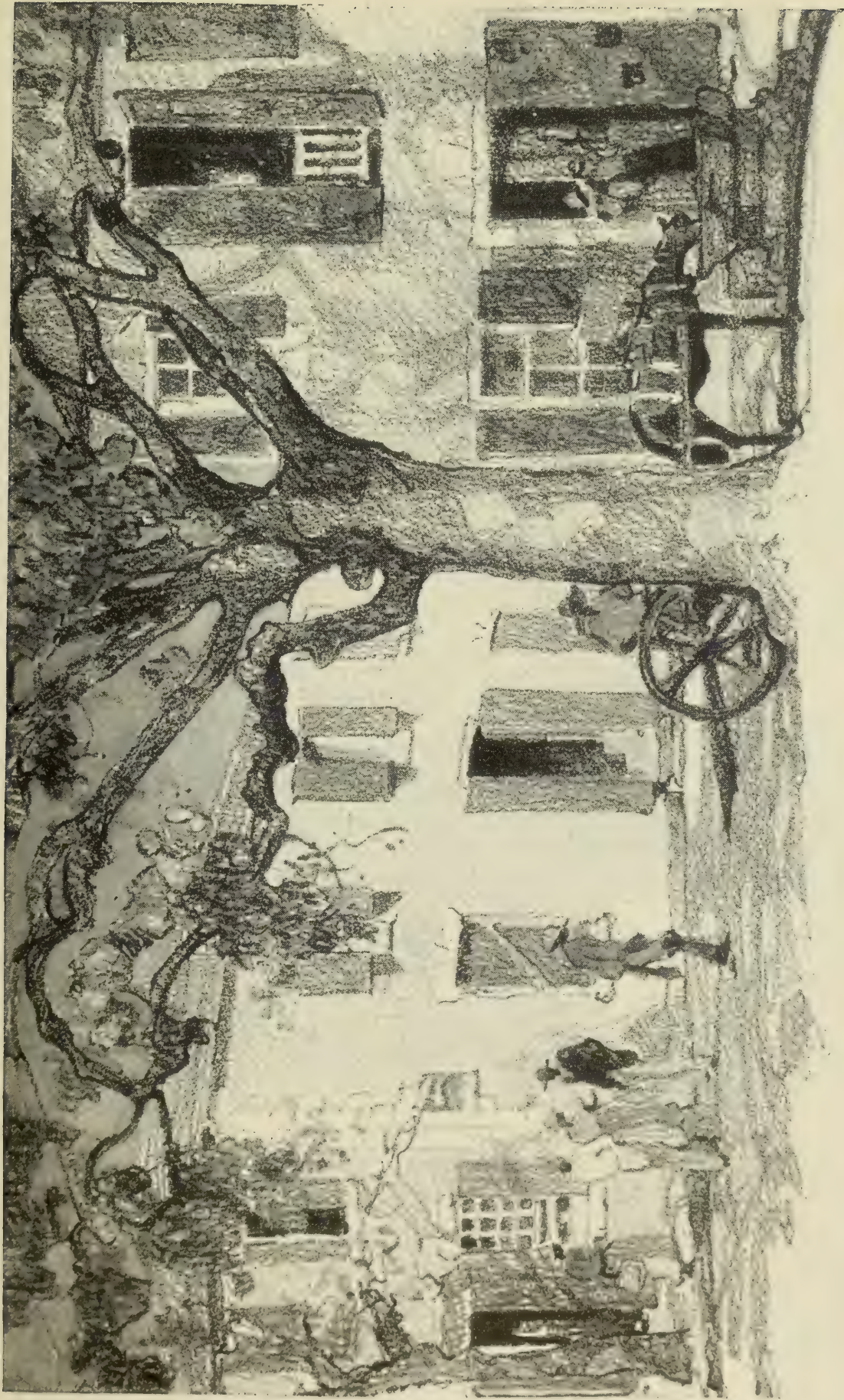
Tying bundles of sisal on the docks.

Northern visitors can find tennis-courts, screened by cactus and vine hedges, thirty feet high, grown almost in a single year.

The chic metal tea-tables of French type with their striped umbrellas are set under palms and papaw-trees. Golf tournaments, polo matches, and horse-races take place. Each day there is surf bathing on a white beach of coral sand. Big game-fish are caught in the deep water and smart yachts crowd the native "flats" in the harbor.

Despite these things Nassau remains much as it was, sleepy, foreign, unspoiled. There are many old houses like the ones in New England which we call colonial. They have the small-paned windows with panelled wooden shutters but no chimneys

wooden boxes hang golden and shining in the dark trees. Broad, ragged banana leaves reach over the walls into the streets. There are shrubs with bright-red leaves and vines with splendid masses of blossoms. Where there are flowers come the humming-birds, and they are as impertinent as English sparrows are with us. They perch unconcernedly at hand, scolding an intruder as a red squirrel scolds. Over the ground, on the walls, among the branches scuttle the many and harmless little lizards. Some are brown, some are gray, some have blue tails; a very few are bright, bright green. They like to be whistled at, and they will sit and cock an amused eye and a smiling mouth at the musician.



*Old Sleepy Bay
New Zealand 1916*

On sunny, sleepy Bay Street.—Page 292.



The ancient . . . tree under which Blackbeard . . . held barbaric court.

The white inhabitants, as a general rule, have a charming manner of receiving a questioner. They will converse with him for a morning, run over half the town to introduce him to some one better informed on the initial question, and at the close of the day the flattered and thoroughly entertained visitor becomes dazedly conscious that the information he began to seek just after breakfast is still unobtained at tea time.

On sunny, sleepy Bay Street, with its colorful walls and brightly painted shop-shutters, are gnarled and knobbed trees at odd places just off the centre of the white road. Negroes carrying weird fish and fruits from the market stroll and gossip in the shadows. On Bay Street are the yellow buildings where Nassau's tiny Parliament meets in careful imitation of the ritual of that body which sits beside the Thames in London. Behind these buildings is the ancient silk cotton-tree under which Blackbeard, the pirate, is said to have held barbaric court. That picturesque sea-assassin chose a regal site. The roots of his tree rise from ground to

trunk in great wavering buttresses as high as an elephant's back. They are elephant-colored and wrinkled as in the hide of that beast. The tremendous gray and twisted limbs spread for yards. Law and order eliminated Blackbeard, and now, between dances, the hotel guests walk by moonlight on a porch built over the place where twelve of his cutlass-swingers were hung by the neck in a row. The pirates left some tangible traces behind, according to a current story about a lone, mysterious man who sails every now and then into an out-island harbor, always at night, from no one knows where. He buys a stock of tobacco and groceries, paying with heavy gold pieces of Spanish coins. At night again he and his boat depart for the unknown destination.

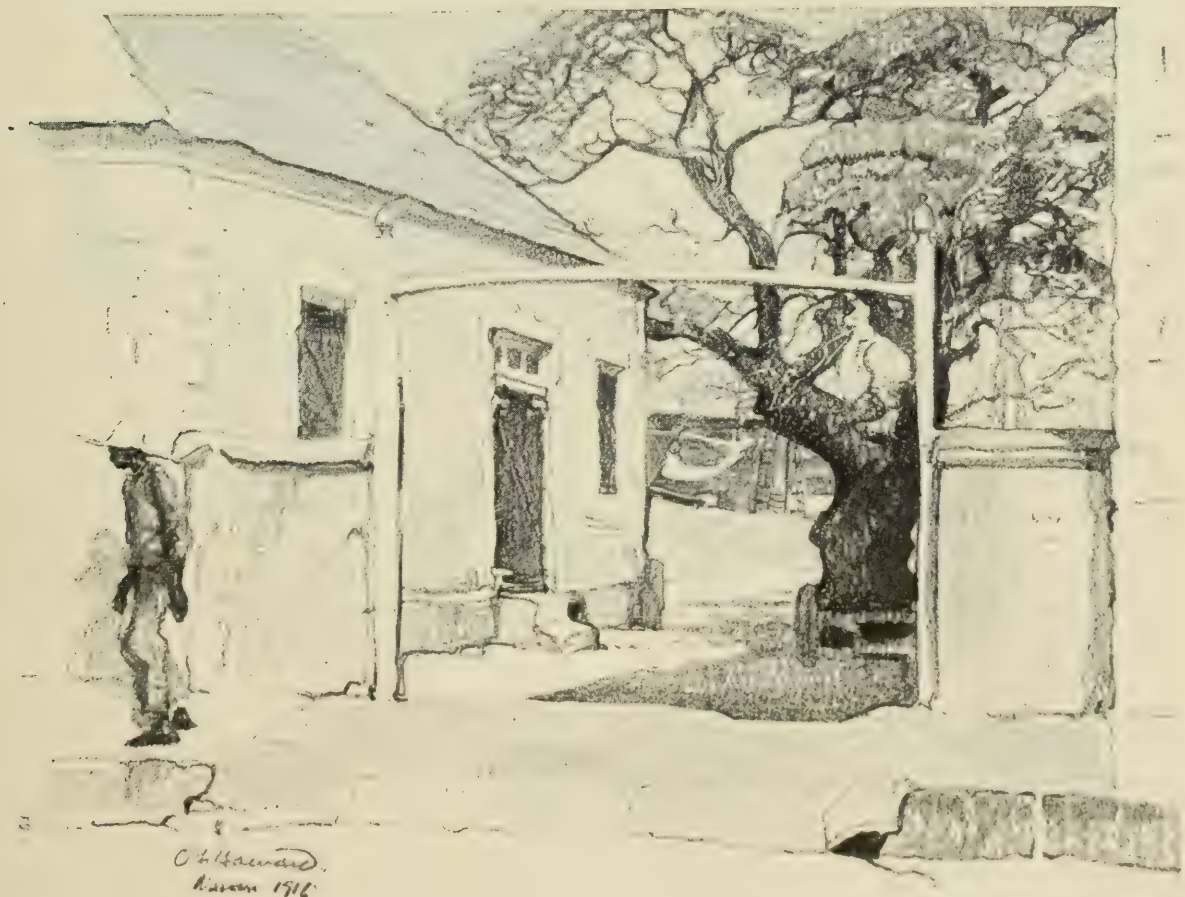
The Great War reaches over to touch Nassau. At least one mother has lost a son in the Low Countries. Every English family has friends or relatives at the front, and they watch for the tardy, stale news mails from distant England with impatience and apprehension. Their social activities are limited to Red Cross ba-

zaars and benefits. Tired workers glean surprising sums from the small population. Knitting and bandage-making are constant. Three times the cruiser *Sydney* made the port for shore leave—once at Christmas, at the special request of the enlisted men who had been competently entertained during the previous visit. We saw them the morning after Christmas when the bluejackets gathered to take the tender. They arrived in high state and ceremony, driven in hacks and donkey-carts, in wheeled boxes drawn by goats and attended by a flock of nearly hysterical negroes. It was a stormy morning, but the young officer in charge fought with his facial expressions and gravely bundled his men into the plunging tender. They smashed through a real surf on the bar out to the anchored sea-fighter. Next day the *Sydney's* crew proudly showed the townfolk patches on the turrets where the *Emden's* shells had struck at Cocos Island.

Three contingents of negro volunteers have been sent from the Bahamas to

Jamaica for training, and we heard that the Bishop of Nassau had kindly offered his yacht, the *Message of Peace*, for the voyage.

At the down-hill end of each cross street is a glimpse of the harbor, nearly always framed by the pink walls. It is a flash of blue-green water, as brilliant and living a spot of color as the metallic, burnished cuirass of some beetle or the feathers of a tropical bird in sunlight. Weeds on the bottom streak the emerald-green surface with purple. The time of day, the force of the wind, or cloud shadows may slightly change the color of the jewelled water, but it is a continuous, amazing delight and a lure to the docks and the water-front. There the out-island boats with stripings of crude color, the spongers, and the fishermen are packed in bobbing, swaying rows along the smooth stone wharfs. Five or six negroes man the boats. They always have a charcoal stove amidships, a tangle of apparently half-rotted rope and canvas, a dog, a chicken tied by one foot,



At the down-hill end of each cross street is a glimpse of the harbor.

and frequently a sleeping pig. They bring their women to Nassau from distant islands for shopping, where, clothed in newest garments of pinks and blues and lavenders, they giggle and gossip among the lifting, snapping stern-lines on the docks. It would seem as if ordinary seafarers would drown in a day's cruise on one of those boats, but the black sailors of Nassau are either able seamen or they are not particularly wanted on the other side of the Styx, for they take long voyages over dangerous waters, losing few men year in and year out.

The fishing-boats have bulkheads where the catch is kept alive. In the shadowy holds swim great dark groupers, silver-sided margate-fish, and a few of the fire-bright, weirdly shaped reef-dwellers of the tropics.

Each time we went to the dock where our sedate, fat motor-boat was anchored it was almost a shock to see that familiar form in the garish green water. Our little boat seemed almost naked, with her small propeller, anchor rope, and the clinging anchor itself visible as though a detailed drawing had been made to show how she was moored. One of the native yawls docked alongside with sugar-cane, fruit, and big yellow baskets on her decks.

Day after day we went reef-fishing, running along the protected water behind Hog Island, where it seemed as if we were continually about to go aground on the white sand bottom even after we came to know that the water was from ten to twenty feet deep. We got our bait for reef-fishing at the market door—large live shell-fish called conch, the polished shell of which is still sometimes seen as a trophy in country parlors.

The negroes have a trick of clipping with an axe around the top coils of the shell, so that the entire beast may be corkscrewed out on the innermost turn of his pink labyrinth. He comes forth a large white chunk of tough meat acceptable to most fish raw, but he can be cooked by Nassau cooks into highly desirable food for man.

Each of us would grab a water-glass, an ordinary wooden bucket with a glass bottom, and bait his personal style of fishing-tackle. Every one leaned over the

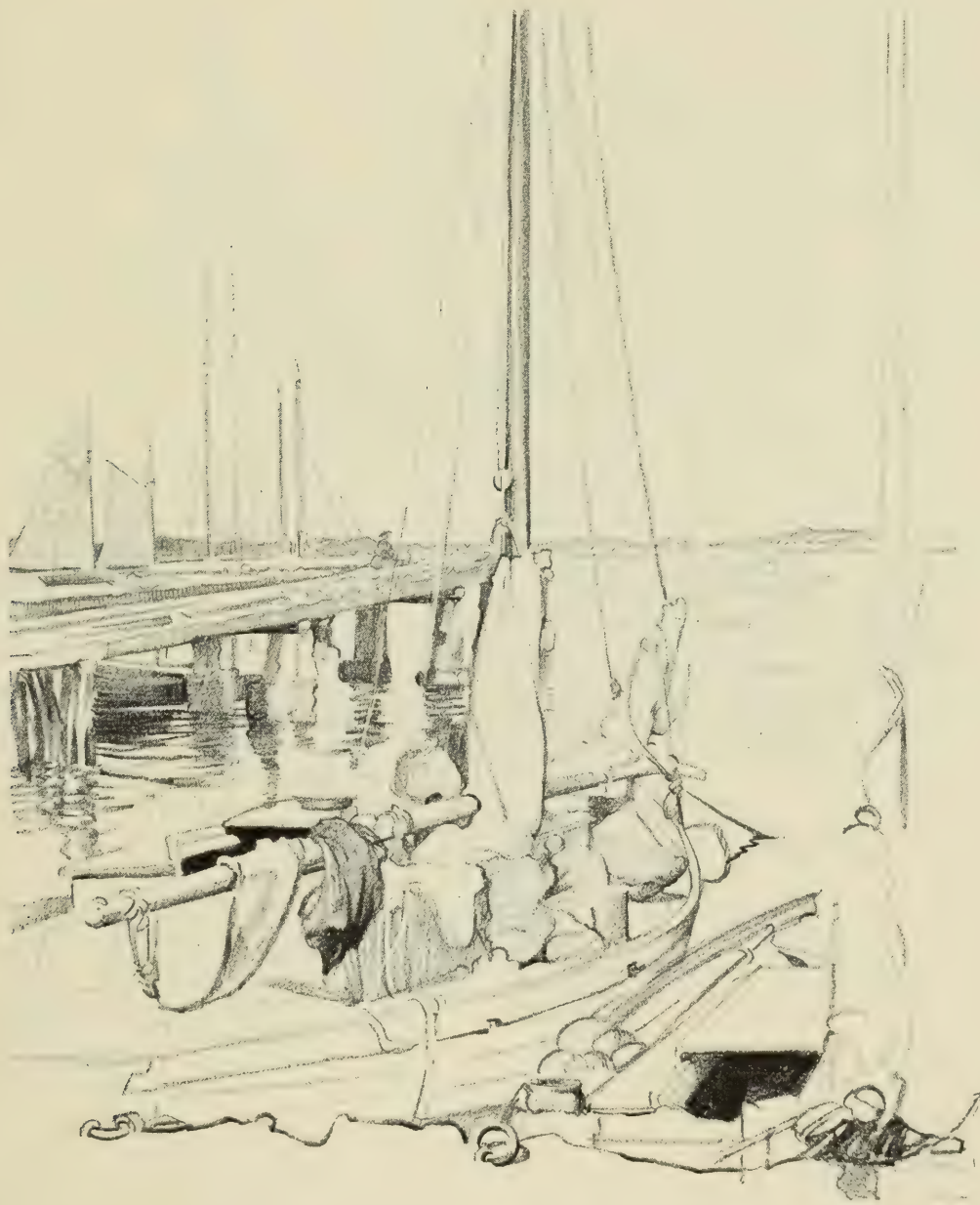
side, and the next moment produced either concentrated silence or shrieks and cries of excitement. The water-glass eliminates all the surface movement of the water, and at depths of about thirty feet the bottom is revealed with the same distinctness one sees glass and silverware on a dining-table.

It was a world of grottos and caverns in rocks of amber, gray, and gold, bordered with stretches of silver sand on which were black pompoms of sea-eggs. Sparkling sunlight and sharp-cast shadows existed there, and the distances were lost in a mist of pale peacock-blue. Twigs and knobs of bright yellow, spots of scarlet, bare branches or soft feathers of living growths hung over the caverns, and from the sides and tops of the rocks spread the yellow and purple laces of the sea-fans waving in the sea-winds—the tide currents. Through this colorful world moved fish—fish of such gorgeous hues and splendid stripings that they paled the brightest corals. There were shoals of tiny yellow fish and silver fish, little chaps with blue-green heads, two purple bands behind the gills, a yellow-green body, the fins and tail of purple and Prussian blue. Small scarlet fish with enormous dark eyes and very decorative fins rushed at the baits from holes in the rock. Sometimes there might be parrot-fish of solid living turquoise or rainbow parrots all iridescent, broken color. Sometimes two tang would sail into the reef, one a deep blue and the other a ghostly moonlight blue. Spanish angels were narrow, broad-sided fish half jet-black, half blazing orange. Black angels had a wonderful dusky scale pattern and light-yellow fins. One kind was lemon yellow with black stripes. Each day's fishing or each different reef showed some new beauty or some weird marine specimen for which we would eagerly begin to fish. Able to see every move they made, we would shake the bait away from the familiar or the small kinds and wait and long for particular ones we wanted to bite—just one good bite.

It was not as easy fishing as it sounds, for many of the queerest ones bit very tentatively and nearly all the gorgeous ones had very tiny mouths. They would nibble but not take in the hook. We

caught a big Scotch porgie. He had overgrown scales laid out in a plaid of red and gray. We also caught an octopus—for a short time. Something flashed through the water and sat on the bait at the bottom. We hauled in rapidly and the two-

gold. They had large, triangular-shaped mouths full of formidable teeth, the coldest, wickedest eyes on earth and a disposition to match. If there was one living near where a bait was dropped he always appeared and steadily curled and coiled



The market wharf and fishing-boats.

foot arms of a clinging octopus reached over the edge of the boat. He squirted water at us and squatted glaring on the deck, but when we tried to put him in a bucket he let go, and with astonishing speed slid overside. We caught plenty of morays, big green eels from two feet to four feet long speckled with black and

and glided for the hook in a gorgeously beautiful, deadly advance. If you had a wire leader you got him; otherwise he made off with the hook. They were a snapping, dangerous bundle of trouble when they came aboard, capable of tearing ribbons of flesh from your finger and quite anxious to try.

For two months we hunted for sharks. We cruised in deep water. We fished the harbor by moonlight when the harbor was supposed to be full of sharks travelling up to the slaughter-house dock. Under the tropical moon the bottom of the channel could be mysteriously seen with roving

tide race about four hundred yards wide between Hog Island and Athol Island. To us it came to mean the cocoanut grove and half-moon beach at the end of Hog Island where we pitched our tents and lived.

There were orange groves, strange,



Through this colorful world moved . . . fish of . . . gorgeous hues.—Page 294.

young barracuda slashing at our live bait. On the near-by boats the negroes were still awake, singing and chuckling over their ruddy charcoal fires. We caught two small barracuda, aggressive, pike-like fish which even scientific writers call the "wolf of the sea." Hour after hour passed by but no sharks.

It was not until we went camping for the second time at the Narrows that we really caught a shark. The Narrows was the best place we found near Nassau. In local reference the name referred to the

spiky bushes, and cacti. Little brown tobacco doves bobbed and fluttered down the sunny paths between the trees. Continuously, in the wind, the cocoanut leaves over our tents made water music. Sometimes they sounded like the chuckle and gurgle of a stream, again like the steady thrash of drenching rain on hard ground. The white beach was soft to the skin. It had exactly the smooth texture of corn-meal, and the clear water was always the right temperature for a swim.

Early in the morning the fishing-boats

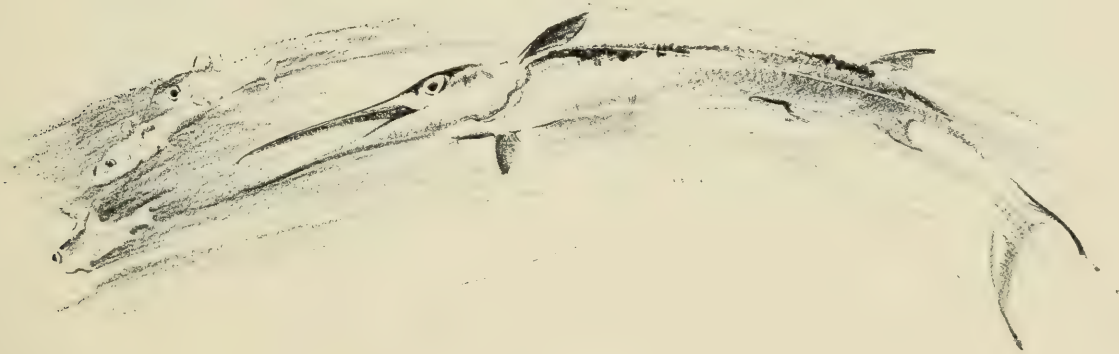
with their dark, weathered sails rounded the island and, single file, disappeared for distant reefs. They returned in the evening with their charcoal cooking-fires burning and a wreath of smoke blown across the mast. Otherwise there was no sign of neighboring habitations.

We took our boat between the islands one moonlight night and anchored with a big moray out on the shark hook. At last that unsuccessful line began to move and the slack sneaked out over the decks and into the water. We struck and something objected at the other end, something very much alive and quite strong. It was not much of a struggle, however, before we hauled a gray shape to the boat and saw an eye gleam red under the light of lantern. But it was a real shark with the wicked mouth, rough, sand-paper skin, and beautifully designed fins that finally flopped about in our cockpit. A good-size fish but not much of a shark, only three feet long, so we set the line again and waited. Shortly there was another bite. Here was the fish we had been waiting to feel. Solid bulk and weight were behind that pull. We never saw him. Our bait came back unscratched. He had never been hooked and just let go when his obstinacy turned to fear.

We caught some big hound fish. They have beaks like a crane with needle-sharp teeth of verdigris green studded the entire length. Ours were over three feet long and they jumped again and again, fighting the bending rod, slim curves of silver, green, and brilliant peacock-blue.

I might tell you about "Bill," who was a deep-sea turbot of wonderful shape and color who lived on the harbor bar where we fished in quiet weather. He always came to our baits, rolling a large eye on one broad side up at us peering through the buckets. We could see his absurdly small mouth close over the bait, but we could never hook him.

I might continue about the Spanish mackerel we caught and the enormous jewfish we saw in a rock cavern there, but things must come to an end. One day we found ourselves back on the deck of the boat which was to take us away from Nassau, and we thought of all the nice people who had given us their tea and their friendship, and we thought of the white sunny streets and of the wind in the cocoanut-palms. I looked overside to see swimming, in the place I had hunted a dozen times, the very shark I had hoped to catch from my little boat. He must have been twenty feet long.





A DIDACTIC POEM TO DEBORAH

By Aline Kilmer

ILLUSTRATION BY ELENORE PLAISTED ABBOTT

DEBORAH, dear, when you are old,
Tired, and gray, with pallid brow,
Where will you put the blue and gold
And radiant rose that tint you now?

You are so fair, so gay, so sweet!
How can I bear to watch you grow,
Knowing that soon those twinkling feet
Must go the ways all children go!

Deborah, put the blue and gold
And rosy beauty that is you
Into your heart, that it may hold
Beauty to last your whole life through.

Then, though the world be tossed and torn,
Grayer than ashes, and as sad;
Though fate may make your ways forlorn
Deborah, dear, you shall be glad.

PHARZY

BY ARMISTEAD C. GORDON

Author of "Maje," "Ommirandy," etc.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY WALTER BIGGS



THE night had been a cold one, and Uncle Jonas noted the hoarfrost on the fallen autumn leaves beneath the aspen-trees. It was the first sharp snap of November, whose approach the old man was accustomed to regard with disfavor.

"De winter-time most in gennul give me a pain in de j'int's an' miz'ry in de back," he would say to Janey as he sat in the chimney-corner of her cabin at Old Town and toasted the flat soles of his uncovered feet at the crackling wood-fire.

But on this crisp autumn morning he appeared oblivious of the aches which the season was used to bring to his ancient bones, and he moved with what seemed to his daughter an unwonted alacrity.

"What dat you gwi' do, daddy?" she queried as she saw him go to the cupboard and take from it an old hammer and a small package wrapped in coarse brown paper.

"I borried dis here hammer yistiddy f'om Simon, which I got him ter saw dem bodes inter de right shape an' len'th dat's settin' outside by de do'," he replied.

He removed the wrapping-paper from the bundle and disclosed a handful of small new nails.

"Dat white man at Yellowley's sto' over yonder gimme dese here nails fur totin' a bun'le down to de wharf fur him. I done got all de contraptions fur ter do de job," he said.

Janey paused in her domestic task of cleaning the broken-legged spider that habitually stood on the hearth, propped up on a worn brickbat, and asked:

"Is you gwi' buil' a house?"

"I gwi' do sump'n mo'n dat," he replied. "De boy is done got weaned f'om his Ommirandy; an' now I gwi' eddicate him. I gwi' l'arn him 'bout hist'ry an' 'bout all dem things what ole mars useter tell me 'bout befo' de war an' endurin' o' de war, which ole mars' pa been tell him, 'bout Mars' George Washin'ton an'

Gennul Light-Hoss. De chile got ter know 'bout 'em, an' M'randy ain't nuver gwi' l'arn 'em ter him. She ign'unt. I gwi' eddicate him."

Janey looked at her parent with admiring regard.

Uncle Jonas peered through the little window at the early morning sun, as if estimating its distance above the horizon. Then he went to the front door of the cabin and opened it, letting in the cool morning air. He paused on the threshold, gazing up the road in the direction of the Great House.

"Dar he come now!" he exclaimed. "He done riz early out'n his warm little bed."

Janey, though conscious that her father's remarks could indicate the approach of no other than Little Mr. William, with feminine curiosity went and stood beside him in the doorway, holding the damp dish-rag in her hand.

"Come along, son! come along!" exclaimed the old man cheerily as he went out to meet the little boy. "Evvything is done good. 'n' ready. De bodes is med-jered an' sawed. De do' is done made. De trigger gwi' soon be sot. All I got fur ter do is jes' ter fit 'em all in one wid de t'other an' put in de nails."

He walked around the house, with the little boy following him, to where the ash-hopper stood near the chimney.

"I eben is got de two sawhorses," he said proudly.

The November sunlight shone brilliantly upon the spot that the old man had chosen.

"Now you set down dar on de een o' dat piece o' scantlin' what stick out o' de flatforn, which dat ash-hopper is restin' on it. I spec' Simon must 'a' lef' dat scantlin' dar careenin' out o' dat ash-hopper fur you ter set on it whence he built de hopper. Janey she ain't got much ashes in dat hopper yit fur ter make her lye fur de saf' soap what she keeps in her godes ter wash my shirts wid; an' so, ef

you upsets de hopper wid yo' mighty weight, de ashes ain't gwi' drownd you, eben ef dey duz come out on top o' you."

He chuckled at his own humor, and the little boy laughed.

Then the old man picked up some of the boards and began to fashion them into an oblong box, which Little Mr. William regarded with evident disappointment.

"I thought you said it was going to be a gum," he commented as he saw the thing take shape under Uncle Jonas's energetic hammering.

"Dat what it gwine ter be, honey, dat what it gwine ter be. You see, dese here fo' bodes is j'ined tergether, an' dis here little piece is de piece what comes at de back o' de gum fer ter keep de rabbit f'om gittin' th'oo. Den dis here do', which de nail is in de top of it, fur ter fasten it ter de beam, it slides up an' down betwix' dese here two front pieces, dis-a-way. Den dar's dis here forky stick, which it stan's up in dis hole in de middle o' de top bode; an' den de beam across de forky stick is fasten' ter de trigger, which it goes down inter dis here t'other hole further back in de top o' de gum, behime de forky stick, so dat de rabbit run agin it when he creep inter de gum fur de apple what we gwi' put in dar fur him an' fling de do' down."

"But that isn't a gum," persisted Little Mr. William. "I thought it was going to be made out of a hollow tree."

"Dat what dey useter make 'em out'n, son, when me an' yo' gran'pa was boys," said Uncle Jonas, "but dat is been a long time whence, an' de trees dey don't grow hollow no mo' now. Lots o' things is done change sence dem ole times; an' so we-all has ter nail some planks up dis-a-way fur ter make dese here rabbit-gums nowadays. Dat de same way we duz wid bee-gums. You don't see no gums made out o' no hollow trees what de bees makes dey honey in, up yonder at de Gre't House, in yo' ma's gyarden, which you eats it on yo' hot baddy-cakes mos' evvy mornin' fur breakfus'. Duz you?"

The little boy had to confess that the bee-gums were all constructed of plank.

The old man went on: "It's gwine ter do de work, son, it's gwine ter do it. A rabbit gwi' walk inter dis very gum 'fo' daybreak."

His companion's assurance mollified

Little Mr. William, who stood looking on until the trap was completed.

"Ef we jes' could 'a' had it made an' sot lars' night," said Uncle Jonas, pausing in his work, "we'd 'a' sho' kotch one. Jack Fros' is a-trabbelin' 'roun' dese nights purty sevig'rous, an' Jack Fros' an' dem rabbits always trabbels tergether. Den dey's likewise out, cole weather like dis, a-lookin' fur dey rabbit terbacker, which it is dis here life-eberlastin' dat grows in de ole fiel's on de aidge o' de broom-swadge patches an' gits ripe 'long o' dis season o' de year. You been seen it, ain't you, honey?"

Little Mr. William was familiar with the life-everlasting, the fragrant immortelle of the country fields. He associated it in his childish thought with the dried lavender from the Kingsmill garden that Ommirandy would put among the clothes in his mother's bureau.

"An' ter-night is gwine ter be a fine night fur 'em," the old man rambled on. "Jes' look up dar at dat chimbly smoke. Duz you see whar it's gwine?"

The little boy looked up and saw a stream of blue smoke ascending straight up out of the chimney from Janey's replenished fire. He did not know that she was cooking ginger-cakes for him.

"When dat smoke go right on up inter de elements like dat," continued Uncle Jonas, "dat's a sho' sign it gwine ter be a cl'ar day ter-day an' a cl'ar night ter-night, an' dey ain't gwi' be no fallin' weather. Mo' 'n dat, dey's a full moon dese nights, an' dat what Jack Fros' an' rabbits loves. Dey gwi' be dat hongry ter-night, dem rabbits is, dat you cudden head 'em off f'om seekin' de apple we gwi' put in dis gum eben ef you was ter hit 'em wid a meat-axe."

This suggestion delighted the little boy immensely.

"Den Jack Fros', he gwi' be settin' right up on top o' de gum, behime de trigger, watchin' de rabbit go in dar fur ter git his meal's vittles."

The old man put the two sawhorses near each other and placed the finished box on them. Then he showed Little Mr. William how to set the trap.

"De place fur ter put it," he said, "is in a fence cornder, nigh on ter de bottom rail, whar dey is a rabbit-parf. De rabbits dey always blazes out dey parf th'oo

de bottom fence rail. Dey nibbles an' gnyaws de rail, an' when you see de gnyawed place, ef you look close you likewise sees de little rabbit-parf, which dey done make it, comin' up ter de fence. Dey marks dey way th'oo de fence, jes' like dem folks in de ole times, what yo' gran'pa been tell me 'bout, mark dat long road, which dey call it de Three Chop Road, out o' Richmon' plum up beyond Looeezy County. Dem folks mark de trees 'long dat road wid three chops in de tree wid a hatchet, which dey call it de Three Chop Road. Is you been heard 'bout dat road, honey?"

Little Mr. William had never heard of the historic Three Chop Road.

"I knowed it!" exclaimed the old man triumphantly. "I jes' knowed it! Yo' Ommirandy ain't got no eddication 'bout hist'ry an' things, like ole mars' tell me. Dat howcome I ax you dat queshtun."

He seated himself in the sweet winter sunshine on one of the sawhorses, and, taking out his short-stemmed corn-cob pipe, filled it with crumbled homespun tobacco from his pocket.

"Janey, you fetch me a live coal off'n de h'a'th!" he called loudly; and in a few moments his daughter brought him out a glowing ember in the long-handled iron shovel.

Little Mr. William was charmed to see Uncle Jonas pick up the coal with a deft, swift movement of his fingers and lay it on the bowl of his pipe.

"Uncle Jonas," he said gleefully, "you must be a salamander."

His mother had been reading to him the day before a story in which salamanders and griffins and unicorns had been the leading figures.

The old man took his pipe from his mouth and looked at the little boy with simulated sternness.

"Sally who?" he asked in a deep voice.

"Salamander," explained Little Mr. William. "It was an animal that could live in the fire."

"Looky here, son," said Uncle Jonas, "I thought you was callin' me some 'oman ur 'nother, an' I warn't gwi' stan' fur dat. Ef you calls me a creetur ur a varmint, dat's another thing. But I ain't no Sally-nothin'. I jes' yo' Unc' Jonas what worked fur yo' gran'pa."

He puffed vigorously for a few mo-

ments at his pipe while the little boy sat silent.

Then the old man began to sing in a low, crooning voice:

"Ez I was a gwine down de Three Chop Road,
I meets Mr. Ficklen an' Mr. Ford,
An' evvy time Mr. Ford 'ud sing
Mr. Ficklen cut de pidgin wing,
Run, nigger, run! De patter-roller ketch you!
Patter-roller ketch you 'fo' de break o' day!"

He paused and, sucking his pipe, blew out a volume of smoke.

"You say you ain't nuvver been heard about dat road?" he queried again.

"Well! well! Yo' Ommirandy is sho' ign'unt."

"What is a patter-roller, Uncle Jonas?" asked Little Mr. William. "Is he a creetur or a varmint?"

The old man blew another cloud of smoke from his mouth and rolled his eyes.

"Daddy, you gwi' freeze dat chile, keepin' him out dar in de cole," said the kindly Janey, who had again emerged from the cabin to look after the welfare of the little boy.

"You go on back in de house an' ten' ter wimmen folks' biz'ness," said the old man tartly. "We's men. We's talk-in' 'bout things dat's eddication things, which dey don't consarn wimmen folks—nuther you nur M'randy."

The discomfited Janey disappeared and the old man said to Little Mr. William:

"Dem patter-rollers was sump'n' what chase good-fur-nothin' niggers o' nights whence dey was traipsin' an' trampoosin' 'roun' whar dey ain't got no biz'ness. Dem patter-rollers warn't like Pharzy. Dey ain't nuver got kotch. Dey jes' ketches."

"Did you ever see one, Uncle Jonas?" asked Little Mr. William with an excited hesitation whether his query should be of the patter-roller or of Pharzy.

"Nor, son, I ain't nuver seed 'em. I jes' been heard tell on 'em. Dey warn't none of 'em along dis here ribber in de ole days. Dey live down Souf. I been hear ole mars' talk 'bout 'em. Ole mars' say his niggers kin go whar dey damn please, day ur night, jes' so dey gwi' be in de fiel's by mornin'. He got conference in 'em an' dey got conference in him. An' dey went whar dey please, too, night ur day, ole mars' niggers did."

"But what I was gwine ter tell you was 'bout de Lord's Cornwallis and Mr. Francisker an' de Three Chop Road, which yo' gran'pa is been tell it ter me befo' de war."

He paused impressively, while the little boy regarded him with eager anticipation.

"Dat road is a road," he resumed, "which ole mars' useter talk 'bout it in dem days, dat it was a road de great men o' de yearth trabbel on fur ter git out o' Richmon' one time, sebral hunnerd years ago, when de Lord's Cornwallis was a-chasin' of 'em. He was a-chasin' of 'em out o' de legislation, an' whilst an' endurin' of his chasin' of 'em he run up agin Mr. Peter Francisker.

"Mr. Peter Francisker, ole mars' say, was big as de giant what David slunk de rock at, which mis' useter read ter de niggers 'bout in de loom-room out'n de Book, what hit him betwix' de here an' de here-after an' put his chunk out. Ole mars' say dat when de Lord's Cornwallis come along up de Three Chop Road, out o' Richmon', a-chasin' o' de great men o' de yearth, like de debbil beatin' tan-bark, Mr. Peter Francisker, he jes' step' out o' his gyarden, which it lay 'longsides o' dat road, whar he was diggin' his crop o' early pertaters, an' he walk over his palin' fence, he did, an' den an' dar he retch out, an' he ketch de Lord's Cornwallis by de nap o' his neck, an' he shuk him, like a fice-tarripin shake one o' dese here rats in yo' ma's smoke-'ouse, which de King's Harnt lives in it. An' darupon de Lord's Cornwallis was mighty nigh onter skeered ter death when Mr. Francisker shuk him; an' he turn 'roun' an' he run down de Three Chop Road 'twel he git plum back inter Richmon'. An' he ain't nuvver come out o' Richmon' no mo'. He dar yit, unter dis very day. Dat what ole mars' say his pa tole him.

"An' all de time de great men o' de yearth dey was up de Three Chop Road, a-hollin' an' a-larfin', fit ter kill deyselves, at de Lord's Cornwallis runnin' back. Dat de way yo' gran'pa been tell me dat tale befo' de war."

Little Mr. William asked:

"Who was Pharzy?"

"Pharzy?" repeated Uncle Jonas. "Dey ain't many of 'em knows 'bout him. Yo' Ommirandy gwi' tell you, ef you ax her, dat dey ain't no sich pusson ez Pharzy, nuther folks nur creeturs nur var-

mints. An' Janey, she gwi' tell you de same. An' Simon, too. But I gwi' tell you diff'unt. I been knowed Pharzy all my times. Pharzy is a creetur dat gits kotch befo' he know he done been kotch. He ain't knowed it yit. Pharzy gits inter places onbeknownst ter hisse'f, an' den he can't git out. Sometimes he gits dar hisse'f. Sometimes dey puts him dar. But dar he is."

"Tell me about the creeturs," said Little Mr. William.

The request seemed to the old man a reflection on the historical incident that he had just narrated, which he regarded as one of his most significant educative stories.

"Duz you like tales 'bout dem foxes an' animils an' dawgs mo' 'n you likes 'em 'bout folks?" he asked.

The little boy admitted that he did.

"Den," said Uncle Jonas, "I gwi' tell you a tale 'bout a dawg, which he b'long' ter yo' gran'pa. Duz you remembrance dat tale I been tell you 'bout a passel o' dawgs dat fit one another one time whence dey chase ole Bullion th'oo Ole Town?"

Little Mr. William remembered it with delight.

"Well, den, dat was one tale 'bout a passel o' houn' dawgs an' nigger dawgs. Dis here tale is gwine ter be a tale 'bout one dawg, which he was a diff'unt kynd o' dawg f'om dem dawgs. He was a dawg dat possess' ez many gran'pas ez yo gran'pa is possess' 'em, an' dat was a plenty. Ole mars' he been had it all writ down in a book 'bout dis here dawg's gran'pas. De dawg was a funny-lookin' dawg. He was half bulldawg an' de t'other half of him was what dey call Scotch tarripin. Ole mars' say dat de dawg was like some o' dese here Ferginyans. He say he was f'om way back yonder, an' warn't wuth a tinker's dam. He say dat was howcome he like de dawg. Den de dawg had side-whiskers, jes' like yo' gran'pa had 'em. Dat was likewise howcome ole mars' say he favor' de dawg. You done been ter Christ Church, son?"

Little Mr. William said that he had been there often.

"Well, you knows, den, how dat church is circumvated? It got two do's on bofe sides, an' it got a big front do'. An' outside o' de church, in de graveyard, I been hear M'randy tell, all o' dem mar-

vel tombstones is over de top o' whar yo' ant-cestors an' uncle-cestors is been buried, up dar, fur hunnerds o' years."

The little boy nodded acquiescence. He had been told of it.

"Well, sir, one day, befo' de war, I was up in de nigger gall'ry in dat church. I did'n' useter go dar much, 'scusin' yo' gran'pa want' me fur ter drive him dar in de double buggy wid de payr o' sorrels, but dat day, howsomedever, he want' me, an' I druv him. Den an' dar I seed an' heerd what was gwine on; an' sump'n' was gwine on, too.

"I gwi' take another smoke."

He filled his pipe again and once more summoned Janey to fetch a coal.

"Son, I gwi' tell you 'bout it. Dey ain't nothin' a white man, nur a nigger nuther, love like he love his dawg. 'Fur-gittin' father an' mother, cleave unterm me.' Mis' useter read dem words ter we-all out'n de Book; an' dat what ole mars' done wid dat side-whisker' dawg. He useter feed him, hisse'f, off'n de Gre't House table, an' l'arn him an' eddicate him, an' one o' de things he been l'arn him is dat he ain't nuver, under no circumspicion, got ter go ter Christ Church wid de fambly. Christ Church ain't no place what, in de days befo' de war, persuadges eben niggers ter come an' set in de gall'ry, let alone dawgs. Dat was a white folks' church, like it is now; 'scusin' yo' Ommirandy, she useter go dar sometimes wid mis', in de big kerridge what let down de steps. But dat day I druv yo' gran'pa up dar, an' I walks up an' sets in dat cullud gall'ry. 'Twas in de summer-time, an' de do's was all open on de three sides, which dat was fur ter let in de light an' de a'r. De birds was a-singin', an' you could smell de blooms in de woods, an' now an' den a bug ur a butterfly ur sump'n' ur 'nother would flip in th'oo one o' dem open do's. De preacher, he was up dar in de pil-put, wid his black silk nightgown on, a-risin' up an' a-settin' down; an' ole mars', he was in de nex' ter de fo'mos' bench, wid his gole' specs on, readin' back at de preacher out o' his book, whence he warn't sleep. De quality was all in de church, de men folks in dey Sunday-go-ter-meetin's an' de wimmen folks in dey rustlin' robes. An' dey was all a-risin' up an' a-settin' down, jes like de preacher do; an' sometimes dey sot

wid dey heads down on de back o' de bench, which it was in front of 'em. You done been dar, son. You been see 'em go th'oo all o' dem gyrations, ain't you?"

The little boy nodded acquiescence.

"Well, sir, I comin' ter it. I gwi' tell you. I was settin' up dar in dat cullud gall'ry, wid de white wall behime me, lookin' like a drowned fly in a saucer o' buttermilk. Dar was ole mars' downsta'rs, which he had done tuk his buckskin gloves an' his buggy-whup out'n de buggy an' fotch 'em inter de church wid him, fur ter keep some o' dese here bad boys, ur de niggers what come wid dey marsters an' stay outside, f'om carryin' 'em off. I been watchin' ole mars' out'n de nigger gall'ry, an' I seen him a-stan'in' up an' a-deukin' down, 'long wid de balance of 'em, when here come dis here side-whisker', eddicated, peddlegree dawg, trottin' inter de front do' o' de church. You could 'a' knock' me down wid a broom-swadge straw. De dawg he done furgit all his eddication, an' come ter church, which ole mars' is been l'arnin' him fur two year, ur mo', he ain't nuver got ter do. But dar he was.

"He come in th'oo dat front do', de dawg did, like sump'n' was chasin' of him, an' he run inter de fus' bench he come ter an' sniff at a young 'oman's petticoats. I knowed de dawg was lookin' fur ole mars', whence dey ain't nobody in de meetin', 'scusin' me, knowed it. De dawg he seed dat de young 'oman ain't yo' gran'pa, an' so he run' roun', fus' f'om one bench, den ter de nex' one, lookin' like he got ter fine ole mars' quick. He was on de t'other side o' de church f'om whar ole mars' was, which yo' gran'pa ain't seed de side-whisker' dawg yit. But nigh onter evvybody else is done seed him. Den de dawg come up in de front part o' de church, an' he run up in de pil-put an' sniff at de preacher's black silk nightgown.

"I been settin' up dar in de nigger gall'ry all dis time, sayin' ter myse'f: 'Dawg, you dunno what you doin'. Ole mars' been pow'ful good ter you; but when he ketch you carryin' on like you carryin' on dis minute, de fus' thing you gwi' know, you ain't gwi know nothin'.' Sho' 'nuf, dem words warn't skasely out o' my mouf, when ole mars' riz up in de midst of 'em. He seen de dawg when he

run up in de pil-put, an' he perceed ter dror on his buckskin gloves, an' he dar an' den tuk de buggy-whup up in his right han', an' he crope out o' de bench whar he was. De dawg ain't seed him yit. Yo' gran'pa crope ter de side do' on dis side o' de church, an' he shet dat do'. He crope roun' ter de front do', an' he shet dat do'. He crope on' ter dat side o' de church, an' he shet dat do.' I sez ter myse'f: 'Dawg, yo' time done come. Ole mars' gwi' l'arn you yo' lesson.' De preacher had done stop readin' whence he see de dawg sniffin' roun' him. De dawg he turn 'roun' whence he fine de preacher ain't ole mars'; an' he come down de pil-put steps, an' he meet ole mars' wid de buckskin gloves on an' de buggy-whup in his han', right smack in what dey call de chancellum. Den an' dar it happen. Dey warn't no soun' in de church. De preacher he done stop readin', an' de folks was watchin' fur ter see what de dawg was gwi' do when he fine yo' gran'pa, which he been lookin' fur him.

"When ole mars' meet his high-breed, side-whisker' dawg in de chancellum, dat was de mos' s'prise' dawg you uver been see. Ole mars' reckernize de dawg, an' de dawg reckernize ole mars'. Ole mars' lif' up de buggy-whup, an' he say ter de dawg: 'Who de Lord loveth, he chaseth; an' I gwi' chase you.' An' den an' dar he done so. Soon as he say de words, de dawg started ter run. But he cudden git away f'om yo' gran'pa. Ole mars' lit inter de peddlegree dawg wid dat buggy-whup, an' up an' down dat church dey went. De dawg made a bee-line fur de front do' whar he fus' come in, wid ole mars' right behime him. Den he come back whence he see de do' was shet, an' 'twas de same thing over agin, wid de dawg a-howlin' an' ole mars' a-lettin' him have it. Yo' gran'pa chase dat dawg up an' th'oo dat church, ontwel 'twas scan'lous. De dawg he holler an' yell evvy time ole mars' tech' him, 'twel one o' de deacons run out o' his bench an' open de side do' an let de dawg out o' de place.

"Den ole mars' walk back ter his bench, solemn an' pompous, an' evvybody, 'scusin' him, was larfin'. He didn' keer. It didn' make no diffunce ter yo' gran'pa ef dey larf ur dey cry. He been eddicate dat dawg; an' when he eddicate anybody, he

eddiccate 'em. De onlies' way de preacher could get 'em all quiet was ter line out a hymn; which he done so, an' dey sung it.

"I been here ter tell you dat dat dawg live ter be fo'teen year ole, an' ain't nobody uver hear o' him comin' inside of a mile o' Christ Church after dat, ter de day o' his death. F'om dat time on, whence de dawg see me drive de double buggy 'roun' ter de front do', dat dawg would run 'roun' de house an' hide hisse'f."

When the story was ended the old man said:

"Now you come along wid me, son, an' we gwi' set dis here rabbit-gum fur ter ketch Pharzy, which he gwi' be a big, fat rabbit. We gwi' set it at de fence cornder over by de cullud plum-tree graveyard, an' dar is gwine ter be a nibble' place in de bottom rail o' de fence."

On their way across the fields he explained to Little Mr. William the whimsical mystery of Pharzy.

"You been ax me 'bout him, an' I been tellin' you 'bout him all along. De Lord's Cornwallis is him, which Mr. Francisker kotch him de fus' time he come up de Three Chop Road. Deside-whisker' dawg is him, which yo' gran'pa kotch him de fus' time he git inter Christ Church. Whatsomedever gits kotch, unbeknownst ur onexpected, whether deys folks ur creatures, an' it's de fus' time dey 'rives dar, den dat's him."

Uncle Jonas set the trap, which he baited with the half of an apple and a piece of cabbage-leaf. Then he and his little companion parted, the boy going home and the old man returning to Janey's cabin—each with pleased anticipation of a capture, during the night, in the new gum.

Uncle Jonas came to Janey's door next morning "befo' sun-up." He found his industrious daughter at work washing the breakfast things.

"Look like mo'n one is been eat here dis mornin' already," he remarked as she placed his breakfast before him. "Is you got anybody co'tin' you, Janey? Widder-wimmen folks is got ter be mighty wary havin' nigger men in ter eat wid 'em dis early."

"G' way f'om here, daddy!" exclaimed Janey, charmed with the accusation of a beau in her sere-and-yellow-leafed widow-

hood. "You knows I ain't gwi' let none o' dese here Kingsmill niggers come foolin' 'roun' me. Dem extry things you see was fur Tibe. He come up f'om de cote-'ouse, whar he work, lars' night."

"Fo' de Lord," said the old man, "Ise pintedly glad dat nigger boy is got dat job, cote-'ouse ur anywhars else, jes' so he work an' git away f'om here. I been s'picionin', fur many's de year, he gwi' 'rive at some bad een'. What he come back fur?"

"Is you been ter de trap?" Janey asked irrelevantly. "You-all ketch a'ry rabbit?"

A grim smile played over the old man's usually saturnine countenance as he looked at her.

"Janey, ain't you know dat I been makin' rabbit-gums sence I was knee-high ter a puddle-duck? Ain't you l'arnt yit dat I been ketch hunnerds o' rabbits in dem gums which I been sot 'em myse'f, an' in dem furtherance gums what I useter make fur Tibe, which he been sot 'em hisse'f? Don't you know it? Is you been exper'unce any gum which yo' pa is made ur sot, which it didn' ketch sump'n ur 'nother in it? Is you?"

Janey poured some water from the brass-bound wooden bucket, with the long-handled gourd, into the big iron kettle on the hearth.

"I ain't excusin' you o' not ketchin' de creeturs, daddy," she replied. "You an' Tibe is always been kotch' 'em."

"Me an' Tibe!" ejaculated the old man scornfully. "Janey, you an' M'randy ain't nuver been had no sense. What you talkin' ter me 'bout Tibe fur? All de wimmen folks I uver is knowed in my long time what had sense was mis' an' Mis' Nancy."

"Did you-all ketch de rabbit?" persisted Janey. "What you done wid de chile? Didn' he go wid you ter de rabbit-gum?"

Janey's fusillade of questions aroused the old man's suspicion.

"Um-huh!" he grunted. "I done put two an' two tergether an' make six. Whar dat Tibe?"

"Tibe done gone down ter see Simon," she replied. "Did you-all ketch de rabbit?"

"I gwi' tell you," the old man responded, "dat chile git up befo' daylight an'

come down ter Ole Town. He wake me up 'fo' I was out o' bed. He say: 'Come along, Unc' Jonas. Jack Fros' is out, an' I know we done kotch sump'n in our gum.'"

"Bless his heart!" said Janey.

"I gits up an' rustles inter my ole clo'es," continued her father, "an' we sets out tergether ter de fence cornder, whar I been tell you dat it run by de cullud plum-tree graveyard. What de matter wid you, Janey? I 'spec' some nigger man *is* been trampoosin' 'roun' here, co'tin' you 'fo' daylight, 'long o' you carryin' on dat-a-way! Whar you say Tibe is?"

"He done gone ter see Simon," responded Janey.

"Well, we walks th'oo de fiel's," continued her father, "an' we gits dar 'fo' daybreak. I sez ter Little Mr. William 'fo' we 'rive at de place: 'We done kotch him, son. De gum do' is down. I kin see it in de moonlight f'om here.' He say: 'Come on, Unc' Jonas, let's run!' He lit out, he did, an' he gits dar 'fo' I gits dar. He say ter me: 'Unc' Jonas, de do' o' de gum is nailed down!'"

Janey turned her face away and put her hand to her mouth.

"Sez I ter him: 'Son, I been ketchin' varmints in gums an' things fur nigh onter a hunnerd years, an' I ain't nuver yit seed no trap whar a varmint is gone inter it an' nail' hisse'f in.' Little Mr. William he say: 'Dat what he done dis time!' I picks up de gum, an' soon ez I hefts it up I knows dey was sump'n' inside of it. Sez I: 'Honey, we is sho' done got him. I dunno how he nail hisse'f up, 'case here is a small nail jes' like you say, holdin' de do' down, but, howsomever, he inside, an' you an' me is gwine ter percede ter git him out.' Darupon I prizes de nail out an' open de do'—an' what you reck'n we fine in dar?"

"Well, I do declar'!" exclaimed the delighted Janey, showing a visibly simulated surprise at her father's account of the nailed door. "Tibe gwi' be here ter supper ter-night. I sho'ly is glad you-all kotch de rabbit. When you an' Tibe gits back after you done been down ter de bush-meetin' dis ebenin' an' heerd de rev'un' preach, you-all is gwi' fine a sho'-nuf supper in dis house."

Uncle Jonas's memories of the rabbit-

trap were submerged in his eager anticipation of the evening's repast.

"What is dey gwine ter be?" he queried solemnly.

"Dey's gwine ter be ash-cake, cooked in de collud leaves on de h'a'th," Janey answered.

"Um-huh!" he responded with satisfaction.

He had taken his seat in the corner by the fireplace, with his walking-stick between his knees, and, with hands extended to the blaze, was gazing into the well-smoked joists of the cabin, where two hams, a shoulder of bacon, a string of pepper-pods, and a bunch of onions hung in well-ordered array.

"What mo'?" he queried.

"Buttermilk," said Janey.

"Um-huh!" he grunted. "Anything else?"

"Hot coffee an' cole cracklin' bread. But de main thing is gwineter be a fat possum, wid sweet 'taters, an de possum gravy dreenin' down over 'em."

She looked at him, smiling.

Uncle Jonas smacked his lips with a resounding explosion of anticipated gustatory delight and laughed aloud.

"G'way f'om here, Janey!" he exclaimed. "I knowed it! But howcome he done it?"

"He say dat he was 'feared dat you moughtn't ketch Pharzy lars' night; an' he was likewise 'feared dat de' possum dat he picked up 'longsides de road, like he was dead, when he come up f'om de cote-'ouse, mought git away, onbeknownst, ef he was ter shet him up in de house. 'Possums is pow'ful sly. So he tuk de creetur up dar whar you tell me you gwi' set de gum, an' he nail him in."

"Which he done so," responded Uncle Jonas. "Dat Tibe gwi' git in de penitench' yit, an' when he git dar *he* gwi' git nailed up so he ain't nuver gwi' git out. Dat what I been sayin' 'bout him, sence he done me dat trick wid Baytop."

He rubbed his hands together gleefully in front of the warm fire.

"Mis' Nancy," said Ommirandy the day after Janey had told her the story of the nailed-up trap, "I dunno whether you thinks about it ur not, but ef you ain't, you orter. Dat ole Jonas is been givin' me a heap o' trouble dese here late days."

"I am sorry," said her mistress patiently. "I think you let Jonas worry you unduly. Your Mars' Jeems and I are both very fond of him."

"Ef you been layin' out yo' feelin's on dat ole nigger man, you done flung 'em away," the old woman replied.

Miss Nancy was ennuied, but listened patiently. She had heard it all so often.

"De lars' thing he done, arfter dat Sunday fishin' in de summer-time, is jes' happen'. He gits de chile out'n his bed yistiddy mornin' 'fo' daybreak fur ter go wid him ter see ef dey had kotch a rabbit in a trap what dey done made de day be-fo'. It was dat cole dat Little Mr. William's teef was chatterin' when I put his clo'es on him. But he would go. Dat ole nigger gwi' kill dis here chile 'fo' he git th'oo wid him yit. An' dey didn' ketch no rabbit nuther. What you reck'n dey ketch in dat trap, Mis' Nancy?"

Miss Nancy, wearing a pained expression on her gentle face, could not guess.

"Dey didn' ketch no rabbit, but dey ketch a 'possum," the old woman said scornfully. "Yas'm, he was one o' dese here ole grinnin', scaly 'possums which dat offshoot o' de debbil, Janey's Tiberius, is been put in Little Mr. William's rabbit-trap, an' nail him up in it, endurin' o' de night. What you think o' dat, Mis' Nancy?"

Young Mars' Jeems, who was in the room reading his newspaper, interrupted.

"Mirandy, you are too hard on Tiberius, and you never did give Jonas half his dues. Jonas and William get on together all right, and Tiberius is the smartest darky boy that ever lived on the Kingsmill plantation."

"Jonas's dues!" exclaimed the old woman with asperity. "I'd like fur ter see him git half of 'em! On top o' mighty nigh freezin' de chile ter death, an' not ketchin' no rabbit fur him, dat ole scound'el tells Little Mr. William dat de 'possum was name' Pharzy. He 'low dat all de fus' fruits o' his rabbit-gums an' pat-t'idge-pens is got dat name. Is you uver been hear de beat o' dat, young Mars' Jeems? I knows you ain't. Jonas is a turrible ole lyin' vilyun. An' he an' Tibe been eat Little Mr. William's 'possum, what come out de chile's own trap, an' ain't invite nobody ter eat it wid 'em,—not eben de chile hisse'f."

GOVERNMENT PREVENTION OF RAILROAD STRIKES

By Samuel O. Dunn

Editor of the Railway Age Gazette



THE American people awakened recently to find themselves threatened with an interruption of transportation throughout the country. This imminent danger aroused for the first time in a majority a realization of the extent to which the public welfare has come to depend on the continuous maintenance of railway service. To ward off the blow Congress hastily passed the Adamson "basic eight-hour day" act. The railways promptly took this measure into court to test its constitutionality. Threats of a strike were then heard again.

President Wilson recommended last August the passage, along with the Adamson bill, of a measure to prohibit strikes or lockouts in train service until after public investigation of the matters in controversy. He renewed this recommendation on the reassembling of Congress in December. The need for additional legislation dealing with labor controversies on railways has been made so manifest recently that before this article appears the President's recommendation may have been acted on. The problem which gives rise to these controversies is not, however, one which legislation passed to meet a single emergency is likely to solve. It is a very difficult problem—a problem at once important, complex, and unique. It is a problem which has arisen inevitably, first, from the economic developments of our time, and, second, from the nature of the railway industry.

The changes in economic conditions which have taken place within recent years have made strikes and lockouts in many lines of business matters of serious consequence to the public. When the largest concern represented a capital of only a few hundred thousands of dollars, and employed only a few hundred workmen, when employers dealt only with

their own employees, and employees only with their own employers, a lockout or strike might work great hardship or ruin to those directly involved; but the public hardly felt it. There was then little occasion for government interference except to prevent and punish violence and other ordinary infractions of the criminal law.

Within our time, however, there have been great increases in the size of business concerns. Single corporations now represent hundreds of millions of capital, and employ many thousands of men. Confronted by these huge aggregations of capital, employees have organized on a grand scale to pit against the large bargaining power of the great corporations the collective bargaining power of thousands of workers. From local bodies, labor unions have developed into national and international organizations. Individual corporations, even though very large, have found themselves at a disadvantage when dealing single-handed with labor unions national or international in their scope. Therefore, in many industries labor unions national in their scope are now confronted with employers' associations national in their extent. Thus have combinations of capital and of labor acted and reacted on each other until there has developed a situation the significance of which, in relation to the public welfare, can hardly be exaggerated.

In no other field, however, is organized capital confronted with organizations of labor at once so powerful, so militant, and possessed of so many strategic advantages as in the railway field. The principal of these are the four brotherhoods of employees in train service—the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Order of Railway Conductors, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. For many years each of these or-

ganizations acted alone; and it was the policy of each to deal with only one or a few railways at a time. In not a few cases failure to secure satisfactory settlements resulted in strikes of the members of single brotherhoods on single roads. Perhaps the most famous and bitterly fought of these was that of the locomotive engineers on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy in 1888. The greatest strike in the history of American railways, that carried on by the American Railway Union in 1894, grew out of a boycott this union had declared against Pullman cars because the employees of the Pullman Company were on strike. But the American Railway Union soon went out of existence; and the course of the leading brotherhoods continued to be the same as before.

About ten years ago, however, radical changes began to be introduced in their policy. The individual brotherhoods commenced to make identical demands upon, and to insist upon carrying on negotiations with, the representatives of groups of railways operating throughout the three great sections of the country—East, South, and West. Then the other trainmen began to join with the conductors, and the firemen with the engineers, in making demands upon the railways of entire sections. Finally, in 1916, the engineers, firemen, conductors, and other trainmen of the whole country united in making demands upon all the railways. This, it may develop, was not the climax of the railway labor movement. It is reported that the employees in train service have been trying to get all the other organized railway employees, especially the mechanics and other shopmen, to join with them in their struggles.

Every step taken by the employees has been countered by the managements. Committees representing groups of railways succeeded representatives of the individual managements in labor negotiations. Finally, in 1916, for the first time in history, a committee representing the managements of all the railways confronted committees representing men employed on all. This was followed by another event without a precedent—a meeting in Washington, D. C., of the heads of all the leading transportation

systems to decide what should be the final stand of all in a labor controversy.

There will be no dissent from the proposition that revolutionary changes in economic and industrial conditions which powerfully affect the interests of the public may demand correspondingly radical alterations in public policy. Likewise, it will hardly be controverted that the growth of great combinations of capital and of huge organizations of labor largely to carry on gigantic struggles with each other has worked an economic and industrial revolution. Finally, to most persons it must be plain that the part of this revolution which has occurred in the railway industry is of peculiar importance. A nation-wide lockout or strike in any of our large industries would soon become a serious matter for the public. The complete closing down of the steel mills would speedily affect all connected with branches of industry which sell them raw materials or buy their finished products, and would soon threaten the general prosperity. Much more speedy, serious, and universal would be the consequences of a general closing down of the plants used to produce some essential of industrial activity, which is also a necessity of life, such as coal. But the most immediately and universally disastrous of all industrial catastrophes would be a nation-wide strike in railway-train service. Such a strike would at once throw all railway employees out of work. By stopping the movement of coal and raw materials, it would swiftly shut down every mine and factory. The crops of the farmers would soon be rotting upon the ground. Depriving merchants of the means of renewing their stocks, it would soon close every wholesale house and retail store. The people of our great cities are dependent from day to day for their food upon the supplies which the railways bring to them from all parts of the land; and they would all find themselves threatened with starvation. As a nation-wide strike in railway-train service would bring all industry and commerce to a stop, it would soon have the effects of a general strike of all workers such as is advocated by the syndicalists.

Until recently, it was replied to such statements that the circumstance that

the movements carried on by railway employees were growing more and more extensive did not give ground for fears of general tie-ups of the railways, or justify coercive action by the government to prevent them. The ablest report on a labor controversy ever made in this country was that rendered by the board which arbitrated the wage dispute between the eastern railways and their locomotive engineers in 1912. This board, of which President C. R. Van Hise, of the University of Wisconsin, was chairman, was profoundly impressed by the danger of extensive railway strikes. It, therefore, advocated the creation of State and federal wage commissions to determine the wages and conditions of work of railway employees. The representative of labor on the board (P. H. Morrissey, formerly president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen) vigorously dissented. "The developing power of the (labor) organizations through concerted methods carries with it increasing responsibilities which the organizations and their leaders recognize," said he. "They well know the value of public approval of their activities and are equally conscious of its disapproval. To intimate that the transportation of the country can be brought to a standstill at the whim or caprice of a small group of men is not a fair statement of the manner by which the powers of these organizations are exercised." There was a strike of the employees of all the railways of France in 1910, and the majority of the arbitration board described this as an example of what might occur in the United States. Mr. Morrissey denied the analogy. "The immediate cause of the French strike," said he, "was the refusal of the railway officials to confer with the representatives of their employees in order that there might not even be a discussion of the employees' demands. There is no such condition in America."

Every argument made by Mr. Morrissey was speedily refuted by the irresistible logic of events. In 1914 the engineers and firemen of the railways west of the Mississippi River made demands upon the companies, and the companies made counter-demands. The railways offered to arbitrate the demands of both

sides. The employees consented to arbitration of their own demands, but refused to arbitrate those of the railways. The order was issued for a strike. The war in Europe had just begun. It was a time of industrial and financial crisis. President Wilson intervened, finally appealing to the managers of the railways on patriotic grounds to withdraw their demands, and arbitrate only those of the employees. Only the compliance of the managers averted the disaster.

Still more impressive and conclusive was the lesson taught last year. In this instance not only did all the locomotive engineers, conductors, firemen, and other trainmen for the first time join in making demands on all the railways, but they refused to submit to arbitration in any form any of the points in controversy, whether raised by themselves or by the roads. President Wilson asked the railways to accede to the demand for a "basic eight-hour day" and leave other matters in issue to subsequent determination. When the labor leaders heard that the railways had decided to reject the President's plan, they immediately issued an order for a nation-wide strike; and it was averted only by the hurried passage of the Adamson act. The order for a strike was withdrawn only thirty-six hours before the strike was to have begun. It was clear that labor leaders who would issue an order for a nation-wide railway strike in this manner and under these conditions would put such an order into effect. It was clear that railway managers who would meet the issue unflinchingly, as the railway managers did in this instance, would let a strike come. It was evident, therefore, that the time had arrived for a change in our methods of dealing with labor disputes on railways.

There has been frequent government intervention in labor disputes on railways in this country for some years. The laws under which it has occurred have applied only to disputes between the carriers and their employees in train service. The Erdman act, passed by Congress in 1898, provided for mediation by the Commissioner of Labor and the Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and, if this failed, for arbitration by a board composed of one representative of the

railways, one representative of labor, and one member chosen by these two or by the mediators. The Newlands act, passed subsequently at the joint request of the railways and the labor brotherhoods, created a permanent mediation and conciliation board of three members, and provided for arbitration, if mediation failed, by a board of six members—two representing the railways, two the employees, and two supposedly impartial. The Newlands act, like the Erdman act, left it optional with the parties whether they should accept mediation or arbitration. So long as the parties were disposed to make settlements through mediation, or to arbitrate, this system was useful as a preventive of strikes. When, however, in 1916 the employees announced that they would not arbitrate, and stuck to it, the system of voluntary arbitration broke down.

Government ownership is urged by some as a specific for all the ills which develop under private ownership; and recently it often has been suggested as the only sure preventive of strikes. But strikes have not been unknown on state railways. The locomotive engineers and firemen of the state railways of Victoria struck in 1903. A serious strike occurred on the state railways of Hungary in 1904. The employees of the state railways of Italy, by threatening to strike, succeeded in 1905 in getting rid of an objectionable general manager. The employees of the two state railways of France went on strike with the employees of all the private railways in 1910. There even has been a strike already on the railway which the government of the United States is building in Alaska; and it was successful, the strikers getting practically all they demanded.

Under either government or private ownership differences are sure to arise from time to time between the management of the railways and the employees. In case the differences become serious, and strikes are permitted, the employees, especially if they are organized, are likely to strike. The Prussian government, true to its character in other respects, makes strikes on the railways it owns and operates practically impossible by prohibiting the employees from be-

longing to unions or from holding meetings except such as are attended and presided over by their officers. The employees of the French railways, state and private, on the very day the general strike was declared in 1910, were mobilized under the military laws and ordered to the colors for three weeks' training. The duty to which they were assigned was that of maintaining and operating the railways in the usual manner. It will be noted that this strike was on both state and private railways, and that precisely the same measure was used on both to break it. Similar methods were employed in breaking the strike on the Hungarian state railways in 1904.

It would be neither practicable nor desirable for the government of the United States to interfere, after the Prussian manner, with the organization of railway employees. Nor would it be possible in this country, at least in time of peace, to break a strike by mobilizing railway employees, as was done in France and Hungary. At the same time, our recent experience demonstrated that we could not reasonably hope much longer to avoid nation-wide railway strikes unless some form of coercion was adopted by the federal government to prevent them.

Legislation has been passed in many countries for the prevention of strikes and lockouts, not only on railways and other public utilities, but in industries of almost every kind. Until a comparatively few years ago proposals for the arbitration of labor disputes usually originated with labor and were often rejected by capital. Consequently, at that time labor leaders, seconded by most social reformers, advocated legislation making arbitration compulsory. Within the last quarter-century this system has been tried in several countries, especially New Zealand and Australia. The original compulsory arbitration act of New Zealand was passed in 1894. District boards of conciliation, consisting of both employers and employees, and a court of arbitration, consisting of a president, one representative of the unions of employers and one representative of the unions of workers, were created. Reports as to the operation of this system are practically unanimous. From 1894 to 1900

New Zealand was prosperous; the awards of the arbitration court usually resulted in substantial advances in wages; and during this time compulsory arbitration was in high favor with labor, and there were no strikes. During the next six years the country was less prosperous, the awards began to result in small increases in wages or none, and, as one author says, "labor became less satisfied, and capital less distrustful," but there were still no strikes.

Between 1906 and 1912, when labor was "in open revolt and capital endeavored to uphold the act," there were sixty-three strikes. The first of these was declared by the employees of the street railways of Auckland in November, 1906, showing that the law was no more effective as applied to public utilities and their employees than as applied to other employers and their employees. There was provided a maximum fine of two thousand five hundred dollars for any employer and one of fifty dollars for any employee who should violate the arbitration law; and in this case both the company and the striking employees were fined. But from that time strikes continued to occur in various lines of industry in spite of the fact that fines continued to be imposed. In 1909 the law was amended. Three permanent commissioners of conciliation are now appointed by the government. In case of a labor dispute one of them goes to the scene and tries to settle it. If unsuccessful he organizes a council of conciliation which includes two or more representatives of both parties. Every dispute must now be referred to such a council before it can be carried to the arbitration court. This system is said to work better than the earlier one; but the record shows that while compulsory arbitration in New Zealand has prevented lockouts, it has not prevented strikes. It has been found possible under it always to enforce awards against employers, but not always against employees. In other words, the system is effectively compulsory only in its application to employers.

The experience of Australia has been similar. The Australian commonwealth has a compulsory arbitration act which has been in effect for twelve years, and

the different states have tried various similar schemes. They, also, have prevented lockouts, but not strikes. Norway formerly had a compulsory arbitration law, but opposition to it by both capital and labor caused its repeal. After a general strike in 1916, which itself followed a strike of four months in the mining and iron and steel industries, another compulsory arbitration law was enacted to remain in effect during the continuance of the present war in Europe.

A measure similar in purpose to those mentioned, but narrower in its scope, and differing widely from them in the means it provides for accomplishing its ends, is the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act of Canada. This law was passed in 1907 as a result of a serious and protracted coal-mine strike in one of the Western provinces. It applies to railroads and other public utilities, to mines of all kinds, and, by a recent amendment, to all industries engaged in productive operations of any kind for military purposes. It prohibits, under heavy penalties, a lockout or a strike until the matters in dispute shall have been referred to a conciliation and investigation board. The party about to lockout or strike must give notice to the Dominion government, together with a statement regarding the matters in controversy. The Minister of Labor calls on each party to name a member of the board. These two are given opportunity to name a third, who becomes chairman. If they fail to do so, he is appointed by the Minister of Labor. The primary function of this board is that of mediation. If it fails to effect a settlement, it takes testimony and prepares a report, which is made public, summarizing the evidence and giving its conclusions as to the bases on which a settlement should be made.

This measure differs from those establishing compulsory arbitration in not requiring obedience to the awards made under it. Like them, it has not succeeded entirely in preventing strikes. But almost always in cases of industrial disputes its provisions have been obeyed, with resulting peaceful settlements in a large majority of cases. Of eighty-five disputes on railways which have been investigated under its provisions, all but

seven have been settled without strikes or lockouts; and, as already indicated, the Canadian law applies to disputes affecting any class of railway employees, not merely those in train service.

Our experience in the United States has shown that a system which leaves mediation and arbitration of labor disputes on railways entirely optional with the parties cannot be relied on to safeguard the interests of the public. At the same time the experience of other countries with compulsory arbitration shows that while it is attractive in theory it often proves unworkable in practice. If employees are determined not to carry out the terms of an award, there appears to be, at least in democratic countries, no practical way of compelling them to do so. Fines have proved ineffectual, and provisions for imprisonment probably could not be enforced.

For the present it seems best to take in the United States a middle course between the policy of entirely voluntary arbitration and that of compulsory arbitration. In other words, we should apply to labor controversies threatening to interrupt railway service a system modelled after that of Canada. The most important feature of that system is that it does not make lockouts and strikes illegal and arbitration and acceptance of the awards compulsory, but that it merely makes strikes and lockouts illegal if declared before there has been a public investigation of and report on the matters in controversy.

Most of the leaders of organized labor formerly advocated compulsory arbitration. At present, most of the labor leaders of this country oppose the placing of any restriction on the right of railway employees to strike. They declare that merely to prohibit strikes until there can be public investigation is to subject railway employees to "involuntary servitude." But such a system does not involve any abridgment of the freedom of the individual. It merely imposes a limitation on the action of employees collectively; and no principle of economics or jurisprudence is more fundamental than that it may be the right and duty of society to impose restrictions on the collective action of large numbers of men

which it would be wrong to impose on the action of individuals.

"Involuntary servitude" is merely a euphemism for slavery. It is obvious that legislation prohibiting strikes until after public investigation does not establish slavery. Therefore, we must look beyond this argument for the true reason why labor leaders are so strongly opposed to any restriction of the right of railway employees to strike. The true reason probably is that they fear such restriction will result in weakening the bargaining power of the labor brotherhoods. As already stated, the labor situation on railways and other public utilities is unique, and this point calls attention to one of the most important conditions which make it unique. In every other class of industry employers have the same legal power and moral right to seize upon favorable opportunities to force through reductions in wages and changes in conditions of employment by resort to the lockout that the employees have to seize upon favorable opportunities to force through increases in wages and changes in conditions of employment by resort to the strike. Therefore, in any other industry in which both employers and employees are strongly organized there may be a substantial parity in their collective bargaining power. In the case of railways and other public utilities, on the other hand, the employer may not legally suspend operation. This means, as to most classes of employees, that he cannot use the lockout. In consequence, if the employees of railways and other public utilities are permitted to strike whenever they please, this gives them in collective bargaining an important advantage. The employees in railway-train service in this country have used this advantage often and skilfully. It is mainly owing to this that they have got their wages on a basis higher than those of any other workingmen in the world. A law absolutely prohibiting strikes in train service, if enforced, would largely destroy the advantage in bargaining possessed by these employees. A law merely prohibiting strikes until after public investigation will greatly impair it. While the investigation is going on the most opportune time for putting a strike into effect is

likely to pass, and the ardor of the men for it is likely to cool. This will be partly because of the delay involved. It will also be partly because of the fact that the public will be informed as to the matters in controversy; that it will have before it the recommendations of an impartial board as to a settlement; and that it probably will strongly oppose and condemn any move to bring about a strike in disregard of these recommendations.

From the standpoint of the leaders of organized labor these are strong arguments against imposing limitations on the right to strike. From the standpoint of the public they are just as strong arguments in favor of imposing such limitations. It is not to the interest of the public that the employees of railways and other public utilities shall possess a disproportionate power in bargaining with their employers. The profits of public utilities, unlike those of other concerns, are controlled by public authorities to prevent them from becoming excessive. Since such concerns are required to do business on a comparatively narrow margin of profit, every considerable change in the wages they pay must affect the rates they charge the public or the service they render to it. It is hardly necessary to add that it is to the public interest to interpose all reasonable obstacles in the way of strikes.

However, before a system of compulsory investigation of industrial disputes can be made to accomplish the greatest good, it will have to be given some features which have not yet been introduced into it. Its most important object should be to prevent strikes; but it should also aim to secure settlements of disputes which will be just to all, including the public. But what is just cannot well be determined by such temporary boards as have been organized under the Industrial Disputes Act in Canada and under the Erdman and Newlands acts in this country. The determination of the conditions of employment and the wages that should prevail on railways is as technical, and almost as important, a matter as the determination of railway rates. Therefore the investigation of labor disputes on railways, like the regulation of rates, should be delegated to some

body which, from the training and experience of its members, will be skilful in getting at the true facts and conditions, and in making sound and fair recommendations as to settlements. The body to which this function logically should be delegated is that which already regulates railway rates and operation, viz., the Interstate Commerce Commission. In any event, the connection between the body that investigates labor disputes and the body that regulates rates and operation should be close.

Probably the best alternative to turning the entire matter over to the Interstate Commerce Commission would be to provide that each investigating board should be composed of the following: (1) A permanent chairman, who preferably should be an army officer, and who, because of the permanency of his tenure, would in time become an expert on labor controversies; (2) a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, to be designated for the occasion by that Commission, who would bring into the deliberations a broad knowledge of the railway situation; (3) a member of the Federal Trade Commission, to be designated for the occasion by the Trade Commission, who would bring into the deliberations a broad knowledge of the general business situation; (4) a representative of the railways, who would bring expert knowledge of railway matters and express the railway point of view; (5) a representative of the employees, who would bring expert knowledge of the labor situation and express the labor point of view.

The Erdman and Newlands acts provided for arbitration boards composed of equal numbers of representatives of the railways, of the employees, and of the public. It has been justly complained of these boards that the minority of their members representing the public were impartial but not expert, while the majority, representing the employers and employees, were expert but not impartial. Either the Interstate Commerce Commission or boards organized according to the alternative plan suggested above would largely obviate these objections.

As important as it is that the public should have railway labor controversies

elucidated for it by an expert and impartial board, the service which such a board could render in influencing the attitudes of the immediate parties themselves might be more important. In order that this service might be rendered in the most efficient manner, the law should provide that no strike vote might be taken until the investigating board had made its report, and that with every strike ballot sent out there should be enclosed a brief statement, prepared by the board itself, setting forth its conclusions and recommendations and the reasons for them. It might be well to provide also that strike votes must be by ballot, so that no employee may be prevented from expressing his true sentiments. The question whether the railway transportation of the United States shall be interrupted is a more important one than most of those voted on at political elections, and therefore no pains should be spared to insure that it will be voted on intelligently and without duress.

The insuperable obstacle that has been encountered in the administration of compulsory arbitration laws has been that of getting employees to carry out awards. Will equal difficulty be met in the administration of a well-devised scheme of compulsory investigation? Both consideration of the conditions and the experience of Canada indicate that it will not be. The only prohibitions of such a system are those applying to strikes and lockouts

previous to investigation. There is no reason why the penalties applicable, on the one hand, to the railway companies and their officers, and, on the other hand, to the officers of the unions, to their individual members, and to the unions themselves and their properties and funds, cannot be made heavy enough, if enforced, to secure obedience to the law; and it should be much easier to secure enforcement of penalties for violations of such prohibitions than to secure the enforcement of penalties against men who have struck rather than carry out an award already made and which they regard as unjust. There is no "involuntary servitude" in the former proceeding. The latter savors strongly of it.

It is not probable that a plan such as that outlined would secure entirely equitable settlements of railway labor controversies; but it would secure much fairer settlements than any plan tried heretofore. It is not probable that it would entirely prevent strikes in railway-train service, but it would almost certainly prevent nation-wide tie-ups while strictly limiting the number affecting smaller areas. Should a well-devised scheme of compulsory investigation of railway labor disputes fail, public sentiment might be educated by its operation and irritated by its failure to a point where it would cause the enactment and enforcement of a law entirely prohibiting railway strikes.



THE HOME-MAKERS

By L. Frank Tooker

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. CONACHER



HAVE always tried to keep my mind open to the least suspicion of the presence of genius in the would-be contributors to our magazine and from the beginning to give it what encouragement I could; but in the case of Marlot I frankly confess that I failed. Or did I? For months he had been sending us almost weekly a batch of poems that I read with no other thought than of wonder at the amazing rhythmical structures with which he strove to dam the turgid and somewhat muddy stream of his thought. I had come to know his handwriting well, and at last to open the envelopes that it adorned with no illusion as to any uncovering of a vein of poetic gold, when one day I came upon a poem—a real poem. It was direct, imaginative, beautiful, and from the mass of verbiage with which he had been deluging me it stood out with all the noble simplicity of the Wingèd Victory placed amid the rococo parlor ornaments of a trading-stamp-premium display.

I took it to Braddock, my chief. He was delighted, and accepted it at once; he even wrote an appreciative letter.

In due time an answer came back from the author—an answer in six closely written pages. Marlot was from the Middle West,—at least his communications had all come from a small town in that eminently self-sufficient region,—but the flamboyant certitude of that letter belonged to no time or place. Its assurance of genius—yes, genius—was colossal. It was so colossal that it filled me with a certain awe. It was not repulsive, as much abnormal conceit is repulsive; it was simply incredibly certain of itself, and in a way curiously detached and impersonal.

It deceived Braddock—if I may call that deceit which was so obviously sincere—and Braddock had had too long an experience with the self-assurance of mediocrity to be easily deceived. He

asked me to show him all of Marlot's poems thereafter.

He need not have asked. After the acceptance of his poem and the letter of commendation Marlot sent them all to Braddock direct, and from that time Braddock began to bring *me* the poems, hesitatingly at times, perhaps, but still ready to throw off his hesitancy at any hint of objection from me.

"Yes, I know," he would say; "still, there seems something in this. I think we can venture to take it." Rather eagerly, I thought, he would point out its merits, growing more and more enthusiastic with each succeeding discovery of beauty. In the end I gave up protesting, and Marlot became in time one of our most frequent contributors.

Then one day he came to the office. He was young, shy, and, so far from being self-assertive, seemed awed by his sense of our importance. He had come to New York to be near the centre of literary life, he told us, and his frank young face, as he said this, seemed to plead with us not to deride him for his presumption. We did not. Non-committally I laughingly said that we *did* think we were the centre, and tacitly left it to Marlot to consider my remark a justification for his coming. Braddock simply laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and I saw Marlot's face brighten as though the touch were the accolade that received him into the sacred company of the *litterati*. I saw at once that Braddock would be the one to whom he would turn in future, and for the moment his swift intuition almost persuaded me that he had in him the making of the poet he imagined himself to be.

We saw him much after that. He was writing poetry, he told me when I asked him what he was doing. He seemed to consider it a wholly satisfactory answer, and, as he was always well dressed and looked well fed and happy, I judged that he had the means that would permit him

to indulge in so expensive a taste. In conversation, with me at least, he did not open his heart as he had in his extraordinary letter. I felt that he must despise my own verse, Parnassian and conservative as it was, but he never gave a hint of the feeling on the few casual occasions when it came up in our talk. He was always pleasantly, if mildly, appreciative, and appreciative in a way that gave me no chance to resent what I felt must be his more intimate opinion. Though I had been franker in speaking of his work, I had not been too frank. We were at least at quits.

He had apparently lived in his books and his dreams, and appeared to know nothing of life, and I was shortly in the way to pity him. The pity would have been wasted, for he got on in the only way in which he probably cared. I am not a conventionally social creature, and am apt to be much alone; but I love life in all its manifestations and watch it from afar. I can hobnob with sailors or truckmen, and I take pride in the fact that with me they are always approachable. The truth is, I like to think, that my love of life is too broad to permit me to confine my associations to those of my own kind. So, wandering much alone in out-of-the-way places, I often came upon Marlot in one or another of the small restaurants in Bohemia. He was always in a little group of young poets and, from the talk that sometimes drifted to my corner, I judged that poetry was their one theme. They seemed to have banded themselves together to exploit one another, and certainly I saw much of them in print—in their poems and in their appreciations of one another. I began to suspect that I had belittled Marlot's knowledge of life.

I had to confess that, despite my opinion, he was getting on. I even heard from an undergraduate that he had been discussed in a class in modern poetry at a well-known university as one of the younger poets of America. Now, as far as I know, I have never been discussed in a college class as one of the younger or elder poets, and the knowledge that Marlot had been naturally gave me a shock—a shock not so much of envy as of despair for American taste and criticism. That I gathered from my undergraduate that

the lecturer had not held too exalted an opinion of Marlot's work did not sensibly affect the situation. That he *had* been discussed was the main thing: he had achieved that importance.

He always seemed to have leisure to visit our office, and, returning from luncheon, I came in time to feel no surprise to find him waiting for Braddock or me. This had gone on for months before what passed for intuition in me suddenly flashed upon my dormant senses the real cause of his visits: Marlot was in love. On my entering the office at such times he always rose to greet me from the same chair—a chair that stood close to the desk of Miss Hill, and he always rose with what at last I understood to be a very obvious assumption of relief. It was months, I repeat, before my self-boasted knowledge of life discovered in Miss Hill the reason for his coming. Smilingly I told Braddock.

"Those two babes in the woods!" he exclaimed. "Nonsense!"

But I was not now to be put down.

"Wait and see. It has long been in the air," I replied with an assurance that was not less positive because the thought had occurred to me only at that moment.

I suppose my own too obvious assumption of not observing anything unusual in the situation when next I came upon the two hastened the dénouement of our romance, for, after being preoccupied and ill at ease all the afternoon, at the closing hour Miss Hill sought an audience with Braddock. She was with him for nearly an hour, and when she at last went he called me into his room.

"You were right, Pierce," he said. "They are going to be married."

"She has told you so?" I asked. I rather pride myself on my ability to refrain from gloating, and I did not openly gloat over Braddock now.

"Yes. She is going to leave in a month. He has no money, as you thought, and you know how utterly impractical she is. It is absurd. I tried to persuade her at least to wait a year, but she is incredibly self-willed; my objections only increased her assurance that she was doing the right thing. Well,"—he waved his hand hopelessly and then added,—"I don't understand what he can see in her."

I shared his opinion, with the addendum that I did not understand what she could see in him. There was his growing reputation, to be sure; but her long familiarity with the foibles of the tribe of writers ought to have made her proof against

ing creature. Not that she would assert herself as the leader in the hegemony of their married life, or develop social ambition or expensive tastes. I could not see that; but she was impractical, dependent, and clinging, and my rather wide study of



Then one day he came to the office.—Page 315.

that sort of glamour, and I should have thought that his supreme belief in his own importance, a sort of paganly godlike selfishness, as it were, would have helped her to steel her heart against him. She would want to be considered herself, considered immensely, and even at the best I could not picture her as in any way a self-effac-

the clinging vine in nature and marriage had led me to think that the clinging vine demands and obtains more than her share of a place in the sun. But if there is to be no place in the sun? Impractical as she was, I should have expected Miss Hill to ask that.

She had been with us five years or more,

a pale, slight creature, with blond hair and a sweet face, but with that look about her slightly compressed mouth that is wont to harden into obstinacy under opposition. She was certainly neither flamboyant nor rococo, and I could not understand her appeal to Marlot. She too had written verse—pallid, moonlightish lyrics—two or three of which we had published. I was concerned, and could see only folly in the marriage.

It was clear that Braddock was even more concerned than I, for he came to the office earlier than usual the next morning, and, calling me into his room, shut the door.

"I cannot feel that we are doing right, Pierce," he said at once, "if we do not make some strong protest to this marriage of those babes in the wood." Braddock is rather inclined to label things, and is given to iteration. "Suppose you speak to Miss Hill. You have enough disbelief in Marlot's genius to make you a thoroughly practical adviser. Speak strongly for a delay of at least a year, and try to persuade her, at all events, not to give up her work here. I will see Marlot. He has confidence in me." He paused for a moment before adding hesitatingly: "In a way I feel responsible for him. I accepted his first poem and wrote that unfortunate letter. We might, perhaps, offer him some sort of work here." He glanced at me questioning.

"Him!" I exclaimed. "What could he do here? With his dogmatism, his scorn of details, he'd make a mess of the office. I prefer to have him mess his own life—and Miss Hill's."

"Oh, I suppose that would be hopeless," Braddock said. "But see Miss Hill at once. You will know what to say."

I didn't in the least know what to say, and adequately proved it by failing lamentably. On the strength of having to offer her my best wishes on her approaching marriage, I invited her out to luncheon. The fact that I had offered her my best wishes was something of a bar to any graceful appeal to her to give up the marriage in question or at least to postpone it for a year, and the extreme awkwardness of the situation was borne in upon me the moment I approached the task. I fear that my argument was not happy; that it

wholly failed Miss Hill made clear when she at last broke the flow of my eloquence by saying:

"You have never believed in him—my poet." She paused there, lingering over the words "my poet" with a saccharine mouthing that struck me as being disagreeably theatrical, and then she turned her rather fine eyes up to mine with none of the studied coquetry that they usually displayed as she added: "I do, you know, and I have no fear for our future. I am only a domestic little creature; I have no social ambition. To sit by the fire and spin is all I ask. And we shall need so little spinning!" Of course, she quoted Omar then—"A jug of wine." She must have thought that the aptness of her quotation and her own poetic *apologia* proved her eminent fitness to be a poet's wife, and her good nature returned at once. The coquetry came back to her eyes as she then said:

"We both believe that love is mainly faith, trust in each other. How can I, then, lay upon it the burden of distrust? I cannot. It is nothing to the point that he is a poet. There are poets and poets, you know. You, too, are one, Mr. Pierce."

The significance of her last sentence was not wholly clear, but I waived the issue by making a sort of disclaimer.

"But so little a one, Miss Hill!" I murmured.

She made no response, and presently she spoke of other things—of the excellence of the salad, if I remember rightly. I was in a way dismissed.

Braddock had no more success with the poet than I with Miss Hill, and at the end of the month she left us; a month later the two were married. Having caught his bird, Marlot came no more to our bush, so to speak, but the flood of his verse even increased in volume. Braddock took what he possibly could, but no longer exulted over me in pointing out their merits. As for myself, I thought that Marlot improved, and, seeing his verses with growing frequency in other magazines, even came to take a sort of conscious pride in having been in a way his discoverer.

Then suddenly, a year or more after the marriage, the poems ceased to come, and gradually Marlot and his wife dropped

out of our thoughts. Once in a half-hearted way we tried to get in touch with them; but fearing disaster of some sort, we feared still more the certain knowledge of disaster, and soon ceased our efforts.

of an ignorant young couple to make a home therein. As I entered, the young husband had paused in his struggle to adjust the stovepipe of the kitchen stove to enact a little love-scene with his wife. He



Poetry was their one theme.—Page 316.

One thing only was certain: Marlot, if still living, had been deserted by the Muse.

In my solitary wanderings in search of the social spirit I often step into photo-play theatres, finding my main interest in studying the taste of the audiences. But one night in the second winter after the disappearance of the Marlots I found the play my sole interest. It was late in the evening as I entered the theatre, and, taking a rear seat in the crowded house, found myself in a laughing, good-natured audience. I had noted on entering that the play was "The Home-Makers," with Hilda Lord as the star. She and Walter Hone were named as the authors. Miss Lord was called "celebrated."

The scenes of the play were in and about a small farmhouse, and concerned themselves with the awkward attempts

had taken her face in his hands to look down into her uplifted eyes, and I was quite prepared for the roar of laughter that burst from the audience when, on returning to his task, the marks of his sooty fingers showed on her cheeks.

The play was not only amusing and touched with a clear insight into nature, but was good comedy as well, and I followed it with an interest that was piqued by some subtly elusive recollection of having seen it in part before. I was puzzled, and searched my mind for a clew. Suddenly a gesture of the young wife as she walked away from her husband disclosed it: she was like Miss Hill. True, her hair seemed black, her figure less frail, and her face not insistently like; but the walk and the gesture were unmistakable. In moments of anger—she had a temper of

her own—how often I had seen Miss Hill turn from me like that! I grew more and more positive as the play proceeded: it was surely Miss Hill, or, rather, Mrs. Marlot. Her companion, her husband of the play, was certainly not Marlot.

Of course I scented tragedy in the little comedy, the collapse of the love dream of our two poets. It seemed impossible not to believe that they had parted, and in some surprising way Mrs. Marlot had found in the ruins her true *métier*. For she was a real actress, the little wife of the screen. There was something like genius in the light-hearted abandon with which she accepted her ignorance of the business of making her home and in the restraint she showed in never overstepping the narrow boundary between comedy and farce.

There was one curious thing in the play: during a love-scene in the kitchen at night a face had appeared at a window. An instant it stared in, then slipped back into the darkness. It had no part in the play, was not even seen by the actors; but over the audience ran a little shiver of sound, half sigh, half start, that was the sensitive barometer of its common surprise. It was curious and startling, but to me all the more curious and startling because it was not only the face of Marlot, but was distorted into the sem-

blance of an almost malignant hate. What did it portend? Why was it there? It dwarfed to comparative insignificance my wonder as to who Mrs. Marlot's companion player and collaborator might be.

I took Braddock with me the next night. I had asked him to go without giving him the reason for desiring his company, and it was not until the play was half over that I felt his start of surprise and knew that he had turned toward me. But I did not turn from the stage, and he did not speak until, at the close, we rose from our seats.

"Most extraordinary! Most extraordinary!" he said. "But Marlot's——"

A girl in front of him turned back to say to her companion:

"Say, Mame, did ye see that feller at the winder? Well, I'd stick close to my little home, if I was her, with him around. Say, he was fierce!"

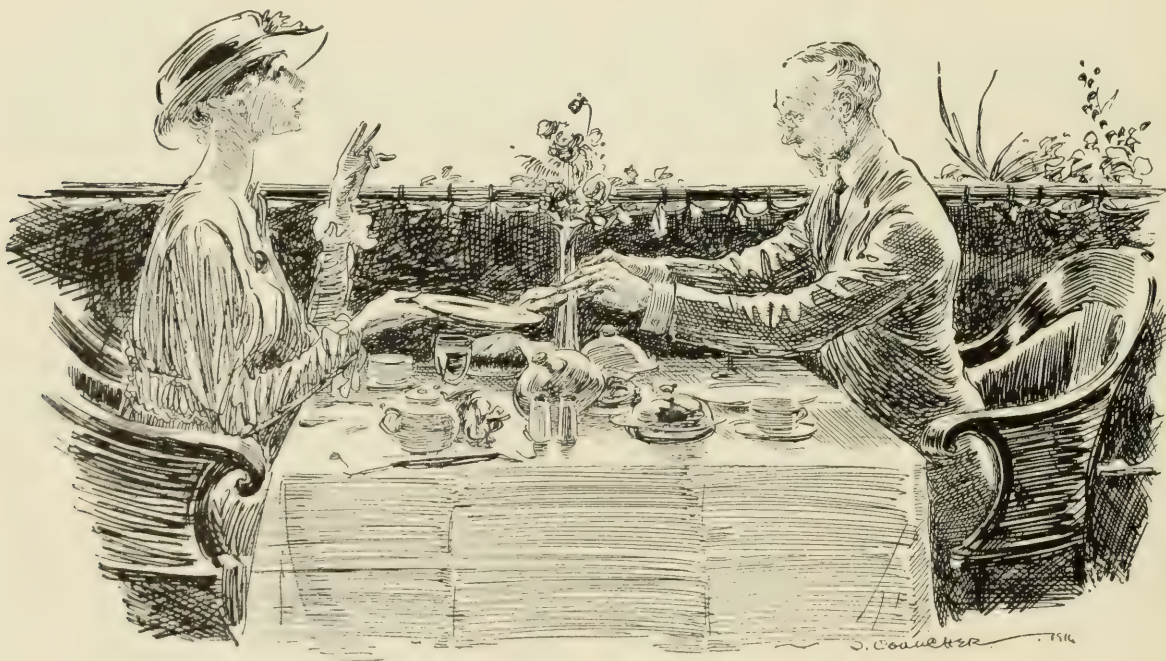
Braddock glanced up at the girl, then went on:

"Marlot's face—what did you understand by that?"

"You recognized him, then?" I questioned in turn.

He shook his shoulders impatiently.

"Of course I recognized him. It was Marlot. But what does it mean? What hatred in his eyes! Yet it had no part in the play. It's most extraordinary."



I agreed with him that it was extraordinary, but I had nothing to offer in explanation of the mystery. Braddock is more ingenious, and in the course of our homeward walk evolved the theory that the Marlots had parted. The Muse having failed to provide for them, Mrs. Marlot had evidently turned to the writing of photo-plays and, with the growth of her interest, to taking the parts of her her-

irrelevance, would pique the interest of the audience; it would be good business. You heard that young girl as we came out; it was the one thing that appealed to her most strongly."

"But doesn't that theory argue an unbelievable sordidness in Miss Hill—Mrs. Marlot?" I objected. "She *did* love him, you must remember; she would hesitate long before exploiting her own wounds."



It had no part in the play.—Page 320.

oines. Braddock declared that one could understand how Marlot, in his pride, had first been piqued by her success and at last insanely jealous.

"But why needlessly advertise it?" I objected.

That was clear to Braddock. In the preparation of the play, in taking the photographs, Marlot had glanced in at the window with that look of hate. It had not been discovered at the time, and, later, rather than destroy the films, Mrs. Marlot had allowed the face to remain.

"She would be like that—both too proud and too thrifty to be moved from any course by what she considered the folly of another. You know how imperious she could be on occasion, Pierce."

"Yes," I agreed.

"And there is another point," he went on. "She had an extraordinary instinct for advertising displays. She would see clearly how that face, through its very

"Yes, that is true," Braddock acknowledged. He sighed, and then added: "Well, we must find them, Pierce. I shall always feel in a way responsible for them."

In time we found the house where, two years before, they had last lived together in the city. The landlady could tell us nothing. She remembered them, yes, but had seen little of them, as they had been lodgers only. She was inclined to think that they had prepared most of their meals in their own room; they rarely left the house. That Mrs. Marlot had gone away first, and that after a month or two Marlot had also gone, was all that she could tell.

All that strengthened our conviction that the two had parted, and we sought out the photo-play people who had produced the play. They would tell us little, and we rather suspected them of suspecting that we also were photo-play

people and had designs on their star. They unbent so far as to confess that they knew Hilda Lord well, but they had no knowledge, or feigned that they had none, of any one named Marlot. They were inclined to discredit our belief that Hilda Lord was married, but could not give her address. They added, in explanation, that she had dealt with them through an agent; they would not give us the name of the agent.

In our hopeless case we then turned our attention to the photo-play journals. There in time we came upon far rumors of our broken romance. In fragmentary gossip we gathered that Hilda Lord was in hiding. The face at the window was said to be that of a jealous lover who had threatened her life, and the whole photo-play world appeared to live in the daily expectation of tragedy. The plausible explanation of the face being allowed to appear in the play was that it served as a means of identification for the detectives who were searching for the desperate lover. It was even stated that a reward had been offered for his apprehension.

It was all very thrilling, and we saw the play booked everywhere. The theatres were always thronged, and, drawn to the play from time to time, Braddock and I saw that the interest of the audience in the face had notably increased. As the

time for its appearance drew near there was always a noticeable craning of necks, and as the sinister face flashed on the screen a hushed, but general, "Ah-h-h!" broke from the eager watchers. It seemed

reasonable to believe that, with the hope of winning the reward for his detection, the face of the lover was more closely scanned than that of any other man in the country. It seemed a fantastical end to the dream of our young poet, who four short years before had meant to startle the world with his inspired verse.

Late in February a severe attack of the grippe paved the way for my taking a long-desired visit to the Bahamas. I had been two weeks at Nassau, when one morning I sauntered into the palmetto-set courtyard of one of the imposing inns of the island that serve as the temporary abodes of our Northern plutocracy. As I walked slowly along a

winding path my attention was drawn to a tall young man approaching me. He, too, was walking slowly, turning his gaze left and right in an evident search for some one. He was dressed in white and wore a full black beard. It was the fact that he wore a beard, so unusual in the young men of to-day, that drew my attention to him, and I had glanced at him a second time before something vaguely familiar in his face piqued my interest into a more searching



Something vaguely familiar in his face piqued my interest into a more searching scrutiny.



"My dear young people," I grumbled, "if you want to talk in riddles——"—Page 324.

scrutiny. At that moment his eyes rested on my face for an instant, and I saw him stop short, then wheel and move rapidly off in another direction. But a voice called, and I saw a young woman in an elaborate gown run lightly toward him from a neighboring path. He had stopped at the call and turned back; but even before I saw the young woman's face I had recognized him as Marlot. His companion, of course, was his wife.

I saw his lips moving rapidly as she drew near to him, and then she quickly glanced over her shoulder and, with a gay little laugh, hurried toward me. Behind her he followed, with a smile that was both welcoming and shamefaced.

"So you have caught us at last!" she exclaimed as she seized both my hands.

"Caught you?" I repeated with a smile as I turned to shake hands with her husband. "Doesn't that imply——"

"Oh, you have been searching for us,"

she broke in gayly. "We know that. It really did seem shabby not to tell you and Mr. Braddock, you have both been so kind to us and are so discreet; we could trust *you*, but we told almost no one. When one begins to tell secrets, you know!" She lifted her hands in a gesture of mocking despair.

"Well, if I am not to know the great secret," I began, "may I——"

She stopped me with a reproachful look of her eyes.

"Oh, we shall tell you *now*," she said. I looked about me vaguely.

"Shall we find seats, then?" I asked.

They led me to a shady spot, and there we sat down, the two facing me.

"We're exiles," Mrs. Marlot began at once. "We dare not go home."

"Exiles?" I repeated.

"How much do you know?" she asked abruptly. "About us, I mean."

I told her as delicately as I could of our

worry and search and what the search had disclosed, and they listened with a childlike joy that I was far from understanding until, at the end of my long confession, Mrs. Marlot exclaimed:

"Oh, it *did* work! And we knew it would, though of course we hadn't for a moment dreamed that it would work as tremendously as this. And it was all our own idea—Mr. Marlot's and mine!"

"More yours than mine," Marlot declared modestly.

"No," she replied. "Of course I elaborated, but without your idea——"

"My dear young people," I grumbled, "if you want to talk in riddles——"

"Oh, poor Mr. Pierce!" she exclaimed. "We *are* forgetting you. Only it's all so tremendous, so fairylike, we can't quite touch the earth yet." She pulled herself together with an effort and said gravely: "Now for the whole story.

"Of course, you must know that we had to begin our life together in a very frugal way. I had saved up a little, and Mr. Marlot was beginning to be well known, but all that was little enough. But he had always thought that poetry could be made practical, could be made a part of life, so to speak, and with a view to finding a medium even before our marriage we had visited the movies and tried our hand on plays of our own. Then shortly after our marriage he won a twelve-hundred-dollar prize for one, and that gave us a start. We wrote more, and then they found out that I could act—I always knew I could—and we began to build all our plays about me as the central figure. A friend who used that little farmhouse in 'The Home-Makers' for a summer home let us occupy it one winter, and there we staged our play, putting in our own experiences, touched up a bit, of course. We had grown in the way of being always on the stage, as it were, and though it was great fun, it soon taught us that, though he could write, Mr. Marlot could not act, in comedy at least. So I brought in my brother to support me. He was on the stage at the time. It was while we were photographing that little love-scene—my brother and I—that in fun Mr. Marlot appeared at the window like that. We had not seen him, but when we looked at the pictures it came

to me at once that that face, so wickedly aside from comedy, might be used to pique interest and advertise the play. When we saw that it did, of course it was an easy matter to deepen the interest by starting all those ridiculous rumors about a jealous lover."

"Braddock *said* you had a genius for advertising displays," I murmured.

Her face brightened.

"Did he say that?" she asked. "Well, when they were started, of course we had to keep in the background. That's why he wears that awful beard"—she nodded toward Marlot—"that and being a pirate. Six months ago we came down to one of these little islands to prepare a new play—a pirate play this time—it is very thrilling, and is ready for the stage, but our managers won't let us come back. 'The Home-Makers' is having so stupendous a success that they fear a new play will destroy the effect of the mystery we have built up about the old one. So, in a way, you see, we have succeeded too well. Our success has made us exiles."

"But very comfortable exiles," I said, glancing about at the beautiful tropic scene.

"Oh, we're comfortable enough," Marlot said with a smile. That was not enough for Mrs. Marlot. Perhaps she remembered my foolish warning before her marriage, for she added, with a triumphant note in her voice:

"Comfortable! Why, we're wealthy!"

"But poetry—Mr. Marlot's poetry?" I suggested. "How about that?"

He took me up eagerly.

"We've given it a new character, made it a vital force," he declared; and thereupon he utilized half an hour of our time together in explaining to me what he had done to make poetry a vital force.

The thought came to me later that perhaps I had been more or less influenced by my association with them, for when I left them to go back to my own humbler inn I stopped on the way to cable to Braddock:

"'Babes in the woods!' Of all the consummate fakirs!"

That was all; but it gave me a mystery of my own with which to puzzle Braddock. He had saddled me with the poet and his mystery in the first place.

FOR THE GREAT FATHER

By George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER



AT Half-Way-House, far over the Height-of-Land on the James Bay watershed, the bitter December wind drove around the white-washed log buildings in swirls of powdery snow. In the post clearing outside the dog-stockade the teepees of Crees in for the Christmas trade stood deep in drifts. Around the roaring stove in the trade-house lounged a group of red trappers filling the long room with smoke as they gloomily discussed in Cree the news brought by the freshly arrived winter mail-team from the southern posts. Behind the huge slab trade-counter sat Nicholson, the factor, and his clerk buried in papers, weeks old, blazoned with accounts of the world war raging since August; for mail from outside came but twice a year to Half-Way-House, marooned in the wilderness of Rupert Land.

Presently the yelping of huskies announced the arrival of another team. Dog-bells jingled in front of the building. The low guttural of the Crees about the stove ceased as heads turned to inspect the newcomer. Then the door of the trade-house opened, admitting a tall figure crusted with snow from moccasins to hood.

"Quey! Quey!" came the greetings from the loungers, for the voyageur was well known at Half-Way-House.

"Quey! Quey!" he threw out as he strode to the counter.

"Hello, Joe! I didn't expect to see you till spring!"

The factor turned from his paper to shake hands over the counter with the tall trapper.

"I thought you said you were going to winter in the Sinking Lake country and wouldn't get in for Christmas?"

"I cum from de Sinkeen Lak' in seex sleep; I got nice fur for you."

"Nice fur, eh? Black fox?"

"Tree of dem," said the Cree, his small black eyes snapping with pride. The loungers who had moved to the counter to

shake hands with the voyageur and hear the talk, grunted in surprise.

"Too bad! Too bad, Joe!" The factor shook his head. "We've sad news from Quebec. War across the Big Water! Nobody buys fur! Prices all gone to smash!"

The dark face of the Indian changed with disappointment.

"How? What you spik?"

"The Great Father in England fights the Germans," explained the factor. "Mail-team just in with new prices for the Company posts. I'm sorry, Joe, I can't allow you much on your skins."

"I got plentee marten an' feesher-cat," the Indian muttered in his chagrin.

"Too bad, furs all gone down; bad times for the Company, bad for the Injun."

"A-hah!" The dazed Cree sighed, thinking of the rich fur pack outside on his sled and the long days he had toiled for it on his trap-lines in distant ice-locked valleys.

"What you geeve now for black fox?"

"Can't give you half last year's price; nobody buys 'em; they've all gone to war. Canada sends soldiers too, to fight for the King, the Great Father, across the Big Water."

"A-hah!" The tall trapper listened in amazement. Then he asked:

"How long dees fight las'?"

"No one knows, Joe. It's the worst war the world has seen and it may last a long time. The Big English Chief says three years."

"Fur no good w'ile de fight las'?"

"No, fur won't be worth much for some time."

"A-hah!" The Cree sighed heavily and went out to look after his dogs.

For two days Joe Lecroix—although a full-blooded Cree, his family had acquired the French name generations before—listened silently to the lamentation of the trappers at Half-Way-House. It was destined to be a sad Christmas indeed for those who had journeyed from their win-



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

He was going he knew not where, to fight the enemies of the Great Father.—Page 327.

ter camps for the revel that the Great Company annually provides for its children of the snows. And long before the trails went soft in April there would be many a tepee in Rupert Land that had not known flour or tea in moons.

But Joe Lecroix did not trade his black fox and marten skins. While the Cree smoked, mourning over the hard times, his active mind was busy. He had long credit at the post; in fact, had never been in debt since he swung out for himself as a youth, and so could hold his fur.

One morning he drove his team of half-breed Ungava huskies, loaded with his outfit and fur pack, up to the trade-house. Entering the store he asked for provisions for three weeks.

"What, Joe, you ain't goin' back before Christmas?" asked Nicholson in surprise.

"No, I travel sout'. No good hunt fur dees long snows," answered the Indian dryly.

"South? What do you mean?"

"Fur too cheap! I got no woman to feed. I t'ink I go to Kebec and see de sojer."

"Why, you're crazy, man!" cried the amazed factor. "It's four hundred miles to the Transcontinental at Weymontechene and it's the same back. They don't want Injuns; they won't take you."

The Cree straightened to his six feet, squaring his wide shoulders. His eyes glittered angrily as he broke into his native tongue.

"You say they ask for young men in Quebec to fight for the Big Chief. You say they will not take me, Joe Lecroix, to fight over the Big Water? Because my skin is dark, can I not fight? Where will you find at the posts of the Great Company any who shoots the running caribou so far as Joe Lecroix? Is there a dog-runner at Rupert House, at Whale River, at Mistissini, at the post by the Fading Waters, who can take the trail from Joe Lecroix? What Company packer carries four bags of flour over the Devil's Portage on the Nottaway without rest? You saw Joe Lecroix do it two summers ago. Has any canoe man in Rupert Land run the Chutes of Death on the Harricanaw and lived? One! That one was Joe Lecroix. "You say the white men will not take Joe Lecroix to fight across the Big Water

because he has a skin like the red cedar. I will go to their camps and ask them."

The deep chest of the Cree rose and fell rapidly, his face set hard as his small eyes fiercely held Nicholson's gaze.

"It ain't that, Joe. All you say is dead truth, my lad. You're as stout as a moose and the best white-water man I've ever seen. It ain't that you ain't as able a man as travels the north country. It's just that they haven't enlisted Indians and may not intend to. I can't tell, and it's a long journey south, a long trail and a hard one. It would be tough if they wouldn't take you. Eight weeks on the trail with the dogs for nothing. It's safer to stick to the traps, Joe."

"I go and fin' out." And no advice of Nicholson could turn the stubborn Cree from his purpose.

When his provision bags were lashed on his sled, there was a handshake all around and a babel of Bo'-jo's from the Indians gathered to speed the mad trapper who was taking a four-hundred-mile trail in midwinter for the chance of getting himself killed in the great fight across the Big Water.

The last to wring the voyageur's hand was Nicholson, who said:

"Take good care of yourself, Joe. Half-Way-House can't afford to lose its best hunter. If you enlist we'll expect to hear from you by the spring canoe or the winter packet at least. Good-by and good luck!"

"Bo'-jo', Meester Nicholson. I sen' you news from de fight," said Lecroix, and with a parting wave of his hand he cracked his caribou-hide whip and was off on the trail to the southern posts and far-off Flanders.

Day by day, as he followed the Singing Rapids trail to the Height-of-Land, now leading his team to pack down the new drift, now riding where the wind had brushed bare the icy shell of streams or beaten the snow hard on the lakes, the Cree came to look with changed eyes on the bleak winter hills and silent forests of his native land. It was a far journey he was entering on, and, as he hurried south behind his eager huskies, he realized that there might be no return down these valleys for the dog-team of Joe Lecroix. He was going he knew not where, to fight the

enemies of the Great Father—the Great Father, of whom his children of the forests had but the vaguest ideas from post-trader and missionary. In the two days he spent at Half-Way-House he had learned what the factor had gathered from newspapers and letters brought by the Christmas-mail team, and it had been sufficient for Joe Lecroix.

The fur trade stagnant and no one depending on his efforts for support, the news of the fighting in France had fired the imagination of the Cree. The Big Chief was calling for men. Thousands of white Canadians had gone and more were going. Should the red man be found wanting? Where in all Rupert Land was there a keener eye over the sights, a more daring bow-man in Company boats, as tireless a dog-runner? And the enemies of the Great Father pressed him sorely. Down in Quebec by the big river all through the autumn the air had been torn with the speaking of the rifles in the ranges—so Nicholson had read to him—and the wide plain trampled by the feet of the marching sons of the Great Father. For a year, maybe two, a black fox would be worth hardly what an otter once brought. Far at the lonely post by the Fading Waters the deep snow mounded all that had once made his life a thing of value to him—the Montagnais girl he had married one year, and lost, all in the short space between the passing and the return of the gray geese. There were no small mouths for Joe Lecroix to feed, no ties that held him, and the Big Chief was calling for men. The word had travelled far into the north, even to the snow-swept spruces of Rupert Land, and had found the heart of one of his children.

It was a bitter trail that the Cree had chosen—the trail to the St. Maurice posts. In the Height-of-Land country the first January blizzard swept down on the team hurrying south. Burrowing into the snow with his dogs, to escape the searing wind with its scourge of fine crystals that struck like shot, he waited, while the forest rocked above him, for the storm to blow itself out. Then, after days of toil in the deep snow, the spent dog-team floundered into the post at Lost Lake.

There the factor raised his hands in protest at the purpose of the voyageur to push south in the bitter weather.

“There’s two feet of new snow. You’ll be weeks making Kickendache; wait until the cold lets up and the wind eases the trail.”

But the call of the Big Chief still rang in the ears of the Cree, and when his dogs were rested he pushed on. So he journeyed south, harassed by the stinging January winds which cut the faces of dogs and driver like a knife-edge; camping under star-encrusted heavens over which the northern lights pulsed and streamed, while forest and icy shell of river and lake snapped and cracked and boomed in the pinch of the withering cold.

At last a team of gaunt huskies crept out of the north into Weymontechene, where the new Transcontinental, leaving the upper St. Maurice, swings west toward the Gatineau headwaters. The weekly train to Quebec was due in three days, but the Cree would not wait; he had never seen the Iron Horse of the white man and preferred to keep on down the river with his dogs.

One day late in January a sentinel patrolling a road leading to the great training camp at Valcartier, now almost deserted of troops which had been forwarded to England, saw approaching a team of lean huskies hitched to a sled, followed by a tall figure in caribou-skin capote. As they neared him he gazed with surprise at the huge northern dogs and their wild-looking driver. Stepping into the road in front of them, he raised his hand. The tall driver shouted to the lead dog and the team reluctantly stopped, slant eyes, flattened ears, and low rumble in throat evidencing their desire to leap at the stranger who dared threaten the dogs of Joe Lecroix with lifted hand.

“Halt! No passing here! What d’you want?” shouted the guard, lowering his bayonet as the lead-dog bared his fangs with a menacing snarl.

“Quey! Quey!” replied the driver. Then quieting his restless dogs he continued: “I cum from de nord countree, Rupert Lan’, to fight for de Great Father.”

The Canadian stared at the wind-blackened face, caribou capote with its gaudy Hudson’s Bay sash, and embroidered leggings of the voyageur.

“Good Gawd! Rupert Land? You’ve travelled some to enlist,” he said. “Come

up to the sentry-box. I'll turn you over to the sergeant."

Leaving the Cree in the road, the soldier entered the neighboring shack.

"Sergeant, there's a wild Injun outside, with a team of man-eatin' dogs, who wants to enlist. He's mushed a long way from the bush."

The sergeant, who came from western Ontario, was interested.

"Bring him in!"

The Cree entered the shack where the sergeant and two privates sat around a stove.

"Quey!" said Joe Lecroix, his black eyes snapping with pleasure at the martial appearance lent the room by the rifles and kits of the men.

"Bo'-jo'! Where you from?" answered the Ontario man, using the Ojibway salutation. "You look like the end of a long trail over the snow."

"Oua, yes! My name ees Joe Lecroix. I travel one moon from Half-Way-House, four sleeps from Mistassini Lac."

"Well, I'll be damned! So you've been on the trail a month and want to enlist?"

"Oua! Fur no good! I cum to fight for de Beeg Chief. I am good man. Strong as bull moose, run lak de wolf."

The Cree squared his shoulders, shifting his gaze from one to another of his hearers as if challenging them to disprove his words.

"Well! Well! A month on the trail in midwinter over the Height-of-Land! That's some spirit, men!"

The sergeant turned to the others whose faces pictured the impression the physique and story of the Cree had made.

"I don't know whether they've enlisted any Indians yet, Joe; but I'll take you to an officer."

The Indian's face fell. Almost fiercely he repeated: "I am good man—can shoot, run wid dog-team, bow-man on Company beeg canoe. I can fight strong for de Great Fader!"

"I believe your story, my boy! You sure look like a rough customer in a mix-up, and any man who comes clear from Rupert Land to enlist deserves recognition. I wish we had a hundred like you in our regiment. I'll take you to the officer of the guard."

Followed by the Cree and his dog-team, the sergeant strode to the neighboring

barracks, passing on the way soldiers who stopped to gaze in wonder at the wild recruit and his huge huskies.

Gaining admittance to the office of the officer of the guard, the sergeant saluted and told his story.

"I've got a big Cree Indian outside, sir, who says he's driven his dogs clear from the Rupert River Country to enlist. And from the condition of his face and the looks of his dogs, I believe him. I've driven dogs myself, sir, on the Transcontinental Survey."

"We haven't enlisted any Indians yet, sergeant."

"I know, sir, but I wish you'd have a look at him. He's a big, handsome-built lad, and it seems hard to turn him back after being on the trail a month."

"You say he's come all the way from the far north with his dogs?" asked a gray-haired officer present.

"Yes, sir. They look it, too."

"Have the sergeant bring him in, captain," said the older officer. "I'd like to see the Indian who is patriotic enough to spend a month on the trail in midwinter for a chance to get himself shot in France."

Entering the room the Cree opened his skin capote, throwing back the hood from a face cracked by wind and frost. A sinewy hand brushed the thick hair from the narrow eyes that searched the faces of the officers for a clew to the verdict that would send him back heart-broken over the bitter trail he had travelled, or make him a soldier of the Great Father.

"You want to enlist?"

"Oua, yes, I cum to fight for de Great Fader."

At the quaintness of the reply the suggestion of a smile crept into the gray eyes of the older officer.

"Where are you from?"

"I cum wid dog-team from Rupert Lan'."

"When did you leave?"

"I leave Half-Way-House, Creemas tam."

"You've been on the trail ever since?"

"Oua, yes. I cross Height-of-Lan' to St. M'rees water and follow riviere trail. I cum more fas' but de blizzard ketch me."

Then the Cree, wondering, if men were wanted to fight, why they hesitated to accept him, impetuously burst out with:

"I am strong man! I mak' beeg fight! I can shoot goose in de air wid rifle. I show you I am good man!"

The earnestness of the Indian had its effect. While the gray-haired officer talked with his junior in low tones, Joe Lecroix, perplexity and fear written plainly on his rugged features, awaited the verdict. They wanted fighting men, and here he was, known as a hunter and voyageur from Whale River down to Grand Lac Victoria, offering his services to the Great Father, and yet these soldiers seemed unwilling to take him.

"He'd make a smashing man in khaki, captain. He's the timber we want—look at his neck and shoulders. It would be shameful after the hardship he's endured in getting here to refuse to enlist him."

"We may have trouble with Ottawa over it, sir, but I'll give him a chance. These wild ones take a lot of drilling; they don't like discipline. They want to see fighting at once because they can ride and shoot. You remember those cattlemen from Calgary, sir?"

"Yes, but give the Indian a trial; I'll take the responsibility."

So Joe Lecroix was enlisted into the—th Canadian Infantry, then at Salisbury Plain, England, a reserve unit of which was still stationed at Valcartier awaiting removal to Halifax.

When the red recruit stripped for the physical examination the surgeon grunted in admiration as muscles, steel-hardened on the white waters and the portages and sled-trails of Rupert Land, rippled and bulged under the bronze skin.

"The handsomest big man I've seen at Valcartier, colonel," he told the gray-haired officer who inquired for his protégé. "He's got the back and arms of a Greek wrestler."

Then, after much heart-burning, mumbling in guttural Cree, mauling of hairy heads and pointed ears, and rubbing of wrinkled noses, Lecroix sold his friends, loyal since puppyhood—friends which no winter trail however bitter had daunted—to a resident of Quebec, disposed of his furs, and became a soldier of the King.

But great as was his joy in the attainment of the goal which had lured him out of the white north, his disappointment on learning that most of the Canadian troops had already left for England was no less

intense. To have toiled through the mid-winter snows of the Height-of-Land country, only to find that he would be cooped up in barracks until spring, weighed heavily on the spirits of the impatient Cree thirsting for the firing line in France and a shot at these unknown enemies of the Great Father. Was it to be for this tiresome grind of daily drill and inactivity that he had left his trap-lines in frozen northern valleys?

At first there were those among the white recruits with whom Joe Lecroix was quartered who resented the idea of comradeship with a wild Cree from the Rupert Land "bush." But the big Indian who talked little and smoked much in barracks, apart from his comrades, was patiently too dangerous a subject for the practical jokes or hectoring of any but the most reckless.

However, one night a commotion in the bunk-room brought a sergeant cursing to the door, to find an enraged Cree holding off two privates with the remnants of a heavy bench as he stood over the insensible bodies of three of their comrades. Blood welling from a cut made by the butt of a Ross rifle, smearing his thick black hair, heightened the fierceness of the narrow eyes blazing with the fighting lust of his race. The Cree had swung the bench back over his head for a rush at the last of his assailants, who brandished clubbed guns, when the sergeant sprang between them.

The officer afterward privately remarked to his captain: "The Injun had a fightin' look in his face as he stood over them drunks that'd 'a' put the terror to a regiment of Germans."

At the subsequent court martial, Lecroix refused to make a charge against his comrades who had returned from leave drunk and started the trouble. In fact, he scorned the opportunity, offered him by the officers presiding, to avoid punishment by pleading self-defense. So he suffered the penalty of confinement and extra duty meted out to the rest; but by the same mark, suddenly, to his surprise, found himself the most popular man in barracks.

"That Injun's white clear through, and a wolf in a fight," was the general comment from the ranks.

But Joe Lecroix was pining for the war

in France and the weeks were slipping by. Then, one morning, when the reserve unit of the —th was ordered to Halifax, the heart of the Cree was made light. At last they were going—crossing the Big Water to the great fight.

But at Halifax they were assigned to the barracks of the —d Infantry which was about to sail and the Indian gave himself up to despair. He should never see the war, never have the chance to fight the hated Germans. As he watched the men of the —d march down to their ship there grew in his heart a fierce resentment at his lot, almost a hatred of those fortunate ones chosen to go, while he who had toiled so for the opportunity to fight in that far-off France, must stay behind.

Three days later Colonel Waring of the —d Canadian Infantry, bound for Southampton on the troop-ship *Ontario*, was saluted by one of his captains.

"We've found a stowaway aboard, sir. He's a Cree Indian; belongs to the reserves of the —th, who arrived in Halifax Monday."

"What in thunder did he stowaway on a troop-ship for if he wanted to desert?"

"He wants to fight, sir, not desert. He has quite a history."

"What do you mean, Captain Booth?"

"Why, one of the officers of the —th told me the Indian had travelled with a dog-team from the far north to enlist. He heard about the war in a Hudson's Bay Post and mushed five hundred miles in midwinter. I wish more Canadians had his spirit."

"Well, well!" muttered the colonel, "and he couldn't wait to go with the —th, so came with us? Let me see him!"

Smear'd with the grime and tar of the ship's hold, Lecroix stood before Colonel Waring and saluted.

Unflinchingly the small eyes of the Cree met the gaze of the officer.

"Do you know what desertion means?"

"Oua, yes, seer!" replied the Cree.

"Why did you leave your regiment, then?"

"I wan' to fight, not to rot all dees winter in de barrack."

"Um!" The officer scratched his chin.

"Didn't you know you'd be sent back on the next ship for Halifax?"

"I wan' to fight, seer! I travail all de Januar' moon to Kebec to fight, not to lie like a squaw in de barrack."

The black eyes of the Indian bored straight into those of the colonel. The officer dropped his own to note the bold features and powerful build of the man before him. Here was no ordinary Indian, but the makings of a magnificent soldier. He found himself wishing that he commanded a regiment of the mettle of this deserter. Finally he said:

"Desertion in time of war is the gravest offense a soldier can commit. Um!" Again the stubby fingers sought the square chin. "To be sure, you have deserted for the front. Um!" Another pause. "Still you will be sent back to your command and severely punished. Um!" More rubbing of the chin followed; then:

"Captain Booth, enroll and quarter this man temporarily with your company and report immediately to Halifax by wireless. On landing I will turn him over to the authorities for deportation."

But somehow the case of Joe Lecroix was not reported to the authorities when the regiment landed and went to the great camp at Salisbury Plain. Furthermore, later, by some magic, the Cree's name was stricken from his company roll in the —th reserve unit at Halifax and allowed to remain on the roll of Booth's battalion of the —d. After another severe reprimand from the colonel, there the matter rested, to the surprise of the regiment.

But Joe Lecroix soon realized that at the camp at Salisbury Plain, with its army corps of marching men at drill, its ceaseless staccato of rifle practice in the ranges and roll of the deeper-tongued field-pieces, he was still far from the fighting in Flanders. Yet regiments and divisions were daily leaving for the front and his spirits rose. Some day to him would come the call to strike for Canada and the King.

It was not long before the —d Canadians had reason to be proud of the stowaway of the *Ontario*, for in the first rifle match in which the Canadian Division contested the red private from Rupert Land showed a total absence of nerves and an unerring eye by getting repeated bull's-eyes on the shorter ranges of two, three, and five hundred yards, winning the match for the Canadians.

That night at mess the colonel of the —d was overheard saying to a captain:

"That little matter at Halifax has been adjusted, captain. They'll have to come and get him if they want him now, after this afternoon, eh?" And the officers grinned widely as they wrung each other's hands, for the rivalry at Salisbury Plain was keen.

Finally, one day there came an end to the impatience of Private Lecroix, for the Canadians were ordered to France. At last the men from the Selkirks and the Saguenay, from the ranches of the Saskatchewan and the forests of Ontario and Quebec—cowboys, miners, and city men, farmers, trappers, and lumberjacks—were to have their chance to strike for England and Our Lady of the Snows.

Without avail they had chafed and growled and protested under the long period of preparation demanded by the chief of staff, but at last these hardy sons of the north were pronounced fit, and soon their ears would vibrate with the shriek of shells from the great guns over the channel. And at the news no eyes in the Canadian Division brightened with anticipation as did the beady ones of Private Lecroix, sharpshooter. At last he was to see these hated enemies of the Great Father.

For three weeks the —d Canadians had been holding a section of trenches in the mud at Ypres. For three weeks sharpshooter Lecroix had been watching the Prussians opposite for a shot at a head or an arm, as the gray owl of his native north watches a barren for ptarmigan. Time and again an unwary German had paid the penalty of offering the target of a few square inches to an eye trained to the keenness of the hawk's in wringing a livelihood from the lean lands of muskeg and forest. An eye and a hand that had held the rifle-sights true on a gray goose riding the wind found little leisure in the trenches of Flanders.

But this holing up in the mud like a musquash, this dull waiting for action which never came, wore sorely on the patience of the restless Cree. This was not the manner of war he had pictured to himself as he lay by his camp-fire in the snow on the long trail south through the stinging January winds. It was the personal combat of lunge and thrust, of

blow for blow, after rifle-firing and a wild charge—the struggle of strong men at close grips, of which he had dreamed and for which he now thirsted. Of artillery he had known nothing and this ceaseless thundering of the great guns, this taking to earth, like a fox to his burrow, when the high-explosive shells shrieked over, harassed his pride; this wiping out of men with shrapnel and machine guns was like emptying a charge of shot into a flock of bewildered yellow-legs on the James Bay marshes—it was not man's work.

But at length fate smiled on the one who had waited long. From the day that the —d Canadians reached the front, tales of the night forays of a neighboring Gurkha regiment had travelled to them down the trenches. In twos and threes these little brown men of Nepal, armed only with their terrible native kukeri, had been wriggling over on black nights, like snakes through the grass, to the advanced trenches and listening posts of the enemy. A leap, a thrust in the dark, a groan, and the stabbed men lying stiff in the gray dawn alone told the relief that the Gurkhas had been out again.

That these miniature men from far Himalayan foot-hills, whom he could toss with one hand, as he tossed the fur packs of the Great Company on a summer portage, should show the way to the German trenches to a dog-runner of the Rupert Land trails rankled sorely in the heart of the proud Cree.

"I know," replied his lieutenant, when asked for leave to go out on the next dark night, "but they haven't got a listening post or advanced trench in front of us; they're too far away and you can't expect to pile into a main trench full of Boches and not get wiped out. You're crazy, and besides, we need you."

However, one night, when, anticipating a surprise attack, the eyes of those on watch were straining into the blackness which enveloped them, the heavy silence was broken by a shout from the enemy's line, followed by rapid rifle-firing; then all sounds ceased. For three hours an officer of the battalion, followed by a sergeant, nervously patrolled his position. At intervals they climbed to the parapet and peered long into the darkness, conversing in low tones. Then, just before dawn broke blue in the east, there was a

challenge from a sentinel, followed by a low reply from the gloom outside and shortly over the parapet into the trench crawled a dark shape. A half-frozen, mud-caked figure, with a crimson blotch smearing the neck of his sweater, stood before the captain.

"Are you hit hard, Lecroix?" Captain Booth asked anxiously. "We thought they had got you."

"Eet bleed beeg, but ees only leetle t'ing, seer. I leesen by dere trench, but many men camp dere. Eet was no good." And, shaking his head regretfully, Private Lecroix ran a calloused thumb over the razor edge of the long knife he carried lashed to his left wrist by a thong. "W'en I grow ver' cold," he continued, "and tak' de back trail, dey hear me and shoot."

During the following nights the Germans were heard digging, and shortly they occupied a new listening post a stone's throw from the Canadian lines. Following this discovery, Private Lecroix was observed putting the finishing touches on the edge of a second long knife, borrowed from a battalion cook in the rear. At last there was fighting ground within reach where he might find the odds as small as three or four to one, and the heart of the Cree beat high, for his great moment was at hand.

But at dusk, something was in the air on the front of the —d Canadians. Officers talking in low tones hurried up and down the trench. Then reserve battalions from the rear began pouring out of the communicating trenches, and from man to man sped the news that brigade headquarters had ordered a surprise attack at midnight.

Joe Lecroix lifted clenched fists to the skies and cursed his luck in French, English, and Cree. These officers in the rear at headquarters were going to spoil his little personal affair out in front, and it was sure to be a night of nights, for the darkness was closing in black as a spruce swamp. He had promised himself a call with a knife in either hand on that listening post, and now it was to be a general advance.

Shortly the order was read to the men in groups along the trench.

"At one o'clock the —d Canadians will rush the enemy's first line with the bayonet. At one-fifteen, the artillery in

support will shell the enemy's reserve to check counter-attack. The advanced trench in front of —d Canadians will first be taken by surprise by a special detail to prevent drawing enemy's fire on main attacking force following."

To a grim group crowded in a dusk-filled bomb-proof, Captain Booth repeated the order for the night's work. As they listened to the call which meant to many there certain death gradually the earnest tones of the officer's voice died into the distance, while before their eyes flashed visions of far familiar hills and prairies fresh with rain, of rivers singing through forests green in a Canadian June, of loved faces—and then the deep voice of their leader brought them back overseas to a trench in the mud of the Flemish lowlands.

"Men," he was saying, "I want volunteers to go out and get that sentry-post. This is the job of the 1st Battalion. If we get them without a racket, the —d Canadians will see the sunrise from the German's first line. If we make a mess of it, dawn will find most of us out there stiff in the mud. I want single men, for it's desperate work."

For an instant the men stood motionless, silent, as the officer waited, then the tall figure of Private Lecroix pushed forward from the rear and saluted.

"I weel get dem trench, seer," said the Cree, his eyes glittering with excitement, for he knew now that he had not ground the edge of that second knife in vain.

Then another and another followed the Cree, and passing down the trench, repeating his call, Booth soon had the pick of the battalion. From these six were chosen.

"Lecroix," said the officer, "you've been out there and know the ground. You are in command of this party and will arrange the details at once."

The general advance was to start at one o'clock, so the six men on whose success depended the lives of hundreds of their comrades made their preparations.

At twelve the scouting party, stripped to sweaters, trousers, and socks, wrung the hands of officers and comrades, slipped over the parapet, and crawled out into the Flemish murk to their tryst with death. With a knife in his teeth and another bound to his left wrist with a thong, Joe Lecroix moved snakelike through the

slime toward the trench-head fifty yards away. By agreement he was to attempt first to learn the number of men in the post and wait for the others to come up; they would then divide, three circling to the communicating trench in the rear, and at a whistle all rush the sentries with the knife. It was a long chance that they might wipe out the Prussians without warning the enemy's main trench, but the desperate nature of the work only steeled the muscles of Joe Lecroix, filling his heart with a wild exultation.

While his comrades of the forlorn hope had sent home many messages before starting, Lecroix had dictated but one, addressed to the factor at Half-Way-House.

"Meester Nicholson," he had said to the sergeant, writing in the dim lantern-light of the bomb-proof.

"De huntin' ees ver' good een dees countree. To-night I tak' leetle voyage, not ver' far, to see fr'en'. I bring leetle present for dem, one een each han'. Eef dey like dem present, I see you some tam een Half-Way-House, maybe. Eef ma fr'en' don' tak' dem present, tell de peop' een Rupert Land dat Joe Lecroix was no good to fight for de Great Fader.

"Bo'-jo'! ma Fr'en',

"JOE LECROIX,

"—d *Canadaw Infantree.*"

This was the farewell of Private Lecroix to Rupert Land. But as he wormed his way, foot by foot out into the black silence of the No Man's Land between the trenches to the death-grapple that the hour would bring, there went with him the poignant memory of a mound in a far forest clearing, where now the birch leaves of two autumns lay thick under the shifting snow, at the lonely post by the Fading Waters.

The Canadians, flat in the mud fifty feet from the trench-head, waited for Lecroix to reconnoitre.

Wriggling on his chest, like a goose stalker of his northern marshes, often stopping for minutes to listen for voices, the Cree noiselessly advanced. Finally, out of the impenetrable gloom, came the low sound of conversation. Whether the parapet was feet or yards away he could not tell. So he crept nearer. Again he heard voices. His keen eyes were unable

to pierce the black wall in front. Yet the trench must be close at hand. The Cree moved a few feet. The voices ceased.

Lecroix waited, hardly breathing, for what seemed an eternity, then he thrust out his hand and touched a rise in the ground. It was the slope of the parapet. With mad indifference to the risk he ran he rose to his knees, groping up the face of the slope, when his fingers met a cold, unyielding surface. He extended his reach. It was the steel barrel of a machine gun.

Like a cat the Cree withdrew and circled the trench-head, hoping to find in the rear a vantage-point from which, if a match were struck to light a pipe, he might determine the number of his foes. Reaching the narrow passageway leading to the listening post, he crawled upon the loose earth thrown up at the sides and waited. Shortly in the trench-head an electric flash was turned on, and in the faint glow the Indian caught a glimpse of two faces bent over pipes and a burning match. Then all was dark again.

It was late, how late he did not know, but surely well on toward one o'clock. There was no time to lose. To go back to the men waiting for him and bring them up to rush the trench-head might take too long—and if they were heard? Then all was lost! He had been chosen by his captain to do this thing. He could not fail. He had seen but three, the two faces in the light and the back of another standing. This was the way to them, from the rear through their own trench, and—in a flash came the decision—he, Joe Lecroix, would go—alone.

At Valcartier they had hesitated to enlist an Indian. Well, a Cree should show them all, now, how one of his red children could strike for the Great Father. He would prove that the forests and barrens bred men. Here to-night, in the alien mud of Flanders, he would vindicate his dark skin and the honor of his race. He, Joe Lecroix, would go into that den of Prussian wolves and with the naked knife carve the name of the northern Cree high on the honor roll of the soldiers of the Great Father.

Fearing to disturb loose earth, he followed the trench back, then slipped into it. Down the passage, barely wide enough for a man's body, he crept upon



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

The left hand of the wounded Cree wrenched free from the mêlée of arms and legs, the long knife lashed to the wrist of steel found its men.—Page 336.

his foes. At length the Indian lay within two yards of the opening into the trench-head, listening. He had already forgotten the men waiting out there for his return, for one o'clock was near and the lives of the —d Canadians now rested solely on the fighting blood of a dog-runner of Rupert Land.

Grasping a long knife in each hand, his legs set under him like steel springs, the Cree crouched at the opening for the leap, when again the flash illuminated the floor of the trench; but the light only served him the better to drive his first thrusts home as he sprang upon the Prussians.

Lunging savagely as he rose from the stabbed men, Lecroix knifed the sentry at the machine gun before the German knew the fate of his comrades, but at the same instant, from behind, a bayonet following a German oath was driven deep into the right shoulder of the frenzied Cree, crippling his arm. Brought to his knees, the Indian drove the knife in his left hand upward in a desperate thrust as another heavy body hurled itself upon him from the parapet, and the three, fighting blindly, rolled to the trench floor. But the left hand of the wounded Cree, underneath, finally wrenched free from the mêlée of arms and legs, the long knife lashed to the wrist of steel found its men, once, twice—and in the trench-head between the lines there was left no sentry to warn the Prussians in the rear of the coming of the Canadians.

Smearred with mud and blood, his right arm hanging helpless from his bayoneted shoulder, his comrades of the scouting party found Joe Lecroix with his Prussian dead. Close on their heels, the —d Canadians stole by and leaped, like wolverines, with knife and bayonet into the German trenches before a single machine gun spat its red flash into the blackness. Then the artillery opened on the enemy's reserves hurrying up from their second line, and chaos was loosed.

Dawn broke on the Canadians anchored in their goal, but long before this the tale of how the surprise was made possible by the taking of the Prussian trench-head, single-handed, by Private Lecroix, 1st Battalion, had travelled far up and down the lines.

Days later Booth told an interested group at brigade headquarters:

"When the rest of the advance party, fearing Lecroix had been wiped out, rushed the trench, they found the Indian stanching a bayonet wound in his shoulder with his good hand, and five dead Prussians piled around him. Our stow-away, colonel, has paid for his passage. He saved the —d."

"And the —d, and Canada, will not forget," came the answer.

The spring mail-canoe was in from the south at Half-Way-House. Nicholson, the factor, sat in his trade-room devouring the first papers he had seen since the Christmas dog-team brought into the north the news of the great war. The teepees of Crees in for the spring trade—little as the Company now offered for fur—covered the post clearing where huskies yelped and Indian children shouted at play while their elders lamented the ruin of the fur trade by the great war across the Big Water.

Presently Nicholson gasped, and with eyes bulging sprang to his feet.

"My glory! Listen to this!" he cried to the clerk.

"Official Gazette: For conspicuous gallantry in taking single-handed an advanced post of the enemy with machine gun, at Ypres, Flanders, in which he was severely wounded, Joseph Lecroix, private, —d Canadian Infantry, awarded the Victoria Cross."

"Hooray for Joe Lecroix and Rupert Land!" bellowed the excited Scotchman, waving the paper in his hand as he rushed past his open-mouthed clerk and the astonished Crees to tell his wife the news.

Presently a chattering throng of Indians and whites gathered at the flagstaff in the stockade, while the howls of the huskies added to the clamor. Then Nicholson shouted:

"Ten volleys of Company shells, lads, for Joe Lecroix and Half-Way-House!"

As the red emblem of the Great Company fluttered to the breeze, the explosion of many rifles shattered the age-long silence of the wild valley, loosing the echoes among the timbered hills, and from a hundred throats was shouted the name of one who had journeyed long and dared much in the far lowlands of Flanders for the honor of Rupert Land and the Great Father.

STRANDED IN ARCADY

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

VIII

CRACKING VENEERS



AT the foot of the long portage which had closed the week for them the two voyagers found the course of their river changing again to the southeastward, and were encouraged accordingly. In addition to the changing course the stream was taking on greater volume and, while the rapids were not so numerous, they were more dangerous, or at least they looked so.

By this time they were acquiring some considerable skill with the paddles, together with a fine, woodcrafty indifference to the hardships. In the quick water they were never dry, and they came presently to disregard the wettings, or rather to take them as a part of the day's work. As the comradeship ripened their attitude toward each other grew more and more intolerant of the civilized reservations. Over the night fires their talk dug deeply into the abstractions, losing artificiality in just proportion to the cracking and peeling of the veneers.

"I am beginning to feel as though I had never touched the real realities before," was the way Prime expressed it at the close of a day in which they had run a fresh gamut of all the perils. "Life, the life that the vast majority of people thrive upon, will always seem ridiculously trivial and commonplace to me after this. I never understood before that civilization is chiefly an overlaying of extraneous things, and that, given a chance, it would disintegrate and fall away from us even as our civilized clothes are doing right now."

The young woman looked up with a quaint little grimace. She was trying to

patch the frayed hem of her skirt, sewing with a thread drawn from one of the blankets and a clumsy needle Prime had fashioned for her out of a fish-bone.

"Please don't mention clothes," she begged. "If we had more of the deer-skin I'd become a squaw at once. The fringes wouldn't look so bad if they were done in leather."

"Mere accessories," Prime declared, meaning the clothes. "Civilization prescribes them, their cut, fashion, and material. The buckskin Indians have the best of us in this, as in many other things."

"The realities?" she queried.

"The simplicities," he qualified. "Life as we have lived it, and as we shall probably live it again if we ever get out of this, is much too complex. We are learning how few the real necessities are, and it is good for the soul. I wouldn't take a fortune for what I've been learning in these weeks, Lucetta."

"I have been learning, too," she admitted.

"Other things besides the use of a paddle and a camp-fire?"

"Many other things. I have forgotten the world I knew best, and it is going to require a tremendous effort to remember it again when the need arises."

"I shall never get back to where I was before," Prime asserted with cheerful dogmatism. Then, in a fresh burst of confidence: "Lucetta, I'm coming to suspect that I have always been the merest surface-skimmer. I thought I knew life a little, and was even brash enough to attempt to write about it. I thought I could visualize humanity and its possibilities, but what I saw was only the outer skin—of people and of things. But my greatest impertinence has been in my handling of women."

"Injustice?" she inquired.

"Not intentional; just crass ignorance. I know now that I was merely imitative, choosing for models the character-draw-

*. A summary of the preceding chapters of "Stranded in Arcady" appears on page 5 of the Advertising pages.



Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

"Hold her!" he shouted. "We've got to make the shore, if it smashes us!"—Page 343.

ings of men who knew even less about women than I did. Vapid sentimentality was about as far as I could get. It gags me to think of it now."

Her laugh was as unrestrained as that of a child. "You amuse me, Donald. Most women are hopelessly sentimental. Don't you know that?"

"You are not," he retorted soberly.

"How do you know?"

"Heavens and earth! if I haven't had an opportunity to find out——"

"You haven't," she returned quietly; "not the least little morsel of an opportunity. A few days ago we were thrown together—a man and a woman who were total strangers, to live or die as the chance might fall. I defy any one to be sentimental in such circumstances. Sentiment thrives only in the artificialities; they are the very breath of its life. If men and women could know each other as they really are, there would be fewer marriages, by far."

"And the few would be far happier," Prime put in.

"Do you think so? I doubt it very much."

"Why?"

"Because, in the most admirable marriage there must be some preservation of the reticences. It is possible for people to know each other too well."

"I don't think so, if the qualities are of the kind that will stand the test."

"Who has such qualities?" she asked quickly.

"You have, for one. I didn't believe there was a human woman on earth who could go through what you have and still keep sweet. Setting aside the hardships, I fancy most other women would have gone stark, staring mad puzzling over the mystery."

"Ah, yes; the mystery. Shall we ever be able to explain it?"

"Not if we decide to throw Grider overboard, I'm afraid."

"Doesn't the Mr. Grider solution seem less and less possible to you as time goes on?" she asked. "It does to me. The motive—a mere practical joke—isn't strong enough. Whoever abducted us was trying for something larger than a laugh at our expense."

"You'd think so, wouldn't you? Big

risks were incurred, and the expense must have been considerable, too. Still, as I have said before, if we leave Grider out of it we abandon the one only remotely tenable explanation. I grant you that the joke motive is weak, but aside from that there is no motive at all. Nobody in this world could have any possible object in getting rid of me, and I am sure that the assumption applies with equal force to you. You see where it leaves us."

"I know," was the ready rejoinder. "If the mystery had stopped with our discovery of the aeroplane-tracks, it would have been different. But it didn't stop there. It continued with our finding of the ownerless canoe stocked for a long journey. Was the canoe left for us to find?"

Prime knew his companion well enough by this time to be willing to trust her with the grewsome truth.

"I don't know what connection the canoe may have had with our kidnapping, if any, but I am going to tell you something that I didn't care to tell you until we were far enough away from the scene of it. We reasoned that there were two owners for the canoe, arguing from the two rifles and the two hunting-knives. Do you know why they didn't turn up while we were waiting for them?"

"No."

"It was because they couldn't. They were dead."

"You knew it at the time?" she asked.

"Yes. I found them. It was in a little glade just below our camp at the river mouth. They had fought a duel with knives. It was horrible, and I thought it best not to tell you—it seemed only the decent thing not to tell you."

"When did you find them?"

"It was when I went over to the river on the excuse of trying to get some berries while you were cooking supper. I had seen the canoe when I went after the can of water. Instead of looking for berries I began to hunt around for the owners, thinking that probably they were camped somewhere near by. I didn't find any traces of a camp; but in the glade there were the ashes of five fires arranged in the shape of a Greek cross: one fire in the middle and one at the end of each

arm. This mystified me still more, but it was then growing so dark that it was no use to look farther. Just as I was leaving the glade I stumbled over the two men, locked in each other's arms; they had evidently been dead for some hours, or maybe days."

"How perfectly frightful!" she exclaimed. "I don't wonder that you looked ill when you came back."

"It nearly knocked me out," Prime confessed. "But I realized at once that it wasn't necessary to multiply the shock by two. After you were asleep that night I went over and buried the two men—weighted them with stones and sunk them in the river, since I didn't have anything to dig with. Afterward, while I was searching for the other knife, I found a little buckskin bag filled with English sovereigns, lying, as I supposed, where one of them had dropped it. It seemed to indicate the motive for the desperate fight."

"But it adds just that much more to the mystery," was the young woman's comment. "Were they white men?"

"Half-breeds or Indians, I couldn't tell which."

"Somebody hired them to do something with us?" she suggested tentatively.

"That is only a guess. I have made it half a dozen times only to have it pushed aside by the incredibilities. If we are to connect these two men with our kidnapping, it presupposes an arrangement made far in advance. That in itself is incredible."

"What do you make of the five fires?"

"I could make nothing of them unless they were intended for signal-fires of some kind; but even in that case the arrangement in the form of a cross wouldn't mean anything."

The young woman had finished her mending and was putting the fish-bone needle carefully away against a time of future need.

"The arrangement might mean something if one were looking down upon it from above," she put in quietly.

Prime got up to kick the burned log-ends into the heart of the fire.

"If I didn't have such a well-trained imagination, I might have thought of that," he said, with a short laugh. "It

was a signal, and it was lighted for the benefit of our aeroplane. How much farther does that get us?"

The young woman was letting down the flaps of her sleeping-tent, and her answer was entirely irrelevant.

"I am glad the protective instinct was sufficiently alive to keep you from telling me at the time," she said, with a little shudder which she did not try to conceal. "You may not believe it, Donald Prime, but I still have a few of the civilized weaknesses. Good night; and don't sit up too long with that horrid tobacco."

IX

SHIPWRECK

THOUGH the castaways had not especially intended to observe the day of rest, they did so, the Sunday dawning wet and stormy, with lowering clouds and foggy intervals between the showers to make navigation extra-hazardous. When the rain settled into a steady down-pour they pulled the canoe out of water, turning it bottom-side-up to serve as a roof to shelter them. In the afternoon Prime took one of the guns and went afield, in the hope of finding fresh meat of some sort, though it was out of season and he was more than dubious as to his skill as either a hunter or a marksman. But the smoked meats were becoming terribly monotonous, and they had not yet had the courage to try the pemmican. Quite naturally, nothing came of the hunting expedition save a thorough and prolonged soaking of the hunter.

"The wild things have more sense than I have," he announced on his return. "They know enough to stay in out of the rain. Can you stand the cold-storage stuff a little while longer?"

Lucetta said she could, and signaled the Sunday-evening meal by concocting an appetizing pan-stew of smoked venison and potatoes to vary the deadly monotonies.

The Monday morning brought a return of the fine weather. The storm had blown itself out during the night and the skies were clearing. The day of rain had swollen the river quite perceptibly, and a short distance below their Sunday camp

its volume was further augmented by the inflow of another river from the east, which fairly doubled its size.

On this day there were fewer water hazards, and the current of the enlarged river was so swift that they had little to do save to keep steerageway on the birch-bark. Nevertheless, it was not all plain sailing. By the middle of the forenoon the course of the stream had changed again to the northward, swinging around through a wide half-circle to the west, and this course, with its Hudson Bay threatenings, was maintained throughout the remainder of the day.

Their night camp was made at the head of a series of rapids, the first of which, from the increased volume of the water, looked more perilous than any they had yet attempted. It was late when they made camp and, the darkness coming on quickly, they were prevented from reconnoitring. But they had the thunder of the flood for music at their evening meal, and it was ominous.

"I am afraid that noise is telling us that we are to have no thoroughfare tomorrow," was the young woman's comment upon the thunder music. "Let us hope it will be a short carry this time."

Prime laughed. "Isn't there a passage somewhere in the Bible about the back being fitted to its burden?" he asked. Then he went on for her encouragement: "It's all in the day's work, Lucetta-woman, and it is doing you no end of good. The next time you are able to look into a mirror you won't know yourself."

Though she had thought that she was by this time far beyond it, the young woman blushed a little under the rich outdoor brown.

"Then I'm not growing haggard and old?" she inquired.

"Indeed, you are not!" he asserted loyally. "I'm the beauty of the two"—passing a hand over the three weeks' growth of stubble beard on his face. "You are putting on weight every day. In another week your face will be as round as a full moon. It may not sound like it, but that was meant for a compliment."

"Was I too thin?" she wanted to know.

"Er—not precisely thin, perhaps; but

a little strenuous. You gave me the idea at first that Domestic Science, with gymnasium teaching on the side, had been a trifle too much for you. Had they?"

"No; I was perfectly fit. But one acquires the habit of living tensely in that other world that we have lost and can't find again. It is human to wish to make money, and then a little more money."

"What special use have you for a little more money?" Prime asked curiously.

"Travel," she said succinctly. "I should like to see the world; all of it."

"That wouldn't take so very much money. Goodness knows, the pen isn't much of a mining-pick, but with it I have contrived to dig out a year in Europe."

"You couldn't have done it teaching the daughters of retired farmers how to cook rationally," she averred. "Besides, my earning year is only nine months long."

"Then you really do want money?"

"Yes; not much money, but just enough. That is, if there is any such half-way stopping-point for the avaricious."

"There is," he asserted. "I have found it for myself. I should like to have money enough to enable me to write a book in the way a book ought to be written—in perfect leisure and without a single distracting thought of the royalty check. No man can do his best with one eye fixed firmly upon the treasurer's office."

"I had never thought of that," she mused. "I always supposed a writer worked under inspiration."

"So he does, the inspiration of the butcher and the baker and the anxious landlord. I can earn a living; I have done it for a number of years; but it is only a living for one, and there isn't anything to put aside against the writing of the leisurely book—or other things."

"Oh; then you have other ambitions, too."

"The one ambition that every normal-minded man ought to have: I want a wife and babies and a home."

"Then you certainly need money," she laughed.

"Sure I do; but not too much—always remember that—not too much."

"What would you call 'too much'?"

"Enough to spoil the children and to make it unnecessary for me ever to write another line."

This time her laugh was mocking. "Just now you said you wanted enough so that you could write without thinking of money," she reminded him.

"Oh, there is a golden mean; it doesn't have to be all honey or all vinegar. A nice tidy little income that would provide at a pinch for the butcher and the baker and the other people. You know what I mean."

"Yes, I think I do; and my ambition is hardly more soaring than yours. As you remarked, it doesn't cost so frightfully much to travel and live abroad."

He looked at her dubiously. "You don't mean that you'd wish to travel all the time, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Why—er—I don't know precisely. But you'd want to settle down and have a home sometime, wouldn't you?"

"And cook for a man?" she put in. "Perhaps I haven't found the man."

Prime's laugh was a shout.

"I notice you are cooking pretty assiduously for a man these days. But perhaps that is only in self-defense. If the man cooked for you you wouldn't live very long."

"I am merely doing my bit, as the English say," was the cool retort. "I haven't said that I like to do it."

"But you do like to do it," he insisted. "If you didn't, you couldn't hit it off so cheerfully. I know a thing or two, and what I don't know I am learning. You are a perfectly normal woman, Lucetta, and normality doesn't mean continuous travel."

"You have changed your mind again. Last week you were calling me abnormal, and saying that you had never met a woman like me before."

"I hadn't; but that was my misfortune. I hope there are a good many like you; I've got to hope it for the sake of humanity and the good of the race. But this talk isn't getting us anywhere. We had better turn in; there is a hard day ahead of us to-morrow."

In the morning the prophecy seemed destined to fulfil itself in heaping measure. While Lucetta was getting breakfast

Prime took to the woods and made a careful survey of some portion of the hazards ahead. He was gone for the better part of an hour, and when he came back his report was not encouraging.

"Worse and more of it," was the way he described the difficulties. "It is just one rapid after another, as far as I went; and that must have been a mile and a half or more. Coming back, I kept to the river bank, and tried to imagine us picking the way between the rocks in the channel. I believe we can do it if you have the nerve to try."

"If I have the nerve?" she flung back. "Is that a revival of the sex idea?"

"I beg your pardon," he hastened to say. "It was simply a manner of speaking. Your nerve is like the rest of you—superb. We'll shoot the rapids if it takes a leg. It would ask for more than a leg to make the carry."

A little later they loaded the canoe carefully for the greater hazard, packing the dunnage securely and protecting the meal and the flour as well as they could by wrapping them tightly in the canvas roll. Past this, they cut strips from the remaining scraps of deerskin and tied everything, even to the utensils, the guns, and the axe, to the braces, taking time to make the preparations thorough.

It was well that they took the time while they had it. After the birch-bark had been headed into the first of the rapids there was no time for anything but the strenuous fight for life. Faster and still faster the frail craft leaped on its way, down one rapid and into another before they could congratulate themselves upon the latest hair-breadth dodging of the thickly strewn boulders.

From time to time in the brief respites Prime shouted encouragement to his canoe-mate. "Keep it up—it can't last forever! We're doing nobly. Look out for this big beggar just ahead!"

So it went on, from bad to worse and then to bad again, but never with a chance for a landing or a moment's rest from the engrossing vigilance. Prime gasped and was thankful that there were days of sharp muscle-hardening behind them to fit them for this crowning test. He was sure he could measure Lucetta's fortitude by his own. So long as he

could endure the strain he knew he could count upon hearing the steady dip of her paddle keeping time with his own.

But the worst of the worst was yet to come. At the foot of a series of rapids which were like a steeply descending stair, they found themselves in a sluiceway where the enlarged river ran like a torrent in flood. On the still air of the summer day a hoarse clamor was rising to warn them that there was a cataract ahead. Prime's cry of alarm was not needed. With the first backing dip of the paddle he felt the braking impulse at the stern striking in with his own.

"Hold her!" he shouted. "We've got to make the shore, if it smashes us!" But the puny strength of the two pairs of arms was as nothing when pitted against the on sweep of the mighty flood. For a brief instant the downward rush of the canoe was checked; then it was caught in a whirling eddy and spun end for end as if upon a pivot. When it straightened up for the leap over the shallow fall it was headed the wrong way, and a moment later the crash came.

The young woman was the only one of the two who knew definitely what followed. In the tipping glide over the brink they were both thrown out of the canoe and spilled into the whirlpool at the foot of the cataract. Lucetta kept her head sufficiently to remember that Prime could not swim, and when she came up from the plunge she saw him, and saw that he was not struggling.

Two quick strokes enabled her to get her fingers in his hair, and then began a battle in which the strength of the single free arm had to match itself against the swirling current of the whirlpool. Twice, and yet once again, the young woman and her helpless burden were swept around the circle, each time drawing a little nearer to the recurving eddy under the fall. Lucetta knew well enough that a second ingulfing under the cataract meant death for both, and at the beginning of the fourth circling she made the supreme effort, winning the desperate battle and struggling out upon the low shingly bank of the pool, to fall exhausted when she had dragged her unconscious canoe-mate out of the water.

After a dazed minute or two she was

able to sit up and realize the extent of the disaster. The canoe had disappeared after its leap into the pool, and she did not know what had become of it. And Prime was lying just as the dragging rescue had left him, with his arms flung wide. His eyes were closed, and his face, under the three weeks' growth of stubble beard, was haggard and drawn. In the dive over the fall he had struck his head, and the blood was oozing slowly from a great bruise on his forehead.

X

HORRORS

It is a trite saying that even the weakest strand in the cable never knows how much it can pull until the demanding strain comes. As a young woman with athletic leanings, Lucetta had had arduous drillings in first-aid, and had drilled others. If Prime had been merely drowned she would have known precisely what to do. But the broken head was a different matter.

Nevertheless, when her own exhaustion was a little assuaged, she essayed the first-aid. Dragging the hapless one a little farther from the water's edge, she knelt beside him to examine the wound with fingers that trembled a little as they pressed, in spite of the brave diagnostic resolution. There was no skull fracture, but she had no means of determining how serious the concussion was. Prime was breathing heavily, and the bruise was already beginning to puff up and discolor.

With hope still in abeyance, she worked swiftly. Warmth was the first necessity. Her hands were shaking when she felt in the pocket of Prime's coat for the precious bottle of matches. Happily it was unbroken, and she could have wept for joy. There was plenty of fuel at hand, and in a few minutes she had a fire blazing brightly, before which she propped the wounded man to dry out, though his wet clothing gave him a sweltering steam bath before the desiccating process began. It was heroic treatment, but there was no alternative, and by the time she had him measurably dried and warm her own soggy discomfort was also abating.

Having done what she could, her situation was still as forlorn as it could well be; she was alone in the heart of the forest wilderness with a wounded man, who might live or die as the chance should befall—and there was no food. She set her face determinedly against the erosive impatience of despair. There was nothing to do but to wait with what fortitude she could muster.

The afternoon dragged on interminably, and to make the prospect more dispiriting the sky clouded over and the sun disappeared. Toward evening Prime began to stir restlessly and to mutter in a sort of feeble delirium. The young woman hailed this as a hopeful symptom, and yet the mutterings of the unconscious man were inexpressibly terrifying. What if the recovery should be only of the body and not of the mind?

As the dusk began to gather, Lucetta found her strong resolution ebbing in spite of all she could do. The thunder of the near-by cataract deafened her, and the darkling shadows of the forest were thickly shot with unnerving suggestions. To add the finishing touch, her mind constantly reverted to the story of the finding and disposal of the two dead men and she could not drive the thought away. In a short time it became a frenzied obsession, and she found herself staring wildly in a sort of hypnotic trance at the waterfall, fully expecting to see one or both of the dead bodies come catapulting over it.

While it was still light enough to enable her to distinguish things dimly, something did come over the fall, a shapeless object about the size of a human body, shooting clear of the curving water wall, to drop with a sullen splash into the whirlpool. Lucetta covered her eyes with her hands and shrieked. It was the final straw, and she made sure her sanity was going.

She was still gasping and trembling when she heard a voice, and venturing to look she saw that Prime was sitting up and holding his head in his hands. The revulsion from mad terror to returning sanity was so sudden and overpowering that she wanted to go to him and fall on her knees and hug him merely because he was a man and alive, and hadn't

died to leave her alone with the frightful horrors.

"Didn't I—didn't I hear you scream?" he mumbled, twisting his tongue to the words with the utmost difficulty. And then: "What on earth has happened to me? I feel—as if—I had been run through—a threshing-machine."

"You were pitched out of the canoe and hurt," she told him. "I—I was afraid you were going to die!"

"Was that why you screamed?" The words were still foolishly hard to find and still harder to set in order.

At this she cried out again, and again covered her eyes. "No—no! It is there yet—in the whirlpool—one of the—one of the dead men!"

Though Prime was still scarcely more than half conscious of his condition and cripplings, the protective instinct was clamoring to be heard, dinning in his ears to make him realize that his companion was a woman and that her miraculous courage had for some cause reached its ultimate limit. With a brand from the fire for a torch, he crept half mechanically on hands and knees to the edge of the bowl-like whirlpool. In due time he had a glimpse of a black object circling past in the froth and spume, and he threw the firebrand at it. A moment later he was setting the comforting prop of explanation under Lucetta's toppling courage.

"It is nothing but a log—just a broken log of wood," he assured her. "Forget it, and tell me more about how I came to get this bushel-basket head of mine. It aches like sin!"

She described the plunge of the unmanageable canoe over the fall and its immediate consequences, minifying her own part in the rescue.

"You needn't try to wiggle out of it," he said soberly at the end of the brief recounting. "You saved my life. If you hadn't pulled me out, I'd be down there in that pool right now, going round and round like that bally log of wood. What do you charge for saving a man's life, Lucetta?"

"A promise from the man to be more careful in future. But we mustn't slide back into the artificial things, Donald. For all you know, my motive might have been altogether selfish—perhaps it was

selfish. My first thought was a screaming horror of being left alone here in this wilderness. It made me fight, *fight!*"

"Is that the truth, Lucetta?" he inquired solemnly.

"Y-yes."

"All of the truth?"

"Oh, perhaps not quite all. There is such a thing as the life-saving instinct, isn't there? Even dogs have it sometimes. Of course, I couldn't very well swim out and leave you to drown."

"No," he put in definitively, "you couldn't—and what's more, you hadn't the first idea of doing such a thing. And that other thing you told me was only to relieve my sense of obligation. You haven't relieved it—not an ounce. And I don't care to have it relieved. Let it go for the time being, and tell me what became of the canoe."

"I haven't the faintest notion. I didn't see it again after we went over the fall. Of course, it is smashed and ruined and lost, and we are perfectly helpless again."

For a long minute Prime sat with his throbbing head in his hands, trying to think connectedly. When he looked up it was to say: "We are in a pretty bad box, Lucetta, with the canoe gone and nothing to eat. It is hammering itself into what is left of my brain that we can't afford to sit still and wait for something to turn up. If we push on down river we may find the canoe or the wreck of it, and there will surely be some little salvage. I don't believe the birch-bark would sink, even if it were full of water."

"You are not able to push on," she interposed quickly. "As it is, you can hardly hold your head up."

"I can do whatever it is needful to do," he declared, unconsciously giving her a glimpse of the strong thread in the rather loosely woven fabric of his character. "I have always been able to do what I had to do. Let's start out at once."

With a couple of firebrands for torches they set out down the river bank, following the stream closely and keeping a sharp lookout for the wreck. Before they had gone very far, however, the blinding headache got in its work, and Prime began to stumble. It was at Lucetta's insistence that they made another halt and gave up the search for the night.

"It is no manner of use," she argued. "You are not able to go on; and besides, we can't see well enough to make sure that we are not passing the thing we are looking for. We had much better stop right where we are and wait for daylight."

The halt was made in a small opening in the wood, and the young woman persuaded Prime to lie down while she gathered the material for another camp-fire. Almost as soon as it was kindled Prime dropped off into a heavy sleep. Lucetta provided fuel to last through the night, and then sat down with her back to a tree, determined to stay awake and watch with the sick man.

XI

"A CRACKLING OF THORNS"

THOUGH she had formed her resolution with a fair degree of self-reliance, Lucetta Millington soon found that she had set herself a task calling for plenty of fortitude and endurance. Beyond the circle of firelight the shadows of the forest gloomed forbiddingly. They had seen but little of the wild life of the woods in their voyagings thus far, but now it seemed to be stirring uneasily on all sides of the lonely camp-fire.

Once some large-hoofed animal went crashing through the underbrush toward the river; and again there were other hoof-beats stopping abruptly at a little distance from the clearing. Lucetta, shading her eyes from the glow of the fire, saw two gleaming disks of light shining in the blackness of the backgrounding forest. Her reason told her that they were the eyes of the animal; that the unnerving apparition was probably a deer halted and momentarily fascinated by the sight of the fire. But the incident was none the less alarming to the town-bred young woman.

Later there were softly padding foot-falls, and these gave her a sharper shock. She knew next to nothing about the fauna of the northern woods, nor did she have the comforting knowledge that the largest of the American cats, the panther, rarely attacks a human being unless wounded, or under the cruelest stress of winter hunger. Breathlessly she listened and

watched, and presently she saw the eyes of the padding intruder glowing like balls of lambent green fire. Whereupon it was all she could do to keep from shrieking frantically and waking her companion.

After the terrifying green eyes had vanished it occurred to her to wonder why they had seen and heard so little of the night prowlers at their former camps. The reason was not far to seek. Days well filled with toil and stirring excitement had been followed by nights when sleep came quickly and was too sound to be disturbed by anything short of a cataclysm.

As midnight drew near, Prime began to mutter disconnectedly. Lucetta did not know whether he was talking in his sleep or whether he had become delirious again, but at all events this new development immeasurably increased the uncanny weirdness of the night watch. Though many of the vaporings were mere broken sentences without rhyme or reason, enough of them were sufficiently clear to shadow forth a sketchy story of Prime's life.

Lucetta listened because she could not well help it, being awake and alert and near at hand. Part of the time Prime babbled of his boyhood on the western New York farm, and she gathered that some of the bits were curious survivals of doubtless long-forgotten talks with his grandfather. Breaking abruptly with these earlier scenes, the wandering underthought would skip to the mystery, charging it now to Watson Grider and again calling it a blessed miracle. With another abrupt change the babbler would be in Europe, living over again his trappings in the Tyrol, which, it seemed, had been taken in the company of an older man, a German, who was a Heidelberg professor.

Farther along, after an interval of silence in which Lucetta began to hope that the talkative fit had passed, Prime broke out again—this time waxing eloquent over his struggles in New York as a beginner in the writing trade. Here there were revelations to make her sorry that she was obliged to listen; for years, it seemed, the fight had gone discouragingly hard with him; there had been times when he had had to choose between giving up in defeat or going hungry.

Lucetta pieced together a pitiful little story of this starving time. Some one—once Prime called the some one Grider, and later gave him another name—had tempted the struggler with an offer of a comfortable income, the single condition precedent being an abandonment of the literary fight. Prime's mutterings made the outcome plain for the listener on the opposite side of the camp-fire: "No, I couldn't sell soap; it's honest enough, no doubt—and decent enough—everybody ought to use soap. But I've set my hand to the plough—no, that isn't it. . . . Oh, dammit, Peter, you know what I mean; I can't turn back; that is the one thing I've never learned how to do. No, and I can't take your money as a loan; that would be only another way of confessing defeat. No, by George, I won't go out to dinner with you, either!"

Lucetta wept a little in sheer sympathy. Her own experience had not been too easy. Left an orphan while she was still too young to teach, she knew what it meant to set the heart upon a definite end and to strive through thick and thin to reach it. She was relieved when Prime began to talk less coherently of other incidents in his life in the great metropolis. There were more references to Grider, and at last something that figured as Prime's part in a talk with the barbarian. "Yes, by Jove, Watson, the scoundrels tried to pull my leg; actually advertised for me in the *Herald*. No, of course, I didn't fall for it. I know perfectly well what it was . . . same old gag about the English estate with no resident heirs in sight. No, the ad. didn't say so, but I know. What's that?—I'm a liar? Like Zeke I am!"

There were more of the vaporings, but neither these nor the young woman's anxiety about the wounded man's condition were disturbing enough at the last to keep her eyelids from drooping and her senses from fluttering over the brink of the sleep abyss. Once she bestirred herself to put more fuel on the fire, but after that the breeze blew the mosquitoes away, the warmth from the upleaping blaze added its touch, and she fell asleep.

When she awoke the sun had risen and Prime was up and mending the fire.

"Better," he said cheerfully, in answer



Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

She made the supreme effort, winning the desperate battle and struggling out upon the low shingly bank of the pool,—Page 343.

to her instant question. "Much better; though my head reminds me of the day when I got the check for my first story—pretty badly swelled, you know. But after I've had a good cup of hot tea"—he stopped in mid-career with a wry laugh. "Bless my fool heart! If I hadn't totally forgotten that we haven't any tea or anything else! And here I've been up a quarter of an hour and more, trying to get a good cooking-fire started! Where were we when we left off last night?"

"We had set out to search for the wreck of the canoe," she explained, rising to stand before the fire. "We came this far, and concluded it was no use trying to go on in the darkness. You were pretty badly off, too."

"It's coming back to me, a little at a time and often, as the cat remarked when it ate the grindstone," he went on, determined to make her smile if it were within the bounds of possibility. He knew she must have had a bad night of it, and the brightness of the gray eyes told him that even now she was not very far from tears. "Don't cry," he added abruptly; "it's all over now."

Her laugh was the sort that harbors next door to pathos.

"I'm hungry!" she said plaintively. "We had no dinner yesterday, and no supper last night, and there doesn't seem

to be any very brilliant prospect for breakfast this morning."

Prime felt of his bruised head as if to satisfy himself that it was all there.

"Haven't you ever gone without a meal before for the raw reason that you couldn't get it?" he asked.

"Not since I can remember."

"I have; and it's bad medicine—mighty bad medicine. We'll put the fire out and move on. While there's life there's hope; and our hope this morning is that we are going to find the wreck of that canoe. Let's hike."

They set out courageously, keeping close to the bank of the river and scanning every eddy and backwater as they moved along. For this cause their progress was slow, and it was nearly or quite noon when they came to a quiet reach in the river, a placid pond with great trees overhanging its margins and wide stretches of reeds and bulrushes growing in the shallows. And on the opposite side of the pond-like expanse and apparently grounded among the bulrushes they saw their canoe. It was bottom side up with care, and on the wrong side of the river; also they knew that its lading, if any of this had survived the runaway flight, must be soaked and sodden. But the triumphant fact remained—the canoe was found.

(To be continued.)

AND YET

By Jessie S. Miner

I KNOW death was the end of her.
 I know that when she died she ceased to be;
 Like some rare vase that's shattered at a blow
 And all that's left of it is memory.
 And yet
 This year my bulbs have burst into
 A white-winged host of fair narcissus stars.
 They never blossomed so for me before—
 Only for her. I know they are but flowers,
 And yet
 They strive so gladly toward the light,
 It is as if the flower-like soul of her
 Had bid them be, in very transiency,
 The symbol of her immortality.

THROUGH THE EYES OF MARY ELLEN

By George Charles Hull

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON



FORT RINCON, relic of the days of the Conquistadores, stands upon a plateau. Its well-kept parade-ground, bordered with the green of lawns, slopes gently to the brow of a steep bluff, at the foot of which there stood until recently two blocks of ramshackle, one-story structures packed so closely together that each seemed entirely dependent on its neighbor for support. This motley assemblage of shacks formed an apparent connection with other scattering houses, which, swelling in numbers as they marched northward, finally merged into a great city, so that the settlement at the gates of the fort appeared as the bob to the tail of a gigantic kite.

This settlement boasted several names, none of which belied its sinister appearance. Colonel Zeph P. McQuattie, commanding at Fort Rincon, always referred to it as that "roost of buzzards," and generally to the accompaniment of luridly descriptive adjectives.

On pay-days the enlisted men, with a patronizing sense of wealth, alluded to it as "Old Town," this being a comprehensive term in the West for settlements composed exclusively of saloons, gambling-houses, and dance-halls, and where dissolute joy is supposed to have full license.

On the other days of the month the men of all arms, being bereft of cash, spoke of it bitterly as "that there hell hole."

Sergeant William T. Smith of Battery B, from the heights gained by fourteen months of distinct sobriety, spoke of the settlement often, eloquently and profanely, by its common appellation. Time was when, as "Wild Bill of the Batt'ry," he had been a troublesome although valued patron of those lurid establishments. But the chevrons bestowed upon him by a wise captain had kindled the spark of ambition—led him to forego its dubious at-

tractions and be content in the knowledge that his colonel pointed him out to visiting officers as a "natural soldier, and the best gunner in the army, begad!"

Sergeant Smith had entered the army because of a girl with a wonderful pair of gray eyes and much common sense who had formed the opinion that marrying a man to reform him was a waste of time. She believed in reform before marriage. When William declined to go on probation for a year Mary Ellen had cried a little and bade him depart. William T. Smith had sought a recruiting office. At the end of his first term of service Mary Ellen had betrayed no apparent interest in his career, so William had re-enlisted. Now he remained in the army because he liked the life. Also, the army liked William. He was as tall and lithe and straight as that Indian whose name he bore sandwiched between William and Smith—a name used only on pay-days when he signed the muster-roll as "William Tecumseh Smith." He was all American.

For months Sergeant Smith had not been modest in vaunting that the "Buzzards' Roost" held no lure for him. But now had come a pay-day, preceded by sundry sleepless nights, when he realized that the nerves of a full-blooded man had tired of the humdrum of barrack life and were singing of that desire for strong excitement which reckes not of consequences. Fighting against that devil whose gripping talons caused his sanded throat to ache with a pain which knew but one relief, Sergeant Bill, in the twilight of the day, sat in an embrasure of the parapet crowning the bluff and told his troubles to "Billy Brass."

Now, this confidant, although but an ancient cannon doing decorative duty, had long been regarded by the sergeant as a close-mouthed friend, and it had been his custom to impart such secret thoughts as might weigh heavily on him to this artillery veteran of the Civil War. In re-

turn, the sergeant had, to the amusement of his comrades, spent many an hour off duty in rejuvenating the old gun with polish and oils, so that "Billy Brass" still appeared, as the sergeant expressed it, "fit to make the fight of his life."

And as the sergeant wrestled his eyes dwelt on the settlement below, now ablaze with light and echoing with the guffaws of the enlisted men blending with the shrill laughter and songs of the women of the dance-halls. Even the music of the mechanical pianos, grinding tunes from soldiers' nickels, floated up to him.

"Look at it, 'Billy Brass,'" whispered the weary combatant. "It opens on a pay-day and for five nights blazes like a red-hot coal while the enlisted men feed the fires. The rest of the month it lies like a rusty, dead cinder because the soldiers' coin is gone.

"Why does it look good to me, 'Billy Brass'? If I go down there to-night it means losing my stripes, and mebbe the guard-house, for, knowing me as you do, 'Billy Brass,' it's a cinch I never stop until my money is gone. And yet, knowing this, I want to go. I'm tired of sitting around the post exchange playing seven-up and drinking soda pop.

"My blood runs hot, 'Billy Brass,' and I feel just like you would if you was loaded to the muzzle and was aching to be fired but didn't have no fuse or match to touch you off. You'd want to bust, the same as I do.

"Yessir, 'Billy Brass,' if I had a fuse—meaning a couple or three drinks, I'd probably go down there and tear things up; and if you was loaded, 'Billy Brass,' and touched off, you might, too. But it's no good—that business, 'Billy Brass'—and mebbe I can beat it if I don't have a fuse."

On the road below the bluff the sergeant could hear the tread of many feet. He could distinguish between the steady tramp of men going down to "Old Town" to spend their money and the faltering steps of those who had gone down earlier and now, with empty pockets, were finding an uncertain way to barracks.

One came stumbling out of the gloom and fell, sobbing with feeble wrath, against the carriage of "Billy Brass." Sergeant Bill forgot his own trouble for

the moment as he dragged a dishevelled youth to his feet. "What's the matter, son?"

"They robbed me and beat me up down there," maundered the boy. "They give me the worst of it, and I've come up to get a gun, because there ain't anybody going to do that and get away with it."

"Steady now, son. Of course they robbed you. That's what them guys is there for. I suppose you bought one of them dance-hall girls a few drinks, and learned later you was paying a dollar apiece for the privilege, eh? Or did they just short change you at the bar and make you like it? Tell me the story, but make it brief, son. Now, in which particular trap did the rookie stick his head?"

"It was in Reagan's place, sergeant, and, honest, I didn't have no intention of taking a drink when I went down; but a fellow gets lonesome loafing around the fort on pay-day, when everybody else is in 'Old Town,' and so, when a couple of fellows in the infantry, whom I knew back home, come along, why, I went with them.

"Then it was just as you said. A girl, she comes up and asks me if I won't buy her a beer, and because she looked kind of pitiful like and tired I said I would, and the first thing I knew I was drinking too. Then the girl said I ought to have a bottle of liquor to take to quarters with me, and I ordered that, and when I came to settle I put down a five-dollar gold piece, thinking the bill will be six bits or a dollar at the most. But what does the man behind the bar do? He rings up my five and says: 'One dollar more, you!'

"'I gave you five dollars,' I says, 'gimme my change.' He laughs and points to a dinky little notice behind the bar which reads: 'Ladies' drinks one dollar each.'

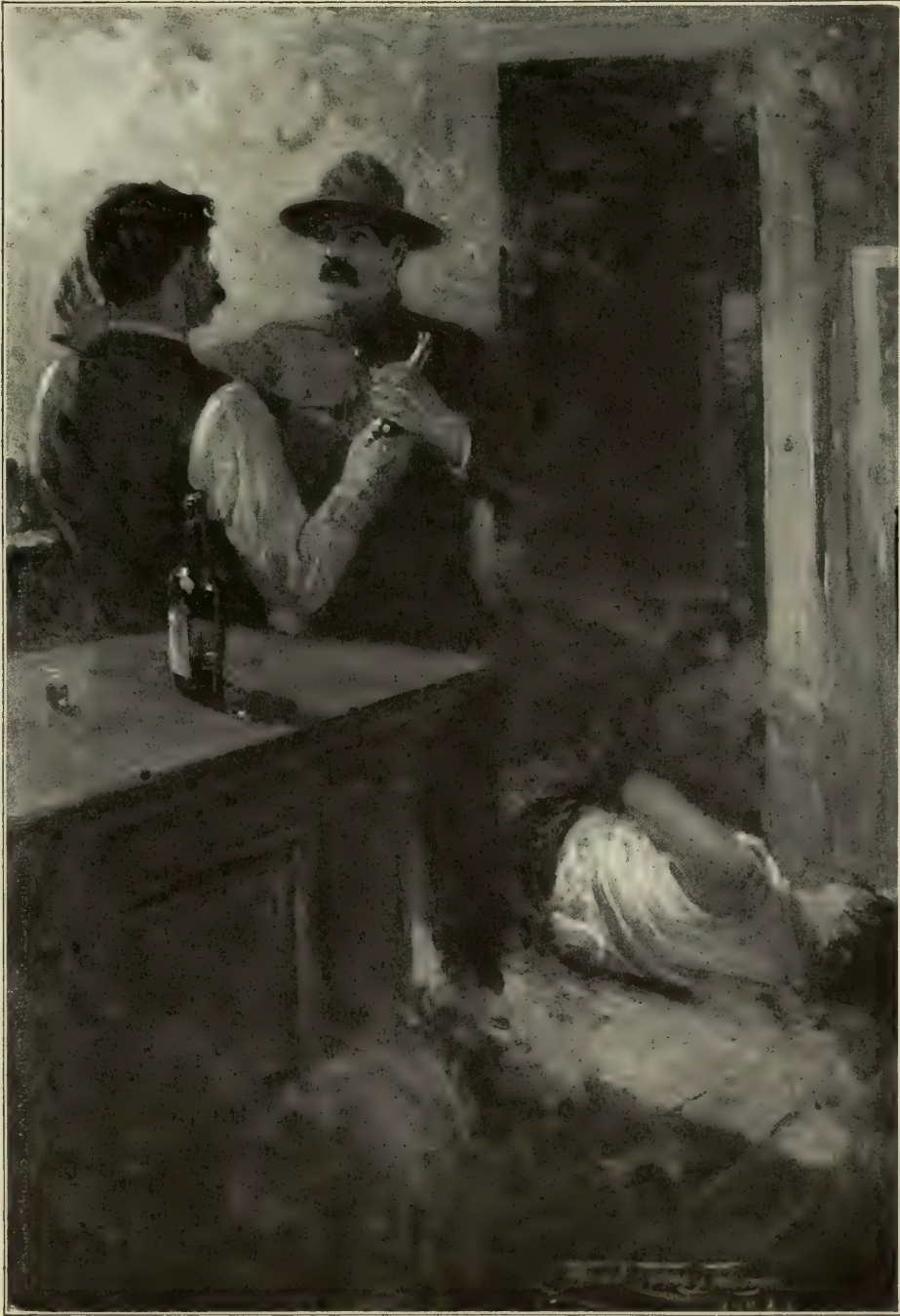
"'You've paid for her drinks but not your own,' he says, and then I called him a robber. 'Go into the back room and see the boss, if you don't like it,' he tells me. I did so, and I'd no sooner got inside the door than a man jams his arm under my chin, puts his hand in my pocket, and takes what money I had left. Then he hit me and rushes me out a side door into the alley, and I come up here to get a gun so as I can clean up that place."

"Huh, same old stuff," remarked the sergeant. "What's your name, boy, and

how did you come to take on, for you certainly ain't of age?"

"Eddie Stevens, that's my name, and I enlisted because my sister, the one that's my guardeen, talked me into it. She said

join this outfit and to find her friend Bill Smith, and that he'd look out for me, but there's a lot of wagon soldiers around this fort named Bill Smith, and I've been too busy drilling with the rest of the rookies



"Shoot me, would yuh?" he stormed.—Page 352.

I was getting worthless, hanging around pool-rooms, and that I had better join the army, because it had made a man out of an old friend of hers what had started out to be a tramp. So Mary Ellen—that's my sister—she signed up a paper giving me permission to enlist. She told me to

to go 'round and hunt him up. Anyway, I promised her I wouldn't drink, and this is my first pay-day, and I've broke my word and lost my money and—and now I'm going to get a gun and clean up."

"And so you're Mary Ellen's kid brother and you ain't met her friend

Bill Smith?" said the sergeant soothingly. "Well, son, you've met him now, and he's going to look after you as she expects. That means that you ain't going to get a gun and that you are going to bed. If there's any cleaning up to do, I'll do it."

When the sergeant deposited his charge on the latter's cot, something slipped with a gurgle from the boy's pocket. Sergeant Bill's hand closed on a flask from which the cork had escaped. The bottle was half full. The remainder of its contents was on the bedclothes and the sergeant's hands. An enticing, familiar odor assailed his nostrils. He trembled as he groped for the cork. "It's the fuse," he muttered.

"Aw, throw it away, sergeant," quavered a voice from the cot. "You don't drink no more, she said, and I won't, never again. Toss it out the winder."

Sergeant Bill straightened up and eyed the boy a full moment. "You mean that?" he questioned sternly.

"Sure!"

The bottle hurtled into the night, and without another word Sergeant Bill stalked from the room. "I'll have to explode without a fuse—on contact—I guess," he murmured as he went down the steps, "for he's Mary Ellen's brother, and he's got her eyes, but that strong chin of hers—why, that he ain't got."

"Red" Reagan, at the cash register, had finished counting the receipts for the day. His pink, fat face was wrinkled in smiling creases, for business had been good. Taps had sounded at the Fort and the soldiers were gone for the night, save those few who, lacking a friendly hand to guide them barrackward, were staggering aimlessly about the streets, courting the guard-house for remaining out after check roll-call. The dance-hall girls had disappeared, following the departure of the last soldier with money enough to buy a drink. In the back room the bouncer slept loudly.

His eyes resting gloatingly on the stacks of gold and silver on the back bar, "Red" Reagan poured himself a drink from a bottle which, bearing the government stamp, indicated that its contents, at least, had not been made overnight for the military trade. He was raising the glass when the swinging doors crashed open and Sergeant

Bill strode in. The latter's eyes, sternly purposeful, swept over the array of coin and rested on the bottle. "Private stock for Reagan and prune-juice and fusel-oil for the soldiers, eh?" The sergeant's tongue clicked the sneering words.

"Why, if it ain't Wild Bill! Welcome, stranger!" exclaimed the complacent Reagan, pushing over the bottle and a glass. "Where have you been keeping yourself?"

The sergeant poured a drink and with great precision dashed it into Reagan's face. "Never mind that stuff," he growled. "Bring out that big bruiser that loafes around here beating kids and helping you rob 'em—the tall man of your hold-up team—the burly robber that helped you gather them yellow stacks to-day—bring him out or——"

"Hi, Ja-ack," quavered Reagan in terror and appeal. "Hi, Jack!" A chair fell over in the back room. The sergeant, with feline swiftness, changed position, and as the bouncer, glowering, appeared in the doorway, a heavy fist caught him under the ear and he dropped limply.

Then the sergeant swung toward the bar, where "Red" Reagan held a shaking pistol. With one hand he twisted away the gun and with the other blazoned the pudgy features with the red finger-marks of an open-handed blow.

"Shoot me, would yuh?" he stormed. "Why, you yellow thief, you never had the nerve! Now, you listen to me! A kid up at the Fort got robbed of a month's pay in this place to-day. When he made a holler one of your thugs threw him into the street. Now, you gimme that money or I'm coming across the bar after you."

Reagan blindly laid some gold down. "We didn't know the boy was a friend of yours," he stammered. "Have a drink, to show there's no hard feeling."

"Yeh," snapped the sergeant. "You haven't seen Wild Bill for months and you are wishful to collect his back pay. Want me to drink with you, and your heart this moment full of murder! Ain't you the fine citizen, you——"

The bouncer, temporarily forgotten, groaned with returning consciousness, and the sergeant, startled, turned his head. "Red" Reagan, whose right hand had been nervously clutching a lead billy under the bar for a moment past, struck



His eyes rested on the squat building where "Red" Reagan held sway.—Page 355.

with the energy born of desperation, and Sergeant Bill Smith crumpled up with his face on the floor. His assailant slipped swiftly from behind the barricade and, joined by a dazed bouncer hungering for revenge, finished the "trimmin'," as the latter styled it.

Sergeant Bill Smith was not present at reveille roll-call and so became a candidate for the guard-house. He was found a little later lying beside "Billy Brass." The condition of his uniform indicated that he had crawled there on his hands and knees, but the manner of his entering the Fort was a mystery. The sentry at the gate swore that he had not passed him; but Sergeant Bill was popular with the men of the garrison.

Hosker, senior major, sitting as summary court judge, had been disposed to deal lightly with the offender, not only because of the latter's record as a soldier, but because he considered the loss of his chevrons and the beating he had received was sufficient punishment. William Tecumseh Smith had himself obstructed the course of mercy. He had determined that the boy with the eyes of Mary Ellen should not get into the black book of his battery commander. Also, he was firmly

resolved that Mary Ellen should never hear that her young brother had deviated for an instant from that path which, consistently followed, would, in the opinion of the young woman, "make a man out of a tramp."

So he had made no defense, and when asked why he, a good soldier—a model soldier—should have so demeaned himself, he had fixed his judge with one baneful eye, the other being covered by a bandage. "And why not, sir?" he had demanded fiercely. "We live rough, and we're supposed to die rough when called upon to do so, and so why, I ask, should we be expected to sit around and drink soda pop and play dominoes, being what we are? Talking of 'good soldiers and model soldiers,' if there's any of 'em left it ain't the fault of the people that gives us dives like those in the settlement to get sociable in. I've said my say." Major Hosker had imposed a sentence of ten days in the guard-house without further comment.

Sitting on the edge of his bunk in the guard-house, Bill Smith meditated fiercely on his personal wrongs and those suffered by his comrades through the "Buzzards' Roost." He would have revenge against all those birds of prey, he told himself.



"Sounds like a big gun!" exclaimed the major, upsetting the chess-board in a dash for the telephone.—Page 355.

The manner of it was not plain, but when his present troubles were over he would devise and strike.

To him presently came cheer in the form of a fellow victim of the "Buzzards' Roost," also doomed to punishment. "Hosker sure soaked you for that little speech," said the latter, "but you made a

hit with him just the same. I was sittin' there waitin' for my case to be called, when the chaplain, 'Old Four Eyes,' you know, comes in. Hosker up and tells him what you said, and at the end he says: 'The man was right, dead right, but, in the interest of discipline, I couldn't let it pass.'

"The chaplain, he wipes off his glasses.

'You bet he was right,' he says, his eyes snappin'; 'an' I tell you, Hosker, that I hope the God of Battles, in lookin' after his own, hurls a thunderbolt that will blast the "Buzzards' Roost" off the face of the earth.'

"Hosker, he laughs. 'It will have to be a miracle, then, chaplain,' he says, 'because they don't have thunder and lightnin' in this country. You'd better wish for a young earthquake, which is an order more easily filled here.'

"But 'Old Four Eyes' don't smile. 'A miracle is what I want, Hosker,' he says, 'a blazin', blightin', blastin' miracle—an earthquake would be too tame,' and with that he walks off, pickin' at his collar as though it was chokin' him."

"That would be the proper thing," observed Smith dreamily—"a blazing, blasting bolt of lightning."

Picking up bits of rubbish on the parade-ground under the eyes of a sullen guard, as part of a prisoner's toil, William Tecumseh Smith, some days later, found himself in the company of "Billy Brass" once more. His custodian decreed a rest the while he stealthily disposed of a cigarette behind a companion to the gun. The prisoner seized the opportunity to commune with his ancient friend. "They got me, old timer," he murmured, patting the cannon as he surveyed the settlement; "they sure got me." His eyes rested on the squat building where "Red" Reagan held sway. Above it loomed the big electric sign, easy to read even in daytime: "The Soldiers' Club."

A cynical smile wreathed the lips of the prisoner. "Just as I told the major," he muttered. "That's our club—and a sign like a battleship's target! If I could only throw the muzzle of one of those big fellows up on the point down on that—oh me, oh my!" He looked at "Billy Brass" staring dumbly out over the settlement, then, with an exclamation of glad surprise, dropped to his knees at the sun-heated breech and peered at the sign. "Whe-ew! right on the nose, and me a real gunner! But the ammunition?" He pondered, frowningly, a moment, then snapped his fingers in excited delight. "The old magazine—and it full of the muzzle-loader shells they used to use—the key hanging up in the guard-room where anybody can

get it—and me getting out to-night and sure to catch guard duty to-morrow, as is the rule. Oh, what a chance!"

"Here you, get to work now," ordered the sentry, coming from his retreat. William Tecumseh Smith gave "Billy Brass" a farewell pat. "Keep that big eye of yours right where it is now," he whispered, "and to-morrow night me and you and a nice percussion shell will fix up that there blightin', blazin', blastin' miracle the chaplain is wishful for."

Several times during the remainder of the day the morose sentry found it necessary to order his prisoner to stop whistling.

As he had hopefully anticipated, William Tecumseh Smith was detailed on guard duty following his release. During the day he had secretly acquired several implements which he would require in carrying out his plans and had safely and securely hidden them. Relieved at midnight, instead of seeking his bunk for his allotted four hours' rest, Smith had quietly drifted out of the guard-room unnoticed by the nodding sergeant. With him went the key to the old magazine.

Major Hosker and the chaplain, engrossed over a chess-board at the Officers' Club, had ignored the midnight hour. Fitful but fierce gusts of wind, which tore at the corners of the building and splattered vagrant rain-drops from an inky sky against the windows, attested that a storm which had been raging for twenty-four hours was releasing its grip sullenly and slowly.

"Fine weather, this!" snapped the major irritably at the end of his third successive defeat. "Might be a regular tropical burst coming up, save that there is no electrical display. By the way, chaplain, it's a regular setting for that thunderbolt you've been hoping for."

"I haven't given up hope," replied the chaplain serenely, and even as he spoke a sound as of thunder rattled the windows, followed by a more distant boom, and a flickering light splashed the ivory figures on the chess-board for an instant.

"Sounds like a big gun!" exclaimed the major, upsetting the chess-board in a dash for the telephone, to call for a report from the guard-room.

The chaplain strolled to the window and, as the major fumed over the wires,

stood peering into the darkness toward the settlement.

"Colonel McQuattie is off the reservation for the night and the sergeant of the guard is on his way here to report," growled the major, slamming down the receiver. "You don't suppose, now, that——"

"It was the thunderbolt," said the chaplain quietly, "and it struck in its intended place. Look over there!"

The major slapped the chaplain on the shoulder as he joined him at the window. "Hah! the 'roost' is burning! Thunderbolt my eye! I beg your pardon, chaplain, but they don't have them in this country, as I've told you. At any rate, you've got your miracle."

Ushered by an attendant, a sergeant of the guard entered and saluted. "I have to report, sir, that the settlement is on fire from end to end. Six men have been detailed to go down, on the chance that there might be lives in danger. They were ordered not to risk their own in trying to save property."

"How did it start?" queried Major Hosker.

"Something of a mystery, sir. It might have been a bolt of lightning. Private Parks at No. 1 post—the lower gate—reports that he heard a noise like thunder, and the sky over the parade-ground flashed up. Then came another noise like a big explosion down in the settlement, and the next thing, why, the Soldiers' Club broke into flames——"

"The Soldiers' Club!" interjected the major.

"Yes, sir—'Red' Reagan's place. And the other buildings being frame, and them jammed close together, why, the blaze spreads right away."

"Any one living in those shacks?"

"No, sir; there's nobody stays around there after dark, 'ceptin' pay-day night and three or four nights after."

"Strange, very strange," muttered the major. "You may go now, but report any further details you may gather."

"I suppose, colonel, that we shall be called upon to investigate the phenomena of last night which blasted the 'roost,'" remarked Major Hosker on meeting the commanding officer the next morning.

"And why, sir?" rapped the colonel. "The city papers attribute it to a bolt of lightning—something unusual out here—and the scientists are puzzling their brains over it. Let 'em! This is no dashed weather bureau."

"But it sounded like——"

"Just like thunder, sir. I never heard a better peal, not even in the Philippines, where they make it to order. No, sir, there will be no investigation of meteorological disturbances at this fort." It might have been fancy, but the major thought his superior's left eyelid flickered suspiciously. "The birds of prey won't nest there again, either," added the colonel, "for the department has acted on a suggestion of mine, and if an attempt is made to rebuild those man-traps, the gates of Fort Rincon, with its thousand acres of park, will be closed to the public. I don't fancy that the citizens will permit themselves to be locked out of a show-place which forms one of the chief attractions of their city in order that a few ruffians may flourish in iniquity."

In the evening the chaplain flitted in and out between the ancient cannon, peering over the parapet at the foot of the parade-ground. When he reached "Billy Brass" he halted, for a black smudge had been transmitted from the muzzle of that venerable relic to the handkerchief he held. The chaplain drew from his pocket a ragged piece of concave metal. He had found it on the sidewalk in front of the ruins of Reagan's place that morning. It was apparently the fragment of a sphere, and, although a man of peace, he knew what it was. The chaplain had been with the artillery a long time. He walked to an embrasure and gazed for a time at the smouldering ruins below. Then he extended his hand, as if in benediction, and something fell tinkling down the face of the parapet.

The chaplain replaced his handkerchief in his pocket. It could be laundered, and he was a provident man.

Strolling toward his quarters, the chaplain halted a soldier who, with studied nonchalance, was strolling in the direction of the guns. "Sergeant Smith, isn't it?" he inquired with a bland smile.

"Private Smith, sir. I've been reduced to the ranks."

"Oh, yes. A fight in the 'Soldiers' Club,' wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're a gunner, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"I've always understood that one of the chief duties of a gunner is to keep his piece clean."

"Yes, sir."

"Then, Smith, I wouldn't let anything interfere with my duty. I'd do it at

once, or—er—at the first favorable opportunity."

"Yes, sir," whispered Private Smith with perfect understanding.

"And, by the way, Smith, some one from your home town was inquiring for you at headquarters a while ago, and, if I'm not mistaken, she has found you. Good night."

Turning, William Tecumseh Smith looked into the glad gray eyes of Mary Ellen.

AT THE GATE

By Olive Tilford Dargan

It is the month of Spring's full star;
Now Redwing makes each thicket his
And now the apple blossom is
The oriole's honey jar.

The road flows down with bend and whirl,
(They take it who to market go,)
Flows, ripples, flies and falls as though
The mountain wore a curl.

The twilight drops great shadows where
They nestle down like giant birds;
And silent worlds with baffled words
Tap at the door of air.

One still field sleeps, brown row to row,
Where yesterday in furrow-house
We laid the corn, ere dog-wood boughs
Should drop their stars of snow.

A bullbat measures downily
His wheeling watch above the wood,
And a Golden owl drifts down a rood
Beyond her chestnut tree.

Yon grim, fir-castled peak that shades
The early stars with swelling gloom,
Will hang with berries, Autumn come,
And laugh with lowland raids.

That dark ravine where waters sound,
And hemlock trees cloud duskily,
Is neither dread or dark to me,
But sweet as Maying ground;

For there, on moss as soft as fur,
 My love and I once lay in dream,
 When we had followed up the stream
 A belted kingfisher.

II

In grayest dawn he left me here,—
 My wagoner for market town!
 I saw him in the mist go down,
 A phantom charioteer;

And watched until the sun, grown bold,
 Built cedar fires on Blackcap spur;
 Till, far below, the white mist blur
 Shone magically gold;

Then set my face to day's affairs,
 Too busy far to know me lone,
 And safely, softly, half unknown,
 Love moved amid my cares.

When swift, forgetful moments pressed,
 Some dear, chance thing, new-seen, would start
 A fledgling stir within my heart,—
 I knew who kept the nest.

His book by apple basket spread
 Gave me his poet while I pared;
 Again the bardic gold we shared
 As goldenly he read.

My carven spoon, brown wood, inlaid
 With whitest holly,—leaf and bird,—
 In dairy bowl the same tune stirred
 He sang when it was made.

And dipping water from the spring,
 The stone-crop set in mossy cleft
 Held up its stars,—his woodland theft,
 There for my wondering.

At last a rifling hour I spent
 By garden beds with ruthless knife
 Where blossom clans were saucy rife,
 And as I silent bent

Came thought of how he said "Let be
 The valley lilies by the door;
 They are the flowers that you wore
 The night you came to me."

I rose, a blush, remembering;
 Though he was far and I alone;
 And stood as quiet as a stone
 With eyes upon my ring.

Let Fortune bless as Fortune can,
 Fame show her face nor hide again,
 Still is supreme the white hour when
 The woman goes to man.

And blithe the way of thorn and furze,
 And royal then a rustic part,
 If he but bear a singing heart
 And all that heart is hers.

III

Now every flower is a bride's
 In twilight's hair. O love, come soon!
 I can not meet the moon alone,
 And all night's lispings tides.

Soon up, and up, the flowing road
 A sound will greet me as I lean,
 Of wheels that climb and climb between
 The dark wings of the wood;

On, where the stream leaps down in showers,
 And bloodroot in the moist dark gleams,
 Thick-white, as though the fleet spray dreams
 To linger still in flowers;

On, by the "rhododendron stairs,"
 Where leaves will touch a cheek for me,
 On, till the height has wrestled free
 And the blue night unbare.

Then, ah, that panting minute long,
 When all our love is in our throats,
 And "Nan!" and "Jock!" fall like two notes
 Dropped from a bird's first song.

IV

O Beauty, most thou lovest Night!
 Now dost thou hold her like a mate,
 And all the moon-swept mountains wait
 As altar waits the rite.

Charmèd as they, beside the gate,
 I watch the road that like a curl
 Drops flowing down with bend and whirl,
 And like a rooted lily wait.

GOOD ROADS AND THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF THE \$75,000,000 APPROPRIATION

By Edwin A. Stevens

Commissioner of Public Roads, State of New Jersey



WITHIN the past year Uncle Sam has taken a hand in the road-building game. His coming in has been the subject of many dismal prophecies of the probable waste of public funds, of shiftlessness—in a word, of the “pork barrel.” With our remembrance of useless army-posts and navy-yards maintained at Congressional behest, of the millions spent on so-called river and harbor improvements and on unnecessary public buildings, of legislative improvidence and of the code of morals that in Congress justifies the waste of public money for a member’s political advantage, and, in the constituencies, not only accepts the loot but applauds and re-elects the looter, these prophecies cannot be brushed aside as unreasonable.

Against the undoubted and disgraceful facts on which these forebodings are based, it is well to recall some of the work that Uncle Sam has put through with credit to himself. The Panama Canal stands first, but is by no means alone. Our life-saving, geodetic survey, reclamation, and fish-culture services need no defense nor apology. Their work bears witness for them.

Which precedent is to rule our national road work? The answer depends on the people. However much a secretary of agriculture may want to get results, his way will be a hard one unless public opinion is behind him. If the public will not tolerate waste, stupidity, and ineptitude in their road work, almost any secretary will make good or soon find a way into the discard.

It is only fitting, therefore, that, in these days when federal activity is about to begin, those features of the problem that influence results should receive the fullest and frankest discussion.

There has been for some time a demand for federal aid. The outward signs were seen in the federal-aid road bills that for some years were regularly presented in Congress. In the older States of the East these were at first not given serious consideration. They were thought to be “buncombe.” This may have been true in some cases, but whether the authors were merely selfishly striving for political advertisement or earnestly seeking to make a great forward step in national development, they, at least, voiced a popular demand that grew until it could no longer be denied.

It is, however, not enough to have aroused a public demand. The consequent effort must be intelligently directed to the end in view. This end, the object of all road building, is to reduce the cost of transportation. Any such reduction cannot but have a direct and very immediate bearing on the cost of living. But little of our national output is not subject at one time or another to some charge for highway transportation. This charge may be indirect, such as the cost of bringing labor, raw materials, and supplies to the point of production, or a direct charge for hauling the finished output. The former is a big factor at all times in agricultural work and to-day in the manufacture of munitions. Both form part of the price paid by the consumer. The citizen of Massachusetts who has contributed generously to the cost of that State’s splendid road system is to-day paying for the cost of bad roads in the unnecessarily high prices of meat, flour, and cotton necessary for his existence. Bad roads in Wyoming, Kansas, and Mississippi are costing him money. To emphasize the conclusion let me repeat: the matter is one of general interest, and so forceful has the realization of this generality become that

it has found expression in federal aid. To make the latter effective there not only must be a continued and lively interest, but that interest must be an enlightened one. For this there must be a general understanding of the enormous task and of its many difficulties, with an appreciation of the shortcomings of the methods heretofore pursued, and a general determination to secure those best fitted to insure success.

The sums to be devoted to work under government auspices bulk large, but the task before us is even larger. The federal appropriation, \$75,000,000 for five years' work, is no insignificant sum, yet to obtain it the States must spend at least an equal sum. This \$150,000,000 is but a small part of the total foreseeable cost of road construction in this country. Our total road mileage is some two and a quarter millions. Of this but a small fraction has been adequately improved. A considerable mileage will probably not repay improvement. Take it all in all, allowing for bridges, for increasing vehicle weights, for the unavoidable reconstruction of roads that have proved too light for their traffic, for the ever-growing total of our mileage, and for the even more rapidly growing cost of work, we shall be lucky indeed if we can get a road system suited to our industrial needs for twelve billions of dollars (a sum about equal to the present war loans of the German Empire). Our \$150,000,000 is but one and a quarter per cent ($1\frac{1}{4}\%$) of this total.

It will probably take us forty years to build such a system. Assuming, roughly, that we shall need about 1,600,000 miles of improved roads of all classes, our average yearly construction works out at about 40,000 miles. This would, under present methods, require a force of about 400,000 laborers. This does not include those employed in producing broken stone, cement, and other road materials, nor those producing the tools and machinery used in the work. Under the labor conditions of to-day such a force cannot be found, at least not without greatly increasing labor costs. On New York State work it is stated that the laboring force is to-day but one-third of that needed. In New Jersey, in spite of

a hitherto unheard-of wage scale, the proportion is but little better. Will the end of the great war bring any relief? It seems likely that the loss of men and the demand for labor to rebuild the destroyed factories and homes of Europe and to place the former on a producing footing will prevent our drawing very largely on that source of labor supply for years to come. We are excluding the Asiatics. The prospect is certainly not without its uncertainties. Of one thing we may be assured—there will be no return to ante-war labor rates for many years, and hence there is ample scope for the exertion of our national gift of devising labor-saving machinery and methods.

But labor will not be our only difficulty. If the government, after the end of the first five years, applies \$25,000,000 a year to the work, it would have appropriated about 8 per cent of the total estimated cost. How are we to finance the other 92 per cent? We are but too apt to think that there is no doubt of the financial ability of the nation to build its roads even without federal aid; that we can afford to pay the bill if we get what we pay for. There is no doubt that at any reasonable cost and under reasonably good management improved roads will yield a generous return on the money invested in them. We therefore assume that we are pretty sure to build the roads, cost what they may, whether Uncle Sam continues his help or not. In fact, we are doing this very thing. But let us look around for an instant before we accept this view, as indicating a satisfactory plan for the future. Already, when as a nation our road-building task is but fairly begun, we hear a warning to our banking interests to carefully consider the wisdom of encouraging further increase in the total of our State, county, and municipal bonded indebtedness. This total is given as \$4,000,000,000. The warning is based on the wasteful expenditure of much of this vast sum. Lenders are now beginning to ask whether they should not take the same precautions in advancing money to a public body as they now take in the case of a private corporation; whether the safety of their investment does not depend, in some measure, on the wise investment of the moneys advanced. The

holder of a fifty-year bond, whose proceeds were spent on a road which has worn out and which cannot be rebuilt for lack of public funds, is beginning to ask whether he is as safe as if the road were earning a full return on its cost by furnishing adequate service. His question is a reasonable one. We cannot count on raising any large part of our road moneys by long-term bonds, and, unless we can insure proper use of the proceeds, this method of financing will have to be largely abandoned. It must be impressed on the people that a sale of bonds does not create wealth; that the proceeds are not income, and that the transaction is merely spreading the cost of work over a series of years; in other words, "passing the buck" to our grandchildren. This is all very elementary—kindergarten "stuff," in fact—but the prevalent ways of financing roads prove that the lesson is still to be learned.

We are also approaching the limit in respect to the amount that can be raised by taxation for road work. Neither the amount of bonds that can be sold nor the possible road charges in the tax levy will be materially increased unless it is felt that there will be a fair return. We must be able to prove this. There is evidently a serious proposition in finance awaiting settlement.

Another difficulty arises from our temperament. As a nation we dislike discipline; we each want our say. A man prominent in national affairs, who has given the hardest and most thorough study to road matters, was so obsessed with the fear of imposing any restraint on State or local officials, of creating a so-called "bureaucracy," that he proposed a plan that would limit the United States to loaning its credit to the States. Again, when the present Federal Road Law was framed, the greater part of the work was done by a committee of State Highway Officials. The question of division of federal aid was discussed at some length. There is, of course, no natural basis for such a division. Any hard and fast rule will work some inequity. It was suggested that the division be left to the discretion of the secretary, but this was voted down; nor in all probability could such a proposition have secured a

majority in Congress. Each State, probably each State department, wants its own way, and each has not only a different way but a different set of laws. These differences are rendered more serious by the fact that neither theory nor practice in highway engineering has been standardized so as to make available to any great extent the digested experience of the past, as has been the case with other branches of engineering. Each State and most of their officials are jealous of their rights, and will yield little, if anything, to each other, nor even to the federal government, unless they have to. Some of us need a lesson in discipline.

So much for our difficulties; the list is by no means complete, but let us now look how we are handling the job. For the formulation and the carrying out of our road-building policies the governments of our forty-eight States have heretofore been solely responsible. All of this work has been done under State laws and through officials who hold office and whose powers are fixed by legislative enactments. Its transfer to political subdivisions does not lessen the responsibility of the sovereign State.

In many cases the legislatures have established State agencies to care for a portion of the work, but in all cases, I believe, they have turned over the largest part of their road mileage to counties, or to minor political subdivisions, or to both; the former are numbered by the thousands, and the latter by the tens of thousands. There is little centralized control or uniformity. The legal responsibility for this local work rests usually on some board. However much the members may be interested in road work and however honest, they are not as a class accustomed to handling administrative problems of any importance. Furthermore, their duties must be and are discharged under most trying conditions. They are generally elected by the people and are naturally looking for re-election. Not only the employment of men, but the location of work, the time at which it is done, and its character will all influence votes. Tradition and custom not only allow but almost demand the exertion of such influences to the utmost extent.

Taxes in many States are by law com-

mutable into road work. "Working off taxes" has become a byword. This problem has worried the famous "Ponts et Chaussées" engineers; it would be miraculous if an average American township committee could solve it. Under such conditions, is it a wonder that favoritism, shiftlessness, stupidity, and vacillation should be characteristics of local road work? "Public office is a public trust." We love that maxim. For a large part of this trusteeship we have provided conditions under which it is not only hard but practically impossible for the trustees to faithfully discharge the trust. No court would allow an ordinary trustee in private affairs to continue under such conditions.

As units grow larger there seems to be more appreciation of the needs and of the importance of road work. Counties usually have engineers, and county work is generally done on some plan. There are counties in which a thorough plan of road improvement has been worked out before work was begun, but they are in a woful minority.

Of the States, some thirty-seven have State highway departments. The others will probably organize these agencies, as the federal act makes this a condition of the grant of government aid. Many of these departments, however, are far from being adequately organized for the work they should do. The amounts allowed for their administration and for State road work are too often ridiculously small; the powers of the department are limited in some cases to giving advice; in others, the fundamental idea or the legislation has not proven itself fitted to modern conditions. My own State is a case in point:

Our improved road development has been entirely along the lines of State aid extended to local communities. In this exercise of the power of the State, the greatest regard was at first paid to local self-government. As the problem increased in size and difficulty, it became evident that the State must assume more and more control over the local bodies, in order to insure the results aimed at. While municipal bodies and township committees had the right to improve roads with or without State aid, the State Road department became vested with the

power of practically stopping county road improvement by withholding State aid. The demand for good roads, however, increased to a greater extent than the legislature was willing to meet in appropriations; it therefore became necessary to allow the counties, as an alternative, to build roads entirely on their own means, and this is the position to-day. The results have been far from satisfactory.

It has been very difficult to secure any consistent policy of road improvement. The question naturally becomes involved in local campaigns, and pledges are made on the "stump" which must be redeemed, if possible, often to the detriment of the roads.

Some of the counties rushed into construction with only inadequate provision for financing the first cost, and none at all as to that of maintenance; the patronage of road service was handled in many cases along political lines; the counties have generally shown themselves unable to meet the increasingly difficult problem of maintenance in any thorough and satisfactory manner; all of which resulted in waste and loss. This sequence of events covered about twelve years and coincided with a State-wide growth of traffic the like of which the world has never seen outside of such of our States as New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts. This growth has been of the utmost industrial importance. It has changed methods in manufacturing and agriculture, and has opened up to settlement large areas heretofore unavailable for the purpose. The older roads were not designed to carry any such loads as these conditions have produced. As a consequence many of them have deteriorated in condition, repair charges have increased enormously, and several counties, overburdened with debt, find it difficult to provide adequate repair funds.

Yet results in New Jersey have not been bad, speaking comparatively. We have, however, outgrown an administrative system largely based on independent county units without centralized control, and are now paying for our failure to meet modern traffic conditions with modern methods of administration. Our experience proves that the county is too small a unit in which to attempt a thorough-

going and complete road organization. There is much work of investigation and analysis for which the county does not offer a sufficiently wide field, and whose cost would constitute too high an overhead charge on the necessarily small volume of work that can be handled out of its resources. What is true of New Jersey to-day may not be—nay, is not as yet—true of most of our other States, but growth is everywhere enormous. Already, among others, Iowa, California, Michigan, and Illinois exceed New Jersey in motor vehicles per thousand of population and will soon approach her in vehicles per mile of road. The system of administration that would have provided for our present traffic is the same as one that will insure success in our more sparsely settled but fast-growing sister States. Our conditions to-day will be theirs at no very distant date.

I believe that all who have had experience during the last few years in those of our States in which the development of highway traffic has been most pronounced, will agree that our shortcomings are in organization and administration. These are by far the more difficult features of our problem. This, without doubt, is the opinion of European road men familiar with our conditions.

The strictly engineering questions will be settled; engineers have a way of doing this even without much aid from the public. The same, however, is not true of administration. This must furnish the conditions under which engineering can bear its full fruit. Mistakes in choosing administrative policy are hard of correction; it is essential that they should be reduced to a minimum.

In SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for February, 1916, I pointed out the reasons that led me to believe that we must work out our own methods. Not only our political conditions and the demands of the public for road service but also our traffic and our wage scale are so different from those of European countries that their example and experience cannot be directly applied to our problem. How are we, then, to attack our job?

I recall an experience of years ago illustrative of our situation. While in charge of a shop I hired an extra planerman.

We had on hand a lot of small engine beds that had to be planed. The old planerman, a thorough workman, was doing them one by one; my new man sat down on a bench and studied the tool assigned to him and the pile of engine beds. I came around again about one hour later, and he was still sitting down and studying. There was no change when I came around again about an hour and a half later. I was on the point of discharging him, but thought I would let him stay on till noon. At that time I came back and found that he had contrived a frame to hold six beds and was planing them all at once. By quitting time he was ahead of our old hand, and the next morning both were doing their work in the new way.

It is just such preparatory study that must be given to our road problem. I have already said that we are impatient of discipline, but we are even more so of delay. We want to see the dirt fly, and we are apt to make it unpleasant for the fellow who insists on studying his job before he lifts the first shovelful.

It will be hard, very hard indeed, to devote time and money to organization and preparatory study when the people in every State are suffering from the wretched conditions generally prevalent, and clamoring for better roads, and, withal, are heavily taxed. Yet, when the great mileage of roads to be improved, the immense tonnage moving over them, the still greater tonnage that will move after their improvement, the necessarily high cost both of construction and up-keep, and the probable cost of mistakes in the original design or in the methods of maintenance are considered, almost any amount that can be spent at this time in preparatory study and in organization seems trivial. It will take us not a few years to build our system; we can well afford to devote a few months to getting ready for the task.

It is a hopeful sign that the Secretary of Agriculture is to-day asking the States to forecast their work for the whole of the period covered by the federal appropriation. This request will probably be answered in many cases by the statement that the State law will not allow any such arrangement, and this point of order will

be well taken. Notwithstanding this, the only fault with the secretary's policy is that it could not be made mandatory. It is a fact that most State laws hamper foresight. They fail also generally to provide for concerted team-work.

If there were no interfering State legislation it would be but natural to aim at the mobilization of all available resources of the nation in materials, machinery, and men, into a compact disciplined and centrally controlled force. Could this be carried out under one controlling head, it would be an immense but, for a capable man, by no means a hopeless undertaking. A rough estimate of the force required may be of interest. As work is now usually done, there would be needed, in addition to the laboring force of 400,000 men already mentioned, from 30,000 to 35,000 foremen, superintendents, and resident engineers, and about 10,000 instrument men, rodmen, axemen, and draftsmen. There would also be needed some 150,000 horses, 20,000 rollers, and 4,000 steam-shovels, or their equivalent, and, in addition, road machines, drags, scoops, and concrete-mixers galore. This force would use something over 53,000,000 cubic yards of road-building material. This volume would be equal to that of a dike similar to the Palisades opposite New York City, about 300 miles in length.

Whatever is to be done, however, as to organization, must be done under the laws of forty-eight States. Uniformity, however desirable, will not be possible. Even were there a willingness to strive for it, constitutional provisions will interfere. Many States forbid any public improvement by State agencies. The outlook is not too hopeful, but it is by no means hopeless. While the powers conferred on the Secretary of Agriculture are by no means so wide as to allow him to control all features of road work, he can, under them, exercise an influence of no small importance.

There is in all of us an instinctive determination not to be outdone in securing our proper share of government appropriations. Through this instinct much can be accomplished. To draw attention to this possibility, to suggest how we can take advantage of it, and to urge the necessity for success, of a popular demand

for such action, is my only warrant for this article.

There are many details that will and must form part of the government's requirements. These I shall merely mention. Such matters as nomenclature, scales, sizes of drawings, etc., will standardize themselves in some way or other; on others, such as methods of getting bids, forms of contracts and specifications, no general agreement as to methods will probably be possible. There are, however, some general principles on which Uncle Sam can insist as conditions of his extending aid. I venture to suggest the following as practicable of enforcement:

1. The formulation by law in each State of a general road policy and organization which shall provide for the proper care of every mile of road in the State, co-ordinate the activities of the different agencies in charge of work, definitely locate the responsibility for road conditions, and afford the means of enforcing the proper penalty for failure.

2. The planning of State road systems, including the location of roads, the character of work to be done on them, the order of their improvement, and the probable cost thereof. In no other way can a comprehensive plan for interstate routes be laid down by the general government. It is only too clear that State road plans laid out at this time can only be tentative. Traffic will develop along unexpected lines and plans must be changed to suit conditions. Even in so old and densely populated a State as New Jersey, the unforeseen growth of the munition business has played havoc with the plans for road work, but necessary changes can be made.

The preliminary plans of the Panama Canal were none the less valuable because during the period of construction the growth in ship dimensions made changes in the design necessary. Such changes are well-nigh inevitable in any important work the execution of which will cover a period of years. The character of the road must depend on the amount and character of traffic. What these will be after improvement cannot be foretold with our present data, excepting in a haphazard way. That a method based on ascertainable facts can be devised to re-

place present neglect of this precaution, or the guesswork that is not much better than neglect, is, I believe, indisputable. For a new line of railroad, the traffic department reports on probable business, its data are given the same consideration as those of the engineering staff, and its predictions are usually equally trustworthy. Even if exact prophecy is impossible, approximate knowledge will be a sufficient guide. The forecasting of traffic is also necessary to allow of intelligent decision as to the order of construction.

He would, indeed, be a bold man who, remembering the development of the last ten years, would care to foretell the cost of work ten years hence. Not only have unit prices increased, but the amount of traffic has grown beyond all belief. Future increases may involve changes in design and construction. Unit prices will depend mainly on the labor supply and demand, and on our providing conditions under which it will pay to install labor-saving machinery. As to the former, I can see no probability of return to ante-war wages; as to the latter, the work must be planned on big lines, such that it will pay the States or their contractors to provide the outfit needed to do it in the most modern and American way. As to character of roads, let us frankly admit that past growth has caught our road authorities unawares and unprepared. This, I submit, may be excused. It will, however, not be excusable if, with this experience in mind, the same thing happens again, and happen it will unless the solution of the problem is reached in a modern way.

3. A definite financial scheme should be required of each State. These must vary, but they can be formulated in each State. Their thoroughness must depend on the planning of the road system; but, even if costs are roughly approximated, some financial plan is far better than none. It must include in its forecasts not only road construction but the repair, depreciation, and betterment charges, as well as the costs of administration. The latter are sure to be higher, but without this increase thoroughness and economy will be out of the question.

4. A system of accounting and cost keeping that will not only be formally

correct but which will include such surveys of traffic as will allow the unit cost of the service rendered to be accurately determined. Of the great services which our American engineers have rendered of late years, possibly the greatest has been the weight and importance they have given to the correct and exact recording of every item of cost. This is impossible without accurate and detailed bookkeeping. The exaggerated caricatures of the application of this principle that we sometimes get from so-called "efficiency experts" are no argument against its proper use. As to accounting of this sort, our highway engineering has differed from other progressive American work, but only in the failure to apply the principle, not in the need thereof.

These four requirements—a policy covering organization and fixing responsibility, thorough planning of work, financial provisions, and accurate accounting—must be enforced on all road authorities if the best results are to be secured. Its full enforcement may to-day be impossible as to the minor political subdivisions. It may take years to produce the necessary force and to educate the people into demanding the thoroughness and foresight in road work that marks our railroad service, but until they are thus educated, the end will not be fully obtained.

It is here that the participation of the federal government becomes of value. It might keep the \$75,000,000 it has voted to spend on roads, if it could otherwise become the leading factor, the one which can require others to conform to its views and ways, and by this insistence lead the general public to believe its demands possible and reasonable. The power of the federal government, properly exerted, will be worth many times its \$75,000,000; on the other hand, it can, by lax methods, allow its own cash and that of the States to go as do the other millions it has thrown in the past and is yet throwing into the "pork barrel."

Here let me repeat the assertion of the importance of holding up the hands of the secretary on whom devolves this great responsibility. The published expressions of the present incumbent of that office (*Review of Reviews*, September, 1916), the instructions and the preliminary

papers issued by his department, bear evidence of a realization of his task. This work is not a party measure and must not be allowed to degenerate into a political issue. The government has committed itself to a policy that, wisely carried into effect, will yield a priceless return, but which, ill administered, is fraught with loss and disgrace. The difficulties are great; let us not belittle any of them, but let us recall that the greatest is our own failure to understand the problem, our ignorance of its requirements, our assurance that it is the easiest thing in the

world, and that each one of us knows exactly what remedy to apply and how to apply it. We must learn that the job ahead for the nation, the States, and their subdivisions is, however we look at it, one of great cost, of difficulties, political, administrative, financial, and engineering, that will try our wisest statesmen and our ablest engineers; one that offers special temptations to the well-meaning meddler and to the spoilsman, and one that will require, in addition to our best talent, that backing that can be supplied only by an enlightened public opinion.

URIEL

[II ESDRAS 4TH]

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

THEN Uriel spake—the great angel, the angel of God—
 “Would ye know then the secrets of Yahveh, the rule of his rod?
 So, weigh me the weight of the fire, the blast of the wind
 That has left in the wake of the tempest no whisper behind;
 Or call me the day that has vanished—one hour of the day—
 And I will interpret Jehovah, his will and his way!”

And I answered, “Oh! angel of Yahveh, ye know and I know
 That the questions ye ask are a riddle. The gleam and the glow
 Of the flash of the fire are fitful, and cannot be weighed,
 And the whirl of the cyclone unmeasured can never be stayed,
 And the day that is past—could we call it—then Heaven would be here,
 But, perchance, we could walk, even blindly, were the pathway more clear!”


Then Uriel answered, “I ask ye of things ye have known.
 Ye have sat at the warmth of the fire; the breeze that has blown
 Has cooled ye when faint with the summer’s long sweep of the sun,
 And the day that is past, ye have lived it, although it is done.
 If ye cannot discern, though half hidden, the things ye have seen,
 Would ye look on the veiled face of Yahveh, his might and his mien?”

And I answered God’s angel in sorrow; “’Twere better by far
 That we ne’er had been born to the bitter, blind things that we are;
 To suffer, and not to know wherefore, to be but the sport
 Of Jehovah who reads not the riddle of all he has wrought!”

Then, gently, the angel of Yahveh made answer to me—
 “When the flame of the fire has flickered, oh! what do ye see,
 The smoke that is left? Yea, the ashes, but fire and flame
 Are greater than smoke or than ashes. The clouds are the same—
 They pass to the earth in the shower, the drops shall remain,
 But greater than drops, and unending the rush of the rain.
 What has been is but drops and but ashes to the more still to be,
 For the ways of Jehovah are wondrous. Wait, mortal, and see!”

IN PRAISE OF GARDENING

By Frances Duncan

 HERE be delights," says an ancient writer, "that will fetch the day about from sun to sun and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream." Thus, and very much after this manner, the charming old prose-poet, amiably garden-made, continues, page after page, to describe the "1,000 delights" to be found in the "flowery orchard" of his century—describes them with an abandon of happiness that suggests the rapture of Saint Bernard when hymning the New Jerusalem!

In fact, barring the equally ancient and alluring pastime of going a-fishing, no hobby has a stronger grip on its devotees than gardening. At four o'clock of a summer morning Celia Thaxter could be found at work in her radiant little island plot, a sister in spirit to old Chaucer when on his knees in the grass at dawn to watch a daisy open. And these were not exceptional, not extraordinary cases of devotion; they were merely typical exponents of the true gardener's passion.

Nor is this tense enthusiasm fleeting. Not in the least! It is no more transient than the bibliomaniac's passion, no more evanescent than the collector's zeal, which only death can quench. It is no sudden, youthful fervor; indeed, it is rarely found in youth at the storm-and-stress period, while it may be observed to be strongest in those for whom the days of wild enthusiasm are over. The bachelor clergyman or the quietest of spinsters, for whom other passion is non-existent, will yet lavish on their gardens enough devotion to have won the heart of the most obdurate of persons, enough tenderness to have sufficed for the mothering of a dozen little ones. A garden is the world of the recluse, the passion of the lone man or woman, the diversion of statesmen, the recreation of poets and artists of all ages—except, perhaps, musicians, who may be overcareful of their hands. It is the plaything of monarchs, the solace

of the prisoner; it is also the delight of little children.

No passion is more democratic than that of love for a garden. The love of literature, of art, or of music can, it is true, occupy mind and heart with equal completeness, but in all of these the joy of creation is limited inevitably to the gifted few. The passion for a garden, however, and the joy of making one may exist alike in millionaire and washer-woman; the day-laborer, returning from his work, betakes himself to tending his rose-bush, and so, perhaps, does the banker; learned and illiterate may be alike in their devotion to their gardens; to saint and sinner, elsewhere poles apart, it is common ground; ill-tempered and serene are one in their tenderness for their plants. "Oh, I forgot the violets!" exclaimed Landor in a shocked tone after (according to tradition) hurling his manservant through the window to the violet bed below.

Since so much enjoyment is to be had in the cultivation of a bit of ground, it is a pity that it is ever missed and that the care of garden and grounds should become for any one a perfunctory thing. Yet in suburb after suburb one sees lawn after lawn whose treatment is wholly perfunctory; they are as ready-made and uniform as the contractor's houses, made by the dozen, that they garnish. These little yards reflect no more the thought and personality of the owner than a sample drawing-room or dining-room or bedroom fitted up in a department-store radiates charm and personality. Evidently the same nurseryman's agent has been about and sold to each owner the same small evergreens.

Very noteworthy it is, that those to whom the garden is a source of vivid pleasure do a part or most of the work of it themselves. This practice seems to be a necessary precursor of the happiness. A garden may make incessant demands on the time and energy and patience of its author—demands as exacting and con-

tinuous as those of a child on its nurse or mother, and yet, like the child, its very dependence makes it the more beloved.

For real enjoyment the garden must be considered as a work of art, not as a "chore," and one's plants as friends and intimates, not employees. A garden on a business basis is another matter. It may yield a certain amount of pleasure and satisfaction, but never the joy of a garden grown just for itself. The plants must conform to certain standards; definite results are expected, and failure to attain these means disappointment and loss.

One may smile at a gypsy kettle filled with coleus, at a boat marooned with its cargo of flowering plants in the midst of a sun-scorched lawn, but none the less these express a definite creative effort on the part of the author and are probably the source of keen pride and enjoyment. The impulse is the same as when the millionaire drags marble exedrae to an Adirondack lodge and worries a rustic bungalow with a Florentine well-head—and no more discreditable.

One of the sweetest characteristics of a garden—chiefest, I think, of its "1,000 delights"—is that its charm is wholly unrelated to the amount of money spent upon it. The simplest of little gardens may have more of this lovely and endearing quality of charm than the most pretentious of estates. For garden art for the sake of aggrandizement always misses charm. The display may have cost thousands, but if the purpose is to make as startling an effect as possible for the astounding of the visitor or passer-by, rather than the pleasure and happiness of the owner, such gardening must always miss charm. Like the prayer of the Pharisee, it "has its reward" and is seen of men. The kingdom of art, no more than the kingdom of heaven, is entered into that way.

The garden art for which I hold a brief is within the reach of every one who loves the plants enough to place them where they can grow happily and be in harmony with the house, the situation, and each other.

Much has been written about the beauty of wide stretches of turf, about the wisdom of massing the shrubbery and "creating a park-like effect," which is an

excellent thing when the grounds are spacious enough to admit of such treatment. The wide greensward framed in flowering shrubs and trees is restful, indeed, to look upon and should be a part of every place blessed with sufficient ground. But the garden which is loved and labored in and enjoyed to the utmost is the flower-garden—a flower-garden close enough to a man's house to be lived in, not one which has for its purpose the making of an effect from a distance. A rose is the same whether grown in a nursery row or trained on a trellis around one's window, but the latter becomes a friend and intimate and is beloved accordingly, increasingly as the years go by. It is for this reason, that they never become really "at home," that the so-called "bedding plants" are few in the gardens of real flower-lovers. They are transients—outside talent brought in temporarily for display—and so are not comparable in interest with the little crocus that comes up every year in the grass and may be loved and looked for.

To most amateurs the real fun of gardening is in the flower-garden, with its incessant claim on one for attention—incessant, as I have said before, as that of a baby on its nurse or its mother. And (like the infant) it yields to its admiring parent "1,000 delights," although less prejudiced observers may fail to locate these. The tiniest garden has room for infinite possibilities and gives room for endless experimenting—now in the naturalizing of some wild flower, now in the cultivation of some garden sport. The sight in a pasture of a squat little apple-tree, cropped year after year by cows until it is as much of a shrub and more than a Japanese quince, suggests that one might make a hedge of apple-trees. And how interesting to try! A New Hampshire artist, Mr. Stephen Parrish, clips his *Spirea Van Houttei*, after it has finished blooming, into as stiff a hedge as English holly, and it finishes the summer as a formal background for gorgeously colored phlox. Another artist-gardener has made house plants of tiny hemlock-trees and used the common pine for topiary work. No less a gardener than Robert Cameron, of the Harvard botanic garden, holds the theory—like that which some of our most advanced psychologists hold

in respect to human plants—that it is among the “discards,” those rated as probably defective, and, in the garden, those weaker plants that are pulled out when thinning is done to give room to their lustier brothers—that it is among these that the genius, the new and rare sort will be found, and that for the plants as well as for the human youngsters these are always worth tending in a secluded garden corner, to see what they will come to.

Another of the delights of a garden is that it is as changeful as life itself and as capable of experiment. In other arts or crafts what’s done is done. One may do better in the future, but for the present work—there it is, and so it must stand. On the other hand, the peculiar charm of the garden is that always one may change it, better it, shift this plant where it will be happier, separate two whose colors quarrel, plan some new effect here or there. To many a gardener there is nothing more exhilarating than making changes, planning a new pool, a new trellis, or steps; there is pure joy in thinking what one will do next year. Always there is the “next year.” In this lies the garden’s long fascination.

In this America of ours we have large estates a-plenty and some elaborate gardens, but of lovely little gardens we have sore need. And sore need we have also for keeping what loveliness we have inviolate. In every suburb the contractor is

busy wiping out the wild beauty with a baleful industry and thoroughness which makes his progress like that of the army worm or the seventeen-year locust; not a tree or a bush is left in his path which might hearten the gardening of some new-comer; burdock and five-hundred-year oak-tree fare alike, and instead springs up his ideal—the checker-board of treeless streets lined with close-set houses, their outward form as exactly alike as the clothes of asylum orphans. It may be progress, it may be improvement, and yet improvement, as St. Paul says of science, is often “falsely so called.” In a community where charming little gardens were the rule, such activity would at least be modified in the interest of beauty.

Whoever is keenly interested in civic or social betterment can begin in no better way than in making his own garden lovely, for never did any one make a garden without being the better and happier for it; and one of the sweetest effects of a garden is that the art is both contagious and infectious. I doubt if ever any one made a garden without some other being tempted to go and do likewise. Long before the roses have covered his bare fence or even his bulbs begun to poke their noses above the chilly earth, some neighbor, who has been watching, is sure to go a-gardening also.

“I go a-fishing,” said St. Peter, and the inevitable response is that of Thomas and Nathaniel: “We also go with thee!”

TO A CHILD

By Carroll Aikins

I CLING to thee, as thou
To laughter clingest;
I sing to thee, as thou
To thy heart singest.

Thou, whom the elves make free
Of elfin lands—
Child, are they aught to thee,
My clinging hands?

Thou fluttering baby-bird
On fairy wing,
Sweeter thy songs unheard
Than those I sing.

Starry my child alway
Hides from the morrow;
Knows he that age is gray—
Age that is sorrow?



FRANÇOIS' JOURNEY

By Archibald Douglas Turnbull

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER



SOMEHOW, it seems a good deal like giving away a secret to tell you about Bonmets at all. It does a brisk little business already, so does not need the advertising; and it cares not at all for the seeker after Bohemia.

Least of all do we want to drop in next Thursday night and find our pet places taken. Still, if you are not our kind of person you will forget all about it. If you are our kind, then you may go and search in the upper Forties, a little off Lexington.

There will be no carriage-caller, no row of staring motor-lamps to guide you. But just after you pass the second entrance, on the north side, with its long iron-railed steps, look sharp, and you will make out

the little sign "BONMETS." Then go down two short steps from the sidewalk and peep over the sash curtains in the little door; or, if it is not storming, pop in at once between its open hands.

On your right will be a tall desk, madame's own, from which a single dark red rose will bow you a welcome, even if the warm smile and cheerful "*Bonsoir*" of madame are absent elsewhere in her little kingdom. Count the tables—eight of them in all. Six take comfortable care of four guests each, while one at each side, at the back of the room,—*table amourette*,—is reserved for those who come here, not to dine, but to dream away an hour. Candles—real ones—with crimson shades shed the soft glow upon the walls that changes taking food into dining. And the deep blue edge on all the china completes the color plan that gives the spirit of Bonmets.

But before you have noticed half these

things you will have fallen into the hands of François. For it is he who will at once come to meet you, with his smile that begins with a tiny wrinkle at the corners of his mouth and then, if he knows you for one of his own, spreads until it covers his whole beaming face. More plainly than any words that smile says: "Ah, yes, it is a friend who enters; it is not one of those others. I make him welcome."

Watch for that smile and, if you win it, then know that you are free of Bonmets, and of all that is within those white walls.

When François has led you to a table; when he has put you in your chair with his never to be excelled combination of servitor and confidential friend; when, menu in hand, he bends attentively beside you; then it is for you to say: "I am hungry (or not hungry); what you will, François." For it is thus we put ourselves wholly into his hands, knowing that when we reverently approach our tiny liqueurs it will be with that satisfied sensation that this old world is a beautiful one, New York the best place in it, and ourselves the leading citizens. So I say to you—leave it all to François.

He will disappear behind a swinging green door, and in an instant his head will peep out at you again, with perhaps another small gray head beside his. If this last happens then you are blessed indeed, for that means that François and Père Bonmets, who rules supreme in the kitchen, have really gone to the length of consulting together upon the vitally important matter of the tempting of your palate.

But if I tell you more of Bonmets then we who like to call it ours will find you too thick about its sweets for our own comfort. Go, then, and search for it. Besides, it was of François' journey that I began to talk. That came about in this wise. Some we saw ourselves, some we had from the lips of dear, wise old madame.

For more than a long year the beloved France had been at war. Always we had discussed the day's reports with madame, with François, often with both at once. Together we had felt encouraged at every advance, had mourned over every setback; these last recognized to be but temporary, for we are all ardently of the cause

of Bonmets. Two we had seen leave the little place for France and glory. These were the two younger men who had attended those not favored by François—madame's own boy, Jean, and a friend. In their places had come young girls. Père Bonmets was too old to go. Indeed, he could on some nights, when none but ourselves were there, be drawn from his kitchen to tell his tales of a Paris beleaguered years ago. François himself had applied, but, to his deep chagrin, had been rejected. "Ah, yes—it was the lungs, monsieur—*que voulez-vous*. She would not have me, *mon pays*. It is my hard luck. *Monsieur le médecin* he say I should go to your Arizona—but I—I have not the money for your so expensive railway. I remain here with monsieur *et* madame."

We had long thought François failing, had known him growing perceptibly thinner; but what could we, coming in for our seventy-cent dinner, do more for him than sympathize? So it was with the greater joy that we watched the coming of the fairy godparents.

It was on a Thursday, our regular "party night," that they came. Four of "those others" burst into Bonmets from somewhere outside our part of the city, led by what we may call chance, but what seems in truth the angel of François. Three men and a girl, full of cheer and good spirits and, from their exclamations of delight, obviously making their first visit among us. In that quiet street the soft purr of a stopped motor had told us, even before we saw the newcomers, that they were of those whose path is made easy by wealth.

François met them just inside the door, quickly appraised them, and, because I think he saw what he sought in the face of the girl, smiled and gave them the table next to ours. Our ears and eyes were open, for, as you know already, we are jealous of Bonmets and of its impression upon the stranger.

"What a gem of a little place, Aleck! How did you ever find it?"

This from the girl to the grave-eyed young man at her left—a doctor, for a thousand dollars.

"Chap I operated on told me of it. About the time he began to take an inter-

est in food we got to arguing the old 'where to dine' question. Shouldn't have thought of it to-night, though, if you all hadn't said you were starved."

"Well, then, I say thank the Lord my

dency toward a growing waist-line, his general air of being engaged in the real business of his life. It was easy to foresee that the père's little cellar, of which we knew not much more than rumors,



The warm smile and cheerful "*Bonsoir*" of madame.—Page 371.

appetite is like the poor, if not of them—eh, Alan?"

Thus the man opposite the girl, a keen, lawyer-like person, who gave one the queer feeling that he, with his sharp, black eyes, was photographing everything around him for some mental album.

Meanwhile the fourth member of the party had entered into an earnest, low-voiced discussion with François. This satisfactorily explained his evident ten-

would that night be raided. The appreciative "*Mais oui*, Monsieur, I understand; certainly, I will see to it," in François' carefully dropped voice, told us that. It was evident that these guests, new though they were, had started well at Bonmets.

Perhaps it was not all due to the girl, then, though it was certainly she who had made the first impression upon the susceptible little Frenchman. And why not,

when it was so rare a pleasure to look at her?

Her high-held head was properly carried upon honest shoulders. The long-lashed blue eyes looked from beneath nicely arched brows directly into the face of the world, with sympathy, understanding, and liking, but not without a touch of fire. Only birth and breeding could have moulded the lines and curves of that fair face to meet and part without a false note, without a disappointment, even in the nose that spoke so plainly of a long, clean strain. And we were wholly satisfied when a small, modelled hand came up to push back an inquisitive chestnut lock, peeping down from beneath a big black hat, with which a blue gull was about to sail away. It must have felt obliged to

come down, that lock, to caress a dainty ear, set out just enough to look generous.

Sitting there among the three men, making play with her flashing white smile, her elusive, chuckling little laugh, she easily met these widely differing spirits, each upon his own ground. And she made them wholly hers. Each seemed visibly to glow as for a second she brought him to the front only to set him back upon his shelf at once and take down another of her puppets. Yes, after all, it must have been the girl.

While we were making our several eye sketches of her the quick, efficient hands of François had led the four through the *hors d'œuvres* and up to one of the père's wonderful clear soups. Indeed, it was as

he came in with their entrée that he coughed his first hastily stifled cough.

We saw "Aleck" look up sharply, then turn back to his dinner. A few moments later, however, when the discreet waiter was not so successful, and when he was seized with a real paroxysm, the man we had taken for a doctor proved it by turning squarely in his chair and looking at François with a little frown between his eyes.

"How can that be allowed in a place like this?" we heard him mutter. With a word of apology he sprang from his chair and strode up to madame, sitting at her desk. There he stood for some time talking, after waving away François, who had run forward, fearful lest some fault of his had been made the subject of complaint.

We could see madame pouring into the man's ear a voluble French explanation. And that this was having its effect we could not doubt, for the doctor's expression changed from the most positive annoyance to the liveliest sympathy and interest. When presently he returned to the



table the others beset him with questions. What was it all about? The four friends bent their heads together as he whispered a story, evidently that of François, for we heard the words:

"And so the poor beggar is staying on, just to help out the proprietors. Darned good pluck, I call it. Ought to be out at Billy White's this minute, if I know my name."

Of course the story had been hushed on the appearance of François from the kitchen, and he, poor man, wholly at a loss to understand either the obvious silence or the neglected food, looked questioningly across at us, his old friends. We could tell him not a thing, though we were as interested as he.

Presently the girl's voice rose a bit with excitement when the waiter was out of the room:

"It must be money, too. Of course he couldn't afford to go way out there—or to any lung place, poor faithful creature."

Then she leaned eagerly forward, a little hand laid pleadingly upon the doctor's gray sleeve:

"Oh, Aleck—Tom—Alan—couldn't you—couldn't we all—make up a purse, and send him out to Billy White's? You could write him, Aleck, and tell him the man is coming on my special recommendation. Oh, please—couldn't we do that? It would be, somehow, like doing something for France; you all know how I love her! Oh, do! Come on!" She was already opening a wonderful bag, done in the Bulgarian colors. "Here's fifty—fifty-three—and wait—the gold piece! I'm sure, Aleck, this is the luckiest thing I could do with it, isn't it? There!"

For a moment the three men sat looking first at the girl, then at the bills

thrown upon the table, one shining coin on top. Then suddenly three hands were reaching into three breast pockets and three wallets appeared like a conjuring trick.

"Well—let's see"—from the epicure—"here's one—fifty—sixty—seventy—eighty—eighty-five. Leaves me about enough to get downtown in the morning, if you'll see me home to-night, Aleck."

"Hurrah!" cried the little lady. "Now, Aleck——"

"H-m-m—best I can do is ninety; hold on, though—Tom, I never knew you to carry less than five hundred——"

"Three-seventy is the exact total," interrupted our lawyer person.

"Well, let me have a hundred overnight, old man—even your check isn't good here."

"Help yourself—and here's my ante."

And thus, before our dazed eyes the pile upon the table-cloth grew to upward of seven hundred dollars! We gasped.

"Madame—madame!" called the girl; and when that comfortable person had reached

her side she poured out to her in excited tones the tale of her plan.

"—So, don't you see, in a year he can come back to you, your François, and be far more help to you than ever. Tell him—oh, do tell him that he must go; I know he'll say he can't leave you."

"Go?" said madame; "*mais certainement*, he shall go—*bien entendu*. Only—pardon, mademoiselle—for the moment—*c'est trop fort*. It is—what you call—magic—so much money—and for our *bon François*."

Then, as the little waiter came in again, she went on:

"Eh, *mon garçon*—*vois-tu c'que dit*



His head will peep out at you again, with perhaps another small gray head.—Page 372.

mademoiselle—pour toi—cette folle somme de monnaie!”

“Comment, madame? Ah—c’est pour rire.”

Naturally, the stunned man had never heard of such a tip, and he turned from one smiling face to the other, looking for the key to the riddle.

It was the girl who explained it to him, partly in French, mostly in English, with a word or two here and there from the doctor about sanitariums, camps, and treatments. Gradually they made it clear to him that here was no joke, but the reward of long and faithful service; incidentally making it clear to us that the spirit of human sympathy was alive and working hard in the great pressing, driving city.

As he began to understand the little Frenchman's effort was pathetic:

“Ah—it is too moch—madame, mademoiselle—messieurs—je ne sais—but—but—I cannot——”

His protestations were drowned in a chorus of “You must,” and then the girl went on:

“Madame has put you for to-night at my orders, François. You are going to-morrow.”

Of what use to resist that lovely young tyrant? François, in a flood of protestations, vows, and blessings, was obliged to agree to start before another twenty-four hours had passed; to put himself wholly into the hands of Billy White, the mysterious man of miracles, and not to return until he was a well man.

Then what rejoicings swept the company! Père Bonmets, dragged from his kitchen to hear all about it, slapped François upon the back, called him “*mon gars*,” and, with a ridiculous broad wink, told them a half-dozen times that they would be well rid of “*ce vaurien*.” And then he disappeared, to return in a few moments with two long, slim bottles—oh, so dusty!

“Ah, mademoiselle, messieurs, it is for Bonmets a great night. You must all drink a glass of wine with madame and me,” cried the old veteran, and in a lower tone he added: “Something special, messieurs—for years I have kept it.”

At this madame must needs come over to our table. Would not we, the old

friends, join the new in the little celebration? We sprang up gladly. Introductions all around followed. Père Bonmets filled the glasses, and as we stood about the table the girl raised hers and cried:

“To France—and François!”

I doubt if there was a dry eye as we drained that toast. François himself was so moved that the père fairly had to lead him to the kitchen to pull himself together for a moment.

Next, the doctor called loudly for pen and paper, to “fix it up with Billy” then and there. Meantime the girl and madame were making the money into a neat packet, tying it with a bit of red twine, into which the girl thrust one of the white roses she was wearing. Letter and money were placed in François' shaking hands, and then at last Alan's “How about dinner?” finally got some attention. Even so, there was such a flow of interested excitement, so much chatter, that the père's most wonderful creations were treated with but casual respect. Little he cared for that, however, popping in and out, telling over and over again how thrilled and pleased he was.

As for madame, she had plunged deep into the story of her boy Jean at the front; of course these new friends must hear all about him too. She gave them the news she had had from his meagre letters, outlined her proud hopes of the *croix de guerre*, and could not, naturally, hide her fears, never absent for long from her mind.

“Such a splendid soldier he will make, my boy. But I—I would have him here. Yet it is for France, if he——”

Somehow, there was that in the girl that made one long to tell her “all about it.” In an hour she had us feeling that she had been for years one of our inner circle, so many were the confidences already given her.

When at length thoughts of home and bed began to strike us we moved in a body to the door, where the doctor gave François some last directions for his trip. Once outside, it was the père and François who handed mademoiselle into her chariot with a delicate grace which we, who could never have learned it, were fain to admire. Gay good-nights were said, and, as the



"To France—and François!"—Page 376.

great car began to move slowly up the street, those of us left upon the sidewalk broke into a low cheer. This was answered at once by the four as the street-lamp threw them for a moment into plain view. And then, after more handshakes and blessings, we went our several ways, feeling as if we ourselves were responsible for that night's fine work.

Next morning's breakfast seemed strange without our little Frenchman, but madame regaled us with an account of his

final leave-taking. She told us how he had insisted upon her accepting twenty-five dollars, "*pour mon Jean*"; how he had embraced them, every one, even to the small boy who helped in the kitchen, and how he had patted his black serving coat when he hung it on its nail, bidding it await him faithfully, and vowing to return in six months to wear it again. And his plans! He was to go first to Buffalo to see a sister who lived there. (And probably, we thought, to leave much of his



He had embraced them, every one, even to the small boy who helped in the kitchen.—Page 377.

new wealth with her. That would be his way.) Then on to Arizona, where this so wonderful Monsieur Billee was to make him over new.

How bright it made that day to hear madame's details, to add them to the memory of last night's excitement!

Toward noon two of us were near the Central Palace. Drawn by the flaunting banners of the Allies we joined the throng that poured into and filled the great building to the straining-point. Past the

booths, the stands, we made our slow way, pausing now and again to buy some unconsidered trifle and so add our mite; rejoicing always in the sight of so many fellow citizens and in the knowledge of their purpose in the Bazaar.

What a heart-warming sight about the "Melting-Pot"! We stood there, watching enthusiastic sympathizers throwing in money, rings, pins—anything of great or small value, but usually beyond their apparent means to give! "I must do what

I can to help on the Cause," seemed the spirit that pervaded that whole crowding mass.

We had been looking on, fascinated, for some minutes, when my friend cried:

"Surely that is—no, it can't be—yes, it is François!"

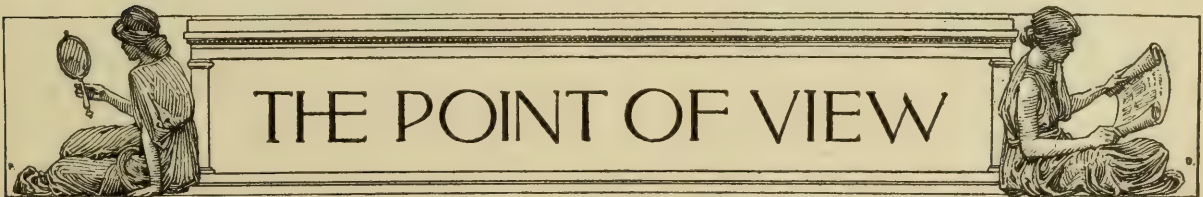
He, indeed, it was, though we should scarcely have known him, dressed thus for the street and with a flower in his buttonhole. What was he doing there, who should even now have been on his west-bound way?"

Gazing down into the pot, he stood motionless, as unobserved we began working our way through the crowd toward his side. We had nearly reached him when we saw his hand thrust into the breast of

his neat black cutaway, saw it come out again, laden with something, and then—saw him throw into the pot, still tied as it had been, still bearing the faded white flower, the packet we knew so well! And we heard him, forgetful of the crowd about him, cry out:

"Alcide! Gaston! Jean! *Pour vous, mes braves—pour vous, et pour la France!*"

We could not push forward and stop him. We could not call to him to reclaim his packet. We could only stand silent, as with straight back and with flashing eye this little recruit whom his country had refused to accept pushed his way out into the air, to march for that same country—to march back to a worn, shiny black serving coat.



ONE of the latest of Sir James Barrie's plays, "A Kiss for Cinderella," produced in London last winter, has been brought out in New York this winter by Miss Maude Adams; and one of the earliest of his plays, "The Professor's Love-Story," has recently been revived in Great Britain by Mr.

The Professor in
the Play

H. B. Irving and in the United States by Mr. George Arliss. Written originally for Sir Henry Irving and acted for more than a thousand times by the late E. S. Willard, "The Professor's Love-Story" has reappeared without loss of popularity on either side of the Atlantic. It is now seen to be perhaps a little thin in motive, a little straggling in its construction, but it has the essential quality—it has the perennial Barrie "charm." This quality may not be easy to analyze, but it is never difficult to feel; and since the gently humorous comedy was acted by Willard a new generation of playgoers has sprung up to find pleasure in the respective impersonations of the guileless professor by Mr. Arliss and by Mr. Irving.

The guileless professor, unsuspecting and unsuspecting, entangled in a love-affair all unwittingly, as blind in fact as the god of Love was fabled to be, is the central figure of the humorous complications which make up the story. How came Barrie to choose a guileless professor as the hero of a love-story? Did he evolve this character from his kindly memories of any of his own instructors in the distant days when he was an undergraduate at Edinburgh? Or has the appealing figure no solid support in actual observation of life, being only the author's individual version of an accepted stage type? Certainly the playgoer who is amused by "The Professor's Love-Story" and who consults "An Edinburgh Eleven" can find in that collection of character sketches no one which might serve as the original of the figure in the play; and if this playgoer has been a constant playgoer he can replevin from his playgoing recollections other professors in other plays quite as guileless and quite as simple-minded as the Scotch professor Barrie has lovingly delineated in his charming comedy.

And this raises the further question: Why is it that the professor when he is a personage in a play is so often represented as guileless? In the modern drama of our language Barrie's unworldly hero can be companioned by half a dozen or half a score other professors as unworldly as he is. In fact, it is scarcely too much to say that constant playgoers, when they discover from their playbills that the play they are about to witness contains a character described as a "Professor" are immediately justified in expecting to behold a wool-gathering innocent mooning through life, never knowing where he is at, and hopelessly ignorant of the state of his own affections.

These constant playgoers are likely to find themselves wondering how a creature wholly unable to take care of himself ever succeeded in being appointed to a university chair. They wonder furthermore how it is that this pathetic incapable having once "landed his job" is able to "hold it down." And finally the constant playgoers puzzle themselves in the vain effort to discover the special chair which so guileless a professor could fill; and they are ultimately forced to fall back on the only possible professorship for so inexpert a being—the one to which Mark Twain accredits the New Zealander who once was the cause of a Blank Day at Yale. Readers of "Following the Equator" will remember that this visitor was a Professor of Theological Engineering.

Now even in New Zealand, a land of contradictions, no university has yet established a chair of Theological Engineering. How is it that a dear and delightful creature, fit only for this impossible professorship is to be discovered rambling through Barrie's love-story and taking a more or less prominent part in other modern comedies? It is easier to put this question than it is to find the answer; and an investigation of earlier drama affords very little help. In the Italian comedy-of-masks there was a recognized type of professor, speaking the Bolognese dialect, because Bologna was the seat of the most famous of Italian universities. This professor was frankly a pedant, and his mouth was crammed with quotations from the classics; he was a figure of fun, set up to be laughed at. From Italian comedy he wandered into English

comedy and into French comedy, and we can find him in Shakspeare and in Molière. But this harsh projection, tinted in the primary colors, is not even a first cousin to the gentle and unpedantic figure we find in Barrie's subtler piece.

WHAT gives novelty to the professor in the modern play is that he is a pedagogue who is entirely devoid of pedantry, a teacher whom we should never suspect of teaching unless we were told on the programme and by the other characters that he was by trade an instructor of youth. He is described as belonging to a profession which is known to have easily recognized characteristics and peculiarities—just as all other professions have; and yet he appears before us on the stage entirely devoid of the accredited characteristics of his calling. He stands forth as a professor who never practises the art of professing. Now this is never the method employed by the modern dramatist when he summons before us the members of the other professions.

Other Professions
in Other Plays

On the stage the clergyman not only wears the cloth in one form or another, he is not only costumed for the part, he is also made to speak and to act as a minister of the gospel. He may be caricatured but he is not self-contradicted, whether he is one of the bland little curates who meander in and out of a multitude of mild British comediettas or whether he is one of the four vigorously drawn and boldly contrasted bishops whom Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in a recent comedy set over against four equally vigorously drawn and boldly contrasted actor-managers. Humble or lofty, curate or bishop, the clergyman appears in modern comedy as a clergyman; and it is as a clergyman that he functions. That he is a clergyman is his excuse for being; and he is never expected to lay aside his cloth to stand forth merely as a guileless and unworldly man.

The lawyer and the judge are also expected to abound in their own sense and to reveal the bent of their litigious profession. They also may be caricatured, as in the rascally attorney who is the pettifogging agent of the absentee landlord in Boucicault's Irish plays or as the pert and perky

Lawyer Marks in the theatrical perversion of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Or they may be accredited with all the acumen popularly believed to be the portion of the leaders of the bar, as in the brilliant Queen's Counsel in Mr. Jones's play who unexpectedly finds himself forced to break down Mrs. Dane's Defence. In so far as the lawyer is introduced into modern drama, it is as a lawyer that he is called upon to act. He may be compelled to justify by his contemptible deeds the worst opinion which the ignorant hold or he may be allowed to reveal the noblest qualities of the man who seeks the truth only and who does his best to serve justice; but whether he is villain or hero, he is a lawyer, first, last, and all the time.

And so it is also with the physician. If he strays on the stage, where he is far less frequent than either the lawyer or the minister, he is sent for professionally. He is bidden for a purpose; he is there to cure or to operate or to declare that the case is hopeless. He may be the guardian angel, but it is as a medical man that his wings sprout and that he is seen soaring aloft. He may be a demon of selfishness, but he is ever and always represented as a physician, whether general practitioner or specialist. Even when he is held up to scorn, as he was by Molière more than two centuries ago or as he has been more recently by the lively humorist whom a French critic has rashly hailed as the "Irish Molière" the doctor, whatever his dilemma may be, is a doctor to the bitter end.

Clergyman, lawyer, physician, each and all of them, play their parts in modern plays panoplied with their professional skill. Only the teacher, the professor, is represented as bereft of a profession, unrelated to it, unsustained by it—remote, unfriended, solitary, slow. Only the professor is put into a love-story on the stage so that he may show himself as laughable as he is harmless. In the phrase of Artemus Ward, we may well ask ourselves: "Why is this thus?" And perhaps we Americans may feel ourselves entitled to wonder at this strange fancy of the playwright to represent the professor as a guileless innocent incapable of taking care of himself and unable to see what is going on around him;—we Americans may wonder at this more than other folk, because we cannot help

knowing that the man who is now President of the United States was once, and not so long ago, a professor and that the man who was last the President of the United States is now a professor.

IT was with real consternation that the present writer read the extremely interesting and logical article in "The Point of View," entitled "Parsing 'Paradise.' "

The statement that grammar and poetry never did go hand in hand, and never will, and that the practice of illustrating sentence-structure by exquisite quotation is both unscientific and unæsthetic and that, further, it is profoundly unethical, ought to be overwhelmingly convincing, from the pen of so reasonable and ready a writer. And doubtless the dictum should be accepted also that no school-child will ever unconsciously imbibe a love of noble lines by gulping them down as syntax.

Grace and
Grammar

It is not safe to forecast the future. Perhaps no school-child ever *will*, but once upon a time the school-child whom the writer knew better than any other *did* find that her path to Paradise largely lay in the suggestions that came to her through the exercises for parsing that bestrewed the pages of her much-worn book of English grammar.

It gives her a slight shudder to think that maybe she was an abnormal child! But the remembrance of torn and bedraggled frocks and of sticky fingers surreptitiously licked, which seem to indicate a natural childhood, gives her courage to believe that there have been others—quite human children—who actually have enjoyed the study of grammar, because of the brightness shed upon its pages by the unscientific, unæsthetic, and unethical radiance of the passages from poems which were to be analyzed and parsed!

Verily, to recite three times over to one's self (in order to make sure that it would go off spontaneously at the critical moment when it might be of practical service in class), "'Eden' is a proper noun, third person, singular number, neuter gender, and oblique case, after the preposition through, according to Rule XVI," in no wise dimmed the vision for one youthful student, nor

hindered her from wondering why they (whoever *they* were!)

"with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

In fact, the beauty of the lines so affected her that she actually waded through pages of "Paradise Lost" a little later, in order to re-experience the thrill that had accompanied the reading of them when she had had to parse "way" and "solitary" and "Eden."

What might have happened if we of that well-remembered class in grammar had been required to work our way through the whole of "Paradise Lost" is not certain, but it is certain that the slight inconvenience caused by having to parse the nouns and adjectives and verbs "to be," in the short quotations from the world's great literature which were offered for our dissection, could in no appreciable measure allay the joyous spirit in which we read the lines that enabled us to see visions and dream dreams, and to feel the first conscious response to rhythm.

I opened a thoroughly modern and scientific and ethical grammar the other day, to the page devoted to illustrations of the case of address. "William, please open the door," I read.

There is no reason to doubt that that is a scientific and ethical request, and it surely is couched in irreproachable English, but how about

"Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour"?

We could have recited the rule for the case of address and have given its application in either instance, but even the most sluggish brain cells could hardly help responding, in some slight measure, to that arresting call to the great poet, while the Williams who are requested to shut the doors in our grammars are so numerous and so commonplace as to be hardly worth the breath it takes to parse them.

There is no contention, I am aware, that the youth of our day should not be introduced to Milton and Wordsworth in due season and with seemly conventionalities, but I am sorry for the youngsters who have to wait for the years when they may really study poetry as such before they can get even a whiff of the feast that is before them,

and to whom the book of grammar, unillumined by any such gleams of radiance as streamed across the pages of ours of an earlier day, must be a dark means of discipline indeed!

The smell of printer's ink still recalls at times the delight that was awakened by a brand-new advanced grammar which was placed in my hands, and upon the pages of which, as I glanced them through, I read (among the exercises that were to be parsed, forsooth):

"I love the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,"

and

"The gray sea and the long black land,
And the yellow half-moon large and low."

and

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

What if we did have to remember that "which" is a relative pronoun referring to "lays" for its antecedent—the music of those lines kept singing in our brains; and though "gray" and "black" were adjectives in the positive degree, that wonderful marine picture was hung forever on the walls of our memories; and though truth, in the stanza, held some occult relation to the rest of the sentence, there was a sentiment in those lines that stirred our blood.

The statement is doubtless true that any good teacher could find enough examples on an average editorial page to equip any pupil with an unerring precision in regard to the parts of speech, but I must take exception to the clause in the article to which I refer: "But to grammar its place and to poetry its place in the classroom as in life."

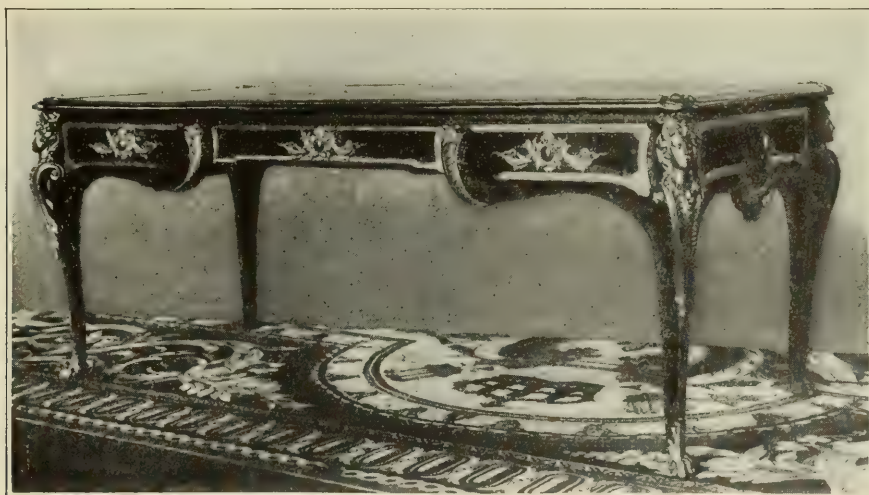
I want my poetry with my grammar all the way along. I want a view from the kitchen window by which I wash my breakfast dishes, and I would rather have my children parse the words in

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'"

than in the sentence: "The United States is bounded on the south by Mexico."

By all means let us march to the music of the spheres, even along the dusty highways!

THE FIELD OF ART



Writing-table.
Louis XIV—Regency period.

SOME MISCONCEPTIONS REGARDING FRENCH DECORATIVE ART OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

A SOMEWHAT strange though common impression held by many in regard to French decorative art is that under each succeeding monarch a new fashion in furniture and decoration was suddenly invented. This idea is due to the prevailing habit of affixing the name of a certain king to furniture displaying those lines and motives which are generally supposed to be peculiar to the epoch in question. Thus everything rococo becomes "Louis-Quinze," while all pieces which have been designed on straight lines are at once labelled "Louis-Seize." Nothing could be further from the truth, however, and these very comprehensible errors give one a totally false idea of the dates which coincide with the development, culmination, and decadence of French furniture and decoration during the course of the eighteenth century.

In the case of the art of Louis XIV the use of that monarch's name to designate a very clearly discernible style is far more accurate than in describing those belonging to the succeeding reigns, for it is an undoubted fact that that sovereign's personality dom-

inated even the art of his time, and it is quite permissible and accurate to designate as such all the furniture made from the beginning of the middle period of his reign until some eight or ten years before his death. This uniformity is of course due to the fact that at that time there was a very strict state intervention in art matters and that the establishment of the "Manufacture Royale des Meubles de la Couronne" imprinted on its productions a distinctiveness which resulted in a sense of remarkable unity in all the decorative art of the epoch.

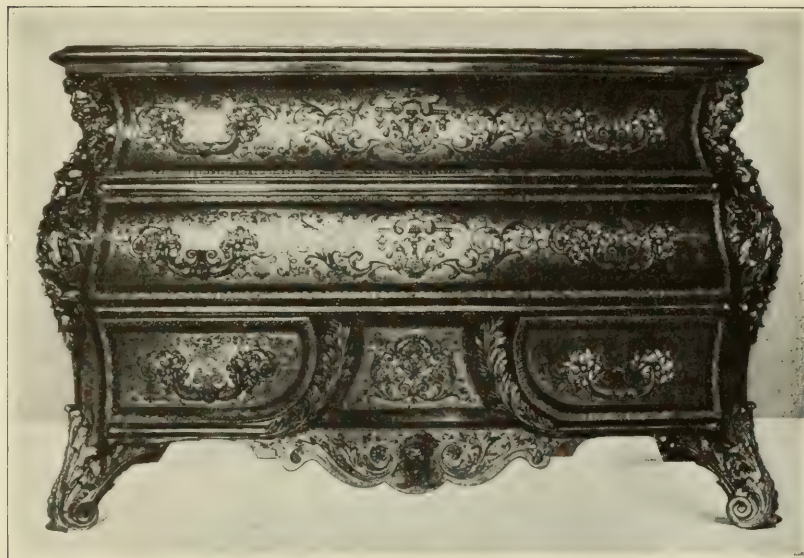
Concerning this period, however, there is to be noted one very wide-spread mistake. This is the popular belief that at the death of the "Roi-Soleil" the art of France underwent a sudden change and, freed from those restrictions which had likewise imposed rules of the strictest etiquette on society, plunged suddenly into a veritable orgy of riotous forms. In the case of the so-called "Style Regence" this last was practically entirely developed before the disappearance of Louis XIV, which fact quite does away with the somewhat absurd theory that French decorative art by its great exuberance denoted at once that feeling of relief with which the court and society are

supposed to have greeted the end of the *ancien régime*.

It would be of course extremely difficult to ascertain the exact dates in which a

surdity to imagine that with the accession of a new king or with the advent of an emperor the art of France, or indeed of any other country, could immediately undergo

a practically complete transformation, and that, with, as we have seen, the exception of Louis XIV, the French rulers could so strongly have impressed their own personal taste, whatever that might have been, so completely on their subjects as to revolutionize the art of their country. The evolution of French decorative furniture from the middle of the seventeenth century until the end of the following one is, on the contrary, a distinctly slow and logical evolution, naturally somewhat influenced as to details by passing events or dis-



Console.

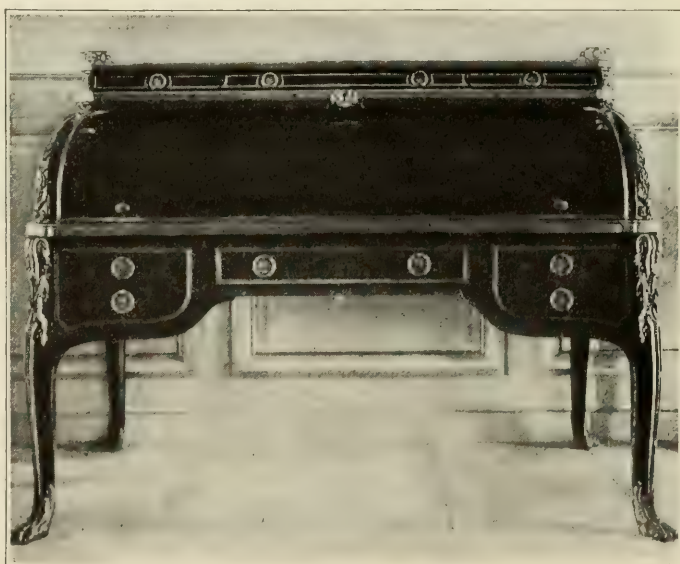
Style of the latter half of the reign of Louis XIV.

movement in the evolution of forms gave rise to a difference in contour, but it is safe to place the renewed interest in classicism at that date when the excavations of Herculaneum first began seriously to arrest public attention, namely, in the year 1748. This marks the impetus, during the reign of Louis XV, which aided the perfecting of that style which we are accustomed to call that of "Louis-Seize," and it is equally safe to assert that by the year 1765 its forms had been fully mastered and the style had reached its highest point of perfection. By this date the decorative arts, following the lead of the architecture of the time, had once more returned to the principles of Vitruvius, principles which were applied in the making of furniture as well as in the building of houses.

Thus it will be seen that French styles of the eighteenth century should merely be described as forming two classes, that belonging to the first half of the century and that which flourished and finally became decadent during the latter half.

It is also clear that it is an obvious ab-

coveries, but developing nevertheless in a progression entirely harmonious and expected. Even the somewhat short-lived but greatly appreciated rococo period never in



Writing-table with sliding top.

By Riesener, dated 1766. Epoch of Louis XV.

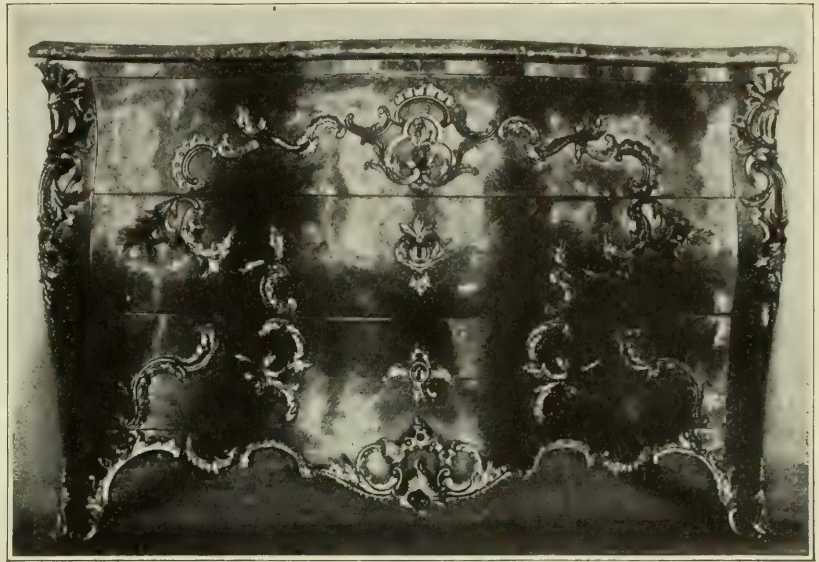
any way undermined the march of classicism, which, having begun in the first days of the French Renaissance, reached its apotheosis during the reign of Louis XV.

It must be admitted, however, even in the face of the above facts, that the habit of describing styles in interior decoration by using the name of a certain ruler is an extremely convenient method of classification and one which is bound to contain some amount of truth. It has as well become a recognized method, which is used by many authorities, and one which, erroneous as it may be, and particularly so in the case of the eighteenth century, would be found difficult to replace by some more accurate denomination.

It would be an interesting question, though one attended by many difficulties, to ascertain how many "ébénistes" and decorators (in the latter case invariably architects as well) continue through the years 1715-1799 to design during one reign in a style exactly similar to that which had prevailed

epoch in reality belongs to an earlier one.

Even a cursory examination reveals the significant fact that the applied or super-



Large marquetry commode ornamented with gilt-bronze.

Period of the Regency.



Mahogany commode.

First half of the epoch of Louis XV.

in a former one, and also to observe how, as is evident in numerous cases, a piece of furniture which may exhibit all the characteristics supposed to denote a later

epoch in reality belongs to an earlier one. Even a cursory examination reveals the significant fact that the applied or super-

official ornament used on furniture was, at a given moment, invariably a herald of structural tendencies to come. The bronzes on the commodes of Cressent, the numerous designs for various details pertaining to objects of domestic use by Caffieri, as well as the treatment of interiors by Oppenordt in the last year of Louis XIV, are as fantastic and extravagant almost as the later chairs and tables of Meissonier themselves became. And, in this same period, it will be found that the most overdecorated and turbulent commodes of Cressent date, not from the years when the Regent was actually in power, but from the time when the serious Maintenon still gave the "ton" to the court of France. Already the Palladian-Rococo compromise, which marked the decoration of the middle period of the reign, had grown into the freer arabesques and curves which, some-

what later, becoming practically independent of an underlying order of construction, as formerly understood, developed into the intricate, fascinating, and illogical "style

rocaille." Although this last fashion was greatly appreciated during the Regency, it was only natural that many forms which had obtained during the preceding reign still remained in favor, and this is to be particularly noticed in the case of the writing-tables or bureaux which continued to be designed in almost precisely the same manner as under Louis XIV. The most usual form of bronze decoration in this case was the use of human heads supporting the four corners of the table-top, the shoulders emerging from a rococo motif, a treatment distinctive of Louis XIV decoration in its later period and equally popular during the Regency, but which fell into disfavor shortly after Louis XV had assumed the reins of government.

We have said that at the death of the creator of Versailles France did not, in breathing a sigh of relief, at once change the aspect of her salons and bedrooms, that a change in the ideas of men did not become suddenly apparent and reflected in the appearance of the inanimate objects within their houses. There was one factor, however, which had been slowly developing, which gradually showed itself in the interior surroundings of those who constituted French society. This was the desire for privacy, the heretofore uncomprehended charm of intimacy.

For centuries the world had progressed, it

seems, without the slightest comprehension of the meaning of this word, and it was only after society had expanded into all the brilliancy of a carefully deliberate display that a natural reaction took place and,

tired of a fatiguing splendor, it looked toward new retreats in an awakened vision of things. It at last realized the charm of intimacy. Throughout the greater part of the seventeenth century France had witnessed a series of theatrical tableaux, most perfectly arranged, and most of the civilized world had acted as audience to the carefully thought-out entries and exits of its privileged personages. Even the throes of love



Gilt console.

Made about 1755. Epoch of Louis XV.

and its attendant desires and passions seem to have been regulated for the benefit of an admiring populace, and the most customary actions of every-day life had perforce to be performed with noble gestures and pompous amplitude.

So as not to be dwarfed by the splendid decorations of their surroundings, by the gods and goddesses who had found a last Olympus upon the walls and ceilings of French palaces and châteaux, the perhaps less human inhabitants of these sumptuous abodes decked themselves out with the attributes of semi-divinity and walked through life and into death with much more deliberate staginess than was visible in their painted, transplanted deities.

HENRY COLEMAN MAY.



Drawn by W. J. Ayliard.

THE CLIPPER'S HOME WAS IN SOUTH STREET.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXI

APRIL, 1917

NO. 4



THE CLIPPER-SHIP AND HER SEAMEN*

By W. J. Aylward

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



THE few decades that have elapsed make it seem so recent that it is difficult to believe that it ever was; yet a short half-century ago the Yankee clipper queened it on the seas as no other class of ships ever did or ever will again, for she was the result of conditions that can never again obtain. And with those conditions the fast sailing ship has entirely vanished from the sea. She blossomed into full flower with the rapidity of her own swift flight from horizon to horizon, and disappeared almost as suddenly. But to her and to the men

who created her is due what was easily the golden age of the American merchant marine.

All that is left of the long, lean vessels with their rakish masts, yachtlike lines, and clouds of snowy canvas lies scattered over the bottom of the seven seas, on coral reefs of far-away islands, on the granite ledges of Cape Horn; or they may be found here and there in remote harbors rotting away their last days as coal-hulks, or serving other lowly purposes far from the scenes of their glory. But, in passing, the clipper left a record of which we may well be proud, for, though made in the trackless waters of the great deep, it will ever live in the hearts of men whose heritage is the sea.

Should some kind spirit appear some day and say, "Which would you rather see, the building of the pyramids or South Street of the fifties?" I should probably

*With special acknowledgments to Captain Arthur H. Clark.

toss for it and hope to throw the toss for the latter. New York at that time was the clipper capital and her home was in South Street, the most fascinating place in the world. Never, since sea-borne commerce began was it so enthroned as here. It is difficult to believe that many of the grimy windows in attic-story lofts that stare so blankly over the East River at smoky steamers saw it all—lofts that once were rich with the stuffs of the Indies and now shelter what-not. As for the proud ships that once poked their bowsprits inquisitively across the street, almost into these very windows, like Rachel's children they are not.

It is most interesting to look back at that decade between eighteen fifty and sixty, when, after a score of centuries of development by the slow process of elimination and selection, the wooden ship fairly reached perfection. How this came about on our own shores is easily the most remarkable phase of the sadly neglected history of our merchant marine.

Let us imagine ourselves back among the handsome ships—to pick our way among the many cargoes, inbound and out, strewn about the open wharves and overflowing into the cobbles of the crowded street. All but lost in the confusion of traffic are the calls of the lofty riggers to the decks of the well-groomed ships, where with coarse banter and rough shouts the stevedores are working cargo and sing out in chorus to Patrick on the wharf, who whacks his "baste" at their "H-o-i-s-t a-w-a-y!" The falls in the block add their hoarse chuckle or merry creak to the whistling of tugs on the river, the ferry-boats' bell, and the noisy trucks with their noisier drivers. But above all the noise and confusion of the busy street, against the soft blue of an easterly sky rises the haze of great ships' spars which gives the whole the unmistakable vibrant, tangy flavor of the burly sea.

Even the shops share this, for the windows display chronometers and compasses for the navigator, the walks are choked with bales of cordage and chain cables for the ships, and the sign-boards announce sea-boots and oilskins for the outward-bound seaman and fine tall hats and go-ashore togs for the recently arrived.

There are galleries where you can have

your picture "took" or your ship's portrait painted, and great banners cut to represent topgallant sails hang out above the yawning merchandise doors of lofts to announce that here the best sails are to be had. And riggers and block-makers and ship carvers and gilders—all are there; till it seems the whole street has been turned into a vast boatswain's locker for the fleet, where a ship can call for a suit of new sails, a spare anchor and cable, and be as readily supplied as the lady of the cutwater, who here may buy a new gown of green and gold or have the bloom of youth restored by a touch of rouge on her sea-stained cheek.

Let us get in out of the traffic, forget the profane teamsters, and in the shelter of a huge coil of manila marked for delivery to the good ship *Gamecock*, watch the crowd go by; for the passing throng is quite as much of the sea as the ships.

Along comes Jack, steering a bit wildly in this tempestuous sea of humans, fresh from Cherry Street where he has no doubt been cleaned out of pocket. Alone and in his condition he is pretty certain to find himself outward bound on the morrow in a strange ship, bound he knows not whither. Essentially a man of the sea, he is a mere child in the hands of the harpies that prey upon his kind ashore. Contrasting with him are three blue-eyed and fair-haired Norsemen, sturdy, bronzed fellows; secure aloft in a blow, but ill at ease on the city pavement, they pause and gaze into the windows of the shops and discuss in their native tongue the wonders of a strange land. Each cleanly barbered, smoking a big cigar and carrying a paper bundle or two, it scarce needs the squeaky boots to mark the careful provider.

Then a tall young man with lighter tread heaves in sight. His color marks him a seaman, too, and his erect bearing betokens the man of authority. On his broadcloth sleeve a sweet little woman rests a tiny hand. They are fresh from a visit to his new command, and if you wish to know the name of the greatest ship and the greatest captain in the world you have but to ask her. She is such a pretty little thing in her green bonnet and voluminous skirts that you could not disagree with her even if you wanted to do so ungallant a thing.



Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

The Yankee Clipper.

Next come two shipowners, members of a solid firm well known in Hongkong and Melbourne. Their portly figures draped in rather pronounced checks, they tap their canes importantly as they pass and nod and shake their tall, white beaver hats while they discuss in guttural voices, reminiscent of sherry and many a good dinner, bottomry bonds and bonanza freights to God-knows-whither. And then Dennis relating to Larry what "Liverpool Mike sez to Waterman" and "what Waterman sez to him" in the row aboard the *Challenge*, or *did* to him, rather— But the end of this enticing tale is cut off by the sudden blast of a tug in a long pent-up scream of steam, and the truck flying the blue peter a few slips up river begins to move slowly out from among the many house-flags that surround it—which, by the way, reminds us that high water must be nigh, and if we are going to see the ships off the Battery get under way we had better be going.

Long before we get there stray scraps of a sea-chanty reach us now and then, and we know that the crews are getting the anchors. Just as fifty men, to the charms of that lady sung in a nasal treble, swear eternal devotion to "Sal-ly-Brown-of-New-York-City," the nearer one comes into view—the yards are swung to a full and the ship's head pays off. The other quickly follows suit and dips the bright ensign at her lofty monkey-gaff thrice, to the cheers of well-wishers in the tree-shaded walks of fashionable Bowling Green. There are tears and waving handkerchiefs as the sleek vessels with the grace of well-handled yachts now pick their way down the bay. Off on a thirteen-thousand-mile race to San Francisco, perhaps three months hence they may still be side and side as they enter the Golden Gate; or possibly led a day or so by our able-looking friend of the blue peter shaking out her petticoats as she follows after them behind a tug.

It was a rare combination of circumstances that sent those beautiful high-strung ships,—the finest that money could buy and that skill could produce,—that day so long ago and yet so near that men are alive to-day and in active business life who watched them go,—men

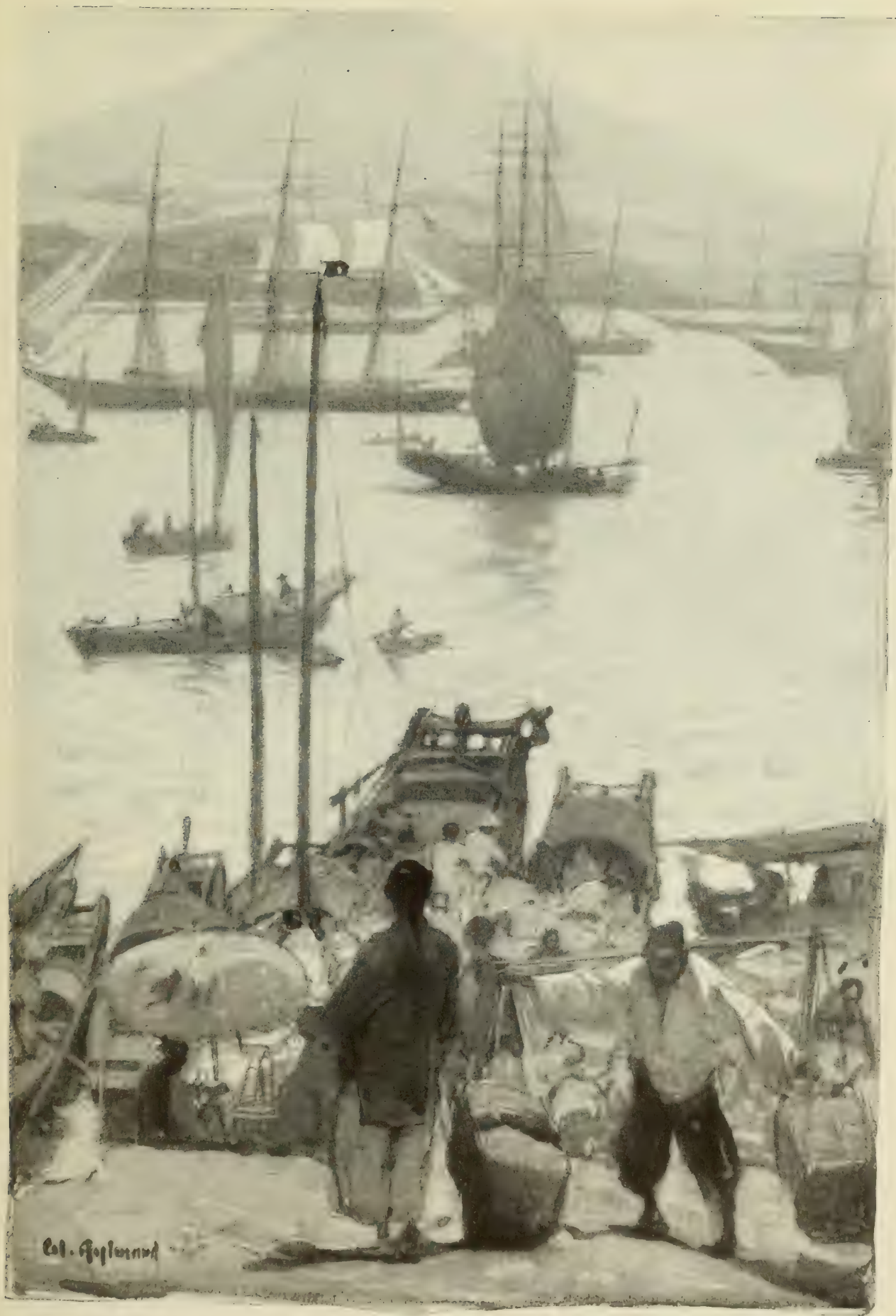
who as young officers passed the word that brought the anchor to the cat-head and sent aloft the yards; who, when the ship was in full flight and staggering like a madly driven race-horse, gave the quick command and jumped to the wheel themselves to help keep her from broaching-to and being overwhelmed in the wild seas that threatened to engulf her off the Cape.

It was by no fluke of fortune that the wonderful records and fast passages of that day were made. It was not by any one man's achievement, and in a sense it was not due entirely to the group of men who designed, built, sparred, canvassed, manned, and navigated them. We have to go back a bit farther.

Early in the last century the United States was in somewhat the position of Norway and Sweden to-day, that is, with an undeveloped interior and a population stretched along its seacoast naturally looking to the sea for a livelihood and a road to market. Fishing had been an important industry from the first, as well as whaling; and, owing to the vast forests of splendid ship timber, yards for the construction of vessels soon sprang up. As the population grew, the surplus products were sent abroad, the trader and merchant grew in importance, and our foreign commerce was born.

To the northeastern section of the country must be given the distinction of being the only part of the world ever producing a breed of men who could apparently with equal skill fell timber, build, spar, and canvas a ship, load her with their own produce and sail her to any part of the world, returning, too, with another cargo and gold enough in the master's cabin to represent a substantial balance of trade. This training in time developed a type of seaman new to the merchant service, and the profession of shipmaster became an enviable one, eagerly looked forward to by the most promising youngsters, who went to sea in shoals as a sure road to wealth and position in the business world. This was not true of any other country.

During this development and, indeed, long after, a merchant ship was considered literally a "ship of burden." She was built to carry big cargoes and buffet the seas as she might. It was soon discovered, however, that a short passage meant



Ed. Aylward

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

Pagoda Anchorage, Fuchau.

a higher price for tea-cargoes, and some attention was given to refining the lines of the bluff Canton packets.

During the War of 1812 a type of small vessel called the "Baltimore clipper" was very popular as a privateer and later as a slaver, opium-trader, or fruiter; and it was from this vessel that the later "clipper" developed. The first large vessel to be built on her lines was the *Ann McKim*, the immortal heroine of the long-winded whaler's yarn in "Two Years Before the Mast."

Though the *Ann McKim* was a fine, successful ship, she had no immediate imitators, but was looked upon generally as a fad of a wealthy owner. In the course of her career, however, she fell into the hands of a New York concern quick to see her advantages. They ordered a ship laid down even more extremely sharp; and to the *Rainbow* must be given the credit of being the first out-and-out "clipper," the first of a long line soon to follow.

She set at naught all the forebodings of disaster by the old school by proving a wonderfully fast and safe craft. So speedy was she that her commander, at the end of her first voyage, declared that she was the fastest ship afloat. Not getting any rise to this he declared that no ship would ever be built to beat her; and in this he was not so far wrong, as her records stood for a long time.

Then came the discovery of gold in California and the historic exodus thither. Floating property became immensely valuable and speed was above all things at a premium. With flour selling at forty-five dollars per barrel and boots as much per pair, the matter of freight was scarcely worth considering, but time was most important. There were not half enough ships afloat to supply the inflated demand, and soon every shipyard from Baltimore to Eastport was crowded with fine vessels in every stage of forwardness, all being eagerly rushed toward the day when they should be put overboard, to bring fame perhaps to their builders and fortune to their lucky owners.

In due time they sailed away one after another. And if in the darkness of a driving storm down Patagonia way, before the watch on deck of a wallowing foreigner hove to under a scant show of can-

vas, there flashed a vision of a fleeing ship showing everything she could spread to the gale, the lesson was not lost, though the mate might cynically remark to the "Old Man," when he came on deck in the morning, that "another crazy Yankee had gone by in the night!" Worse still, British ships lying idly at anchor in Hongkong had to view with chagrin Yankee after Yankee blow in through Lyee Moon Pass, discharge cargo smartly and load at twice the rate at which they vainly sought charter. The repeal of the British Navigation Acts suddenly left the shipbuilders of Great Britain, long lulled to indifference by centuries of special privilege, to face the fierce competition to the westward.

But it was many a day and a long race before the prize of supremacy finally went back to the other side. In the meantime J. Bull, Esq., came over with a bag of gold and went back with a ship, and came again, not once but often. While ships were built of wood the odds were heavily in our favor and, clothed in the cotton of the South woven into splendid duck and fashioned by the best sailmakers in the world, the American ship became at once the envy and the despair of the foreigner.

While they were superb specimens of marine architecture, the fame of American "clippers" is largely due to the manner in which they were sailed. They were great seamen, those clipper-ship commanders, undoubtedly the greatest merchant seamen that ever lived. Their fast passages were not due to luck or favorable winds, but were at times made under extremely unfavorable circumstances. They were due rather to the rare combination of skill, courage, and strong character of the master mind on the quarter-deck.

Captain Creesy, of *Flying Cloud* memory, was a fine example of the type of shipmaster of those days, and during the Civil War he served with great credit as commander in the Federal navy as well. His two famous passages from Sandy Hook to San Francisco in eighty-nine days still stand as records. It is unfortunate that with him on those voyages there was no Conrad or Connolly to give us the history of these famous runs. From the bald statements of the ship's log we can gather

that it was anything but smooth sailing. When only three days out of New York the *Flying Cloud* was partly dismasted by a heavy gale, but while spars were being made and refitted, and new sails bent, the ship went flying on. Here and there is further mention of sprung masts, split sails, lost spars, and splicing,

last on the ragged horizon the rugged Farallones sharply cut the sky and the *Flying Cloud* rushes through the Golden Gate, famous forever for having cut down the best previous voyage by thirty days and establishing a record which stands to-day!

During the trip she passed another ves-



“Running the Easting down.”

fishing, and rerigging, to keep things standing somehow; but always the wonderful figures that told that the day's run had not been seriously interfered with.

Then the heart-breaking doldrums, when the ship lay for days slatting idly on a breathless sea, trying to fan herself across the line—an entry or so about men in irons and the mate suspended from duty tells us that Captain Creesy had more than the elements to contend with. “Heavy seas running, ship very wet fore and aft” is all the space the struggle with Cape Horn in winter gets; and soon the ship is flying northward like a mad thing, with solid seas slow to part roaring over the cat-heads while the spume soars to the lower tops, and drive, drive, drive, till at

sel bound to the same port from Liverpool, which was already one hundred and eighty days out on a voyage considerably shorter! What speed those wonderful vessels made may be judged by a comparison with the highest type of sailing-craft built entirely with that point in view, the yachts built to defend the America's cup. With every blockstrap filed down to the last ounce; with the immense advantages of aluminum, steel, and bronze construction in hull, spars, and rigging; sails of lightest possible weave on a model sharp as a needle; with all this and without so much as living accommodations for a cat, and almost a hundred tons of lead to hold the craft on her legs, and a trained racing crew and skipper to boot, the best mile sailed by a yacht during the cup races was

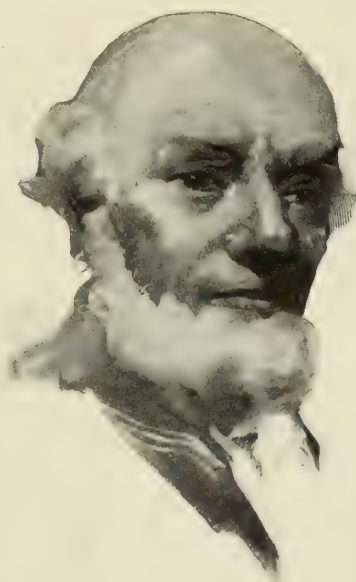
at the rate of thirteen knots. Yet a clipper-ship—the *Lightning*—averaged eighteen and one-half knots in a day's run; and as there must have been lulls and puffs in the gale during the twenty-four hours when she did this, she must have burst occasionally into a spurt of twenty knots and over! And this in a vessel built not for summer racing but to combat the wintry gales off Cape Horn, to fan across the equatorial calms, and of course to transport a thousand or so tons of merchandise, which she had to deliver dry and in otherwise first-class condition on her arrival.

Much has been written of the ill-treatment of the seamen aboard these fast ships. "They made fast passages, but used men up in doing it," we are told. There may be truth in this, but undoubtedly much exaggeration is due to the seamen's imagination. There is no question about it, a clipper-ship of that period was a poor place in which to start trouble. Any one unwise enough to do so usually got enough in one dose to last him the rest of the voyage. But the idea that they were commanded by a Caliban, who destroyed men with fiendish relish for the pleasure it afforded him, is an emanation from the brains of a class of "string-piece sailors" turned authors, and to these is due the creation of the familiar "blood ship" of sea fiction. This sort of thing has been done so often and the abuse of the sailor so insistently played up that it is not surprising that the shore-going public has in time come to believe it, and think of the seaman as a simple-minded, open-hearted saint tyrannized over by a blustering bully.

Captain Arthur H. Clark, however, gives us the other side and in his admirable history, "The Clipper-Ship Era," tells some illuminating facts on the subject, supplying besides what would other-

wise be a lost page in the annals of our merchant marine. Captain Clark clearly points out that most of the trouble in American ships of that day was due to the tough element that shipped in them as a means of getting to the gold-fields of California. A great proportion of these were not seamen at all or were the offscourings of European ports.

"A Yankee ship and Yankee crew,
A Yankee mate and skipper, too,"



A "Shellback."

were long things of the past and only possible, if at all, in the days of Salem's glory. But the manly, decent sailor of whatever nationality who knew his work and did his duty was never in trouble and was always highly prized. As a single instance, to show what the shipmaster had to contend with, that of Captain Waterman's voyage in

the *Challenge* may suffice. She was a new ship from a famous yard, "Bob" Waterman a seaman of brilliant reputation, and great things were expected of both on what was to be the vessel's maiden voyage.

The usual rough element in a crew had no terrors for him, but when Waterman found, on clearing Sandy Hook, that he had on board the choicest collection of criminals that ever escaped the hangman, he was tempted to return for a new crew. As this would have meant a heavy loss to the owners, however, he decided to proceed.

As was customary, the men were mustered aft to be chosen in watches, when the captain usually took occasion to address them. This time, however, he gave them something different from the usual harangue of: "Now, m'lads, we're off on a long voyage together. You've a good ship under your heels and a man on the quarter-deck to drive her. Obey orders, show respect to your officers, jump on the word, keep a civil tongue in your head, and

you'll find life aboard this vessel pleasant enough and me a jolly fellow. If you don't you'll find her hell afloat and the devil in command! Go for'ard!"

But Waterman gave them more. He flattered them by telling them what likely looking sailors they were (some of them had never been to sea before) and hoped they would not only be good boys aboard but that their conduct ashore had been above reproach, with a lot more time-consuming trash of the same nature. In the meantime the mates, carpenter, sail-maker, and boatswain were busy in the fore-castle, breaking open chests and literally filling bag after bag with revolvers, knives, black-jacks, and knuckle-dusters. These they hove overboard with bottles of "Jersey Lightning" by the score. The men were then invited to step up to the main-hatch and one by one have the points of their sheath-knives broken off an inch from the end by the carpenter. After this the afterguard breathed easier, but for a long time no officer appeared on deck without a loaded revolver in his pocket.

In time this vigilance was relaxed, until one morning as the captain was working up a sight, a scream from the deck brought him from his cabin on the run. What he saw caused him to grab an iron pin from the rail and jump to the main deck, where three men were murderously attacking the mate with their knives. There was no time for parley, and one after the other the wretches crumpled to the deck with a single blow from the heavy weapon in the hands of the captain. Two never rose again, but were sewn up and hove over the side in canvas bags. Thus encouraged, the rest of the miscreants gave no further trouble till they reached San Francisco.

Once safe ashore, however, their courage returned, and their tales of the villainy of Waterman grew to such proportions that a mass-meeting was called and

among the sand-hills a red-shirted mob formed themselves into a "vigilance committee" and decided to "execute" Captain Waterman and burn his ship. With this object in view they marched to where the *Challenge* lay. Not finding either the captain or his mates aboard they were on

the point of hanging the venerable ship-keeper for "vengeance," a man who had never seen the ship before she entered San Francisco Bay. At this point, however, a new factor entered; there was no mistaking that fact. It was the well-known signal of the fire-bell and it was calling the real Vigilance Committee to arms!

They responded promptly, but before the riot act could be read through the mob of several thousand had dispersed, their thirst for spilling other men's blood somewhat abated by a careful regard for

their own. According to the pseudo-sailors, Captain Waterman had tortured and starved them, had shot men off the yards, apparently with the object of short-handing his ship, and when he had killed his victims he had them buried without religious ceremony!

There was an investigation looking into the captain's conduct on the voyage, and on the testimony of the real sailors in his crew he was not only exonerated but the inquisitorial eye turned searchingly upon the plaintiffs. Justice was deliciously swift in those mining-camp days, but not swifter than these lads when they saw this turn of affairs. They suddenly decided that the air of the hills was what their health demanded, and decamped.

Strange as it may seem, the very people who sought to prevent abuse of the sailor were in truth responsible for most of his troubles. This they did by taking the lawful means of punishing culprits from the master. Flogging was a dreadful thing and was rarely inflicted in the merchant service. Even Dana, in making out a strong case against a brutal skipper,



The Mate.

points that fact out very clearly in depicting the shocked surprise of the sailors in other ships who declared that the "spread eagle" was a rare bird indeed. But as long as it was in the captain's power to flog, it had the deterrent effect of the strap in the wood-shed. The situation was one which few lawmakers could understand. A captain and his mates representing authority—and the owner—were responsible for perhaps a million dollars' worth of property and the lives of all on board. Under them were from fifty to seventy-five men of every nationality, over whom they had somehow to maintain discipline and enforce prompt and unquestioning obedience.

It is folly to think that moral suasion could accomplish this. What, for instance, was Captain Waterman to do in the case just cited? Fine each man a shilling, as the British law provides, and be laughed at? In the meantime what would become of the mate? These questions the officers settled for themselves in the only possible way, and it is a fact that while "belaying-pin soup" and knuckle-dusters were unheard of before, they soon made their appearance in American ships when the cat was abolished.

The good folk ashore who sought to manage the internal affairs of a ship at sea did a further injustice to the seaman when they took a part of his daily ration from him by inducing the shipowners to stop serving out rum. Not that it was not a good thing to do, as the less rum consumed aboard ship the better for all hands, but they saved money for the owner without adequate return to the sailor, instead of doing as the navy ditty says of Commodore Preble:

"He raised our pay, ten cents a day,
And stopped our grog forever!"

They might have done that or stipulated a pan of hot coffee in its stead. But as these good folk never had to shin out on an icy yard amid the bergs of a Cape Horn winter's night, and fight inch by inch, with bleeding fingers, a sail stiff as sheet iron, they had the satisfaction of sleeping comfortably in the knowledge that if the seaman did so he was not tempted by the demon rum when he came down half-frozen to his damp bunk. Maybe he had

a captain humane enough to stir up the cook to heat some coffee for him or even pipe all hands to "splice the main brace."

There is no doubt about it, the American clipper-ship captain has been a much-maligned man. As we have seen, he came of very much better stock than his compeers in other countries. He was a distinguished citizen, banquets were given in his honor by important institutions when, as not infrequently happened, he made an unusually fine achievement, or by sheer determination and great seamanship saved a ship apparently doomed to destruction.

This distinction meant nothing to the man forward, if indeed it was not considered by him a matter of grave suspicion, a phenomenon not rare in this day. We are told that some captains dared not come to the dock with their ships; that they joined their vessels from the pilot-boat offshore and left her the same way; and other seemingly incriminating tales. This in some cases was true, but like most truths half told is misleading. It was done when done at all to escape blackmailing by a species of shark lawyer who made a fat living on the so-called wrongs of the sailor.

"Did the mate speak cross to him and call him names?" Or did the innocent victim get a well-merited crack on the head? Very good—on busy sailing-day this disgrace to an honorable profession would appear with his infernal summons. Time was precious and the law slow to act, so he had either to be bought off or kicked off the gangway with a suit for further "damages" awaiting the captain on his return. But, right or wrong, successful in his suit or not, nary a cent was the aggrieved sailor likely to see. They accuse them of being hypocrites and say again that the sea tyrant was a lamb on land, and of Captain Creesy that when outward bound the first thing he did on dropping the pilot was to call for a bucket of sea water, to "wash his shore face off!" If this be true, it proves that this prime seaman, besides having a fine appreciation of dramatic effect, had a vein of humor as well.

Now let us see how the sailor fared ashore. Owing to his thriftless habits, he was preyed upon unmercifully by crimps and boarding-house masters, by whom,



Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

During the Civil War hundreds went up in smoke.

after he had been robbed of the proceeds of his voyage or had squandered it, he was miserably housed and fed till he shipped. For this service he obligingly turned over his three months' advance. That this phase of the sailor's character is deep-rooted we know from Sir Richard Hawkins, for in 1593 we hear him speak thus: "Some would be ever taking their leave and never depart; some drink themselves so drunk that except they were carried aboard they of themselves could not go one step; others to be indebted to their hosts and forced me to ransom—one his chest, another his sword, another his shirt, and still another his card and instruments for the sea!" And bitterly did he complain of it.

Bad enough in the days of the discoveries, this sort of thing was impossible when time meant money as never before. The natural result was the shipping-master, who generally kept a sailors' boarding-house, and from this source the captain would draw as many men as he needed to fill out a crew of men he had already shipped. These fellows were handed up over the rail stupefied with liquor or drugs, checked off one by one by the mate and stowed away in their bunks like so many pieces of freight. A large percentage were diseased, and practically all unprovided for a Cape Horn voyage after an extended debauch ashore.

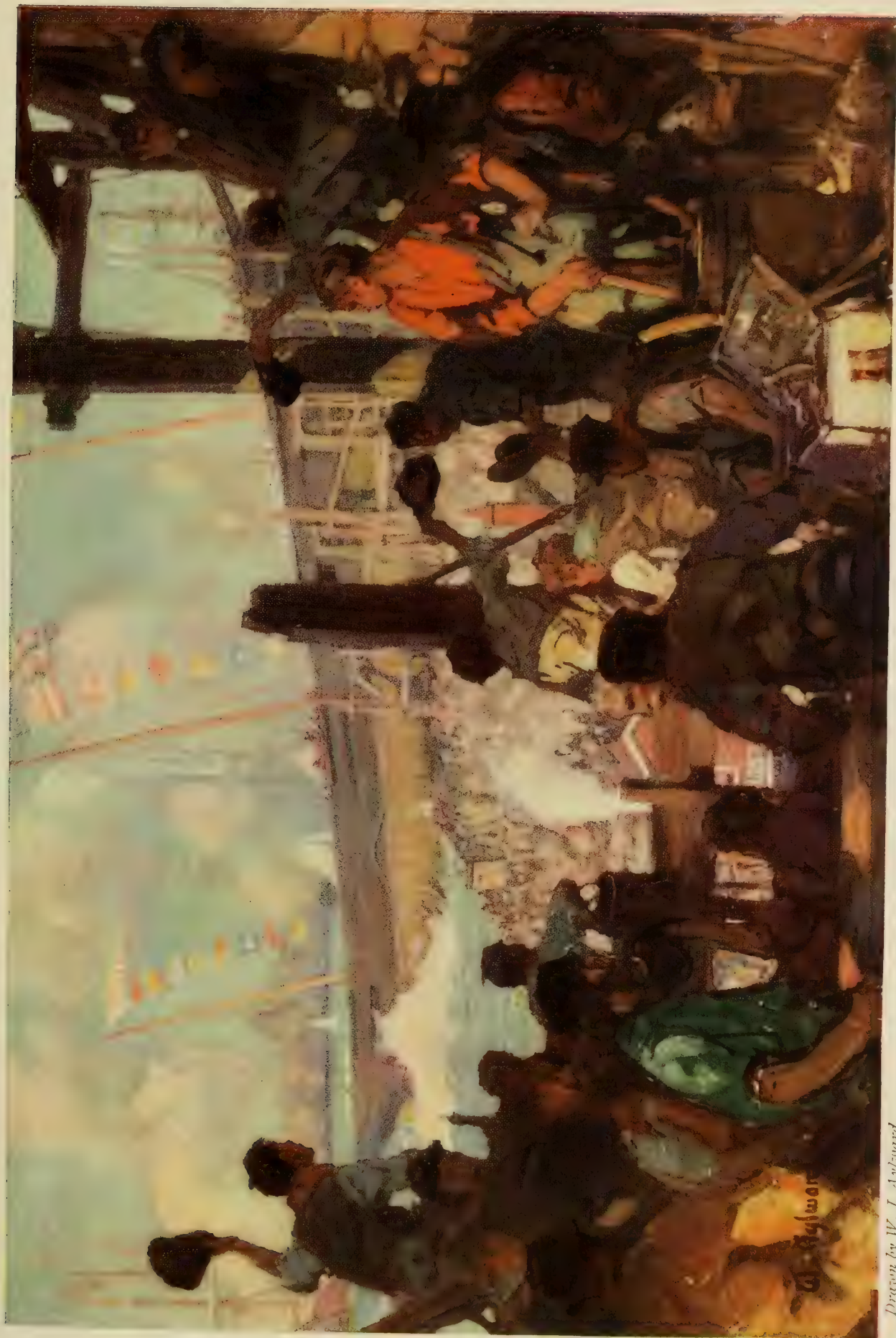
So we cannot believe that the captain was an enemy of the sailor, especially when we see the same men on their return to port clear-eyed and alert, with the healthy tan of the sea upon their cheeks, cleanly, and with a respectful bearing lending an added charm to their erect figures. They had to work hard, it is true, but they were better fed, better housed, and better clothed than in any similar position ashore, better paid and cared for generally than in a ship of any other nationality in the world. And that, as the song hath it, "nobody can deny!"

To the unobservant the loss of our prestige on the seas is mainly due to the ravages of the Confederate privateers during the Civil War. This is not so. Vessels like the *Alabama* created great havoc, it is true, but combined they destroyed in all less than two hundred and fifty vessels, and of these a large proportion were

whalers and fishermen, the loss of which had little effect on sea-borne trade. The cause, indeed, was far more insidious, and the decline had already set in several years before the Civil War opened, as a glance at the statistics will show. The greater economy, reliability, and regularity of the iron-screw steamer was what drove the American sailing-vessel, first to ruinous competition and then out of foreign trade. Since ships have been built of iron and steel the advantage has been with the foreigner, as the cost of operating has always been. Unfavorable legislation at home, the real cause of decline, has terribly hampered the shipowner under these conditions, and sooner or later an antiquated policy will have to give way to a more enlightened one.

When once given a chance the United States merchant marine will again come into its own and the nation become the maritime power for which its position between two great oceans so naturally adapts it. Then will be gathered in a national museum all available records and models and portraits of ships and men that laid the foundations of a great over-sea commerce, and high on the roll of fame will be written the names of such ships as *Flying Cloud*, *Challenge*, *Comet*, *Winged Racer*, and *Neptune's Car*, with those of their builders, Donald McKay, William H. Webb, Samuel Hall, and Jacob Westervelt. And such master mariners as Palmer, Creesy, Waterman, and Dumas; for if "peace hath her victories" these men deserve laurels quite as well as the warrior.

In such a group of men, eminent at a time when eminence meant sterling worth and achievement, Donald McKay should have a central niche. For ship against ship, captain against captain, and both against the fleet, his name was usually linked with that of the champion. Such winners as *Flying Cloud*, *Stag Hound*, *Lightning*, and *Westward Ho!* were his creations and with them as a group the product of no other builder can compare. Hailing from Nova Scotia, as a boy he came to New York to learn his trade with Isaac Webb, a man who turned out almost as many master builders as splendid ships. He was a bright, cheery, and industrious lad, eager to learn and one who, asleep



"There she goes!"—Page 401.

Drawn by W. J. Ayckward.

and awake, dreamed ships. His rise was rapid and soon he was at the top of his profession, an acknowledged master of the "art and mystery" of ship-building.

It was by a rare combination of gifts that he was enabled to do this, for they were a group of geniuses, those builders of clippers. He had the eye of an artist, the soul of a dreamer, and the clear-headed practicality of the canny Scot. He did not know this, and it would undoubtedly have surprised him to have heard he was an artist. He did not "create" in a studio, it is true, but those beautiful half-models, carved out of a block in the upper floor of the dingy office-building at the gate of his yard, were exquisite bits of sculpture. And under his eye, a few feet away, they grew into big ships that fought gales and carried precious cargoes around the world as no other ships had ever done before.

At a time when most men would have been satisfied to rest on laurels already won he resolved to outdo all past performances and to build the largest, most beautiful, and swiftest sailing-ship that the world had ever seen. From boyhood this had been his constant dream and he lived to see it realized. Not to many is given this great joy, an all-wise Providence sees to that. But the *Great Republic* was a dream eminently worth while, and it was a great day for Boston when the dream-ship stood there massively against the sky awaiting launching. This was always a gala affair, but the *Great Republic's* début was a public holiday. Schools were closed, business suspended, and people came from as far as Duxbury on one hand and Portsmouth on the other in shoals to witness the great event. There must have been fifty thousand people in that vast crowd, among them the most distinguished citizens of Massachusetts.

One can easily fancy the scene in the shipyard—the crowds swarming through the gate among the staging, and over the piles of heavy timbers, twisted knees, and rough planking that would some day form part of a fabric as complete as the great ship that towered over all. Smooth as an egg and shiny black above her polished copper, her lines were so gracefully fine that her builder himself could scarcely pick out a spot and say: "Here bow ends

and stern begins." But above all there was in every curve a promise of inherent power and great strength.

As the hands of the clock in Old North Church crept toward twelve the crowd became even more dense and the suppressed excitement visibly grew. Somewhere a bell began its measured toll, and instantly the wild strokes of a hundred ringing top-mauls broke out in a great locustlike chorus and announced that the *Great Republic's* birth was at hand. Faster and faster went the furious blows, and then suddenly slackened and stopped.

"There she goes!" burst from ten thousand tense throats, and with a motion so slight as to be scarcely perceptible the big vessel began to move. Faster and faster she gathered way till, with her flags aflutter and amid the wild huzzahs of the great throng, she rushed with express speed into the blue waters of the bay, that leaped in a great embracing sea and tossed a great veil of white and gold almost over her entire length. As her bow left the ways it was in a pretty courtesy, as if in acknowledgment of the cheers and admiration of the vast swarm of admirers.

And what of the emigrant boy who watched all this and saw his dream come true? How did he feel amid the broadside salvos of men-of-war, the exultant peals of church-bells and mad tooting of every steam-whistle for miles around—a din that drowned out the hard-working bands and the school-children's chorus—when dignified citizens lost their hats in a mad rush to wring his hand in enthusiastic congratulations? Perhaps his breath quickened a trifle, and maybe deep in that broad chest there may have been tucked a grain or two of satisfaction, but, being an artist, once he saw his ship safely afloat he was no doubt already figuring on how he could improve her!

In good time she was given her spars—masts with the girth of a hogshead—four of them—and lower yards thick as a barrel. Thirty-five thousand yards of especially woven duck went into her sails, with enough hemp to reach San Francisco, and she was to carry one hundred men before the mast! Then she was towed to New York to load for Liverpool, and so aston-



Washing down the decks.

ished the natives there with her beauty and majestic proportions that men who knew ships said that McKay had even outdone himself and that his latest ship was the last word in clippers.

She was all but loaded and ready for sea when one night a fire broke out in Front Street some distance away but *almost* dead to windward. At 2 A. M. the watchman called the mate, who at once turned the hands to. They fought the sparks that went flying through the rigging, and men stationed in the tops eagerly hauled up buckets of water, but all in vain! Soon the foresail burst into flames, followed one after another by the rest. Gleefully the fire ran from mast to mast and out on the yards along newly tarred stuff, till the great ship was gloriously etched in gold against the night sky. There was a hurried consultation on the wharf and it was decided to sacrifice the rig to save the ship. It was soon done. A few men with sharp axes who slashed at the lanyards

did the trick, and with a hissing roar and pyrotechnical display of falling gear and streaming flame, the great mass of masts, yards, sails, and rigging crashed into the dock. The firemen could now work free from the danger of falling spars, and when gray dawn broke it displayed a dismal scene. The ship lay, an embattled monster, a smashed and blackened wreck tangled up in a mass of fouled, singed rigging that completely covered her. But the fire was out, thank God! and the firemen departed with their hand-engines. The hull was saved at any rate, and soon would be a fine ship again. With spars, sails, and deck-houses replaced and new decks, boats, and rails, once more she would be the *Great Republic*, the Nestor of the seas.

Rush orders for materials were ready to be wired, calculations were already made for the repairs, when somebody told the mate that *smoke was coming up the main hatch!* The rest is soon told. How the jaded firemen at once recalled began their

weary pumping; how deep in the lower hold, where a falling spar by piercing three decks had carried a spark, the fire was impossible to get at; how they scuttled the ship and poured tons of water into her and still the fire burned; how she settled to the bottom, but her great depth refused to let her be saved; how for three days they fought for her till the fire reached the water's edge and, the torrent causing her cargo of grain to swell, she burst open and was abandoned, a hopeless wreck, to the underwriters. She was rebuilt later by other hands, but considerably reduced in hull and rig, and was never the same *Great Republic*.

Donald McKay never recovered from the blow. Not that he gave up—he was not that kind—but though he continued to build ships something was lacking, and that something was a great deal, for after a few years of indifferent fortune he re-

tired to a farm a broken man and died there.

In the upper floor of the Louvre in Paris there is a far-famed Musée de “Marine.” In it and under the same roof that shelters for all time the work of Phidias, Velasquez, Titian, Da Vinci—of all the great masters of achievement in all ages—there is a beautiful rigged model of the *Great Republic*. And under it a card inscribed with the ship's name, her dimensions, the name of her builder, where built, and the date of construction. Then follows a brief description of the “Clipper Americain” as the highest type of wooden merchant ship under sail, a glowing account of some of her exploits, and a final note stating that the model was made from the ship's drawings in the “Atelier of the Museum” as the greatest of them all!

VANISHED

By John Hall Wheelock

HE is not here, your most belovèd one:

With everlasting gesture he has cast

His garments from him, and in splendor passed
Out of the sign and circle of the sun.

He is not with us, he has dared and done

The great adventure,—and this frame at last

Lies like a shell outworn here on the vast
Margin and shore of all oblivion.

There is not any motion in the breast

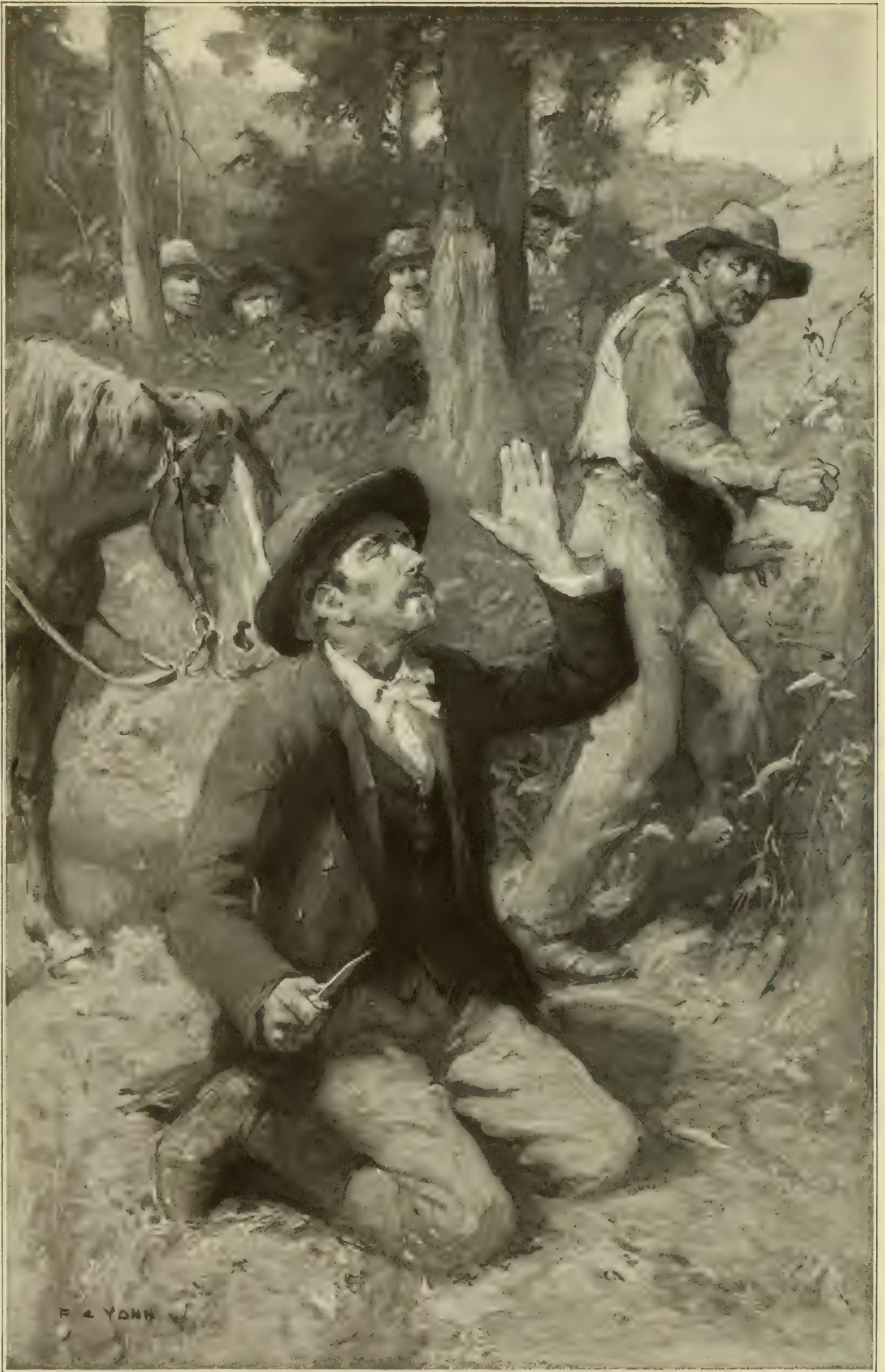
Where the quick wave of being came and went,

The bosom thrills not now to be caressed,

Nor will the cold lips deign to give consent.

See—he is vanished,—and the careless guest

Has left his mansion to the element!



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"O Lawd . . . hyeh's another who meddles with thy servant and profanes thy day."—Page 406.

THE BATTLE-PRAYER OF PARSON SMALL

A HAPPY VALLEY STORY

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHNN



PARSON SMALL rose. From the tail-pocket of his long broadcloth coat he pulled a red bandanna handkerchief and blew his nose. He put the big blunt forefinger of his right hand on the text of the open Bible before him.

"Suffer—" he said. He glanced over his flock—the blacksmith, his wife and her child, the old miller and Aunt Betsey, the mission teacher and some of her brood, past Pleasant Trouble with his crutch across his half a lap, and to the heavy-set middle-aged figure just slipping to a seat in the rear with a slouched hat in his hand. The parson's glance grew stern and he closed the Great Book. Jeb Mullins, the newcomer, was—moonshiner and undesirable citizen in many ways. He had meant, said the parson, to preach straight from the word of God, but he would take up the matter in hand, and he glared with doubtful benevolence at Jeb's moon face, grayish whiskers, and mild blue eyes. Many turned to follow his glance, and Jeb moved in his seat and his eyes began to roll, for all knew that the matter in hand was Jeb.

Straightway the parson turned his batteries on the very throne of King Alcohol and made it totter. Men "disguised by liquor" were not themselves. Whiskey made the fights and the feuds. It broke up meetings. It made men lie around in the woods and neglect their families. It stole brains and weakened bodies. It made women unhappy and debauched children. It turned Holy Christmas into a drunken orgy. And "right thar in their very midst," he thundered, was a satellite of the Devil-King, "who was a-doin' all these very things," and that limb of Satan

must give up his still, come to the mourner's bench, and "wrassle with the Sperit or else be druv from the county and go down to burnin' damnation forevermore." And that was not all: this man, he had heard, was "a-detainin' a female," an' the little judge of Happy Valley would soon be hot on his trail. The parson mentioned no name in the indictment, but the stern faces of the women, the threatening looks of the men were too much for Jeb. He rose and bolted, and the parson halted.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth!" he cried, and he raised hands for the benediction.

"Thar's been so much talk about drinkin'," muttered Aunt Sis Shell as she swayed out, "that hit's made me plum' thirsty. I'd like to have a dram right now." Pleasant Trouble heard her and one eye in his solemn face gave her a covert wink.

The women folks had long clamored that their men should break up Jeb's still; and the men had stood the nagging and remained inactive through the hanging-together selfishness of the sex, for with Jeb gone where then would they drink their drams and play Old Sledge? But now Jeb was "a-detainin' of a female," and that was going too far. For a full week Jeb was seen no more, for three reasons: he was arranging an important matter with Pleasant Trouble; he was brooding over the public humiliation that the parson had visited on him; and he knew that he might be waited upon any day by a committee of his fellow citizens and customers headed by a particular enemy of his. And indeed such a committee, so headed, was formed, and as chance would

have it, they set forth the following Sunday morning just when Jeb himself set forth to halt the parson on his way to church. The committee caught sight of Jeb turning from the roadside into the bushes and the leader motioned them too into the rhododendron, whispering:

"Wait an' we'll ketch him in some mo' devilment." In the bushes they waited. Soon the parson hove in view on a slowly pacing nag, with his hands folded on the pommel of his saddle and deep in meditation. Jeb stepped out into the road and the hidden men craned their necks from the bushes with eyes and ears alert.

"Good mornin', Parson Small!" The old nag stopped and the parson's head snapped up from his revery.

"Good mornin', Jeb Mullins." The parson's greeting was stern and somewhat uneasy, for he did not like the look on old Jeb's face.

"Parson Small," said Jeb unctuously, "las' Sunday was yo' day." The men in the bushes thrust themselves farther out—they could hear every word—"an' this Sunday is *mine*."

"Every Sunday is the Lawd's, Jeb Mullins—profane it not."

"Well, mebbe He'll loan me this un, parson. You lambasted me afore all Happy Valley last Sunday an' now I'm a-goin' to lick you fer it." The parson's eye gleamed faintly and subsided.

"I'm on my way to preach the word of God, Jeb Mullins."

"You'll git thar in time, parson. Git off yo' hoss!"

"I've got my broadcloth on, Jeb Mullins, an' I don't want to muss it up—wait till I come back."

"You can take it off, parson, or brush off the dust atterwards—climb off yo' hoss." Again the parson's eye gleamed and this time did not subside.

"I reckon you'll give me time to say a prayer, Jeb Mullins!"

"Shore—you'll need it afore I git through with ye."

With a sigh the parson swung offside from Jeb, dexterously pulling a jack-knife from his trousers-pocket, opening it, and thrusting it in the high top of his right boot. Then he kneeled in the road with uplifted face and eyes closed:

"O Lawd," he called sonorously,

"thou knowest that I visit my fellow man with violence only with thy favor and in thy name. Thou knowest that when I laid Jim Thompson an' Si Marcum in thar graves it was by thy aid. Thou knowest how I disembowelled with my trusty knife the miserable sinner Hank Smith." Here the parson drew out his knife and began honing it on the leg of his boot. "An' hyeh's another who meddles with thy servant and profanes thy day. I know this hyeh Jeb Mullins is offensive in thy sight an' fergive me, oh Lawd, but I'm a-goin' to cut his gizzard plum' out, an' O Lawd—" Here Parson Small opened one eye and Jeb Mullins did not stand on the order of his going. As he went swiftly up the hill the committee sprang from the bushes with haw-haws and taunting yells. At the top of the hill Jeb turned:

"I was a-goin' anyhow," he shouted, and with his thumb at his nose he wriggled his fingers at them.

"He'll never come back now—he'll be ashamed."

"Friends," called the parson, "the Lawd is with me—peace be unto you." And the committee said:

"Amen!"

The Japanese say: be not surprised if the surprising does not surprise. When Jeb walked into meeting the following Sunday no citizen of Happy Valley had the subtlety to note that of them all Pleasant Trouble alone, sitting far in the rear, showed no surprise. Pleasant's face was solemn but in his eyes was an expectant smile. Women and men glared, and the parson stopped his exhortation to glare, but Jeb had timed his entrance to the parson's call for sinners to come to the mourner's bench. It was the only safe place for him and there he went and there he sat. The parson still glared, but he had to go on exhorting—he had to exhort even Jeb. And Jeb responded. He not only "wrassled with the Sperit" valiantly but he "came through"—that is, he burst from the gloom of evil and disbelief into the light of high purpose and the glory of salvation. He rose to confess and he confessed a great deal; but, as many knew, not all—who does? He had driven the woman like Hagar into the wilderness; he

would go out right now and the folks of Happy Valley should see him break up his own still with his own hands.

"Praise the Lawd," said the amazed and convinced parson; "lead the way, Brother Mullins." *Brother Mullins!* The smile in Pleasant's eyes almost leaped in a laugh from his open mouth. The congregation rose and, led by Jeb and the parson, started down the road and up a ravine. The parson raised a hymn—"Climbing up Zion's hill." At his shack Jeb caught up an axe which he had left on purpose apparently at his gate, and on they went to see Jeb bruise the head of the serpent and prove his right to enter the fold. With a shout of glory Jeb plunged ahead on a run, disappeared down a thicketed bank, and as they pushed their way, singing, through the bushes they could hear him below crashing right and left with his axe, and when they got to him it was nearly all over. Many wondered how he could create such havoc in so short a time, but the boiler was gashed with holes, the worms chopped into bits, and the mash-tub was in splinters.

Happy Valley dispersed to dinner. Lum Chapman took the parson and his new-born father-in-law home with him, his wife following with her apron at her eyes, wiping away grateful tears. At sunset Pleasant Trouble swung lightly up Wolf Run on his crutch and called Jeb down to the gate:

"You got a good home now, Jeb."

"I shore have." Jeb's religious ecstasy had died down but he looked content.

The parson was mounting his nag and Pleasant opened the gate for him.

"Hit's sort o' curious, parson," said Jeb, "but when you prayed that prayer jes afore I was about to battle with ye I begun to see the errer o' my ways."

"The Lawd, Brother Mullins," said the parson, dryly but sincerely, "moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform." The two watched him ride away.

"The new still will be hyeh next week," said Pleasant out of one corner of his mouth. One solemn wink they exchanged and Pleasant Trouble swung lightly off into the woods.

JEANNE D'ARC RETURNS

1914-1916

By Henry van Dyke

WHAT hast thou done, O womanhood of France,
 Mother and daughter, sister, sweetheart, wife,
 What hast thou done, amid this fateful strife,
 To prove the pride of thine inheritance
 In this fair land of freedom and romance?
 I hear thy voice with tears and courage rife,—
 Smiling against the swords that seek thy life,—
 Make answer in a noble utterance:
 "I give France all I have, and all she asks.
 Would it were more! Ah, let her ask and take:
 My hands to nurse her wounded, do her tasks,—
 My feet to run her errands through the dark,—
 My heart to bleed in triumph for her sake,—
 And all my soul to follow thee, Jeanne d'Arc!"

THE BASIS FOR NATIONAL MILITARY TRAINING

BY HENRY L. STIMSON

Former Secretary of War of the United States



THIS country is again confronted with the problem of its military defense against invasion. The militia system relied upon in the National Defense Act of last June has been shown to have substantially broken down under the test of the Mexican mobilization. More than thirty months after the outbreak of the European War, with all its terrible lessons, we have still to lay the statutory foundations of a proper system of land-defense. The situation is now further complicated by the rupture with Germany. Pressure undoubtedly will be brought to bear upon the administration in favor of half-way measures on the plea that the emergency will not admit of anything better. There is particularly the danger that such improvisation may take the form of patching up our discredited militia system, with its division of control between the central and local governments which has been our undoing throughout our history. Such an attitude is, in my opinion, fundamentally wrong. It is only at a time like this, when the attention of the people is concentrated upon the question of national defense, that proper military policy can be effected. It is a historical fact that in times of peace our citizens have habitually paid no attention to even the most self-evident necessities of military policy. At the present time, as a result of interest in the European War, now brought to a focus by the issue with Germany, a revolutionary change in public opinion has taken place toward this entire subject. The proposal to introduce universal obligatory military training, which three years ago would have met with scant consideration, has been now for many months discussed by responsible organs of public opinion throughout the country and, wherever an opportunity

has been given through straw votes, conducted by chambers of commerce, newspapers, or otherwise, for an expression of opinion upon it, the result has been uniformly and overwhelmingly in its favor. If such training is ever to be introduced as a part of our permanent national system, now is the time to do it. The present moment offers perhaps the only occasion when the resolution of this nation can be aroused by anything short of a bloody and humiliating disaster to undertake the burden of establishing this insurance of America's safety. I shall try to enumerate briefly some of the grounds upon which the proposal rests and to indicate why I believe it to be the only permanent solution of the problem of our land-defense which is both adequate from a military standpoint and consistent with our social and democratic ideals.

From the standpoint of our military history there is no more clearly established fact than the failure of the volunteer system. The United States have not yet warred with a first-class Power free to devote its entire attention to them. Nevertheless, in our wars the system has regularly broken down. The leading States of Massachusetts and Virginia were forced to resort to the draft by 1777, or only two years after the opening of the Revolution. During the course of that war, in spite of such sporadic efforts by different States, the patriot armies shrunk in number from 89,000 in 1776 to 29,000 in 1781, and our cause was only saved from failure by the timely intervention of the French fleet and army. In 1812 the volunteer system broke down in so many and varied ways as to make that war the most conspicuous example in our history of how not to carry on military operations. During the Civil War both sides were forced to use the draft—the South within a year and the North short-

ly thereafter. Even in our little war with Spain the full quota of volunteers called for by the President was never obtained. The failure last summer of recruits to appear when called for by the President to meet a national emergency, although over a million citizens were parading and shouting themselves hoarse for preparedness, is merely the latest incident of what has been a practically unbroken record in our history.

Simultaneously with these events at home war abroad has developed along lines which make the volunteer system more impossible than ever before. Prior to the development of modern democracies campaigns were carried on by professional armies of limited size. The monarch called to his standard men with a natural taste for adventure and they fought as the selected champions of a nation whose remaining citizens were otherwise engaged. The modern army has gradually grown to include the entire nation. Every citizen is either in the fighting line or at work directly supporting the military operations. In this fact lies one of the most vital changes in world development which has come with modern ideals and modern times. It represents not a recession into militarism but an advance in nationalism and democracy. It has been simultaneous with the growth of interest which the entire people take in the affairs of government. The work of the army is no longer regarded as the work of a sovereign but as the work of a nation and one citizen feels aggrieved if he is asked to do a national duty which his fellow citizen escapes. Thus the adoption of universal military training and service has not been confined to nations with aggressive ambitions or dangerous neighbors. It has occurred simultaneously in free republics, like Switzerland, France, Argentina, and Chili, and in constitutional monarchies, like Norway and Sweden. It represents the steady growth of an ideal in justice and fair play, namely, that he who has a voice in the selection of his own government is bound in honor to defend that government. It also indicates a recognition of the fact that there is a great difference between compulsion to serve a sovereign and compulsion to serve a commonwealth, and that in the

latter case such action represents the deliberate voluntary choice of the people themselves. The slowness with which this democratic ideal has been realized by the English-speaking countries is due at once to their conservatism of character and the fact that both England and America have hitherto developed their institutions in comparative isolation and freedom from national danger. It is now nearly nine centuries since England has suffered from a successful foreign invasion; the military views and policies embodied in the Bill of Rights date back to a time when standing armies were composed of professionals and when England's geographical isolation was very different from to-day. Several years ago the great English-speaking commonwealth of Australia, in the face of assumed danger from the Orient, adopted universal obligatory training,* and, now that the changed world conditions have been brought home to her population by the war, Great Britain has at last abandoned the volunteer system and adopted conscription.

There can be no more curious inversion of fact than the fear that universal military training makes nations more likely to go to war. Such training has, on the contrary, been the very means by which the professional soldier—the man who spends his life in planning and thinking about war—is reduced to the lowest possible number in the community. Under the old system such professionals constituted the entire army, and their presence in the nation constituted a disturbing element whose aims and ambitions were at variance with those of their fellow citizens. Under the new system their place is taken by men who learn the art of national defense as part of their regular education and then, after the period of training is over, at once become merged in the general citizenship of the nation. These men thereafter have no special leaning toward war. Their subsequent ties, habits, and ambitions lead in the same peaceful direction as those of their fellow citizens. It is just as much of a personal

* Universal obligatory training and service for the purpose of Australian home defense has been in force in that commonwealth since 1911. The conscription bill which was defeated in the autumn of 1916 went farther and provided that Australians might be drafted to serve in Europe.

wrench for them to pull themselves loose and go to war as for men who have not been trained, and the effect of their training is to make more vivid to them the dangers and discomforts of warfare. Under the new system the only body of professional soldiers left in the nation is the comparatively small group of officers and non-commissioned officers who perform the function of instructors to the others. Whether such a nucleus can become a source of militarism in a nation or not depends far more upon the attitude of the nation toward that nucleus than on any other consideration. If they are treated as a privileged and ruling caste, as in Germany, the danger may become real; if, on the contrary, they live constantly under the Anglo-Saxon tradition that the military authority is ever subject to the civil, as here, the danger, in my opinion, is wholly imaginary. Certainly there is no class of our present citizenship of my acquaintance which maintains more consistently and intelligently, in thought and behavior, the traditions of our free institutions than the officers of our regular army.

As a matter of fact, there are, in the case of the American Republic, special and peculiar reasons for the institution of universal military training which do not exist in other democracies. In the first place, there has been pouring in upon us, during the past half-century of our national life, a great stream of immigration, composed of men who have never had the lesson in loyalty to American institutions which was instilled into our fathers by the wars, the privations, and the common experiences of our national growth. Many of these have come here not to assume but to escape national duty; many of them have come with a very imperfect appreciation of any responsibility toward the state, let alone the duty of sleepless vigilance required for the preservation of liberty. Of late we have had ugly revelations of the imperfect way in which our existing institutions have performed the duty of assimilating these immigrants. No better way could be found to bring home to these men and their children the fact that free government has responsibilities as well as privileges, or to amalgamate them into our present population,

than to have them learn, shoulder to shoulder with our native-born youth, the duty of defense of the flag.

Nor would the lesson come amiss to the native-born. Under whatever test, we are a lawless nation. The murder rate of New York is double that of Paris, triple that of Berlin, and more than seven times that of London. Most other large American cities have a far higher murder rate than New York. Memphis multiplies it by nine. Crime in general is seven times more prevalent to-day in this country in proportion to the population than it was sixty years ago.* What a lurid light these figures cast upon the fear sometimes expressed lest a little military training would destroy the freedom or the initiative of the American! Practice for six months in the rapidly decaying art of obedience would teach our undisciplined youth more that was useful toward the self-control which is essential to leadership among men than almost any other education.

Again, in the United States our present militia system has begotten peculiar difficulties in the field of capital and labor. The fact that our States have had constantly at hand an unpaid militia has tempted them to use it in labor troubles as a substitute for a paid police. This has been an unmitigated evil. It has resulted in every petty riot being treated as an insurrection. Upon a force of citizens, with deadly weapons in their hands, has been thrown a duty which could be much more effectively and humanely performed by a policeman with a club. As a result, we have not only failed to maintain law and order, but we have engendered among our working classes the feeling that citizen soldiers represent capital and are being maintained for the purpose of being used against labor. We have thus alienated from this first great duty of citizenship the very men of the nation who have most to suffer in case of foreign invasion and who should be the backbone of the military defense of this country. Universal training would at one stroke wipe out this evil and would do more toward restoring democratic relations between capital and labor, between rich and poor,

* "Causes and Cures of Crime," by Thos. Speed Mosley, St. Louis, 1913, p. 3; "Universal Military Training," by Lucian Howe, p. 103, authorities cited.

than most of the industrial reforms which are now being agitated. It would restore labor to its proper relation to patriotic duty and, at the same time, would bring the youth of both classes of the community into a relation which could not fail to produce a more sympathetic understanding between them.

Finally, there is the consideration of health and sturdiness of character. During the past century the environment and habits of life of our American people have been revolutionized. From a nation of vigorous and hardy frontiersmen, over ninety per cent of whom lived on a farm or in the forest, we have become rapidly transformed into a nation of city-dwellers. The majority of our people now live the sedentary indoor life of the city. The effect of such a transformation cannot but have an insidious effect upon the fibre of body and resolution alike. The preponderance of modern city life is a new phenomenon upon our planet, the effect of which upon our race is yet to be appreciated. We only know that its influence is enormously against those hardy outdoor virtues of mind and body under which the traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race were crystallized. We have all noticed the natural reaction from this indoor life which sends our leisure class every year to the forests and the mountains in an attempt to get back to nature. But alas, what a pitiful minority they represent of the great mass of young men shut up in brick and mortar with no opportunity to develop those outdoor hardy virtues which are the secret ideal of every right-thinking boy! The Encyclopædia Britannica gives the sanction of its authority to figures which indicate that the German boy gains through his military training five years in expectation of life over the less fortunate members of his class who do not receive it. Whether accurate or not such figures represent but a single phase of the moral and physical good which would be derived by the youth of this land from a life of hard, disciplined training out of doors for a period of six months or more.

In support of our belief in these benefits we fortunately now have the results of the experiment conducted during the past two years at Plattsburg. We

do not have to depend altogether upon the experience of other nations, cogent and persuasive as that experience has been. I have yet to meet a man who has been through the course at Plattsburg, or the father or mother of such a man, who has not become a convert to the benefits of field military training intelligently applied to the American youth. The enthusiasm of these converts, the fine spirit with which they have uniformly gone through the rather severe and crowded course of physical and mental labor which is crowded into the four weeks at Plattsburg, and the regular physical and moral improvement which can be noticed on their return is worth more than any *a priori* reasoning on the subject of universal training. No one who has experienced a Plattsburg day, with all its duties and vicissitudes, and who finally at retreat in the evening light has watched the steady ranks standing at attention while the call to the colors sounds, could wish to have any element of our manhood escape its influence.

Most of the objections which I have heard made to the introduction of universal training have been based upon some misapprehension of the proposal. In the first place, this military training should not take place in the schools. School education is under the control of the States—national defense under that of the federal government. For the federal government to attempt to make its soldiers in our schools would not only involve either a clash or a division between State and federal authority, either of which would be fatal to efficiency, but it would destroy at once the great aim of getting our youth out of doors and training them intensively in the field. The State should be encouraged to give preliminary physical training in the schools as a means of leading up to the later military field training administered by the federal government, but such State co-operation should be merely a preliminary to and not a substitute for the work of the central government. Again, if the training covers an unbroken period of six months, it can take place during the open season of the year and the need of expensive barracks is eliminated. The fact that it is in a single period permits the

soldier to finish it with only one interruption of his employment. If it takes place, as suggested, in his nineteenth year, he has not yet become an economic factor of great importance in the State.

There is undoubtedly much difference of opinion in respect to the length of time necessary to make a soldier. Undoubtedly a man can be better trained in one year than in six months. But our General Staff, in 1912, after careful study of the subject, laid it down in its report on the "Organization of the Land Forces of the United States" that, assuming competent instructors and a proper staff organization, such a period would be sufficient to form a respectable army. Since that date the experience at Plattsburg, so far as it has gone, has served powerfully to confirm the views then enunciated by the General Staff and to prove the great superiority of such intensive training over all other kinds in shortening what had previously been considered the minimum time required to make a soldier. At all events, the recruit in six months would receive over one thousand two hundred hours of training as against the one hundred and ninety-two hours per year now required of the militia by our new National Defense Act, and would therefore have more than six times as much training as is received per year by the cornerstone of our citizen defense.

Again, it is often assumed that the expense would be prohibitory. Such an assumption fails to consider the immense saving to be derived by transferring the military policy of this country from a basis of pay to a basis of duty and patriotism. The item of pay for the regular army has hitherto constituted about half of our hundred-million-dollar army budget. Under the militia system of our present law we pay the National Guardsman at the same rate as the regular for field services, besides the pay which we give him for armory drills. Under the system of universal training, as carried on in

other countries, this item is practically wiped out. It cost us, for the six months ending January 1, 1917, over one hundred and ninety millions of dollars to mobilize the National Guard upon the Mexican border. Figures laid before the Senate Military Committee by Major General Leonard Wood were to the effect that the current expense of training for six months the estimated five hundred thousand youth of this nation who reach the age of training each year and who are physically fit, would be in the neighborhood of ninety millions of dollars, excluding from such figures the cost of permanent equipment which lasts from year to year but taking into consideration maintenance, replacements, and current expenses. Certainly such a system would eliminate the grave danger inherent in our present militia law of creating, by the use of federal pay, a new political machine in the various States which might influence or control our government.

In short, I can see no valid objection to the establishment of the system in this country. It would be a vast undertaking; it would be, in some respects, revolutionary to habits of thought into which we have drifted since our clear-sighted forefathers passed the Universal Service Act of 1792. But the consensus of thoughtful men at present is that we need such a revolution of thought, not only in respect to our methods of defense but in respect to the measure of individual duty which we owe in general to our institutions and the republic. I know of no specific reform which would so generally stimulate that sense of duty. As we face the grave and uncertain future which now lies before us in the war, when our national forces must be built up from the very foundation, let us institute that reform now and begin to train in the right way the right men, upon whose shoulders may rest the responsibility of preserving our civilization against the dangers with which it is confronted.

February, 1917.

"ON YOUR OWN HEADS"

BY FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Assistant Secretary of the Navy

"Fenced by your careful fathers, ringed by your leaden seas,
Long did ye wake in quiet and long lie down at ease;
Till ye said of Strife, 'What is it?' of the Sword, 'It is far from our ken';
Till ye made a sport of your shrunken hosts and a toy of your armed men.

"Ye stopped your ears to the warning—ye would neither look nor heed—
Ye set your leisure before their toil and your lusts above their need.

* * *

"Sons of the sheltered city—unmade, unhandled, unmeet—
Ye pushed them raw to the battle as ye picked them raw from the street.
And what did ye look they should compass? Warcraft learned in a breath,
Knowledge unto occasion at the first far view of Death?"

* * *

"Given to strong delusion, wholly believing a lie,
Ye saw that the land lay fenceless, and ye let the months go by
Waiting some easy wonder: hoping some saving sign—
Idle—openly idle—in the lee of the forespent Line.


* * *

"But ye say, 'It will mar our comfort.' Ye say, 'It will minish our trade.'
Do ye wait for the spattered shrapnel ere ye learn how a gun is laid?
For the low, red glare to southward when the raided coast-towns burn?
(Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little time to learn.)

* * *

"No doubt but ye are the People—absolute, strong, and wise;
Whatever your heart has desired ye have not withheld from your eyes.
On your own heads, in your own hands, the sin and the saving lies!"

—From "The Islanders," Rudyard Kipling. Copyright, 1907, by Rudyard Kipling.

"ONGRESS ought to provide us with an adequate army and navy; with all the wealth and resources of the country there is no reason why we cannot be assured of national safety, and I am perfectly willing to bear my share of the taxes."

It was the small-business man in an up-state New York town speaking, and it was the same expression heard on a hundred lips, western, southern, New England, seaboard, prairie, and mountain. He, I found, like most of the others, had a vague idea that our country is but little prepared against a great war, and that we ought to "legislate" some improvement; but, like the others, he had absolutely no comprehension of the scope of modern war, of what such a war would mean in the life of the individual American citizen. He was patriotic according to his lights, but seemed somewhat offended when I told him that even if he volunteered the day war broke out he would be of no practical help to his country inside of a year and would in fact

make it necessary for some trained person to stay at home in order to educate him to a new business.

I have been trying of late to put my finger on causes, the causes of the Great Inertia. Is it individualism applied to national questions? Is it lack of knowledge of and interest in peoples and events beyond our own borders? Is it national snobbishness? Is it blinding prosperity? Is it a Utopian idealism?

Let me illustrate: A bank president in a Middle West city thought Hayti and Santo Domingo were in Central America, and this at a time when several thousand American marines were restoring peace and order in those two countries.

A man of national reputation said in June, 1914: "There can never be a great European war, because civilization and humanity will prevent it." In December, 1916, he said: "The Allies will accept the German suggestion of peace, because humanity demands it." I venture to predict that this same gentleman will, when peace does come, proclaim that the world will never see another war.

A manufacturer insisted, with tears in

his eyes, that we should avenge the wrongs of Belgium, and five minutes later hoped that under no circumstances would the President allow us to get into war, because it would hurt him financially.

We are probably all familiar with the Congressman who suggested that in case of invasion the people on the coasts could withdraw to safety behind the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains, and we know also the citizen who looks with smug satisfaction on the "impregnable" expanse of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Then too there is the amateur type of strategist, ranging from the man who thinks he could produce a new weapon to revolutionize warfare and make us safe to the politician who would create commissions and boards to make comprehensive studies and enumerations and *do* nothing.

From all of this it can be seen that the causes that underlie this failure to understand our national problems of defense are many and complex. Primarily it is an inability to visualize our position in the world. It is true that as a nation we have high ideals. It is true that we do not want to subjugate foreign nations against their will, that we do not want to grab territory, that we want to live on friendly terms with our neighbors, to live and let live to the mutual advantage. We seek to develop a growing foreign trade, to build up a merchant marine, to take a very leading place in the general affairs of the world.

If the boy stays at home he may never have a fight: we know that every boy who goes to school is bound sooner or later, no matter how peaceful his nature, to come to blows with some schoolmate. A great people, a hundred million strong, has gone to school; and history teaches that the occasions for quarrel are many, that most can be prevented from coming to actual contest, but that almost inevitably, under modern conditions of international relations, the clash of interests, or the magnified insult, or the bully, or the "only thing left to do," will bring on the crisis. Should the peaceful boy know how to use his fists in such a crisis? What do you think as the father of your son? What do you think as the citizen of your country?

Nobody who has been in Washington during the past four years—or ten years, or fifty years—can say that we are or will be free from the danger of possible war. It may be a war against a little nation or war against a powerful nation, or it may be a war against a combination of nations. It may come from one direction. It may come from several directions at the same time.

If all this be true, and its truth cannot be denied by any person who is willing to look facts squarely in the face, what does it mean to the policy of the nation? Clearly one of three possibilities: we can do nothing, and publish to the world that we are in the military sense defenseless; we can adopt a half-and-half policy, maintaining enough of a permanent army and navy to give us fancied and not actual security; or we can carry out the policy advocated by the two dominant political parties, the establishment of an "adequate" defense. This adequate defense does not now exist, and only in the naval branch of it has any earnest been given that we are on the road to obtain it.

What, then, is the "adequate defense," this "preparedness," that we read about? Two items enter into it, the one useless without the other. They are materials and trained men, and the important point about them both is that under modern conditions of armed conflict between nations neither one of them can be improvised on the spur of the moment after war has commenced. A navy is useless without ships, guns, ammunition, equipment, yards, bases, fuel. An army is useless without artillery, rifles, commissary, shoes, transportation. It is obvious that enough of the material element must be provided beforehand to withstand the initial stage of war until the factories can replenish and increase the supply. And it is obvious that the existence of these factories, their workers, their output, their organization also must be prepared beforehand.

So far all is fairly plain sailing. The expenditure of many millions for munitions, for ships, and the organization of the great industrial and transportation companies can be done by legislation and capable administration. My patriotic business friend ought to feel satisfied, so satisfied probably that he would as-

sume that everything necessary had been done. He would have seen Congress apparently active in the business of voting money for preparedness and he might very possibly have contributed willing taxes to the payment. But still he would be no nearer to the readiness of himself as the individual citizen to play his part in the national defense.

One of the most astounding of untenable theories still held by Americans is that mere men, mere weight of numbers, can succeed in war. It is strange that after reading of England's training problem in the present war leading men in public life can still talk of the willing millions ready overnight or after a few weeks of training. Quite aside from the important little item that the necessary trainers do not exist, it is known as a fact proved by the experience of modern war that a year of work of preparing the average citizen is necessary before he can be sent to the front as an effective unit. It is not merely a question of drill, of the manual of arms, of the parade-ground. Do we realize that not one American in a hundred knows how to take care of his own physical body under service conditions? Do we understand how very few of us can march twenty miles or dig a trench? Do we think we can all hit a five-foot square target at six hundred yards (leaving out all question of the bull's-eye)? Is there any reason to believe that Americans are as a whole physically better than the Germans or Russians or French? Of course, if some seer could assure us that in case of a great war we should have a year or so to prepare for it, we could continue on our happy-go-lucky course. That has not been the history of the way wars commence.

To-day we see armies of millions, we see great military operations carried on thousands of miles away from the home country. Witness the British at Salonica, the Canadians in France, the Australians in Egypt. We can no longer hold a mere ocean a barrier to that power which controls its waters. In other words, we must admit that a great campaign in the Western Hemisphere, a campaign into which millions of men could be thrown, is a military possibility to any nation or combination of nations able to drive our fleet off the seas. In such a case we must be able

to meet trained men with trained men—and overmatch them at their own game.

All this seems on the face of it to relate to the problem of the soldier more than the sailor, but it has become of naval importance also. England, prior to the war, employed about 125,000 men in her navy. To-day well over 500,000 are doing naval service. If that is so in the case of England we could expect the necessity of using at least an equal number. Apart from the main fleet we should in all probability find it necessary to maintain a complete patrol of the length of our two main coasts and keep open the lines of communications with the Panama Canal, with Cuba and Porto Rico, and on the other side with Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines. We have to-day in round numbers 100,000 trained men in the navy, marine corps, naval militia, and reserve, counting in those available who have formerly had naval training. Where are the additional 400,000 to come from?

A member of the naval committee of the House of Representatives asked me this winter why the officers and sailors in our merchant marine, our fishermen, our yachtsmen, our motor-boat men could not be considered as adequate reserves. I told him that they could and should be considered the best of raw material, but that months of training would be required to make them fit for naval duty. Last year the navy held a training-cruise for 2,000 civilians. Many of these men were practical yachtsmen, could navigate, pilot, and understand seamanship. At the end of a month the most common impression of these civilians was that it would take them months more of practice before they could be counted on as a real asset to the navy. This system of training for *volunteers* is to be extended this summer, but a careful estimate makes it seem doubtful if more than 10,000 civilians will take advantage of the opportunity. Ten thousand men a year—and the navy alone needs a trained reserve of 400,000!

Approach the question of national defense from any angle, examine the definition of war as it exists in 1917, enumerate world resources, count noses at home and abroad—whether looked at from the constitutional, from the democratic, or from the economic point of view there can be

only one way of meeting attack with assured success, and that way lies in the training of every individual for the service of the nation in its need. The very word "training" presupposes work done now but to be applied to a future contingency. We do not educate engineers by asking them at once to build us an important bridge—that is, if we ever hope to cross that bridge ourselves. We send our boy to a school of engineering that his future work may safely endure. So, too, if the work is to be well done there must be true co-operation by every person employed on it. In Europe to-day every individual in the warring countries is taking part in the war: the conflict is not confined to the trenches or to the men: it reaches back to the railways, to the factories, to the homes, to the old men—to the women, yes, and to many of the children. We are not ready for a national co-operation of that kind. We lack the self-discipline, we lack in fact the remotest idea of what this national service would mean to us as individuals. We do not know where we would "fit in."

Certain professional peace theorists have with crafty cunning laid emphasis on the military feature of universal training. They have called up pictures of the omnipresent uniform, of the Cossack whip of olden days, of the military dictator. They forget that in a true republic service which is universal is of necessity voluntary—it is, in other words, the desire of the majority of the people themselves. If there be shirkers, if there be any who would still place the liberty of the individual—their own little right to go their own gait—above the liberty and the need and the safety of the community and of the nation, then in their case alone can universal training be called compulsory. Few of us honestly fear that this nation will ever become militaristic—the trend of our civilization is all the other way. Switzerland and Australia are examples of progressive democracy successfully armed against attack. And yet many of our prominent men have argued with me that our great size would preclude us from following these systems. They can understand training a hundred thousand men a year; they balk at half a million. They are the kind of people who would organize a well or two to supply a city block but

who would be appalled at the thought of a municipal water system.

The primary object of universal training is, it is true, to create an organization which would be used as a whole body for national protection in time of war. The country needs for army and navy alone a trained reserve of at least 2,000,000 men. This is not merely my personal conviction, but is corroborated by the investigations and reports of men who would in a crisis be responsible for our safety. There is in addition the aspect of the benefits this training would give in time of peace. If every boy of eighteen years of age were to give a year of his life to his nation, the advantage would be at least as much with him as with the country.

One has but to look at our army and navy men to know that their physical average is far above that of the community. Service means better bodies, clearer heads. And, too, it is time to consider the existence among us of differences between sections of the country and differences between elements in the same section. If the universal training of young men can be so conducted that they will meet comrades from other States and from other walks of life, much progress will have been made in strengthening the unity, the democracy, of the people of the United States. It will be a good thing for my citizenship if I, as a New Yorker, can live for a while in the same tent with the man from Tennessee, let us say; or if I, brought up on an inland farm, swing in a hammock between decks next to the son of a New York banker.

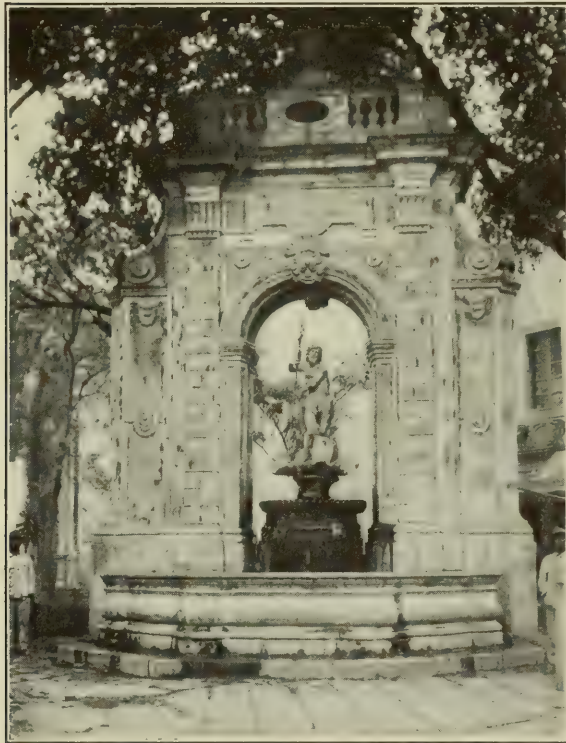
During the past year I have taken every opportunity to try to discover the real attitude of the majority of people in the country toward a form of universal service. I am thankful to say that I have found little real opposition. The enthusiasm for it, the realization of its importance, far outweigh this opposition; but there is apathy, the kind of apathy that yields to argument, to an exposition of the facts. What is needed is a greater expression of approval. The average statesman, the average representative, has his ear pretty close to the ground. He will act if you give the word.

"In your own hands . . . the sin and the saving lies."

OLD MEXICO AND NEW IN QUERÉTARO

By John R. Silliman

United States Consul



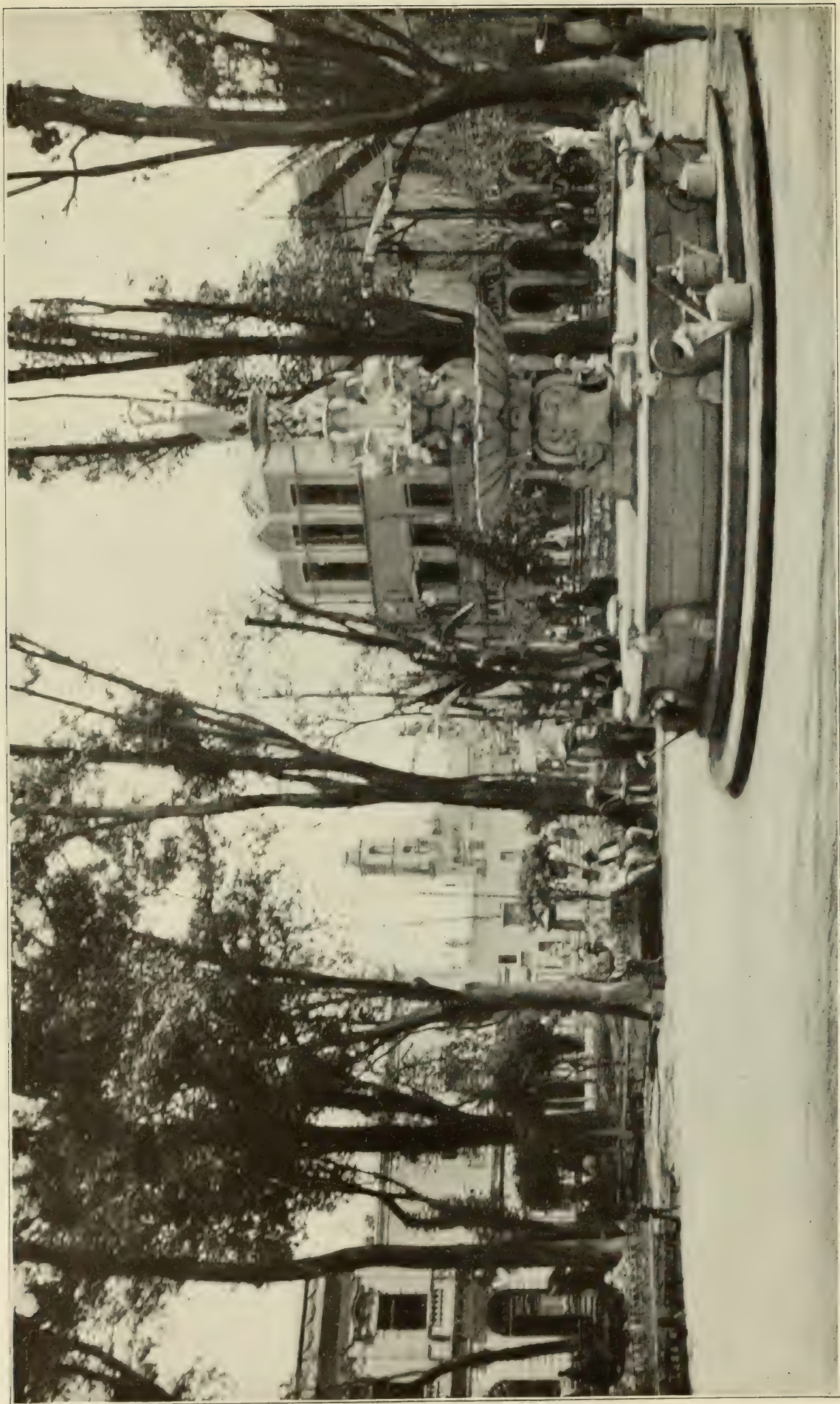
Fountain of Neptune, Santa Clara Plaza.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS ESPECIALLY MADE FOR THIS ARTICLE

IT is a January night in Old Querétaro. Soft moonlight and the resplendent radiance of Southern stars lend an added charm to picturesque old houses, tiled towers, and lofty domes. One might imagine it was summer time. Roses are in full bloom. Other fragrant flowers perfume the night. The brilliant poinsettia and the magenta-hued Bougainvillea only await the coming of the dawn to reveal their riotous growth and their gorgeous glory. The pretty Zenea plaza, with its profusion of trees, its ornamental pavilion, and its artistic fountain, is ablaze with light. It is thronged with Constitutionalist soldiers, their admirers, and their followers, for Querétaro is now, for them, the provisional capital. Military chiefs from all over the country are here. Heads of departments from the city of Mexico

are here. Newspaper reporters and magazine writers are here. Scantly clad, dark-featured, stolid-looking Indians from the neighboring villages and mountain hamlets are here. Venders of soft, highly colored drinks, fruits, dulces, and sugarcane are doing a thriving business, and newsboys are crying the evening papers. It is plainly a parade of the people. Those who wear purple and fine linen and who link Querétaro to the old régime are conspicuous by their absence. They are behind the closed doors and windows of their fine old homes, or they are in exile far away. Obregon's military band of fifty pieces, lately arrived from the north, is playing. They have just finished the "Sextette" from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor."

As I look from my hotel window directly out upon the motley multitude and the khaki-clad soldiers diverting them-



Zenea Plaza, Querétaro.



The ancient stone cross, Querétaro. Preserved under glass above the high altar of the Church of the Holy Cross.

selves after a long campaign, I recall that this is not the first time Old Querétaro has seen a revolution face to face; that the sleepy old city has not always slumbered; and that for it there has been a historic, portentous past as well as an animated, portentous present.

It has been an interesting experience for me to occupy some of my surplus time in strolling through quaint streets, entering reverently great, costly, time-worn but age-enduring temples, monasteries, and convents, and to study the story of this picturesque place. Natural conditions have contributed to conservatism in Querétaro. Agriculture is the princi-

pal industry of the surrounding country, and, while it is true that the great Hercules cotton-mill is in the canyon near by, productive haciendas have really made the city rich. Their Spanish and Mexican owners have always consistently declined to sell, and, as there are no special mining or other interests near, there has been little to attract foreign investment. Very few foreigners have settled here. I was told that even in the favored days of the pre-revolution period the total foreign population reached only as many as nine.

The average American traveller knows Querétaro as the place where opals are



Monument to Doña Josefa Ortiz de Domínguez, heroine of the revolution of 1810. Tower of the Church of San Antonio in the distance.

offered at the trains and, possibly, as the place where Maximilian was executed. Very few foreign passengers, as such, ever see the lonely Hill of the Bells or the silent, solemn brownstone chapel which marks the spot where, on a June morning fifty years ago, a fateful tragedy was enacted. It is in plain view from the trains of both trunk lines which pass the city. Tourists bound south find more to attract their attention here than at any stop they have made since leaving the border. One of the best-known guide-books gives a carefully prepared description of Querétaro which fills nearly ten closely printed pages. Nothing is said, however, of a most interesting and important international incident which occurred here in the month of May, 1848, and which directly connects Querétaro with the history of the United States.

"In Querétaro," says a native chronicler, "was signed the treaty of peace with the United States in 1848. Querétaro, at the call of one of her native sons, re-established the general government, overthrowing Santa Ana. It is the only place which has energetically opposed Protestantism. It is the only place which possesses an aqueduct comparable to the work of the Romans. Querétaro, after a memorable siege of three months, was the tomb of the empire in 1867." In addition to all this, and much more, the author cites a poet who calls Querétaro a place of hospitality, sincerity, and patriotism.

The old Spanish writers have a story that Querétaro was founded in 1446 and that the monarch, Moctezuma, made it one of the northern fortified outposts of the Aztec Empire. The place was evidently well known prior to the conquest.



Statue of the Marques de la Villa del Villar del Aguila, who built the aqueduct.

History really began for Querétaro on Sunday, June 25, 1531, the calendar day of Saint James, or Santiago, in Spanish. On the early morning of that day twenty-five thousand Chichimecas armed with bows and arrows placed themselves in battle array on the rocky height which is the southern boundary of the town, to resist the progress of the audacious Spanish invaders. These, strange to say, were led by two Christianized Indian chiefs. Their new names are given as Nicolas de San Luis Montañez and Fernando de Tápia, who is described as being a son of the Emperor King of Tula de Xiltopec, lying to the south. He was named chieftain and captain by Don Carlos V of Spain. The Indians made a desperate stand. The battle continued furious and doubtful the whole day. Finally, when all were worn and weary, a most wonderful thing occurred. Across the valley,

in the canyon to the south through which the Spaniards entered, there seemed to be brewing a tremendous storm. And there, in plain view, sharply outlined across the boiling black cloud, appeared a celestial vision. It was the gigantic, mounted, militant figure of Saint James charging with drawn sword to take the part of the Christians. Above the saint a shining cross was gleaming. This was too much for the poor Indians of rough, untutored mind. The barbarian Chichimecas fell down and fell over each other in eagerness to surrender. They then and there accepted a peace which is said to have at once Christianized and enslaved them. The chronicler states that they were immediately baptized and taught to make the sign of the cross with the right hand. A stone cross was erected on the blood-stained height, and the conquerors sang the fourth gospel, following this

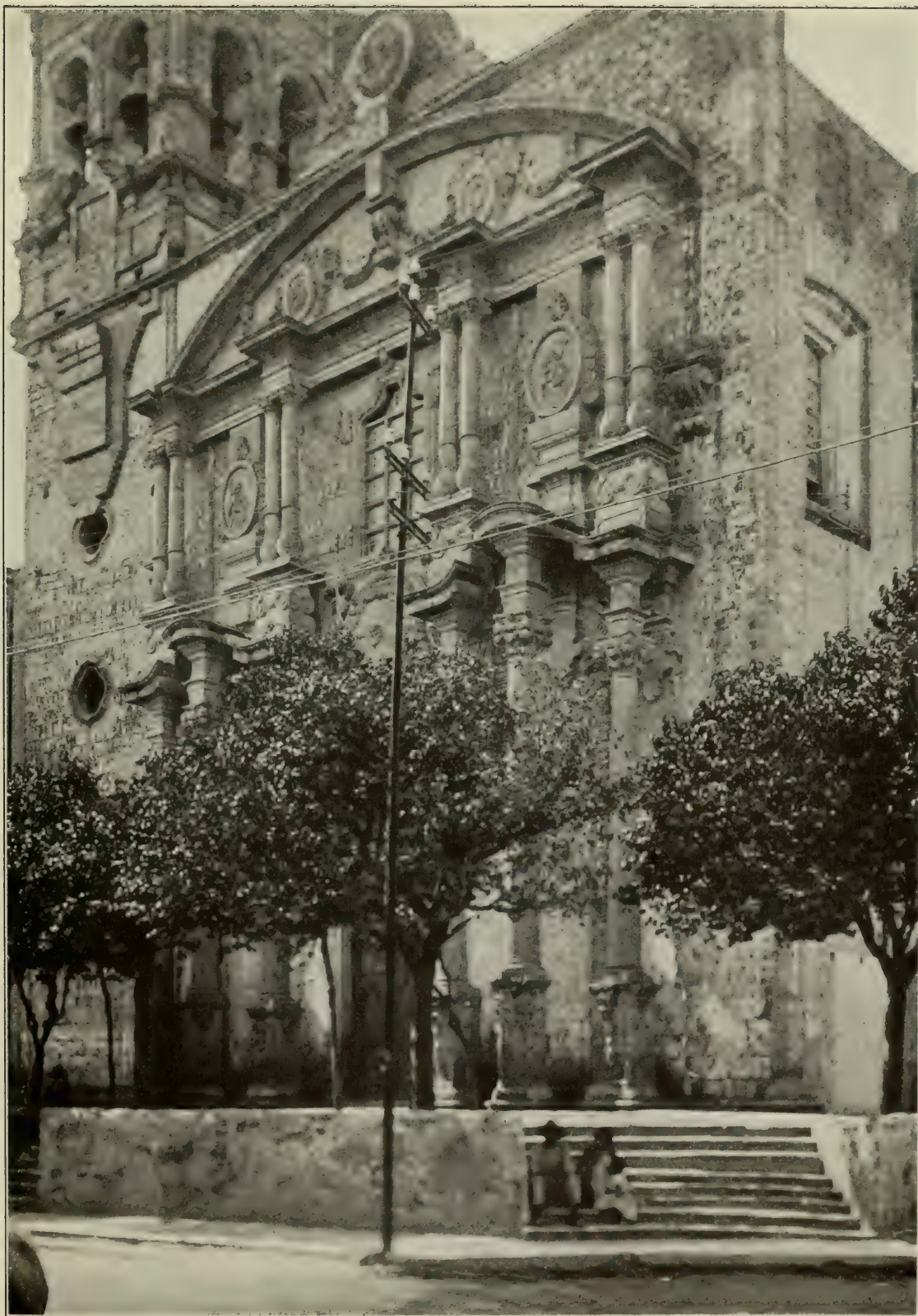


Under the aqueduct.

with the celebration of the first Christian mass.

Who can wonder, then, that Querétaro has been *muy católico* ever since that memorable day, or that it was given by his Catholic Majesty Philip IV the official

name of Santiago de Querétaro, which it has borne through the centuries; or that, when the cathedral was built, a stone figure of the militant saint was placed above the archway in the great door, where it remains to this day! In due



Front of the Church of San Filipe de Neri.

time the first of the many churches of Querétaro was built to commemorate the victory over the savages. It is the massive, immense, stately, picturesque structure called the Temple and Monastery of the Holy Cross. In a glass case above

the high altar is still preserved the carved stone cross before which conquerors and conquered bowed after the bloody battle of Sangremal.

On the 21st of June, 1821, in this monastery, Luaces, the Spanish commander,

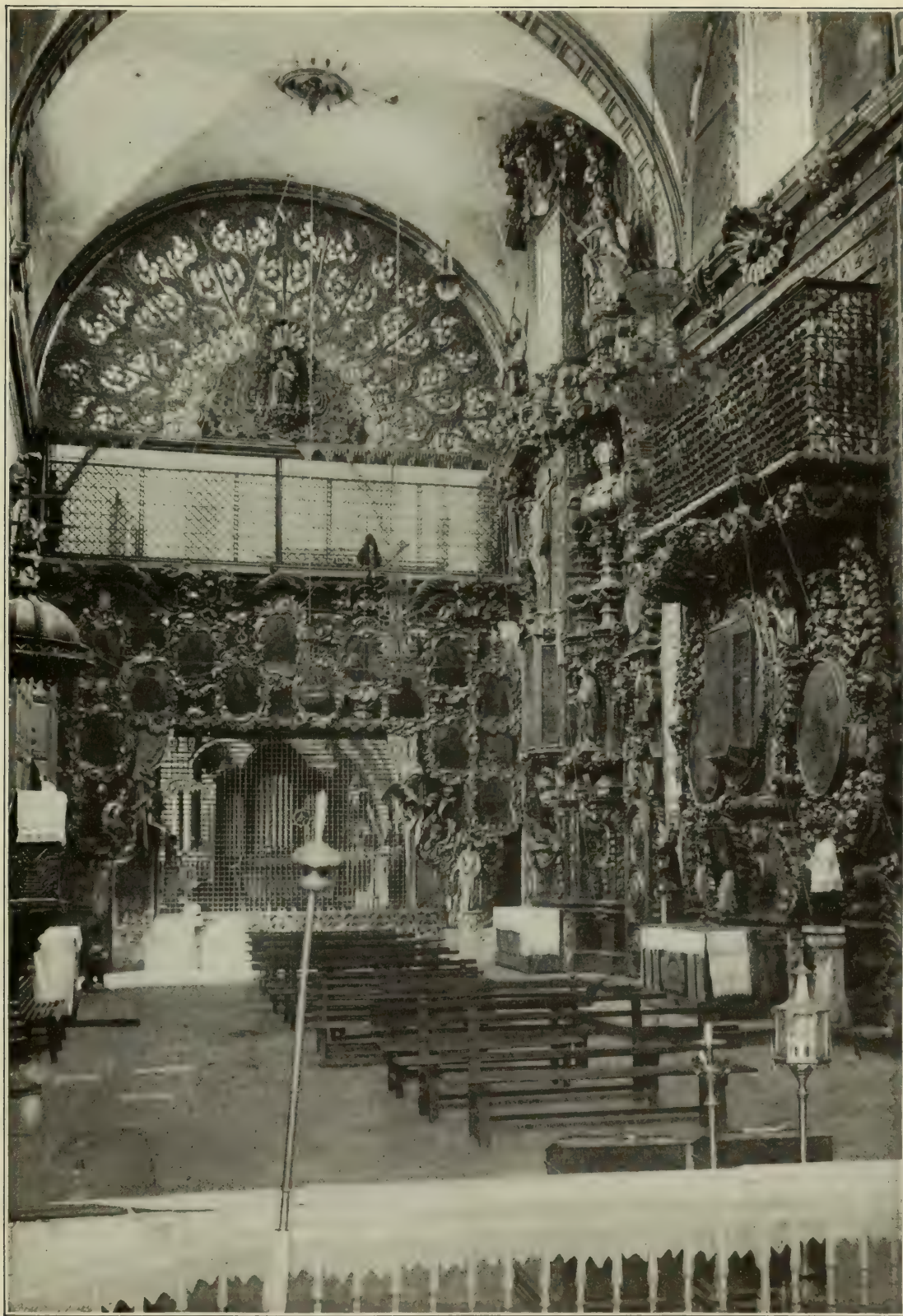


Dome and tower of the Church of Santa Clara.

surrendered to the Liberal general Augustine de Iturbide, thus breaking a foreign yoke which Querétaro had worn for two hundred and ninety years. Maximilian, on his arrival at Querétaro after abandoning the city of Mexico, took up his residence and headquarters in this same strong fortress of La Cruz. From it the Republicans forced him by an attack on the 15th of May, 1867. He was soon brought back to it a prisoner, and from it he was taken to the small, humble cell in the Convent of the Capuchins, whence, a little more than a month later, he was led to his death on the Hill of the Bells.

The most notable and striking monument in the historic cemetery formerly attached to the church of the Holy Cross is that erected by the nation to the memory of Doña Josefa Ortiz de Domínguez, heroine of the revolution of 1810, whose remains were brought from Mexico City to Querétaro, her home, and interred in this burial-ground on the 23d of February, 1894. Students of Mexican history will recall her romantic story. She was the wife of the corregidor, or representative of the viceroy, at Querétaro. She is therefore known as La Corregidora. Al-

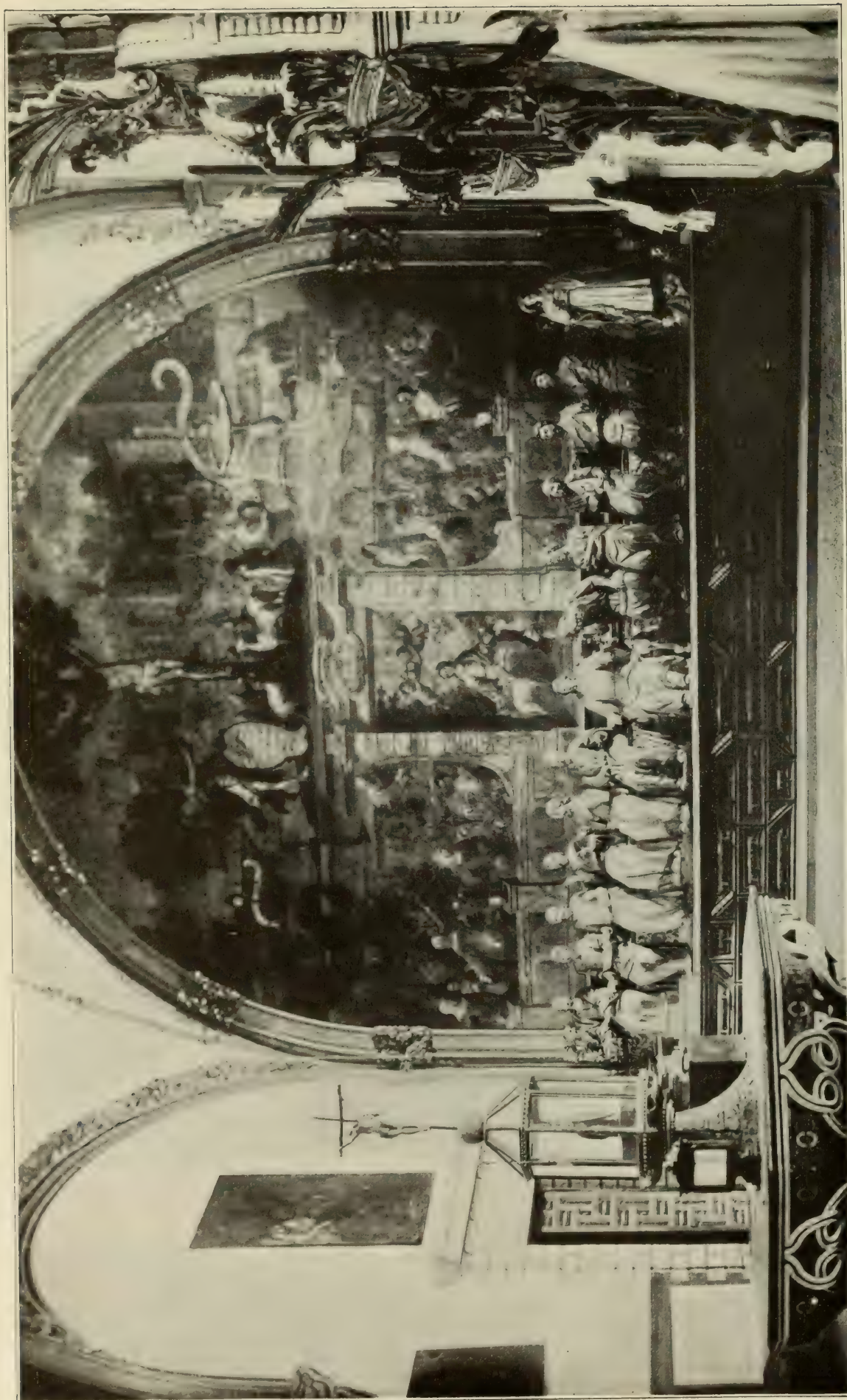
though associated with royalty, she was a thorough Republican and was well informed concerning the meetings, the proceedings, and the wide-spread conspiracies of the revolutionary club organized at Querétaro. Her husband, the corregidor, knew of her sympathies, but appears not to have called her to account. Finally it came to pass that he felt he must arrest the members of the club, as he had gotten wind of a proposed uprising. To avoid possible trouble at home he locked up his wife in her room in the second story of her home when he went out one night to order the arrests. Anticipating something of this kind, she had arranged with a man servant to come to her when she should stamp on the floor. As soon as her husband left the house she gave the signal, and, speaking to her servant through the keyhole, directed him to mount a horse immediately and hurry north to the town of Dolores and inform Hidalgo and Allende that the plot had been discovered. The servant was faithful to his mistress. Hidalgo arranged for the uprising at once, and this is the reason that the celebration of Mexican independence always takes place at midnight on the



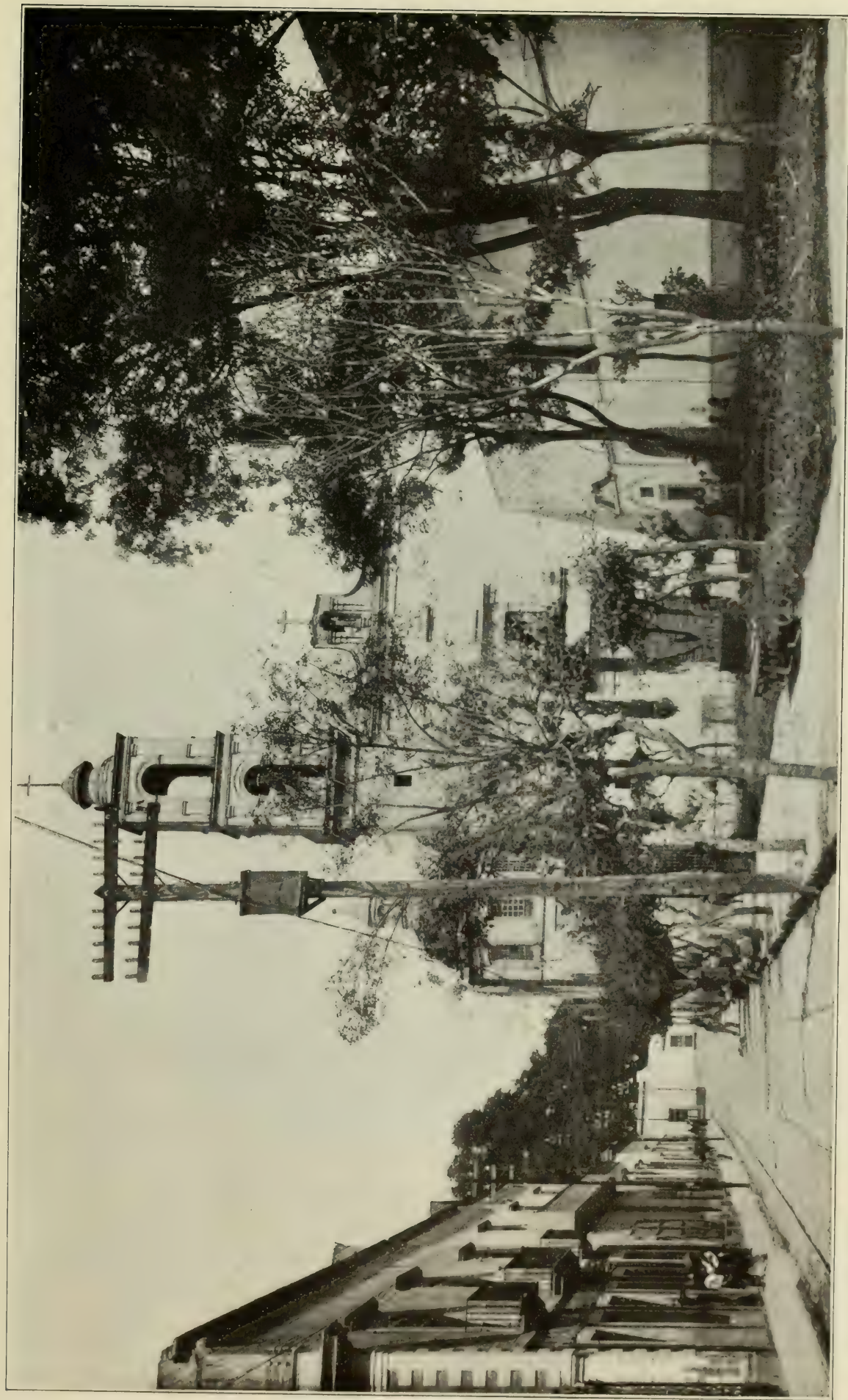
Interior of Santa Rosa. Looking toward choir.

15th of September instead of on the 1st of October, as originally planned. In the museum of the State Capitol may be seen under glass the large hand-made lock with the keyhole through which the corregidora spoke. Doña Josefa's husband

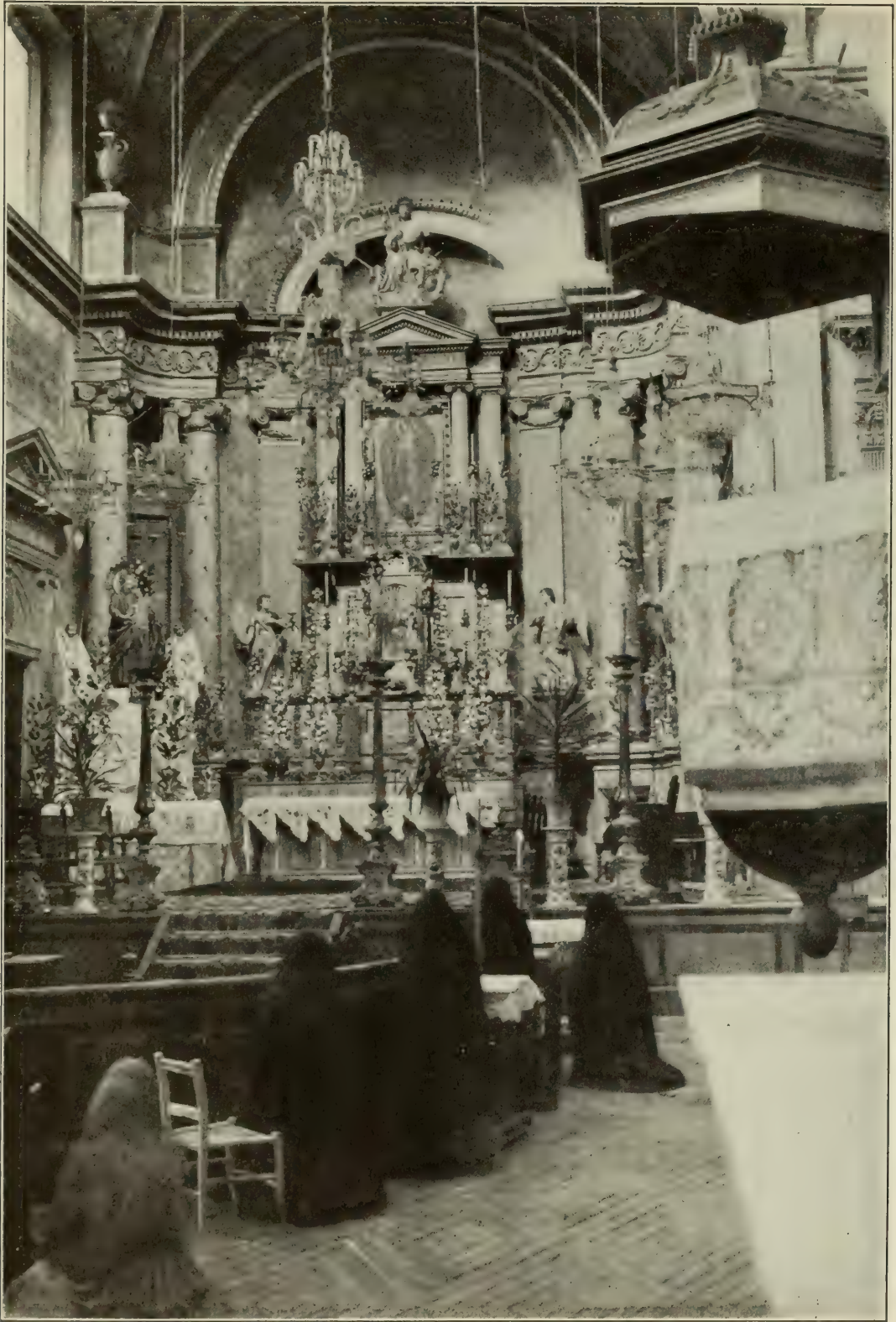
was deposed and imprisoned by the Spanish Government. She herself was sent to the city of Mexico and kept there until the day of her death. The new monument, erected to her memory in the plaza, near the centre of the city, is really one



"The Garden"—Painting in the Sacristy of Santa Rosa.



Church of San Antonio. Ancient chapel shown at right.

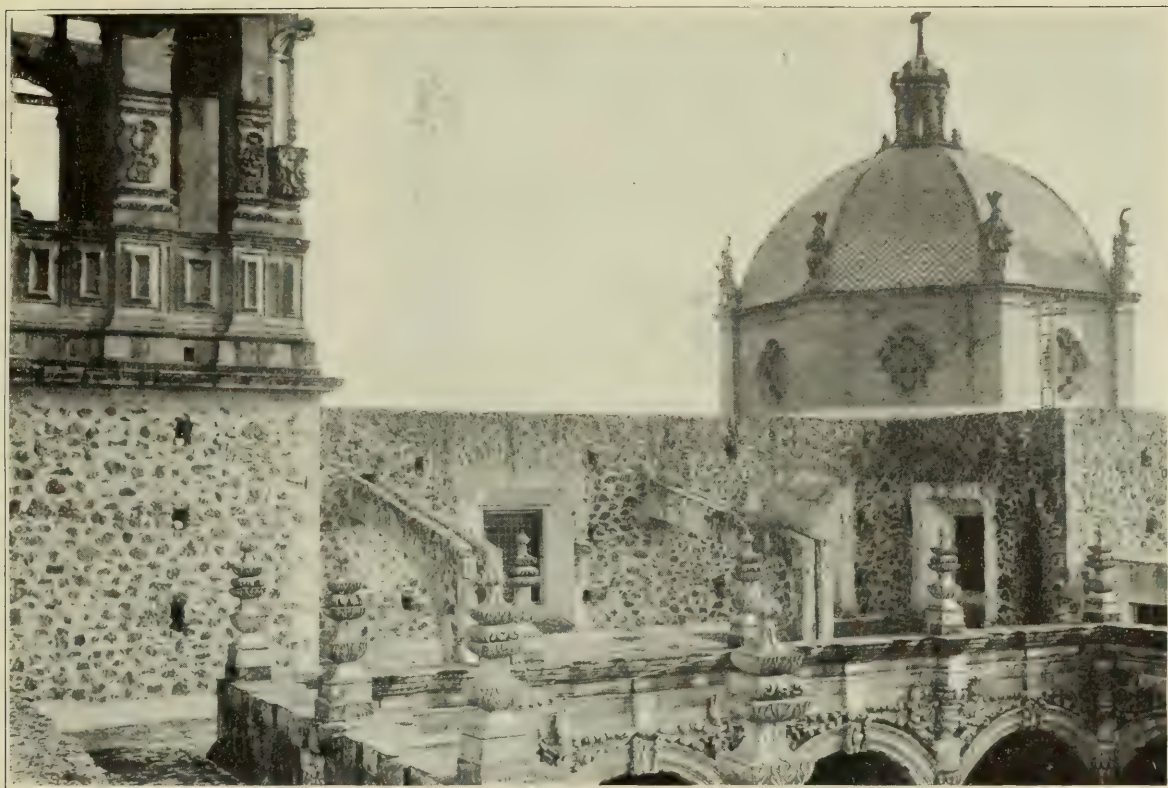


Interior of the Cathedral of Guadalupe.

of the most striking and interesting things to be seen in Querétaro. Probably it is one of the very finest monuments of its class ever erected to the memory of a woman. The design is a single lofty white-stone column surmounted by a

more-than-life-size standing female figure in bronze with hand uplifted.

Another notable monument is a white shaft which gracefully rises from the green foliage of the Alameda. It is surmounted by a statue of Columbus and



Patio cornice, tower, and dome of the Church of San Augustine.

was unveiled on the four hundredth anniversary of his discovery of America.

In the centre of the Plaza de Independencia is a statue of the man who conceived the bold idea of bringing drinking water to the city from a spring in the canyon eight kilometres south. His proposition was the building of a long, high aqueduct across the valley which would deliver the water directly to the Plaza de La Cruz, the highest point in the city. This great work was begun on the 26th of December, 1726, and completed on the 15th of October, 1735, at a cost of a little more than one hundred and thirty thousand pesos, of which the man on the pedestal contributed considerably more than half. The monument was a tardy recognition, for it was not begun until 1843, just one hundred years after his death. The front of the monument bears this inscription: "The people of Querétaro to their distinguished benefactor, Don Juan Antonio de Urrutia y Arana, Marques de la Villa del Villar del Aguila, erect this monument in testimony of gratitude, 1892." The great aqueduct which the marquis planned and carried to successful completion nearly two hun-

dred years ago is to-day furnishing the same pure, sparkling water to the city.

A conspicuous feature of Querétaro landscape is the many fine old Catholic churches, monasteries, and convents. They are prominent at almost every turn. One is impressed constantly with their number and their immensity, and finds himself wondering why in this comparatively small city such vast church properties and such costly establishments were maintained. The oldest, most historic, and mother of them all is the church and monastery of the Holy Cross. Probably the most elaborate and costly was the church and convent of Santa Clara. The interior of the main chapel, which is still in use for daily services, has walls literally covered with curious, carved, gold-plated churrigueresque work from floor to lofty ceiling.

Another fine example of the magnificent and costly proportions taken by ecclesiastical construction in the palmy days is the great church and convent of Santa Rosa. It had its beginning in 1669. In 1727, by an order from the King of Spain, it was given the title of the Royal College of Santa Rosa de Viterbo. The



Maximilian's prison, Monastery of the Capuchins.

present structure occupied many years in building and was not finally completed and dedicated until the year 1732. Its exterior is notable for its oriental, Moorish-like, tile-topped towers and dome, and for two strange, immense flying buttresses on the western, or street, front of the edifice. The photograph is a failure in presenting their true proportions. The interior walls of the church are covered with the same elaborately carved, gold-plated churriguesque work, and the delicate, artistic, fine iron-grill screening which is such a feature in Santa Clara. There are many paintings in Santa Rosa. They are mostly of the apostles and the saints. In the sacristy, a long, lofty, well-lighted apartment, are the something-over-life-size papier-mâché-like figures of the twelve apostles. They all have the most unhappy and unattractive expressions and are arranged along the base of what is said to be the greatest work of Tresguerras, a noted Mexican artist who excelled in painting and architecture. It occupies the entire end of the room, extending clear to the ceiling. It is said to be one of the most interesting mural paintings in Mexico.

The church of San Antonio dates back to 1613. It stands at one

end of a beautiful little plaza and has at one side, in front of the entrance to the old chapel, a small court where shrubbery grows and a great Bougainvillea climbs high up the wall. The church has several times been renovated. Its pure Spanish tower is one of the most attractive in the city. The interior is subdued and modern. An interesting feature of this church is the Santa Scala, or Holy Stair, in the connecting chapel, said to be modelled after a celebrated Holy Stair at Rome.

The great Church of San Francisco, occupying the most central site in the city, fronts on the Zenea plaza. It was founded in 1613, and was made the first cathedral of the diocese. In one of its



Stairway and corridor, Maximilian's prison, Monastery of the Capuchins.

chapels, under marble tablets which record their virtues, lie the remains of the first two illustrious bishops of Querétaro.

The Church of El Carmen was founded by the Señora Doña Isabel Gonzalez in

different departments. Back of the health-office, but still a part of the original buildings of San José, is a vast construction of many cells and corridors which are at present unused and unknown to



The Maximilian Memorial Chapel.

1614. Like so many of the other churches in Querétaro, it had originally a convent in connection with it. Now it is said to be the most fashionable and aristocratic church in the city.

The church and monastery of San Augustine, founded in 1731, has furnished for the general government of Mexico probably the most unique telegraph-office in the world. The government appropriated the monastic part of the structure for public use many years ago. The front was remodelled during the administration of President Diaz, as a marble tablet placed at the head of the great stairway states, and the federal telegraph-office was installed in one of the sections of the second story.

The establishment called San José is just across the street from the elaborate and costly church and convent of Santa Clara. It was for a time conducted as a hospital. The main chapel is now used as a public library. In the rear of the library are the public-health headquarters and offices, occupying quite a number of rooms and spacious corridors with the

many. They are never seen by tourists or other strangers. Probably many of the present inhabitants of the city do not know of this place. It was formerly occupied by hundreds of *flagellantes penitentes* during Lent. The practice of self-scourging, which spread over Europe in the Middle Ages, was introduced into Mexico by the zeal of the Dominicans. It was long faithfully observed in Querétaro.

On every hand it is seen that there is good reason in Querétaro for the plaintive lament of the writer whose interesting record of the place of his birth we have been following. He mourns sincerely that the magnificence, the glory, and the power of the church in former days have departed. The vast monastery of La Cruz is in ruins, and the garden, long-neglected, has gone to waste. The acreage of Santa Clara in the very heart of the city was confiscated long ago. Part of the convent of Santa Rosa has been made a public hospital. The rich gold plating of its high altar and its saints, like the lead from the roof of the Iturbide Theatre, went into the maw of some by-



Interior of Maximilian Memorial Chapel.

Pillar at right marks spot where Maximilian stood when he was shot.

gone revolution. Part of El Carmen is a public school, San José is a public library and health-office, as above stated, and the cells of the penitents are vacant. A large hotel and a block of business houses have stood for many years upon ground which was once a part of the monastery of San Francisco. And so of many other extensive ecclesiastical holdings throughout the city.

The author would grieve still more if he should write another chapter bringing his narrative up to date. He would have to tell of further profanation and desecration of sacred places, and of soldiers of the latest revolution quartered in some of them as barracks, whence sound bugle

calls and the rattle of drums where once was the quiet of the cloister. This is far from being a complete statement of the change which has come in Mexico. It is really only one feature of the change. The world is full of the story. Looking upon it all, even in the midst of it all, the calm, unprejudiced observer with open and receptive spirit can only endeavor to be sure that he sees the entire situation from all its different view-points and listen patiently to all the radically different presentations of it.

He must ever remember that the present movement in Mexico is essentially a revolution; that it is the Mexicans themselves who have brought about the great

changes; that it is the Mexicans themselves who are responsible for them, and that it is the Mexicans themselves who must, at last, give to the world a sufficient or an insufficient reason for them. He must also bear in mind that only impartial history, which always overlooks excesses and abuses which are temporary and searches ever for the fundamentals which are eternal, can finally determine any great political issue. It is time alone that is the real revelation of destiny. It is time alone that can, and does finally and faithfully, place the correct estimate upon men, their policies, and their work. It is time alone that, sooner or later, demonstrates clearly what has been destructive, what has been merely obstructive, and what has been truly constructive.

Every one knows the close connection between the clerical party and the second empire in Mexico. It was an absolute surprise to me, therefore, to find in my recent reading in Querétaro the following from the Catholic Emperor Maximilian to the Catholic bishops of Mexico, in replying to a communication from them dated December 29, 1866: "You say that the Mexican Church has never taken part in political affairs. Would God this were true, but unfortunately (*desgraciadamente*) we have irrefutable evidences, and indeed in great numbers, which are a sad but evident truth that even the dignitaries of the church and a considerable number of the clergy have manifested an obstinate and active resistance to the legitimate authorities of the state. It is clear, my esteemed bishops, that the Mexican Church, by a lamentable fatality, has concerned itself overmuch in temporal matters, forgetting in this, and losing sight of completely, the true teachings of the gospel." These words were soon followed by the disastrous storm which fell upon the church with the overthrow of the empire, and by the stern, relentless fate which led Maximilian to his death upon the Hill of the Bells.

Religious services, which the terror of the revolution had suspended in Querétaro, have been resumed. Any one who desires to attend them does so with perfect freedom. While some of the churches are closed, most of them are open every day and Mexican priests attend the cus-

tomary offices. But one does not hear, as formerly, the almost constant clang and din of innumerable bells.

The Church of the Capuchins is interesting because in it Maximilian, the emperor, spent the last month of his life. The photograph shown here of his room and of the corridor leading to it are probably the only ones ever taken. There has been some alteration of the interior of the room. It has been made larger by the removal of partitions. That part of the building is now occupied by sisters of charity who care for and teach orphan girls. They were all much interested in watching the work of the photographer. Maximilian's prison-room is now occupied by them for their embroidery lessons. The photograph shows their frames and their work.

Much has been written regarding Maximilian's downfall and death. There is much in it of romance and love and devotion as well as of tragedy and of relentless doom. Mighty influences from afar and every possible means at hand, including pleas from distinguished people and even efforts along the lines of intrigue and bribery, were all in vain. Maximilian was blood-kin to the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Queen of Great Britain, the King of Spain, the King of Italy, and the King of Sweden, but they could not save him. The following is from the note of the envoy of the United States, Lewis D. Campbell, to the Foreign Minister Lerdo de Tejada. It was written from New Orleans, hurriedly and urgently despatched by special messenger, and it has a familiar sound.

"The Government of the United States has sincerely sympathized with the Republic of Mexico and feels a deep interest in its success. But I have to express the belief that a repetition of the reported severities referred to would shock its sensibilities and check the current of its sympathies. It is believed that such acts to prisoners of war as are reported cannot elevate the character of the Mexican states in the esteem of civilized people, and may tend to bring into disrepute the cause of republicanism and retard its progress everywhere. The government instructs me to make known to President Juarez promptly and earnestly

its desire that, in the case of the capture of Prince Maximilian and his supporters, they may receive the humane treatment accorded by civilized nations to prisoners of war."

It is to be remembered here that the downfall of the empire was due largely to the withdrawal of the French support, and that the French support was withdrawn because the Government of the United States had said that it must go. One might suppose that the Mexican Government would have felt constrained to comply with the desires of the Government of the United States. Maybe it did; but this is taken from the foreign minister's reply. It also sounds familiar.

"In case these should be captured [persons upon whom rest such responsibilities] it does not appear that they should be considered as mere prisoners of war: for those are responsibilities defined by the law of nations and the laws of the republic. The government, which has given numerous proofs of its humane principles and of its sentiments of generosity, is also obliged to consider, according to the circumstances of the cases, what the principles of justice demand, and the duties which it has to fulfil for the Mexican people." The end of it all was Maximilian standing before a firing squad on the Hill of the Bells on the early morning of June 19, 1867. After he had said, "I pray God my blood may bring happiness to my new country. Viva Mexico!" came the crack of the rifles. Seven months afterward, on the night of the 18th of January, 1868, during a heavy snow-storm, a funeral cortege reached the chapel of the royal palace in Vienna, where the empress-mother was awaiting her son.

Austrian diplomatic relations with Mexico were suspended for thirty-four years. Finally they were resumed with the building of the small brownstone chapel which covers the spot of the execution. I am informed that on the 19th of June each year mass is sung and prayers are offered for the eternal rest of Maximilian's soul. It is also a custom, which has continued, for flowers to be placed daily upon the short, square, white-marble pillar which marks the exact spot where Maximilian stood. On the day I

was there I saw lying upon it a single fresh-cut, full-blown red rose. The photograph shows the rose. The pillar of Maximilian is at the right of the photograph. The others mark the places where stood his two Mexican generals, Miramon and Mejia, who were shot with him. It is said that the picture above the altar was provided for the chapel by the empress-mother and that it is a copy of a painting given to her by her son in earlier and happier days.

I was shown the building in which the Mexican Congress, then in session in Querétaro, debated article by article the twenty-three articles of our treaty of peace with Mexico. The building is now called the School of Fine Arts. The Mexican historian Zamacois gives in much detail an account of the debates and all the proceedings. After the conclusion of it all he undertakes to give the farewell speeches made by the Mexican officials and the American commissioners. These are not given in any American history to which I have had access. As recorded by Zamacois they are models of courtesy and good feeling. Our commissioners were Ambrose H. Sevier, Senator from Arkansas and Chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations, and Nathan Clifford of Maine, Attorney-General of the United States, who became our first minister to Mexico after the war. I was shown the house where they were entertained while in Querétaro.

I have often thought of them during my stay in this city and wondered what their experiences were on their journey and while they remained in this, at that time, remote place. In a short time they accomplished the purpose of their mission and returned to Washington with a treaty satisfactory to both governments. The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo begins with the solemn words: "In the name of Almighty God." The first clause of article twenty-two reads as follows: "If (which is not to be expected, and which God forbid) war should unhappily break out between the two republics, they do now, with a view to such calamity, solemnly pledge themselves to each other and to the world, to observe the following rules: absolutely when the nature of the subject permits, and as closely as pos-

sible in all cases where such absolute observance shall be impossible." Then follows a long list of the rules to the observance of which the two countries pledged themselves. The last clause of the article states that "it is declared that neither the pretense that war dissolves all treaties nor any other whatever shall be considered as annulling or suspending the solemn covenant contained in this article."

The article plainly indicates that even the framers of the treaty conceived the possibility of another rupture of friendly relations, but it was their hope and their prayer that it might never occur. If it should unhappily occur, they undertook to provide that it should be conducted as

humanely as possible. The treaty has bound both nations in peace for sixty-eight years, while their mutual international relations have grown constantly more intimate and their commercial transactions have increased a thousand-fold.

In these later days we have known something of strained relations and threatening possibilities, but may we not still continue to hope and to labor and to pray that means may be found to avoid a rupture and that Mexico herself may yet find some way of her own out of her own troubles that will bring permanent peace and permanent justice to her own people and satisfaction to the foreign powers and their nationals concerned?

STANDARDS

BY W. C. BROWNELL

SECOND PAPER

III

TASTE



HETEROGENEOUS public at one chiefly in its passion for novelty may easily have the vitality it vaunts, but there is one quality which ineluctably it must forego, namely taste. I hasten to acknowledge that it reconciles itself with readiness to this deprivation and depreciates taste with the sincerity inseparable from the instinct for self-preservation. Certainly there are ideals of more importance, and if the sacrifice of taste were needed for their success it would be possible to deplore its loss too deeply. We may be sure, however, that the alternative is fundamentally fanciful. The remark once made of an American dilettante of distinction that he had convictions in matters of taste, and tastes in matters of conviction, implies an exceptional rather than a normal attitude. But though it is quite needless to confound the two categories, it is still quite

possible to extend considerably the conventional confines of taste without serious encroachment on the domain of convictions. Nothing is in better taste than piety, for example. And since also nothing is more fundamental, any one in search of an explanation of our present wide-spread antipathy to taste as outworn and unvital might do worse than scrutinize the various psychological changes that have accompanied the much talked of decline of, at least formal, religion and the transformation, at any rate, of the spirit of conformity to carefully and not causelessly constructed credos. Taste indeed is essentially a matter of tradition. No one originates his own. Of the many instances in which mankind is wiser than any man it is one of the chief. It implies conformity to standards already crystallized from formulæ already worked out. In the famous preface of his "Cromwell" Victor Hugo asserted, to be sure, that an admirable work might be composed of all that the arid breath of *gens de goût* from Scudéry to LaHarpe had dried up in its germ. But he referred to the pedantries of pro-

fessional classic criticism rather than to the fastidiousness of a sensitive public. The preface long ago became itself the classic statement of the case for romanticism and established standards of its own. All that it contains is no doubt useful to remember, though it is rather sentimental than profitable speculation to dwell on the mute and inglorious of country churchyards, and one may excusably take a more cheerful view of the consequences resulting from the interposition of the *chevaux de frise* of pure conventions, even, between the otherwise unprotected public and the crowd of candidates for its favor.

Of Hugo himself Renan, a better judge in this particular, observed that "he had not time to possess taste." He offered compensations for the deficiency, it must be acknowledged, but to the very considerable number of writers who can hardly hope to equal him in this respect the cultivation of taste may none the less be commended. They can more easily afford the required time. Renan even, compact of taste as he was, lost touch with it occasionally—in the "Abbesse de Jouarre," for instance, and perhaps also in meriting Doudan's remark: "I know of no theologian with a more intimate knowledge of Oriental flora." And taste has the great advantage of being cultivable. There is nothing recalcitrant about it. It is a quality particularly proper to the public as distinct from the artist. Indeed its possession by the public provides the artist with precisely the constraint he most needs and is most apt to forget—especially in the day of so-called "free art." It cannot be acquired of course without co-operation. It involves the effort needed to acquire and is not fostered by the emotion that is an end in itself. At the present time, accordingly, its pursuit is attended with the discomfort inherent in the invidious. It is particularly ironical to pass one's life, as doubtless is still done now and then, in regretting that one knows so little and at the same time arouse disgust for knowing so much. The remnant, if extended, will have to be of martyr stuff but it need fear no compunctions if it is tempted into occasional reprisal, consoled by Rivarol's re-

flection: "No one thinks of how much pain any man of taste has had to suffer before he gives any."

Our own public has always been a little exceptionally sensitive about the limitations of taste, even in days when it more generally possessed it. But currently we merely exaggerate a neglect of it that is wide-spread. One thinks, of course, of France. It is not to be denied that in France the democratic spirit with its associated anarchy has invaded the composure of the taste which, in the æsthetic field, more than any other element constitutes French superiority. Our own extravagances and incoherences in this definite field are apt to be reflections of similar French phenomena. Paris itself, still the finest civic spectacle ever secured by the co-operation of natural growth and express design, shows in spots and details an attenuation of decorum and conformity—shows the ravages of the spirit of "free art." In France, however, æsthetic standards are unlikely to be permanently deposed by fanaticism or forgotten by obtuseness. They are constantly recalled to the sense by the models that embody them and constantly recur to the reflection of minds insensibly more or less moulded by the tradition they define. Moreover the principles that underlie them are constantly reuttered by voices less noisy than penetrating but thoroughly national in sounding the overtones of culture however "advanced" the air, and in exhibiting an aristocratic quality even in chanting the most popular pæan. There is, besides, running through the currents and eddies of the moment, which boil rather than flow, a clear stream of temperamentally conservative criticism, that clarifies and purifies and carries along to the ocean of general appreciation the sweetness without the sediment of the troubled waters through which it passes, while at the same time it tranquilly transports its own freight of principles and standards.

In other words, in France the current era has its *esprits délicats* as well as its fanatics. And they are of their era and not merely in it. With us perhaps criticism which accepts standards is less sensitively, less sympathetically, dis-

criminating in its treatment of whatever flouts or forgets them. Mr. Mather, in his indulgence for the *poètes maudits*, for the abnormal, for what he calls "disorderly geniuses" and "unbalanced talents" (see his illuminating chapter on the egregious Greco), is rather exceptional. Our conservatives are, in general, quite flat-footed. They resemble rather Professor Conrad Wright who in his "History of French Literature"—exhilaratingly, I think—announces himself a convinced classicist, or even Mr. Cox who in his suggestive and above all timely book has been thought to confound the classic spirit with the academic. Let him not be disquieted. Mr. Dougherty tells me that Matisse is fundamentally academic. On the other hand flat-footed is a faint epithet with which to characterize our "advanced" critics, who wring all withers when they are making the academic jade wince.

In contrast take M. André Gide. He is particularly open-minded, though he has plenty of temperamental predilections, and is quite in accord with the present revolt against the romantic without being in the least a neo-classicist. His "modernity" in a word is unimpeachable by all save the partisans to whom modernity and *l'esprit délicat* are by hypothesis antithetical. From these however his implicit subscription to standards in his professed exclusive devotion to the principle of taste does definitely distinguish him, and for the purpose of showing this I condense a few felicitous sentences from one of his *conférences*:

"Beauty is secured only by an artificial constraint. Art is always the result of constraint. To believe that the freer it is the higher it rises is to believe that what keeps the kite from mounting is the string. Art aspires to freedom only in morbid periods. It loves to burst its bonds. Therefore it chooses close ones. . . . The great artist is he to whom the obstacle serves as a spring-board."

And referring to the "art for art" art of the day he speaks of it as "insolently isolating itself" and "fatuously despising what it is too ignorant to evaluate"; of the artist as one who without external control is fatally driven to "seek only his own approbation"; and of the critic,

his congener, as "judging works in the name of his personal taste and the greater or less pleasure they give him," which he manifestly considers a severe indictment. But irresponsibility is an old story in criticism. Its invasion of the far wider field of art in general is otherwise significant. It is no more needful than possible or even desirable that every one should be a competent critic of art and letters. As well ask that every reader should be a writer or every writer a writer of criticism. But it is desirable that every one who counts at all, every reader of real books and every one seriously interested in plastic art should have standards of taste and possess them so thoroughly as to apply them instinctively and rigorously. Otherwise there is no logical escape from the prospect that the wider the appetite for books and art becomes the more superficial will be its appreciation and the more worthless will be the production that appeals to it directly and intimately reflects its easy and ordinary reactions.

It is a mistake to suppose that self-expression without self-control and enjoyment without standards of value are consonant with the effort that is a prerequisite to real achievement in either accomplishment or appreciation. Undisciplined self-expression riots in the absence of general taste, and the less exacting the writer experiences in the reader, the less effort he expends in rewarding or even securing his attention. The less demanded by the beholder of the picture, the statue, the building, the quicker the artist's sag into inertia. Ineptitude may easily be quite as genuine as significance, and if genuineness is the only demand public taste makes of the artist, if he is required to meet no standards or—what at this stage of the world's progress is the same thing—to neglect all models, the quality of his supply is bound to deteriorate in accordance with as fatal a law as that which makes water run down-hill.

What most opposes, however, the advancement of this salutary element of exacting taste in our public is the vigor of the spirit of non-conformity, which by definition has no standards, and which is no longer the affair of temperament it used to be but is a conscious ideal. As

such of course in an emotional era, pursued with passion it is also pursued into details of high differentiation—manners, tastes, preferences, fastidious predilections. To the new theology, the new sincerity, the new poetry and painting, the new everything in fact will ultimately no doubt be added the new refinement, the new decorum. Meantime our non-conformists are concentrated upon vilipending the old. This is a field in which the new egotism may assert itself with the minimum of effort involved in mere talk—talk that asserts an independence of conventions marked by positive fanaticism. Gibbon notes with his accustomed perspicacity the affinity of independence for fanaticism, in remarking the hostility of fanaticism to superstition—the bugbear of the present time. “The independent spirit of fanaticism,” he says in his chapter on Mahomet, “looks down with contempt on the ministers and slaves of superstition,” and the remark explains the current Islamic invasion of the reticences of life. Given her undeniably fanatical independence, for example, it is easy to see why the contemporary young girl of the thoughtful variety is so shocked by the constitution of society as it is, as to vary her impassioned sympathy for the street-walker by grinding her teeth at the thought of the Sunday-school. But is it not a rather literal logic that leads her to involve the purely decorative elements with the structure of the civilization that has produced her? Why, for instance, should she be “thrilled” by reading, why should she herself write, that not inconsiderable part of the detail of the latest fiction that is else too colorless to have any other motive than the purely protestant one of heartening the robust by revolting the refined? The motive is as obvious in trivial as in grave examples, since both may be equally gross so far as taste is concerned. Observe this picture in a recent clever novel—by a lady—that has evoked a very general chorus of cordial appreciation. Two young men, one an Oxonian, occupy conjointly a room in a foreign seaside hotel:

“‘I got out of bed,’ said Hewet vaguely, ‘merely to talk, I suppose.’”

“‘Meanwhile I shall undress,’ said

Hirst. When naked of all but his shirt and bent over the basin, Mr. Hirst no longer impressed one with the majesty of his intellect, but with the pathos of his young yet ugly body.

“‘Women interest me,’ said Hewet.

“‘They’re so stupid,’ said Hirst. ‘You’re sitting on my pyjamas.’”

“‘I suppose they *are* stupid,’ Hewet wondered.

“‘There can’t be two opinions about that, I imagine,’ said Hirst, hopping briskly across the room, ‘unless you’re in love—that fat woman Warrington?’ he inquired.

“‘Not one fat woman—all fat women,’ Hewet sighed.

“‘The women I saw tonight were not fat,’ said Hirst, who was taking advantage of Hewet’s company to cut his toe-nails.”

A moment later:

“‘I wonder if this is what they call an ingrowing toe-nail?’ said Hirst, examining the big toe on his left foot.”

Another brief interval.

“Hewet contemplated the angular young man who was neatly brushing the rims of his toe-nails into the fire-place in silence for a moment.

“‘I respect you, Hirst,’ he remarked.”

Is there anything in “Tom Jones” that strikes quite that note? The picture is manifestly less a gem of *genre* than a defiance of decorum, and as such perhaps “stimulates” those who would find a dialogue between Achilles and Patroclus insipid. The writer and the sympathetic reader occupy an attitude which for them, of course, illustrates the new sincerity but for others constitutes the spectacle of a pose preoccupied with producing an effect while unconscious of what it exemplifies. Obviously its sincerity though flaunted is not fundamentally newer than the fall of man, and is but a variant of the desire to, as the French say, *épater le bourgeois*. The new sincerity presents more drastic though not, I think, more disintegrating phenomena. But one must draw the line somewhere and it is decorous to draw it on the hither side of the purlieus of pornography, whiffs of whose un-Arabian breezes no one can have escaped and whither accordingly in any consideration of twentieth century

fiction it would, though easy, be profitless, because superfluous, to proceed. Here at least one may pay the tribute of a wistful regret to those days, distant in all respects but that of time, in which it could be said of even the dilettante who had only tastes in matters of conviction that he had at least convictions in matters of taste.

Dress affords a more agreeable field of reflection and has the advantage for our purpose of illustrating the same phenomenon of impatience with standards of decorum. Here we can see how superficial it is to denounce the insufficiency of old standards for the new duties taught by new occasions, and perceive how much more consistent it is to demand the abolition of standards altogether. In a word how fashions differ from standards, and how exacting is the tyranny which replaces the slavery of convention with the despotism of whim. The aspect of "this changing world" presented by its habiliments is indeed such as to arouse "unprecedented emotion." Already, to be sure, there are signs of even more change, but since it is manifestly to be progressive instead of purely haphazard we know whither we are drifting and that the need for purely emotional appreciation will remain stable. The current affinity of the bottom of the skirt for that of the *décolletage* is destined no doubt to a richer realization, owing to what we are now calling an "intensive" conviction of the truth that "the body is more than raiment." And as we are to be above all things natural and as, except for artists, the female form is the loveliest thing in nature, we not only have the prospect of still further emotional felicity in the immediate future, but may look forward with the gentle altruism of resignation to the increase of mankind's stock of happiness in a remoter hereafter—in the spirit of the French seer who on the eve of the Revolution exclaimed: "*Les jeunes gens sont bien heureux; ils verront de belles choses.*" We know how Madame Tallien justified him.

Undress too, as well as dress, holds out an alluring prospect, at least in fiction, in which the imagination is already very considerably "stimulated" by what the eye is condemned to forego in fact. No community has, of course, as yet adopted

the Virgilian motto half-heartedly suggested by Hawthorne for Brook Farm: *Sere nudus, ara nudus*, but fiction may be said to front that way. Mr. Galsworthy is only the most distinguished of those who enable their readers to emulate Actæon at their ease, and we are constantly assisting at the bath of beauty in company with lady novelists to whom the experience must naturally seem less sensational, but who are especially sensitive to the desirability of being "in the swim," if not reckless of becoming what Shelley calls "naked to laughter" in the process.

Nor will our successors be confined to the delights of the eye. The world of sensation is acquiring among us in various ways a new extension, as our fiction, again, amply shows. The particular sense of smell, for example, is being rescued from neglect and receiving a recognition long withheld by puritan fastidiousness. Its inspiration proceeds less from Keats's example or Max Beerbohm's advocacy, perhaps, than from Maupassant whom our later fictionists wisely study, I believe, without always studying wisely, and of whom Henry James remarks that "human life in his pages appears for the most part as a concert of odors," owing to a sense of smell "as acute as that of those animals of the field and forest whose subsistence and security depend upon it." The heroine of an essentially charming recent novel has "a moment" that "was forever connected in her mind with the smell of delicate food and fading flowers and human beings well washed and groomed which floated out to her from the dining room." Every one knows the persistent associations of odors, and the house party was a large one. Besides people wash much more than they used to and their aura deserves more attention. However the negligent are not neglected. The young lady, whose father is a socialist, has already had an experience of a different sort—the odor of a showy hotel court in which "everything in sight exhaled an intense consciousness of high cost . . . suggesting to a sensitive nose another smell, obscured but rancidly perceptible—the unwashed smell floating up from the paupers' cellars which support Aladdin's palaces of lux-

ury." Taste may surely be too rigid and in any case its limits include those temperamental preferences which, like colors, are proverbially exempt from disputation. No doubt there is more gain than loss in enlisting a new sense in the service of literature. But it would be fatuity to expect it to conserve its freshness long. Odors evaporate. This kind of spontaneity is especially in danger of prompt conventionalization—like any new perfume—its *raison d'être* being too obscure to be kept vividly in mind and the sensuous satisfaction it affords tending rapidly to lose its edge in becoming staple. And there would be much more prospect of its serving the ends of taste in general if what is staple were also standard.

IV

THE INDIVIDUAL

THE staple is often however far from being standard. Nearly two generations ago Arnold cited Renan as saying: "All ages have had their inferior literature but the great danger of our time is that this inferior literature tends more and more to get the upper place." Applied to our own time the remark would lose none of its justice. It would need indeed a sharper edge in view of one particular phase which not only the literary movement but the whole intellectual flux has assumed since Renan's day and which with all his pessimistic distrust of democracy Renan himself could not have foreseen in its acuteness. This phase is marked not merely by the numerical preponderance of mediocrity, which alone he and kindred spirits deplored—almost cravenly as it seemed at the time—but by mediocrity invigorated by the current aimless yet abounding vitality, which gives it a force mediocrity heretofore has never even conceived of itself as possessing. Ours is the day of the majority but there is nothing invidious in ascribing mediocrity to the majority in the intellectual sphere. One may acknowledge it with the same wry frankness with which Thackeray discoursed of snobs. As Henley, who certainly did not suffer from morbid self-disparagement, once wrote me: "We are all too damnably second-

rate." What is new is the extraordinary self-respect that mediocrity has suddenly acquired.

It is no doubt an unconscious corollary of the quickened sense of the dignity of the individual as such—something which can hardly perhaps be too much insisted on in the social and political field—that in the intellectual field also the individual as such has his rights. The new humanity should add a chapter about it, to bring its gospel up to date. Democracy is to my sense the finest thing in the secular world, but in a *cosmic* universe there is a place for everything and it should keep its place. For it is not after all the more obvious characteristics of our public considered as a whole—its heterogeneousness, its instinctive preference of the novel to the standardized and its restive recalcitrancy to the restrictions of taste—that give the cause of art and letters at the present time an especial claim on our attention. Considered in the mass a mercurial public may conspicuously fail in its duty to this cause, but being mercurial it is susceptible of transformation. The character of the individuals composing it is the more fundamental consideration. And this is something that is forced on our attention more frequently and more forcibly than the general traits which it requires more effort to synthesize.

The modern individual is, to begin with, under some misconception as to his own nature which he has somehow come to conceive as that of a highly organized personality. Reflection would assure him however that mere individuality is a matter of the will, personality of the character, if one may thus label a distinction that is none the less real for having escaped him. One can be propagated by mere fission; the other cannot even be inherited. One synthesizes individual traits; the other divides without distinguishing one individual from another—sheep, for example. Unlike individualism which is a doctrine, personality cannot be preached; legitimately there is no such word as "personalism." In a work of art, it has been observed, personality is not what you put in but what you can't keep out. One opposes the standardization which the other eludes.

Though the impression made by each must be measured by standards of value, they differ constitutionally as the independent spirit differs from the intuitive. Thus personality not only need lose none of its character but may even intensify its force in the conformity that independence feels as a fetter. Raphael's personality is as accentuated as Blake's, Torquemada's energy as great as Luther's. Individualism as such is shut off from following ideals that are not less attractive for having attracted others. Personality is surely the most interesting, the ultimate element of any form of expression. It begins where the others leave off. To prescribe it, however, is absurd, since to define it is impossible. In character it is an abstraction equally applicable to all personalities and concretely as uncharacterizable as its phenomena are apparent; imponderable as a perfume, impalpable as a presence. On the other hand its extreme attenuation or even its complete absence is quite as conspicuous in many individualities whose claims to its possession are aggressively asserted. I have labored the point because it is in virtue of his assumed personality—always an exceptional possession—that the individual—who is not exceptional at all—asserts his title to a special sanction for his activities in either production or appreciation.

Naturally independence is his central ideal, which incidentally accounts for the disintegration of the public he composes. It is his duty to live his own life, to do his own thinking—unaware of the handicap he involuntarily assumes in doing so. When Arnold observed that "man worships best in common; he philosophizes best alone," what he had in mind was that it is best to do one's thinking in solitude—solitude rather than independence. Thinking for oneself meant to him that neglect of the thinking of others which produces less the thinker than the thinkist—to adopt a useful distinction; a result that his prescription of culture, which he defined as the knowledge of others' thinking, was particularly designed to prevent. The subject in fact suggested to him the anecdote of Mrs. Shelley exclaiming to a friend who advised her to send her son to a school where he would be taught to think for himself: "Oh, my God! send

him where they will teach him to think like other people." One can understand that Mrs. Shelley should speak feelingly. As to worship we have to a very considerable extent replaced the communion of the saints, of which Arnold was undoubtedly thinking, by a division of the community into two distinct and interhostile sects of secular schismatics, one adoring the golden calf and the other incensing the under dog. Naturally for standards that unite we have shibboleths that divide. But when we come to philosophizing around and across this central line of cleavage the independence of our thinking is fatal to conformity in far greater detail. We fairly whirl in centrifugal discussion which contemplates agreement as little as it achieves it. The evil of repressing free thought is felt at once, but the blessings of encouraging it are reserved for Bacon's "next ages," owing largely to its deliquescence in free speech. The spirit of the forum has invaded the household, where, however, even forensic standards cower before the eminently unparliamentary contentiousness concentrated around the hearth.

All this is of course marked by vitality but it is permitted to hope that uncrytallized by standards it may not prove viable. It may yet crumble in dissatisfaction under some sudden illumination of our prevailing self-adoring introspection. Arnold himself employed a short and easy formula of consolation when depressed by the way the world was going. "The instinct for self-preservation in humanity" would, he thought, ultimately reorient it. Unhappily some of the effects of Emerson's law of compensation are to be counted on only by deferred hope and in the longest of long runs. The forces of disintegration, in which individual independence is disguised only from itself by the cloak of socialist theory, have an indefinite future before them if they consolidate by still greater numbers the conquests their numbers have already made in virtue not of their quality but of their numerousness. We do not read of any impairment of longevity in the subjects of Queen Labe who, besides, though greatly diversified by their metamorphosis, had only to await accessions enough plausibly to scoff at the succor of Sind-

bad, and follow their individual inclinations under an organization strictly confined to securing the satisfaction of their appetites.

The proverbial egotism of the young, to whom no doubt the world's progress is chiefly due, is perhaps a source of strength to them in their work of amelioration and advance. Modesty is doubt, says Balzac, and egotism gives them the requisite confidence in a world largely given over to the *grosso modo* in its struggles upward. But the most sympathetic observer of their attitude and activities at the present time must note a fundamental change in this advantageous quality—a transformation of force into ferocity modified by fatuousness. The old feel the effects of this in many pathetic ways inevitable in the supplanting of general standards by egotistic ideals. It is a common experience that the domestic affections suffer from it. The Gospel conflict of the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law is a customary and chronic affair compared with the current cleavage between entire generations—in its completeness an altogether new thing, I think, under the sun. The domestic conflict is no doubt a derivative of our highly individualist predatory socialism, whose admirable sentimental humanity is rationally so markedly modified by the natural man's very natural desire for a share in the plutocrat's "swag," and whose disintegrating disposition to substitute the individual for the family as the social unit follows the injunction to be off with the old love before being on with the new so enthusiastically as to kick it down-stairs before even dissembling its love. This seems less prudent but more logical than are our belligerent pacifists, its congeners, who are for having men fall into the arms—and apparently the ammunition—of their brothers abroad while continuing to dynamite their enemies at home. But in sacrificing to the individual, one the family and the other the nation, both illustrate the same egotistic tendency.

The fireside conflict is noticeably embittered by the failure of youth to consider how much more crowded the pigeon-holes of age are than its own, and how much more irksome it is, accordingly, to rearrange their contents; and by the

failure of age to bear in mind that principle of pleasing which makes it necessary, as Scherer observes, to learn many things that one knows from those who are ignorant of them. The old will yield, victims of a feebler egotism, encumbered with standards prohibiting self-regardant ideals, less concerned about living their own lives and preserving their sacrosanct individualities than haunted by dread of losing the love of their loved ones, and even in their benefactions sceptical about any real presence in the stone of "free verse" and "free art" proffered now so prodigally to those asking for bread. Æsthetic activity as an alleviation of the ills of the proletariat they find a baffling conception. And they instinctively shy at the "free living" of which they have never experienced the delights and have only observed the disadvantages. They must also very generally be hamstrung by compunction, reflecting whose fault it all largely is. The mother whose child a visitor noticed hacking the furniture and who replied with composure to the latter's concern about it that the child was "merely expressing herself," merely herself illustrated a rather general practice during the formative years of contemporary youth—owing perhaps to a partiality for Bœotian precedents, including that of sowing serpent's teeth. Similarly with what may be called the secondary social education received by the present generation, and even with titular education itself, as I have already intimated, with its supplanting of standards of culture by ideals that further the withering of the world as heretofore comprehended and the exaltation more and more of the individual as now apotheosized.

Any friction springing from this assertion of individual independence is, however, lightly excused to the conscience of those to whom it is due by what is called, and immensely prized as—since moral considerations are inescapable—the "new sincerity." Yet the new sincerity can be no advance on the old unless it is merely meant that there is more of it. Even so, in the realm of the intelligence sincerity is but an elementary virtue. It is often the hardest thing to forgive, as when, for example, it is vaunted as a superior substitute for intelligence itself.

The common assertion of respect for another's convictions on account of their sincerity in spite of disagreement with them is but an instance of confused thinking. You respect the person for this reason, not his convictions. If he is a person whose mental machinery in general is qualified for the construction of good ones, you respect them because in virtue of that fact they may be sound. The convictions of such a person may even affect your own. The case occasionally occurs, no doubt, though rare in these days of controversial acrimony unfavorable to deference in any discussion. But sincerity has nothing to do with it. The most that can be said for sincerity here is that a person who is sincere with himself is apt, other things being equal, to have superior light. Sincerity with oneself however is not what is meant and doubtless is as infrequent in the new sincerity, which is rather violent and emotional, as in the old—which also, being less conscious, is less constrained, more a habit than an attitude and less open to self-deception through self-interest in holding the pose.

In any case pluming oneself on the outspokenness which spares no sensibilities is only a way of turning offensiveness into a virtue by focussing one's attention on oneself and is but one more detail of the seriousness with which the modern individual contemplates his individuality. "There have been heroes" says Thoreau, "for whom this world seemed expressly prepared" and beside whose "pure primeval natures" "the distinctions of morality, of right and wrong, sense and nonsense, are petty and have lost their significance." Even in the days of transcendentalism these heroes were probably background figures in the tapestry of time. Now they are all around us. Sitting of old on the heights they have stepped down with Freedom herself through town and field, though far less scornful than their august companion of the falsehood of extremes. The individual of course conceives genius to be far commoner than heretofore in consequence of the removal of old shackles, and he discovers it on every hand. He is saved from the fatuity of claiming it for himself—where he is so saved—by asserting all

the same his rights to its privileges. But his vital urge is so insistent, his belief in self-expression so profound, as to make it not unnatural for him to suspect in himself heroic potentialities. The Whitman-like warmth of expansion he feels for his fellows, glorifying them so generously in the mass as to see them individually aureoled in the common effulgence, must in self-defense increase his self-respect. If there is the democracy of Pericles there is also that of Cleon and the psychology of the latter is not obscure.

The highly individual character of our variety of socialism keeps it within sentimental limits and confines it to an altruism which differs from what used to be known merely as unselfishness mainly in the greater freedom from self-discipline and the wider field for self-expansion in energies consecrated by benevolence but comforted by self-esteem. And it is easy to see how our latter-day luxuriance of poets and artists and novelists has flowered out of the new and broader conception of the dignity of the individual, which eliminates the sense of responsibility imposed by subscription to standards born of an interest in the welfare of unindividualized mankind. Nothing for example could better illustrate the seriousness with which the modern individual contemplates his individuality than the latest phase of what is known as "modern art." "Every expressor is related solely to himself," announces one of the exhibitors in the *catalogue déraisonné* of a recent modern show. As to which one may reflect with Mr. Santayana that "solipsism in another is absurd." The artist cannot be permitted to function for himself alone. If he has not, in popular parlance, "got it over," how do we know that he has got it out? He has perhaps had his catharsis, but in secret. Besides we want ours. Ours indeed was the one Aristotle had in mind. And we are not likely to get it if, asking for

"Light feet, dark violet eyes and parted hair,
Soft, dimpled hands, white neck and creamy
breast"

we get instead from our "expressor"

Lead feet, bold, blue-black eyes and violet hair,
Hard, knotty hands, green neck and chalky
breast,

however closely these may be related to himself.

So far as benevolence is concerned, however, it must be acknowledged that self-esteem was never more abundantly justified. Probably there never was a time in which there was so much warrant for a wide-spread secular feeling comparable to that which the young man of great possessions would have enjoyed had he taken the counsel he sought. To deny the need of new standards for new phenomena would indeed exemplify a smugness exaggeratedly Victorian—to employ the stigma so lavishly affixed to their own nest by the *Stymphalidæ* of the day. And the most conspicuous advance that can be chronicled is the penetration by the democratic spirit of society in general so as appreciably to have increased the sympathy between classes and stations in life. Secular society has certainly organized its benevolences on a larger scale and to better effect than ever before. Hawthorne was incorrigible and no doubt, had he written in the present era, would still have found a "Blithedale Romance" to write. But he could not now have written "The good of others, like our own happiness, is not to be attained by direct effort but incidentally," without considerably qualifying this comfortable half-truth in view of the multifarious benevolent agencies now everywhere at work. The great changes since his day in material conditions and the establishment of practically permanent inequalities has naturally evoked such agencies, and made strictly contractual ethics—first formulated by the first murderer—seem inadequate save to pharisaism, power and its parasites. But as regards the individual the psychology of "service" is still unsettled. The ideal has largely supplanted that of mere duty—hitherto proverbially "the law of human life." "Service" as often illustrated, is too compact of energy and emotion to submit to the discipline now felt to be so devitalizing, but heretofore a prime factor in the development of

character of standard weight and fineness. Its consciousness has awarded it indulgences that have pushed all notion of penance into the background. *Du sollst entbehren* expresses an idea rarely heard of now save as necessarily involved in the pursuit of some practical utility. The popular literature of philanthropy is fiercely polemic. Its claims for others are not obscurely associated with the conviction that its own have an equal warrant. The maintenance of rights—less justified by the human consciousness than duties and only logically deducible *as* rights from the duties toward us of others—often appears as the assertion of such claims. Moreover the reverse of the medal is apt to monopolize the attention and the emotion of our host of amateur humanitarians who "thrill" far more readily in response to the idea of wrongs than to that of their constructive righting. As a recent poet sings:

"It is a joy to curse a wrong."

Indignation is the most self-indulgent of the passions—at least of those which may also be virtues. It requires no tension. The gentlest souls sag into its luxurious embrace by mere relaxation, though remaining too long they undoubtedly discover it to be one of those things of which one may have too much and suffer accordingly—as do their friends. Nothing in fact is more characteristic of the complicated psychology of service pursued with enthusiasm than a certain savagery, subtly intensified by the self-righteousness that lies in wait for any altruism that is absorbing. And we may say that the philanthropic movement itself has become popularized as it could hardly have been otherwise by the affinity of a certain side of it for a particularly alluring form of original sin. Naturally our fiction reflects it as it does the other egoistic phenomena of our individualist independence. Accordingly, owing to its preoccupation with the superficialities of self-expression and of efferent energies so exclusively, we have had in recent years very little of it dealing with the inner life.

(To be concluded.)

MY SOUL

By Margaret Sherwood

"SAVE now thy soul," the Preacher saith,
"From doom of everlasting death!"

But what is the path of my soul,
And where shall I find its face?
Glimpses, vanishing, rare,
Moments dim and divine,
The farthest verge of the sea,
Or blue of the distant hills,
Make me aware of my soul.
It flashes upon my ken
From a woman's suffering mouth,
Or the quivering lips of a child,
Through the eyes of the martyr race
Of beasts that serve our need,
Patient, unquestioning, hurt.
When I share the anguish of life
Claiming all pain for my own,
I know through this torment of birth,
The travail of coming to be,
The quickening life of the soul.
It comes in the flash of the sun
Or the twilit tops of the trees;
In the cheep of the nesting birds;
I hear its light footfall
In the windy rustle of leaves,
The murmur of waves on the shore;
The beauty and music of earth
Are but the garments it wears.

Then, ah! the charmèd days
When it comes to abide with me,
And I walk with my soul alone,
Holy, sequestered, apart;
In the autumn-tide of the year
When the spirit emerges to sight
More visible far than the flesh,
And the soul of the world turns brown,
Dim red and wondrous blue
In the haze-haunted distance of earth.
Silent,—I listen then
And hear the great music of all
Uncontradicted, divine,
While thoughts that are greater than I
Break grandly upon my shores,
And words that I never knew,
Of wisdom beyond my ken,
Murmur like wind on my lips.
It will not let me alone,
Questioning, beckoning far.

Forever beyond my reach,
 Vaster than dream or desire,
 Thou walkest with me, my soul.
 Pace for pace with my feet,
 My weary feet of clay,
 Thy spirit footsteps fall.
 So I gird my mortal loins,
 And I follow afar my soul,
 Past steep and windy height
 To reach the trail of the stars.

A MAN'S OWN WIFE

By S. D. Meaker

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD



FROM the start there was considerable difference between Hart Kelway's point of view and Hilario's.

Kelway had acquired a vigorous sense of responsibility in the course of his training, and carried it with him when he sailed for the plantation. No one could adjust with greater nicety the ticklish balance between economical management and the advancement of labor.

Hilario, on the other hand, had never heard of personal responsibility, neither had his mother nor his mother's mother. He merely did the thing nearest him, and frequently did his best.

He was confronted by no financial problem; a good half-dollar waited at the end of the day's furrow. When the soil was too wet to cultivate there was more time for music and dancing and sauntering about with a sprightly game-cock tucked under his arm to compare spurs and boast a little—but nothing else, since mounted policemen roamed at large in the land.

One dew-drenched morning, as the sun's first rays penetrated the palm-board walls of his dwelling, Hilario dropped from the raised sleeping-floor before he remembered it was Sunday. Very contentedly he tumbled into the hammock of burlap sacking and watched, through the open doorway, Lucita's slender fingers lay the sticks for the fire. Counting

thumbs, he could number on his hands the happy weeks since she came to be his lady. A pale ribbon of smoke and a crinkling blaze pushed upward through the sticks.

"Tell me, Lucita, why the door in one's head flies open and lets sleep out on Sunday mornings the same as other days?"

The girl glanced up to read in his face the meaning of this whimsical question, after the manner of a people whose expression and gesture speak plainer than words; then she shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"Because the sun rises the same on Sundays, little silly one!"

"But it wasn't necessary to rise with the sun this morning."

"My mother told me," the girl replied, "that once there was a man who refused to rise when the sun did, and afterward he never woke up!"

"You are full of wisdom, my Lucita—for one so young!"

"And you, sir, are the boldest youth I know!" She ceased fanning the fire, and brought the coffee mortar into the sunshine to powder the brittle berries already toasted a lustrous black.

Hilario could not see her. But an earlier love, bought with his first earnings, hung temptingly near; yet not the same, for it had been subject to much exchange and barter. But only once did he trade a pleasant voice for a showy face. He

sprang from the hammock, took the guitar from its nail, and leaned beside Lucita, with eyes turned from the sun but enjoying its warmth. Loosening, tightening, and proving the strings, he began singing in the leisurely manner disconcerting to unaccustomed ears:

"Island of Borinquen,
Of sun and ocean born,"

—the words paused while a softly whistled interlude swayed above the guitar:

"Smiling skies from Heaven bending
Wake thy morn!"

Gay thrumming, on and on for its own sake, suggested that the song was ended. It began again:

"Island of Borinquen,
Breast that gave me light,"

—another sibilant interlude; deeper notes hesitated with unspoken thoughts:

"Pacing sea with watch unending
Guard thy night!"

Under a spirited drumming the guitar rang martially.

"I will serve your coffee," Lucita said, "if you will hand me the gourd."

Hilario was in no hurry to start for the little store where the trail from the hills crossed the one to Guayaro. He lingered until the sun had dried the foliage, for he liked to keep the glossy yucca starch in his Sunday clothes. When he finally set out, the guitar hung by a strap from his left shoulder, and his right hand swung the machete, symbol of his class—pocket-knife, spade, and hoe to the agriculturist; axe of the woodman, sword of the gallant, staff of the wayfarer. Lucita walked with him part of the way, for she was going with Juana, his mother, to gather fire-wood.

In the still morning air Hilario heard the men at the store far off: Vicente was scraping rhythmically on the roughened surface of a dry gourd—a giant cicada might make that volume of strident sound; and the princely Diego performed lustily on his accordion. The latter ceased its lamenting when the newcomer appeared on the road, while its owner shouted derisively:

"Hilario! Did you wait to make the coffee for your lady? Did you feed the chickens? Did you bathe the dog?"

Hilario shouted back good-naturedly.

"Listen, Diego! 'Take a lazy man to watch another work!'" In place of being angry, he was secretly elated by these gibes, for he understood the cause of them and guessed correctly that the other men did. Diego had been considered the beau of the district, but when Lucita came he sued in vain—all the tender serenades with his accordion were wasted. From the beginning she had ears only for Hilario's ardent wooing—and Diego had not forgiven him.

To-day one taunt followed another, until, exasperated and misled by his victim's unruffled calm, Diego whispered in a maddening aside:

"Lucita has promised to take a moonlight stroll with me this evening, and we shall see whether she will return to him!"

Like the proverbial first flash on a sultry night, Hilario's machete leaped at Diego—and left a lifelong scar.

Instantly all was uproar; the others seized the two men, and every one yelled in a frenzy of excitement. The beat of a horse's hoofs rose above the din, and heavy silence fell on the store. The horseman entered—a uniformed stranger who had not ridden that trail before. Authoritative questions exploded from his lips, which each man answered according to his own ideas of expediency.

As soon as he had a chance, Hilario asked Vicente, who stood next him, to find Juana and tell her what had happened and bid her take care of Lucita till he returned. The two women appeared before his eyes, beating their breasts when they received the news, and he could almost hear their loud lamentations. In this picture Lucita wore the frock of rose-colored print in which she expected to dance at Juana's that evening, and her face was velvet-smooth.

In reality, when Vicente found them at the edge of the woods, the girl was dingy from gathering fire-wood and her skin was glistening with perspiration. She carried a bundle of sticks on her head and Juana's machete in her hand, but these did not prevent her from making a

demonstration worthy of her lover and rending the air with her cries on the way home.

When the policeman had refreshed himself and Diego's wound was bound up, Hilario and he set out on the long walk to Guayaro, toward the jail of lavender-colored stucco. They talked amiably together as they strode along in pace with the policeman's horse—all former differences forgotten in the common misfortune of the law's untimely interference.

In the afternoon the northeast trade-wind blew across the veranda of the plantation bungalow. The Gloucester hammock swayed gently, and Hart Kelway dreamed that he was skiing blissfully down College Hill. A shrill cry disturbed him—a woman was hurt—he swung toward her, and the shriek rose higher.

"Ay, ay, ay, ay!"

Hart opened his eyes, sat up rather dizzily, and peered among the twisted trunks of the cocoanut-palms; no one was in sight, and there was no sound above the surf-like lapping of the leaves. But he was conscious that he had heard a confusion of noises during the day. It concerned him particularly to have the men fit for work the next morning. "They're in a riot of some sort, judging by the sound. I'll teach 'em to forget their quarrelling till this work's finished!" he said aloud, and chuckled grimly at his threat.

Sancho was tethered near the bungalow, his saddle lay on the veranda rail, and Hart was quickly riding toward the crossroads to find the source of the trouble. In the shade of a mango-tree, near the store, knelt a group of men intently gambling on the turn of the cards. They were carelessly happy, secure in the thought that lightning never strikes twice in the same place on the same Sunday. Still, when Hart rode into view most of them scampered for cover—the one who had scooped up the cards dripped quaint effigies at every step.

Of the two who remained, Anacleto waited because he had a clear conscience; a landowner and the father of grown sons, he was only looking on at the game to see that his boys risked no coins in youthful exuberance. Sheer stubbornness

had prevented Vicente from running away.

As Hart reined in beside them, Anacleto hastened to make the inquiries that courtesy demands concerning the health of the rider; he praised the appearance of his horse and asked politely after the watch-dog. Not wishing to be outdone in manners, Hart inquired with commendable patience for the health of Anacleto and his family before coming to the question in hand.

"I heard a good deal of noise up here to-day. What happened?"

Anacleto made a gesture of emptying his hands of all responsibility, looked at Vicente, whose gaze was utterly vacant, and remarked:

"Two men went to Guayaro."

"Oh," said Hart, "they went for a walk?"

"I do not think they cared for the walk. A policeman went with them," Anacleto answered.

"I see," Hart returned cheerfully; "they had to take a policeman to jail?" Vicente grinned at this, but Anacleto explained carefully.

"Oh, no, it was the policeman who took them to jail."

"Who were they?"

"One of them was yours—Hilario."

"Hilario? Why, he's the best man on the place! What did he do?"

"There was a girl—he cut Diego."

"Diego struck first—I saw him! It concerned Lucita, Hilario's lady." It was Vicente speaking this time.

Before Hart turned his horse toward home he had made up his mind to employ this occasion to introduce a more conventional form of wedlock on the plantation. It would not be his first effort to straighten things out. From the beginning he had tried to create a wholesome respect for his property by granting what was reasonable, but rummaging high and low for missing articles and scrupulously punishing the trespassers. In spite of it all he had lost his bet with Timothy Landon.

The latter, on his way to inspect a piece of land, had called at the bungalow for Hart. "Aren't you going to close up the house?" he asked before they started.

"No," Hart answered, "I never do!



Drawn by O. F. Howard.

Loosening, tightening, and proving the strings, he began singing in the leisurely manner disconcerting to unaccustomed ears.—Page 447.

Everything worth taking is in the safe, and I'd rather lose the rest than have to lock up a house made of shutters and doors. Anyway, there's no danger—no-body dares touch my things!"

"I know 'em better than you do," said Timothy; "what'll you bet there's nothing gone when you get back?"

"I'll give you the best dinner in the capital next mail day! But I warn you, I shan't look to see what's missing!"

Reading by the lamp on his return, he suddenly thought of the change that was in his pocket when he put on his riding-clothes.

It was gone.

Suspicion fell on three individuals, and he waited to see which one of them displayed signs of an inflated income. The first came to work in a new pink undershirt showily buttoned down the back. But the same day another wore a fresh bandanna of purple and gold and scented the air with store perfume. Then he met the last of the trio hospitably dispensing a bottle of wine. So he contented himself with confiding the story of the theft to each of them in a rather personal manner.

It was a good dinner that Landon and he enjoyed together. But Hart placed no more wagers on the moral standards he had constructed.

His view of cock-fighting was a little blurred since the night before, when he unexpectedly attended the burial of a warrior he had seen daily tethered by one leg in front of Blas's door. But last night there was only a little heap of scarlet against the vivid green. A group waited under the breadfruit-tree, and Blas stepped forward.

"You honor us, sir, by attending the burial of poor Quiquiriquí. There is no other bird like him! He had slain nine adversaries, and now he himself is dead. I knew it wasn't the time for him to fight; the moon was wrong, and all the omens were against it. But Quiquiriquí was too brave to pass the day of San Andrés without a contest. He preferred to die honorably."

Blas's ready tears fell on the piece of scarlet cotton in which the cock was wrapped. Raising his eyes defensively toward the materially minded foreigner, who probably could not understand a

sentiment stronger than hunger, he added: "Though Quiquiriquí would make a savory dish of rice and chicken, I cannot eat him!"

So the cock was buried beneath the breadfruit, and Blas denied himself this favorite luxury—unless, perchance, he should consume its essence when he plucked the fruit of the tree.

But Hart knew that these were idle recollections. They had nothing to do with the question of marriage. In the morning he must ride to Guayaro and bring Hilario back. That was the first step.

At daybreak Vicente waited before the bungalow. When Hart came out Hilario's friend swept off his hat and drew from its interior a sheet of pink paper with this message:

"MR. QUELEY

"respectful sir

"we take pleasure to been Hilario Ortiz who have pushed to prison. \$10 for we go home. were we your assist to work? who comprehend very good the spanish of your speaking?

"we kiss your hand

"HILARIO ORTIZ.

"by Mr. Garros

"professor en english."

"True enough," Hart grinned as he folded the note; "no one can understand my excellent Spanish like that rascal!"

A few hours later a happy soul returned to the girl of his heart and to labor in the joyous freedom of the tropical sun. But Hart was looking for the right moment to urge on him the advantages of matrimony.

It came one Saturday night, several weeks later, when the men had been paid and had sauntered off—all but Hilario. Stubbing a hole in the grass with his bare toes, he waited to be asked what he wanted before he brought out, through a labyrinth of words, his pressing need of another dollar. In genuine surprise, Hart interrupted him.

"How can you expect me to lend you more money while you still owe me part of your prison fine?"

With a tumult of steeply accented syllables and a torrent of trilled and rolling r's, he explained that he had been com-



Like the proverbial first flash on a sultry night, Hilario's machete leaped at Diego—and left a lifelong scar.
—Page 447.

pelled to buy a few witnesses to testify that Diego struck him first. To some of them he promised a quarter of a dollar, and half a dollar to Ramón, whom Diego had seen first. This flock of witnesses now clamored for their reward.

"How much did you pay Vicente?" Hart asked.

"Vicente?" Hilario lifted his head for the first time. "He is my friend!"

Now Hart launched his primitive argument for legal wedding.

"Can't you see, Hilario, if you had been really married to Lucita that day, Diego would not have dared to interfere? While she is held to you only by fancy,

Diego or any other man may try to take her away. And if you love her, boy, perhaps next time you'll fight to the death!"

The man's imagination plainly kindled at the idea of welding the bonds of affection by law. Wishing to strengthen the impression by a concrete example, Hart continued:

"Look at Anacleto and his wife; they have lived together happily all these years, and now they own their land, have three grown sons to help them, and are respected by all their neighbors."

The light faded from Hilario's eyes. Hart dismissed him, saying:

"You talk it over with Lucita, and tell me next week what you've decided to do." How should he know that he had hopelessly bewildered the boy by using to illustrate the rewards of matrimony a couple who had never contemplated its possibility?

The following Saturday Hilario came with the other men and would have gone with them, but Hart detained him and asked:

"What did Lucita and you decide?"

"Sir, to me a marriage seems very proper, but Lucita does not wish to marry."

"Lucita?"

"No, sir, she prefers to be free. She says that marriage will not keep the thatch from leaking, nor make the plantains bear more fruit nor the hens lay larger eggs. She says it only makes a chain by which a man can hold a woman when she no longer wants to stay. She says Diego knew all the time that she was my lady, for she changed the flower in her hair to the right side as soon as she came to my house."

Hart realized that the matter was settled—there was nothing more for him to say. He heard no more of Hilario for some time, until one Sunday morning, al-

manac in hand, he stood beaming at the foot of the veranda steps.

"Will you grant me the favor, sir, to find the day in my almanac and read me the saint's name? I want to know what to call my son."

The almanac divided the day between Saints Evaristo and Rafael.

"Thank God!" rejoiced the new-made father. "He has given us two good saints, and Lucita shall choose the one she likes!"

Hart sent his gift to the baby without mentioning that the parental marriage bond was commonly considered desirable to children, for he was learning that the need must be felt before the desire to supply it.

The cloud that suddenly darkened Hilario's sky, not long after this, seemed at first no bigger and no blacker than a

well-thumbed ticket of colored pasteboard. The change in him was very marked. Hart noticed it and inquired into the cause. The man bowed his head and muttered so indistinctly that Hart had to repeat the question before he caught his reply.

"You say she has gone away?"

"To Guayaro."

"How long since?"

"It makes a week to-day. He gave her a ticket to the circus. It had a stuffed elephant and four other strange animals. I suppose one must not blame her too severely."

"But the baby—how could she desert him?"

"She knows he is safe with Juana, my mother, whom seven living children bless. She cared a great deal for Juana."

"If Lucita is that kind," Hart stated, "I think you're well rid of her! I shouldn't mourn for her, in your place, and I shouldn't take her back if she came crawling to me on her knees! Be happy again, and forget her! I in-





The girl was dingy from gathering fire-wood.
—Page 447.

tended to raise your pay at the end of this month."

"Thank you. There is a favor I wanted to ask. When you go to the capital for your provisions, will you buy me a pair of shoes? I have the money, and the piece of paper wrapped around it is

the size of my feet. I can no longer endure to walk the streets of Guayaro barefooted as I used to."

The shoes proved a visible support to his spirit, which soon mounted to its former buoyancy. Hart dismissed the affair from his mind, and forgot it until he was riding over the hills one evening at twilight. As he passed the grove where Hilario lived, the house and a girlish figure from whose arms the little Rafael toddled to his father were sharply outlined against the setting sun.

The next morning the man waited until the bell rang which started work on the plantation. "Sir," he began, "the girl you saw at my house last night was María. She has come to live with me now and relieve Juana from the care of the little Rafael."

Hart's patience was plainly exhausted.

"What do you mean, man—changing wives like that? I'm finished with the whole lot of you!"

"Sir, could I take Lucita back if she came crawling to me on her knees?"

Hart's wrath cooled a little at this echo of his own words, but he continued firmly:

"It's the last time while you're working for me! I insist on your marrying this María and setting a decent example to the others. You're too respectable a fellow for this kind of living!"

"I have spoken to María already, and she does not feel as Lucita did about these things. We will be married whenever you wish."

"At the church?"

"To be married in the church is very costly!"

"Then you can have a civil marriage for a trifle."

Hilario was shocked. "That would be unthinkable!" he said.

"Well, how will you be married—if not by the church and not by the judge?" The man was silent. Hart hesitated. "I know a man in the capital who wants to visit here. I'll bring him home with me next week. He's a clergyman, and he won't charge a cent for marrying you. You can have the wedding here, and we'll ask every one on the place. Will you be ready then?"

"We're prepared to-day!" Hilario answered. But this readiness did not prevent him from again pursuing the dollar which always flickers just ahead of Saturday night.

"Miste Queley, we do not wish to marry in that way—without paying anything. It would bring us bad luck. Will you lend me a dollar to give your friend? I should be ashamed to pay less than that for Lucita—pardon me, sir—her name clings to my lips, though I try hard to forget her!"

He received the loan he asked—strictly forbidden as it was by the rules of efficiency. But his last words and hungry look hovered teasingly in Hart's mind. "Great cats!" he groaned. "Why did I mix up in the mating destinies of men and women? It's plain enough that Lucita's Hilario's partner—though she seems, temporarily, to have flown from her orbit! This marriage with María's a travesty—shall I ask a clergyman to be the third actor in the farce? When I'm over this scrape I'll let the immorality of my neighbors alone!"

On the other hand, he questioned if marriage vows would commit Hilario to María more seriously than he had com-

mitted himself, and she would probably make him a better wife than Lucita.

On the afternoon before the wedding Hart brought the Reverend Andrew Bennett home with him from the capital; likewise a princely provision of little snail coffee and sweetened biscuit in fancy tins. They sent word to Hilario that the visitor wanted to talk with him. He came that evening dressed in virginal white, and Hart brought him into the circle of lamp-light by the table, where the Reverend Mr. Bennett was busy with pen and paper. After an effort at general conversation, which resulted in mutual misunderstandings, the clergyman began the necessary questions.

"What is your father's name, my man?"

"Pedro, sir."

"And his surname?"

"I don't remember—it was a long while ago. But Juana would know."

"Your mother's name?"

"Juana Ortiz, sir."

A wandering breeze crossed the veranda and flickered the light threateningly. Hart used this interruption to arrange the details of the wedding. "Shall we stop the plantation work to-morrow in time to be married late in the afternoon?" Mr. Bennett expressed his approval, but the groom stared wide-eyed.

"Afternoon?" he gasped. "We are christened in the daytime, but all the world is married at night!"

"I'd forgotten that, Hilario! I'm glad you spoke of it, for we must respect the conventions! The wedding will be at night. Would you like to have Vicente stand up with you?"

Hilario looked up keenly amazed: "He is not my friend!" and said no more. It was a revealing reticence.

The lamp now burned with conscious dignity; the breeze sought less unyielding flames. The clergyman resumed: "Where were you born, Hilario?"

"Half a day from here, on the other side of the hills."

"And how old are you?"

"Juana thinks I have twenty-four years, or perhaps it is twenty-one. I was already a big boy at the time of the hurricane."

"What is the bride's Christian name?"

"María de la Luz."

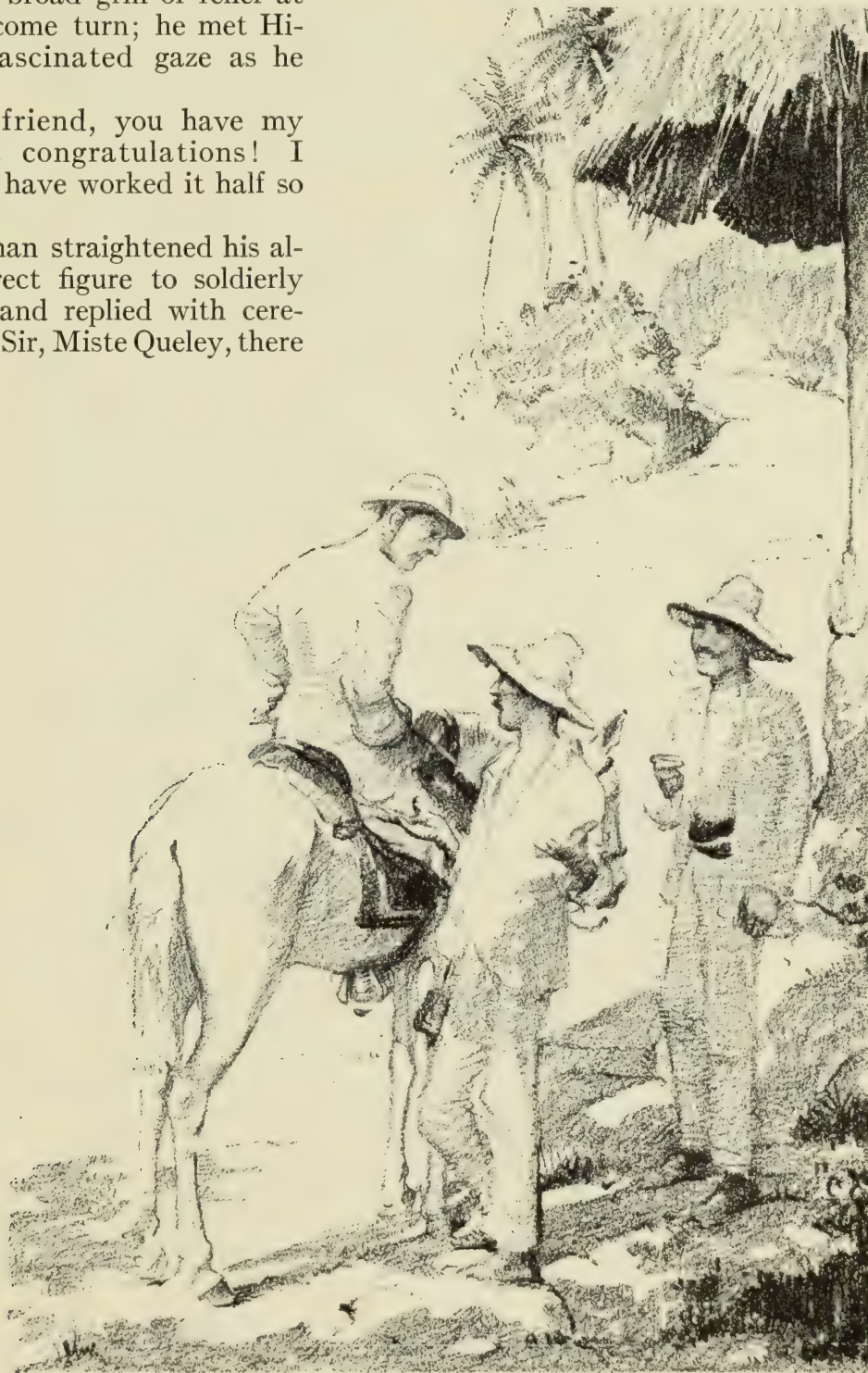
Then Hart Kelway understood—it had been Lucita all the while—diminutive for Mary of the Light! His face was one broad grin of relief at this welcome turn; he met Hilario's fascinated gaze as he spoke.

"My friend, you have my heartiest congratulations! I couldn't have worked it half so well!"

The man straightened his already erect figure to soldierly rigidity and replied with ceremony: "Sir, Miste Queley, there

is going to be married, it is better for him to marry his own wife."

When the questions were finished Hi-



"I see," Hart returned cheerfully; "they had to take a policeman to jail?"—Page 448.

is no woman in all the world so desirable to me as Lucita! I called her María only to please you! I don't understand these things well, but it seems to me, if a man

lario asked his employer's permission to speak with him alone. "The dollar you gave me, sir, Lucita spent for some clothes and some red shoes for the little Rafael.

She wants to bring him to the wedding so he will get the good of being married. Will you lend me another dollar?" And he took the precaution to add: "Please keep this one until it is time for me to pay the clergyman."

"Until to-morrow!" the bridegroom called as he descended the steps.

"Until to-morrow!" Hart answered; "and tell Lucita that we're glad she's decided to be married."

"Yes, sir, perhaps it is better; and she says, if anything does happen, you will get us an American divorce!"

Hilario's cheerful voice rose expectantly through the quiet night.

MORNING IN ACHAIA

By William Morton Fullerton

I

I ROSE to hear the breathing of the night;
And standing in a meadow full of flowers,
'Mid wandering odors of the early dew,
I waited quietly above a stream,
Whose face I saw not, but whose voice I heard.
In front, so black a shadow held the west
It seemed the central stronghold of the Night,
Where that great Titan lay at rest, concealed,
Deep under branches of Achaian oaks.
Behind, the meadow; and above, pale stars,
All mildly radiant through the deep black vault,
As if expectant of some greater priest
Than longing men have seen since time began.

II

Swept was the temple, burning were the lights,
Prepared were all the first-fruits of the earth.
With rapturous deep joy the dear old world
Seemed smiling there about me in the gloom,
And lying low in awe before a god;
I, too, with sense of the pervasive spell—
Catching the chirp of some near-nested bird,
Warning its young ones to be still and sleep—
Finger on lip, drew back to let Him pass
For whom the upper lights were all aglow.
No sounds I heard save but a crackling twig,
And note uncertain of the neighboring bird,
And lulling murmuring of the constant stream.

Great Pan was dead and Pallas the serene,
And every dryad, every nymph was gone!
Ah, piteous lot that Greece should once have seen
What, seen no more, should leave her so forlorn!

III

Across the vain, the unpoetic years
Eternal still the Sapphic measures blow,
But gone is she who charmeth me to tears,
Who cried, "I loved you, Atthis, long ago."

And still the far dim plains of asphodel
Bordered with pink the banks of fairer flowers,
And if anemone or iris fell
Still others bloomed to gladden the bright hours.

But no more warriors rose from out the mounds
Where heroes once had dropped in valiant strife—
The land seemed desolate, and the mountain bounds
No longer heard the syrinx or the fife.

By old Alpheus stood the Hermes still,
Still looked the Parthenon upon the sea,
But they who modelled long had lost the skill
As gods to fashion and as gods to be.

IV

I mused despairingly, but not alone!
Dreaming heart-heavy 'mid the meadow grass,
To me across the constant stream there came
Strange cries of unmistakable deep woe,
Out of the inmost heart of that oak-wood,
The melancholy moan of lonely owls,
A secret concourse of unhappy birds,
Strayed far from Athens and Minerva's shrine,
Here, in a corner of the Hellenic land,
All making moan, dismayed and comfortless
At loss of the chaste maid, their fair-browed queen.—
My eyes had wept with feeling for their grief,
Had I not heard the seaward-rushing stream,
And caught the glimmer of the paling stars.
But as I waited grew the night to dusk,
And shade uncertain into clear-traced boughs,
While each gnarled stump became a separate thing,

V

And all the shadows slid into the stream.
Cloudless the morning crept up in the east,
Past purple hills I had not seen before,
And tints went changing softly down the slopes.
Then, quick and certain as a lover's eyes
Find whom they love, and seek with resting gaze,
Flashed o'er the dew-wet flowers and gnarled oaks
The chaste calm spirit of the rising sun.

"IT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED"

By Marjorie Benton Cooke

ILLUSTRATION BY BARKSDALE ROGERS



HE rain was like swirling gray veils, blowing and billowing over the square. Mona Carberry left the door of a studio building and crossed diagonally toward the avenue, her umbrella held before her with both hands, at a most beligerent angle. Suddenly the point of her weapon met an obstacle. She stopped, lifted it to look, whirled completely around, made a wild clutch at the handle of the umbrella now turned inside out, to see it go bumping off over the wet grass.

"I'll get it," said the obstacle, and started in pursuit. His legs were long and he ran well, but the umbrella had a fair start. It made all kinds of dashes to cover, under the bushes. In due time mind triumphed over matter, however, and he returned with it.

"Here it is," said he, holding out the battered thing.

"Thanks. I do hope I did not hurt you with it. I ran into you very hard."

"You did. The point is as sharp as a bayonet."

"So sorry. Just break it up in the interests of public safety."

He did.

"You are getting very wet," he observed. "Where are you going?"

"Nowhere. That is, just walking."

He looked at her from her heavy boots to her close hat.

"Is that ulster water-proof?"

She nodded.

"All right, then. I'm just walking, too. Any objection to my walking beside you?"

"N—no."

"You belong down here?" he inquired.

She thought a moment.

"Yes, I belong down here."

"Can we find some tea somewhere?"

"Do you belong down here?" she asked him.

"No. I walk down here to rest my-

self. They had leisure and dignity and elegance, the people who built and lived in those old houses—things lost out of the world now," he replied.

She liked his voice and his abstraction. He had scarcely looked at her so far, except to see that she was water-proof. Now he stood calmly inspecting old houses, while the rain beat on them in torrents. She acted on a sudden impulse.

"Come back to that studio building. We can get tea there."

They turned and went on a jog-trot with the wind. Inside the door she caught her breath and laughed up at him. He looked about the hallway instead of smiling back.

"What is your name?" she demanded.

"Christopher Smart."

"Oh, are you a reincarnation?"

His eyes smiled then.

"You know my forebear?"

Some one came clumping down the stairs. It turned out to be a girl, and at sight of them she stared.

"Becky, I want to give Mr. Christopher Smart tea in your studio."

Becky glanced at the man, who bowed ceremoniously.

"All right. Door's open. Milk on the fire-escape. I hope you find some tea biscuit. Make yourselves at home. Sorry I'm off."

She went out and Mona led the way up flights of uncarpeted stairs. It was dark in the studio. Christopher Smart had to strike a match, while she felt for the candles. When they were lighted she took off her wet coat and hung it on an easel. Christopher followed suit. Then he watched her searching the tea things. He was conscious that she moved about swiftly but noiselessly. He made silent survey of the bare place: workshop, with a bed in one corner, light housekeeping apparatus in another; canvases, sketches, paints, brushes, disorder, and poverty.

"You might light the fire," Mona said.

He obeyed at once, coaxing it to a flame.

"Your Becky cannot be said to live in sybaritic luxury," he remarked.

"She prefers this."

"Paints, huh?"

He went about inspecting canvases, or sketches, or ideas just blocked out. They were against the walls, propped against the furniture, pinned everywhere.

"Has she talent?" he continued.

"I think so. Don't you?"

"Vigor, some originality. Too soon to say—too young."

"Ah, you're a painter."

"No."

"The tea is ready. What do you do?" she continued, as he seated himself opposite her.

He hesitated a second.

"I'm a collector."

"Things, or animals, or people?"

"All more or less. Mostly things, however."

"Oh, you're merely rich," she said, disappointed.

"No—I—that is to say, I collect for other people."

"Oh, to sell. You have a shop. Well, that's better."

He smiled an unexpected smile.

"Why don't you ask about me?" she continued.

"I supposed you would tell me what you wanted me to know."

"That is a polite way of saying that you're not interested in me."

"Should I be?"

"It would be more romantic, if you could manage it. It is a real adventure for me to impale a strange man on the point of my umbrella and march him off to tea!"

"I'm an utterly unromantic object. You should have jabbed a Romeo."

"I should have, but I didn't; I got you. Couldn't you play up a bit?"

"What do you expect of me? It's been a long time since I read any fiction. What does the proper hero do in my position?"

"He would surely inquire the heroine's name."

"Lacking in subtlety. Blue eyes and black eyelashes, hair black as a crow's wing—that means your name is Sheila—or Bridget!"

"I'd love Bridget—there's a sort of a kick in it."

"Sheila it is, then. Your last name does not interest me. Your profession is, I should say, singing."

He glanced at her, with lifted eyebrows, and she looked about quickly at the shadows of the studio.

"Is there, perhaps, a chink, where you could stick your lighted cigar, Sherlock?" she inquired.

"Am I more satisfactory?"

"Much."

"Do you live like this, in unpicturesque penury?"

"More or less."

"Why didn't you take me to your own studio?"

"Becky's was nearer."

"How well do you sing?"

"Rather well."

"You would like some engagements, perhaps?"

"You are rich!"

"Some of my clients are. I could say a word."

"I'm not professional enough yet, thanks."

"You live alone?"

"All heroines do nowadays, you know. Families are out of date."

"Pity. What do you suppose becomes of the families? Interesting old institution. I hope some day we'll revive it."

"That sounds rather Victorian for Kit Smart!"

"Most of my ideas are so outrageous that I would hesitate to confide them to the heroine of a modern situation like ours."

"You interest me!"

"I am fortunate."

He rose, put on his coat, and took up his hat.

"But go on with those views of yours."

"They are those of an elderly maiden aunt."

"You mean you believe in the family? Woman's-place-in-the-home sort of things."

"Hardly. I believe in individualism rampant: personality developed at any cost; freedom to express the ego in life, in love——"

"But these aren't the ideas of a maiden aunt!" Mona protested.

"But certainly free love is the cherished dream of the maiden aunt! Individualism is maiden-auntish to the *n*th power. Real, normal human beings know better. Exit hero, cheered by tea and hospitality. Miss Sheila, my thanks."

They shook hands.

"Where is your shop?" she inquired.

"I will send you one of my cards."

"Do. Some of my patrons are rich. I might say a word——"

"I stand your debtor. Good night."

"Good night, Christopher Smart."

Mona sat down before Becky's meagre fire, smiling at her thoughts. She liked him. She wanted to see him again. Thanks to the war, her father and mother were immured in Europe, and there was no one to say her nay. He had said nothing about seeing her again, but she knew he intended to. At a sudden inspiration she seized her wraps and ran down all the stairs to the basement, and sought the janitor.

"Is the studio on the top floor still vacant?"

He nodded.

"I am about to take it. I will pay you extra if you clean it thoroughly and at once. I shall move in in two or three days."

She plunged out into the rain, with a chuckle.

The next few days were momentous. With the aid of the janitor and two painters she went over the old top-floor apartment, whose only claim to distinction was two huge studio windows, in both north and south walls, where sun and light flooded through as if it were a roof-garden.

She spent one entire day in a taxicab going about to buy suitable furniture and effects for a struggling young artist. She raided the Carberry house, closed for the winter, for a few things. Her own grand piano she had to have, although it, like most of her cherished possessions, was too handsome for the apartment. She carried a pair of black-and-orange Chinese vases down-town in her arms. She set her maid to making some straight, flowing garments of highly colored silk and cotton crape. As a reward she promised her a vacation with full salary.

Becky viewed this new whim with

amusement. She inspected everything with deep interest. When the place was complete she looked it over slowly: pale-green walls, the color of crocus-stems in early spring, green rugs the same shade, on floors painted black; deep yellow-cream woodwork; simple wicker furniture borrowed from home. Yellow cotton crape, coarse in weave, smartly laid off in checks, with a wide black stripe, was used for hangings. Some orange pillows echoed the orange in the Chinese vases. Hyacinths and tulips in Italian pots, sun flooding in gloriously—such was the wonder work of Mona's imaginative touch—and nature's.

"Some difference between æsthetic poverty and the real thing. It takes the rich to do it well——" remarked Becky.

"Becky, the curtains cost thirty cents a yard—the rugs are cotton, ridiculously cheap. There isn't a good thing here except my piano and father's vases. I've done the whole thing for about a hundred dollars."

"I did mine for fifteen! Not a thing in it either beautiful or comfortable."

"That's your cult, Becky. If you had wanted it attractive, my place would have looked nothing beside yours."

"I'm a laborer, not an æsthete," Becky laughed. "This looks like spring, painted by Childe Hassam. I suppose you'll dress up to it."

"Certainly," said Mona, smiling.

Becky emitted her short bark of laughter and started to go. At the door she turned.

"When is he coming down again?"

"Who?"

"This Christopher Smart you're doing all this for."

"But—but——"

"Tosh!" remarked Becky, and left.

II

CHRISTOPHER SMART was still smiling when he reached his house. The butler glanced at him again, for Mr. Christopher Smart was a grave gentleman not given to geniality.

"Mrs. Bleecker telephoned she would be late to dinner, sir."

"Ah, did she?" said Christopher, adding to himself "as usual."

An hour later he greeted his old friends the Thayers, who arrived just in advance of Mr. Bleecker.

"Where is Susan?" Christopher demanded.

"God only knows. I will not bear the weight of Susan's social sins upon my soul. I always precede her to dinners."

"Bless the woman, she is incorrigible!" sighed his host.

"Who is incorrigible? Don't you let Adolphus Bleecker mislead you about me, Kit," called little round Mrs. Bleecker, as she hurried across the drawing-room.

"My dear old friend, he couldn't mislead me about you."

"I hope I'm not late."

"I hope not, but I think you are. However, I prepared the cook for this catastrophe, so dinner will not be cold."

The Thayers and the Bleekers were Christopher's oldest friends, in fact his only intimates. Any efforts on the part of the two women to share him with the social world were doomed to failure. He cared little for people, not at all for people on dress parade. Books, music, his mania for collecting rare and beautiful objects of art—these filled his days to his complete satisfaction, so he was looked upon by society as a rich eccentric and let severely alone.

On the way to the dining-room Susan Bleecker paused before a wonderful tapestry, long a favorite of hers.

"Kit, you've got that down in your will for me, haven't you? I'm determined to outlive you so I may have it for a while."

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, nor his ox, nor his ass," quoted her husband.

Later Mrs. Bleecker said to Christopher:

"Why didn't you come and make your manners on Monday night? I saw you in the orchestra."

"Dear lady, you know I cannot visit you in an opera-box."

"I wanted you to meet Margaret Carberry's girl, who was staying with me. Did you notice her?"

"I saw there were other people in the box," he answered vaguely.

"Kit Smart, I saw you look at her

three distinct times. She is much too lovely for you to classify as 'other people.'"

"Ought to meet that girl, Kit; you'd like her," said Adolphus.

"Doubt it. I don't like women, you know, except Susan and Jane Thayer here. Who is she?"

"Margaret and John Carberry's daughter. They are shut up in Europe, afraid of submarines, so the girl is handed over to me. She's been brought up abroad, does not know New York at all. She has ideas, my dear! Awful, I call it. She hates the men here, says they are like mechanical dolls, with no brains. She sings like an archangel——"

"Enough—enough!" cried Christopher.

"When she comes back, I insist upon your having us to dinner. I want her to see this wonderful house."

"Delighted, of course. Is this paragon away?"

"She insists upon going to stay with some wild folk down in Washington Square, some girl she knew in Paris, a Becky person, I believe. She goes on Wednesday and without a maid. She refuses to let me investigate Becky for fear of hurting her feelings——"

"Poor Susan! Let the girl sow her wild Washington Square oats—she'll get over it."

"But if she picks up some long-haired artist Margaret will never forgive me. Comes of bringing up a girl to *think*. If Mona——"

"Is her name Mona?" he interrupted.

"Yes; idiotic, isn't it?"

"Mona Carberry—sounds like a poem by Yeats."

"She ought to be named Lizzie—she's much too beautiful to be Mona anything."

So it was that Christopher played detective and laid his plans.

The next few days he spent largely afoot, on the highways and byways leading out of Washington Square. By the end of the week he was the sole proprietor of the lower floor of an old, old house. The ceiling was low, and the windows insufficient for supplying light, but these drawbacks but added to the plan which Christopher gayly developed. He visited

all the other small shops about the square to be sure he had the proper point of view. He had his ceiling and wood-work painted black, the windows he covered with heavy embroideries, insuring Stygian darkness. He spent hours going over his possessions up-town, choosing with extreme care the things which were to be transferred.

Candle-light, deep shadows, dark, mysterious corners, a faint incense. In the high lights a rare bit of porcelain, a jade temple bell, or a flash of embroidery. When it was all finished Christopher viewed it with satisfaction. It certainly was a gem of a shop. Never had he enjoyed anything so much as the making of it. He admitted to himself that it was a perfect setting for hair black as a crow's wing and gray-blue eyes.

III

It was on a day of brilliant sunshine and a hint of burgeoning that Christopher Smart climbed the stairs to Becky's door and rapped.

"Come in," a curt voice ordered.

Becky sat in the midst of her disorder.

"I am looking for a Miss Mona Carberry," he began.

"Top floor," said Becky briefly.

He bowed himself out and mounted to the top. There was a knocker, very good, too. He examined it before he plied it.

"Come in," said a voice, but oh, what a difference!

He obeyed and stopped on the threshold. He had a feeling that he had stepped into an early spring garden, sun-flooded, with the crocus-girl at the piano as the centre of it. She rose with just the right degree of surprise.

"Ah! it's Sir Christopher Smart. Greetings."

He walked to the piano where she stood, bowed over her hand, and laid off his coat. Then he walked directly to the mantel-shelf and lifted first one Chinese vase, then the other, looking at them, turning them as gently as a mother turns a baby.

"But these are—where did you get these?"

"Those? Oh, I picked them up—at a curio shop. I took them for their color."

"Don't let anything happen to them—they are of great value," he remarked, smiling.

"It is like you to begin to talk at once of my possessions, and not to notice me myself."

"On the contrary, I noticed you quite definitely before I saw those Ming vases, which is the completest tribute I could offer."

"You think so much more of things than people?"

"Yes, things are so reliable, always there where you want them, always beautiful and silent, to be handled and treasured."

She nodded slowly.

"I knew at once that you were not one of us."

"Us?"

"The People——"

"No, thank God, I am a Person."

"Special privileges have made you a Person," she challenged him.

"Good blood, brains, education, highly developed tastes—these made me. I grant you they are special privileges. I could not choose my good blood or my good brain in advance——"

"You ought to be more than ever democratic, because you start with such an advantage."

"On the contrary, I try to add to my initial advantage at every point, so that I may rule those less gifted."

"You admit you are an aristocrat? You're not ashamed of it?"

"It is my creed. I am an aristocrat of brains and taste. There is an aristocracy of money, one of power, one of political strength—these govern the rest. Those who have, by accident or acquirement, the most of anything are the kings."

"But that isn't fair."

"It is the law," he replied.

"I think I am not going to like you at all," she said seriously.

"It had not occurred to me that you would."

"Then why did you come?"

"To redeem my promise to show you my shop." He looked about the pleasant place.

"Your penury is far from hideous," he remarked.

"Thank you."

"Tell me something about yourself—your life. I wonder about you."

Mona looked at his cool, speculative eyes that rested on her so calmly. Could she waken this man to some response, pity, or admiration?

"My life has been very full of people, very empty of things. I'm afraid it would not interest you," she said lightly.

She sat at the piano, her dark head outlined against the yellow, sunlit window. She played a soft little tune, breaking off suddenly.

"I shall tell you about me, anyhow. It is good for you to be bored."

He nodded, settling himself more comfortably in Mona's big chair, just as she had planned he should.

"I submit," said he; "go on."

"I suppose you would call my people odd," she began musingly. "My mother was a Spanish opera-singer when my father married her. She was beautiful and talented——"

One eyebrow belonging to Christopher Smart elevated itself, that was all.

"How can I tell you about my father? He was the centre of my life, the most romantic figure I have ever known——"

The memory of fat little John Carberry as he had often seen him on Wall Street recurred to Christopher, and he almost laughed aloud.

"He was the first violin in the orchestra of the opera-house where my mother sang. He was Irish, passionate, and poetic. They loved from the first moment, and were married."

Christopher nodded slowly.

"Theirs was a perfect love life. They were wrapped in their music and each other. Then I came. After a little my mother faded out of life, like a beautiful song."

Two great tears rolled down her cheeks and dropped on her hands. Christopher watched them. She rose and crossed the room to get herself in hand.

"I went to live with an old servant of my mother's in a town in Brittany, until I was eight. Then my father came for me, and we started on years of happy wandering. We sang our way through Europe. He played his fiddle, I sang and danced for our bread and roof. Fair

days, rainy days, high days, holidays, we sang."

She lifted her head and sang a line or so of a gay French chanson. Straight in her yellow gown, her head high, her throat pulsing like a bird's throat, Christopher watched her entranced.

"Then came the end of all things for me! We were wandering in the Swiss Alps one spring—two years ago. We went with some chance friends up the mountains for a fiesta. The snows were melting up above, and torrents splashed down into the gulf below. My father was very happy that day—he made us all laugh. I like to remember how happy he was—" her voice broke, but she went on. "We came to a narrow place on the trail, my father was just behind me. He paused to look over and down. I cried out to him."

"But a wonderful death, Mona, like a great gull sweeping down into chaos!"

Her voice mounted and thrilled.

"I never knew what happened—the path beneath seemed to slip over the brink—my father was gone!"

She covered her face with her hands and her whole body shook with sobs. Christopher had sat immovable during the entire recital. It was supremely well done. He wanted to applaud. But he realized that there was but one thing to do at this moment, so he did it. He led her to his chair, saying softly——

"My poor child, I should not have let you tell me this. It is too terrible! Can you forgive me? See, I shall go over and stand with my back to you, looking out of the window, until you want me again——"

He felt exactly like a performer in a play. "Bus. of crossing to window" was his stage direction. The leading lady went into the next room to bathe her eyes. When she came back she said:

"Can you forgive me?"

He could think of nothing better to say than:

"Can you forgive me?"

She offered him both hands which he took.

"We're friends now, aren't we?" she asked.

He did not altogether follow her reasoning, but he agreed heartily.

"Shall I sing to you?"

"Please, I cannot stand any more emotion to-day."

"You're afraid I sing badly!"

"I know you sing divinely. Have you ever thought of trying the stage as a profession?"

"No—why?"

"Your voice would be fine for it—there is a thrill to it."

"I didn't suppose you admitted thrills."

"I'm not a block, nor a stone, nor a less than senseless thing."

"I think you are. You're a rare bibelot, out of your own shop, very hard and fine, with a wonderful glaze."

He smiled with his eyes.

"Be careful of me. Glaze cracks with rough handling. When do you come to my bazaar?"

"When you ask me."

"I ask you at five on Friday."

"I warn you, I'm no judge of treasures. I'll probably admire your worst things, moderns and such."

"There are no worsts. There is no democrat in my shop, only aristocrats, like me. This is the street and number. Monsieur Bibelot awaits your coming."

IV

AT a quarter to five on Friday Christopher found himself fussing about, placing one thing in the light to try its effect, only to return it to the shadow and try another. When she clapped his knocker smartly he took a long breath before he opened the door to her.

"What a shop!" she complained. "Not a brick nor a brack out in front, not a sign, nor a card, nor a hand pointing——"

"Nor three balls, and yet here you are," he smiled.

He helped her off with her coat. She wore a dull-blue gown that made her eyes Chinese blue and harmonized her with his setting as if he had designed her.

"Um—smells nice," she sniffed. She looked about with a sort of girlish embarrassment which delighted him. "I've always known this place," she added, puzzled. "It must have been a dream. There was a jade temple bell——"

He crossed the room and laid his hand on it.

"Is it a copy of something? Did Robert Louis think it out, or Pierre Loti? Is that why I know it?"

"It grew out of my mind, Sheila. Have you been there before? Surely I should have felt your smiling presence——"

She shook herself free of the idea.

"I'm talking nonsense. I want to see everything. It is a gem of a shop, Christopher Smart."

"It is!"

"How you do belong in it!"

"Have I always been in the shop you've known?"

She evaded that. In the swift, noiseless way he had noted before she slipped among his treasures.

"This," he said, lifting a crystal bottle of lovely shape. She took it from his hands quickly.

"Dear Monsieur Bibelot, don't tell me any facts, or historical data, or collectorish information, will you? This was made of the dew of dawn for a doge's palazzo on the Grand Canal. It has held its share of Bacchic ecstasy."

She moved among his intimates, conjuring a fantastic history and use for each of them. Suddenly she looked up at him as he stood behind her. He was tall and stooped slightly, as if he were perpetually looking at some choice thing.

"Am I desecrating them?" she asked.

"You are tripling their value."

"But, Christopher Smart, these things are for the very rich. Do they find you out, tucked away down here in this musty neighborhood?"

"Oh, yes, you can't escape the rich."

"But it ought to be the most famous shop in New York."

"Heaven forbid! An upper Fifth Avenue trade would ruin me."

"But you must live!" cried Mona, a wonderful plan beginning to grow in her mind. "Just one or two good customers——"

"There's no such thing. To a collector the customer is a tiresome nuisance who wants to carry off the very things you want to keep."

"Christopher Smart, you're a poet!"

"I will offer you my only poem—my tea."

He set about heating the water while she continued to explore. They drank their tea from fragile bowls. Mona took a sip.

"Um!" she said, closing her eyes, "coolies singing in the tea-fields, slow caravans across the steppes, camel bells tinkling songs of the bazaars—this is liquid romance! Did you call it tea?"

"Did you call me poet?" he inquired.

All at once she laughed aloud.

"I was thinking of the tea I gave you out of Becky's thick cups."

"I liked those thick cups—they were just like Becky, simple and utilitarian."

"You're a nice man. I like you."

He bowed.

"Some day I must bring Becky here. She calls me 'greenery-yallery,' but she would know that this is the real thing."

"Bring her along, but don't let her clomp among my things, will you?"

"Fussy Monsieur Bibelot! Put my cloak on me; I must go. I've had a perfect time."

"Thank you."

"Have I behaved satisfactorily?"

"Very."

"No bad breaks?"

"None."

"You have plenty of that tea?"

"Yes."

"I shall come often."

He held open the door for her.

"When you come to see me next time I shall sing for you," she said.

"You have sung for me this afternoon," he replied.

"Good-by, Kit Smart," she laughed.

"Good-by, Sheila, singer of songs."

V

THE way from Christopher Smart's shop to Mona Carberry's studio grew shorter and shorter as the spring advanced. In fact, scarcely a day passed which did not provide a meeting. They tramped about the wharves and old junk-shops, ostensibly seeking wares for Christopher. They were days of slow unfolding, one nature to another, days which put a new thrill in Mona's singing, a new buoyancy in Christopher's bearing. There came times when he felt guilty of knowing her secret, while she be-

lieved in him. But the time for his confession was not yet.

One afternoon there was the clatter of footsteps on the studio stairs, sounds of protest, followed by a smashing blow on the knocker. Mona went to the door, to find the janitor wearing an offended expression.

"Lady to see ye. I ain't responsible fer them stairs."

Just then there came into view the nodding plumes and purple face of Mrs. Bleecker.

"Get me a chair and give me some water before I die!" she gasped.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Bleecker, why did you do it? Sit here. Take off your hat while I get the water."

"Do you climb those stairs every time? It's like living in Eiffel Tower," she called after Mona.

"I'm used to them," she answered, offering a glass of sherry.

"Let me look at you. Aren't you ashamed of yourself never to come to my dinners—never to come to see me?"

"Oh, but I do."

"When I'm sure to be out. What's that you have on?"

"It's a—gown."

"Mona, you haven't gone dress reform!"

"N—no, not permanently. I match better if I'm not too smart."

"Do you call this room furnished?"

"Yes. I like it better than any place I've ever lived in my life."

"Humph! Sit down and sing for me while I get my breath."

Mona obeyed and wise old Susan Bleecker's suspicion was confirmed.

"Do you know the people down here? Where is the Becky person?" she demanded.

"She lives the floor below. Want to meet her?"

"No. Are you in love with some long-haired man?"

"No," laughed Mona.

"Are there some short-haired ones?"

"Dear Mrs. Bleecker, you talk as if they were dogs! Long-haired or short-haired Airdales!"

"I've no doubt they are dogs," remarked Susan Bleecker.

"There is one man down here I want

to talk to you about. He has a shop, and he's rather unusual. He needs customers—badly, I'm afraid. I wondered if you would go there with me and buy something—just some little thing. He doesn't know about me—he thinks I'm a struggling student, so I can't buy from him."

"My dear, these junk-shops with candle-light, and dirt and tea thrown in—they don't interest me. I'll give you a check and you buy something of the poor creature."

"I do so specially want you to go yourself. It's very near here——"

"All right, let's go and be done with it. You don't go on the street in that rig, do you?"

"No. It won't take me a minute to change!" cried Mona.

"It isn't such a bad place when you get here," commented Mrs. Bleecker, inspecting it; "it has sun."

When they arrived at Christopher's knocker Mrs. Bleecker sniffed.

"No sign? How can the idiot hope to sell anything—" she broke off, looking into Christopher Smart's startled face.

"I've brought an old friend of my mother's and mine, Mr. Smart. I knew you would be glad. This is Mr. Smart, Mrs. Bleecker."

"How do you do, Mrs. Bleecker?" said Kit, giving her hand a warning squeeze and her eyes a signal.

"Good day," said she.

"Mrs. Bleecker knows good things," Mona encouraged him.

"Ah!"

"You don't believe her, do you?" said Susan Bleecker, over her shoulder.

"My motto is 'with charity to all and malice toward none,' Mrs. Bleecker," was his reply.

"How long have you had this shop, Mr.—what did you say his name was?" she inquired of Mona.

"Smart," said Mona, hoping Mrs. Bleecker was not going to misbehave.

"For quite some time now," he evaded.

"Why don't you advertise?" she began and broke off, her eyes riveted upon her favorite Gobelin tapestry.

"How much is that?" she inquired.

"That? Oh, that isn't for sale."

"Not for sale? Isn't this a shop?"

"Yes, but that is an exhibition piece.

That is worth about fifty thousand dollars."

"Very well. I will pay that for it."

Mona turned startled eyes to his face, while Mrs. Bleecker sat down quickly and drew out her check-book.

"Oh, Kit!" breathed Mona.

He looked at her and saw her excitement. He realized that she thought that he was poor, that this meant a fortune, that she was glad for him.

"Get me some ink," ordered Susan. Without a word Christopher set it before her. The look she gave him of amusement and scoffing was almost too much. She wrote her check then and there for fifty thousand dollars and gave it to him.

"You are sure this is what you want. Should you not look up its value, its authenticity?"

"I'm satisfied. You *look* honest," she said.

"I have other fine objects——"

"I'll look at them, but that tapestry I will take along in my motor."

Kit showed her about.

"Where do you get these things—obscure little merchant like you?" she demanded.

"Oh, I have ways and ways."

"Dark and devious, I'll venture. I hope this isn't a fence."

"A fence!" said Mona.

"Fence is where stolen goods are collected and sold."

"Oh, Mrs. Bleecker, you don't understand! Mr. Smart is my friend!"

"Is he? How should I know? You didn't tell me anything about him. Set down in an Arabian Nights shop like this, off an obscure alley!"

"Oh, she doesn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"Don't apologize for me, Mona, I'm used to saying what I think. How much is that crystal bottle?"

"That's not for sale."

"Is there anything in this shop that is for sale?"

"I would not sell that at any price."

"Well, Mona, I've done my best. I can't spend the entire afternoon begging this man to sell to me."

"I think we would better go," said Mona anxiously.

"Take down my tapestry, please."

Christopher approached it with a sigh. He slowly dismounted it, tenderly rolled it on a roller and covered it with oil-cloth.

"I'll call my chauffeur to come get it," said Susan, hastening to the door. Mona turned to Christopher, her whole aching heart in her face.

"Oh, Kit, Kit, can you ever forgive me!" she cried.

The chauffeur entered and carried off the roll.

"Come, Mona. Young man, you have a nice shop here. I shall tell all my friends about it, and send them down here to buy you out."

"You're very kind, I'm sure."

"I always recognize native ability. I must say you're no salesman, but you can't be everything at once."

He smiled gravely, bowed, and closed the door on them.

VI

"You wicked, covetous woman," wrote Christopher to Mrs. Bleecker. "I shall heap coals of fire by giving that dinner you demanded for your friend Miss Carberry. Will you ask her to come, and omit my name? To-morrow at eight, possibly?"

"CHRISTOPHER."

The whole of the next day Mona waited for Christopher, but he did not come. She went to the shop. It was closed. When Mrs. Bleecker called her up and ordered her to report for dinner at eight, she accepted with a sense of relief. It would give her something to do and to-morrow surely he would come.

She took special care with her toilet, and looked her lovely best when she presented herself at Mrs. Bleecker's house. When her hostess descended in wraps, Mona said:

"Where is it we dine?"

"Famous old house of an old friend of mine. You won't like him, but you'll like his place."

Mona felt no special interest, so they spoke of other things, the shopkeeper, for instance. As they came down the stairs later, and looked into the vista of rooms beyond, Mona's curiosity awoke. She turned to ask Mrs. Bleecker a question,

as Christopher advanced toward them, tall, aristocratic, with his whimsical smile. He greeted Susan and turned to Mona. After the first short gasp of recognition Mona was in complete command of the situation.

"Mrs. Bleecker, dear, do present our host to me," she said coolly.

"I was under the impression you had met. Mr. Christopher Smart, Miss Carberry."

"So nice of you to have us to dinner. Oddly enough I have known another man of your name. You have a beautiful house——"

The Thayers came just then, so Christopher had to go and greet them. Susan stared at Mona. Except for a heightened color she was cool and remote. She looked about with disinterested interest. After the greetings, the conversation became general.

"We were promised this dinner weeks ago, Miss Carberry," said Mr. Thayer.

"Yes?"

"Mrs. Bleecker ordered Kit to give a dinner for you the minute you returned from—where was it?"

"It was kind of Mr. Smart to remember and obey."

"Oh, Kit is kind," said Mrs. Bleecker, choking with laughter.

Dinner was announced. Christopher led the way with Mrs. Bleecker. Half-way down the hall she turned.

"Kit used to have a wonderful tapestry in this hall, Mona—Gobelin, really marvellous——"

"Yes? And where is it now, Mr. Smart?" inquired Mona.

"I've loaned it—to a friend," he answered.

At table, although Mona sat at his right, all efforts to break through her armor were in vain. She chattered, she evaded, she taunted him.

"I hear you have been spending some time down in Washington Square," he ventured finally.

"Yes. Most interesting. Do you ever go down there? I've learned so much from those rather disillusioned realists in the Village. They discount many things, friendship and truth between men and women, for instance——"

"Do *you* discount friendship and truth

between men and women?" he asked, bending to her.

"Yes," she answered, meeting his eyes directly.

"Mona took me to a good shop down where she lives," Mrs. Bleecker was saying. "Jane, the man has a duplicate of that Chinese embroidery of Kit's you always covet."

"Really? Where is the place? I'll go down to-morrow."

"The place is closed, I think, Mrs. Thayer. I hear the man made a big sale, and has gone off to spend his earnings," said Mona.

"What did you buy, Susan?" asked Mrs. Thayer.

"Tapestry. Probably spurious. I want you to look at it, Kit."

"Delighted."

"Are you a judge of tapestry?" inquired Mona.

"Of sorts. I'm only a judge of things, never of people."

"Do tell me about Mr. Smart," she said, turning to Mr. Thayer. "He admits he is no judge of people."

Mr. Thayer launched into a panegyric. After a bit Mona stifled a yawn.

"What is he lecturing about?" Christopher whispered.

"You!" said she.

He turned to Susan Bleecker and caught her smile.

"The little wretch is handling this very well," she commented.

"She's angry and hurt. I'm a hopeless bungler," he murmured, real concern in his face.

"Take her off somewhere after dinner and have it out. I'll look after the others."

He watched for his opportunity every minute, after they returned to the drawing-room, but she gave him none.

"Kit, you must show Mona your study," said Susan, to the rescue.

"I should like to. Will you come?"

"If you like. Are the rest of you coming?"

"No, we've seen it scores of times. Run along and see his pet playthings, child——"

Mona rose and went with him, very tall and stately. He said no word, down the long hall, nor did she. He led her into a rarely lovely room, where a low

fire burned. He laid his hands on a deep-cushioned chair.

"I've always thought of you in this chair, Sheila."

"Why did you do it? Why did you cheat me?" she said angrily.

"Does it seem as deliberate as that?"

"It—it is unforgivable!"

"Don't say that, please, dear. Sit down and let me try to defend myself."

She sank down into the chair he called hers, and at the sight of her there he forgot to go on. Her glance prodded him.

"It began months ago, when you sat in Mrs. Bleecker's box at the opera. For the first time in my life I failed to hear the opera. My mind was so full of you, your beauty—something more than mere beauty."

Her eyes were steady and full upon him.

"To free my mind, the next day, from absurd, boyish, love-sick fancies, I tramped down to Washington Square in the rain, and you hooked me on your umbrella."

"You knew me—that day?"

"Knew you? Does the moon know the sea? The shop, of course, was your suggestion."

"Mine?"

"Certainly. You were so disdainful of wealth and leisure, so pleased when you made me a shopkeeper, that I came away with the idea of making good. The Bleeckers dined with me that night and talked of you. Susan told how you disliked the men you met here—she quoted 'mechanical dolls.'"

"Oh!" protested Mona.

"That settled me. The next day I began on the shop."

"You opened the shop with your own things, just to humor me?"

"If you wanted me a shopkeeper, that is what I had to be."

"But why?"

"Because I loved you, and that was the only way I could be with you. Don't you see?"

"But I was sure to find out."

"I hoped that maybe you might learn to care too, before that misfortune overtook us. O Sheila, those days were too happy to last. Life isn't like that——"

Her head was resting, cupped in her hands now. She no longer looked at



"Where do you get these things—obscure little merchant like you? . . . I hope this isn't a fence."
—Page 466.

him. He drew a low seat beside her and leaned down, trying to find her eyes.

"I love you so much that if you were rich or poor, or ugly or mean, it wouldn't matter!" he said.

"Oh, don't!" she cried, dropping her face into her hands. He touched her hair softly.

"If you could just forgive me, I'd shopkeep forever, Sheila."

VOL. LXI.—48

She was shaking with some emotion, laughter or tears.

"That story I told you about my early life—my people——"

"I never saw better acting—it was great!"

"And you didn't laugh!" she exclaimed.

"No, I nearly cried when you pushed your father off the Swiss Alps."

She turned to him.

"I want you to know the whole story. I took the studio the day after we met at Becky's."

"Why?"

"Because I thought you were interested in me as an adventure. 'I thought you wanted me to be a struggling, poor student——'"

"Sheila!"

He put his arms about her and kissed her a great many times.

"Sheila, how could you cheat me?"

She offered reparation.

"I wanted not to lose you," she whispered.

"Oh, my blessed girl!" he sighed.

It was a long time later that they descended to the drawing-room. Their faces told the situation.

"It took you long enough," said Susan Bleecker, smiling. She kissed Mona, then Kit. "I'm satisfied. I'll give you the Gobelin tapestry for a wedding present, you ridiculous creatures!"

"Well, you have put one over, you two!" remarked Adolphus Bleecker.

"Nonsense—I knew it would happen when Mona insisted upon knowing Kit's name and everything about him, that first night at the opera."

"Why, Sheila!" cried Christopher.

"Score!" laughed his Mona.

STRANDED IN ARCADY

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

XII

IN SEARCH OF AN ANCESTOR



FOR a moment neither of them spoke. Then Prime broke out in a sardonic laugh.

"That is a heavenly prospect for dinner, supper, breakfast, and dinner all rolled into one, isn't it, now? If there is anything left in the canoe, it's soaked to a pulp—to say nothing of the fact that we can't get to it. How are we going to raft ourselves over there without the axe?"

Lucetta went down to the margin of the pond-like reach and tested its depth with a tossed stone.

"It is deep," she said, "swimming-deep. The shallows must be all on the other side."

"I'll go down-stream a piece and see if there isn't some place where I can wade," Prime offered. But at this she shook her head.

"We passed out of all the wading

depths days and days ago. If you will make a fire, I'll swim over and get the canoe."

Prime had a world of objections to offer to this, and he flung them into the breach one after another. It was no woman's job. The water was cold, and it would be a long swim—for a guess, not less than a hundred yards; she had gone without food so long that she was not fit for it; if she should try it and fail, he would have to go in after her, and that would mean suicide for both of them.

She heard him through with a quaint little lip-curl of amusement at his fertility in obstacle raising, and at the end calmly fished the remains of his handkerchief out of his pocket and bound it about her head.

"Another attack of the undying protective instinct," she retorted light-heartedly. "You go on and make the fire and I'll save the wreck, or what there is left of it." Whereupon she walked away up-stream, losing herself shortly for Prime in a thicket beyond the first bend of the river above.

Prime fell to work gathering fuel, feeling less like a man than at any time since the voyage had begun. It stabbed his

* * A summary of the preceding chapters of "Stranded in Arcady" appears on page 5 of the Advertising pages.

amour-propre to the heart to be compelled to let her take the man's part while he did the squaw's. But there seemed to be no help for it.

While he was kindling the fire he heard a plunge, and a little later saw the coifed head making diagonally across from the upper bend toward the canoe. She was swimming easily with the side stroke, and he could see the rhythmical flash and swing of a white arm as she made the over-hand reach. Then he dutifully turned his back and gave his entire attention to the fire-making.

When he looked again she had righted the canoe and was coming across with it, swimming and pushing it ahead of her. At a little distance from the shore she called to him: "Take it; it's all yours" —giving the birch-bark a final shove. "I'll be with you in a few minutes." And with that she turned off and swam away up-stream to her dressing-thicket.

Prime gave her time to disappear and then went to draw the canoe out on the bank and to begin an inventory of the losses. Thanks to the care they had taken in tying everything in, nothing was missing save the paddles. Such food as was still in the original tin was undamaged, but the meat was soaked and the flour and meal were soggy masses of paste. Prime was dismayed. The small stock of potatoes would not last forever, and neither would the canned vegetables. They were not yet backwoodsmen enough to live upon meat alone; and another and crowning misfortune was the loss of the salt.

Prime was lamenting over the wet salt sack and trying to save some little portion of the precious condiment when Lucetta came on the scene, looking as bright and fresh as the proverbial field flower after her plunge and swim, and took over the culinary problem. Fortunately, they still had the salt pork, and the pretty *cuisinière* issued her orders promptly.

"Find some nice clean pieces of birch bark and spread this flour and meal out so that it will dry before the fire," she directed, and while he was doing that and hanging the blankets and tent canvas up to drip and dry, she opened a tin of baked beans and made another of the triumphant stews of jerked deer meat and po-

tatoes seasoned with a bit of the salt pork. Upon these two dishes they presently feasted royally, making up for the three lost meals, and missing the bread only because they didn't have it.

"I have settled one thing in my own mind," Prime declared, while he was assiduously drying a leaf of the soaked tobacco for the after-dinner smoke. "If I am ever cast away again, I'm going to make dead sure that I have a Domestic Science expert for a fellow sufferer. Lucetta, you are simply great when it comes to making something out of nothing. What are we going to do with this flour-and-meal pudding?"

"We are going to dry it carefully and then grind it up again on a flat stone and go on as before," was the cheerful reply. "That is my part of it, and yours will be a good bit harder; you will have to make some new paddles and contrive some way to patch that big hole in the canoe."

Prime laughed hilariously. His head was still aching, but the disaster had fallen so far short of the ultimate fatalities that the small discomforts were as nothing.

"I can imagine both the paddles and the patch," he boasted. "It remains to be seen whether or not I can turn them into serviceable realities."

While the dunnage was drying and Lucetta was regrinding her flour and meal Indian fashion on a smooth stone, Prime hacked manfully at a small spruce and finally got it down. It took him the better part of the afternoon to split the tree with wooden wedges and to get out two pieces to be hewn roughly with the axe into the paddle shape. Over the evening fire he whittled laboriously with the sharper of the two hunting-knives, and when the knife grew dull he learned by patient trial to whet it on a bit of stone. To keep him company, Lucetta had recourse to the fish-bone needle. Her clothes had not come scatheless out of the cataract disaster and its aftermath.

"You have one of the best of the good qualities, Donald," she said, marking the patience with which the whittling went on. "You are not afraid to buckle down to the necessity and keep on trying."

"Patient continuance in well doing," he quoted, grinning. "I learned that, up



Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

"*Vraiment!* she's one good gon," he commented. . . . "W'ere you get 'um?"—Page 482.

one side and down the other, in the writing trade. It is about the only thing that gets you anywhere."

"You had a hard time making your start in the writing, didn't you?" she offered.

"When did I ever tell you that?"

"You told me something about it the first day we were together and a good bit more last night."

"Huh! Talking in my sleep, was I? What did I say?"

"A lot of things; I can't remember them all. You talked about Mr. Grider, and the mystery, and the dead men, and I don't know what-all."

"I didn't say anything about the girl, did I?"

"Not a word," she returned.

"For the best possible reason on earth, Lucetta: there hasn't been any girl. You don't believe that, I suppose. You wouldn't believe it of any man of my age, and—and temperament?"

"Yet you said night before last that you wanted a wife and children and a home. Doesn't that presuppose a girl?"

"In my case it presupposes a handsomely imaginary girl; I'm great on the imaginary things."

"What does she look like—this imaginary girl of yours?"

He glanced up from the paddle-whittling. "Some day, when we get back into the world again, I'll show you what she looks like. Can you wait until then?"

"You don't leave me any choice."

"We ran off the track," he went on, after a little interval of silence. "You were telling me what I talked about last night."

"Oh, yes; I have forgotten most of it, as I said; but along at the last there were a good many disjointed things about your fight for recognition. Once, I remember, you were talking to somebody about soap."

Prime's laugh was a guffaw.

"I can laugh at it now," he chuckled; "but it was mighty binding at the time—that soap incident. I was down in a hole, in the very bottom of the hole. I had written a book and couldn't get it published; couldn't get anybody to touch it with a ten-foot pole. I had friends who were willing to lend me money to

go on with, and one who offered me a job writing advertisements for his soap factory. It was horribly tempting, but when I was built, the ability to let go, even of a failure, was left out. So I didn't become an ad. writer. What else did I say?"

"Oh, a lot of things that didn't make sense; one of them was about an advertisement you said you had seen in the *New York Herald*. I couldn't make out what it was; something about an English estate."

Prime looked up quickly.

"Isn't it odd how these perfectly inconsequent things bury themselves somewhere in the human brain, to rise up and sneak out some time when the bars happen to be left down," he speculated. "There was such an ad., and I saw it; but I don't believe I have given it a second thought from that time to this."

"When you spoke of it last night, you seemed to be telling Mr. Grider about it. Was it addressed to you?"

"It was addressed to the heirs of Roger Prime, of Batavia, and Roger Prime was my father. If I remember correctly, the advertisers gave a Canadian address—Ottawa, I think—and the 'personal' was worded in the usual fashion: 'If the heirs of Roger Prime will apply'—and so on; you know how they go. It was the old leg-pull."

"I don't quite understand," she demurred. "What do you mean by 'leg-pull'?"

"The swindle is so venerable that it ought to have whiskers by this time. Every once in a while a rumor leaks out that some great estate has been left in England, or somewhere else across the water, with no native heirs. You or I, if we happen to have a family name that fits in, are invited to contribute to a sum which is being made up to pay the cost of establishing the rights of the American descendants, and there you are. I suppose hundreds of thousands of dollars have been buncoed out of credulous Americans in that way, first and last."

"I wish you could remember the Canadian address which you say you think was Ottawa," rejoined the young woman reflectively.

"Why?"

"Because I saw in a Cleveland newspaper an advertisement of the same nature, addressed to the heirs of the body of Clarissa Millington, born Bradford. Clarissa Millington was my mother. There was no name signed, but a business address was given, and it was in Ottawa."

"You have forgotten the address?" said Prime.

"I didn't try to remember it. I wrote it down, and I have it in my luggage in Quebec."

The paddle-maker looked up with an accusing laugh.

"You were planning to return from Quebec by way of Ottawa; you were going to give those sharks some of your hard-earned teaching money. Don't deny it."

"I won't," she confessed. "I meant to do that very thing. And I thought I had plenty of time. There was a date limit set in the advertisement, and it was July 31st. Do you think it was a swindle?"

"There isn't the least doubt of it. Your kidnapping has saved you some money. The date limit was merely to make you hustle. I have seen the game worked before, and it is very plausible. And since it is usually worked from Canada, a citizen of the United States has no recourse in law. You had a narrow escape."

"We may call it that, anyway," was the young woman's reply. "The 31st of July will probably be nothing more than a memory by the time we find our way back to the world."

A busy silence followed the dismissal of the subject, and then Lucetta began to tell about the various alarms she had had during the previous night. "All of which goes to prove that I am still the normal woman," she concluded.

"You are a heroine, and one of these days I mean to put you in a book," Prime threatened. "You saved my life yesterday and my self-respect to-day; and that is more than a man ought to expect from the most normal woman in the world."

"Your self-respect?"

"Yes; you heard me babbling all night, and you have been good-hearted enough not to report anything that a man need be ashamed of."

"You didn't say anything to be

ashamed of," she returned quickly. "Most of the talk was about the old farm near Batavia; that and your grandfather."

"Grandfather Bankhead," he mused; "they don't make any finer characters nowadays than he was—or as fine."

"Bankhead?" she asked suddenly; "was that your grandfather's name?"

"It was: Abner Greenlow Bankhead. It is not such a very usual name. Have you ever heard it before?"

"Heard it? Why—why, it was my mother's mother's maiden name! She was a Bankhead, and she married Josiah Greenlow Bradford!"

Prime dropped both paddle and knife.

"Well—wouldn't that jar you!" he exclaimed. "Can it be possible that—hold on a minute; my grandfather had a Bankhead cousin who grew up in the family, and she married and moved to Ohio, away along back in the other century. What was your grandmother's Christian name?"

"It was an old-fashioned one—Lorinda. I can remember her indistinctly as a little old lady with white hair and the brightest possible blue eyes."

Prime was wagging his head as one in a daze. "It is too wonderful to be true, Lucetta! But it must be true. My grandfather's cousin's name was Lorinda, and I can remember seeing an oil portrait of her, a horrible thing done by some local artist, hanging in the old farmhouse at Batavia. I can't figure it out, but the way it is working around, we ought to be cousins of some sort. Can you believe it?"

The young woman put her mending aside to trace the relationship thoughtfully, counting the generations on her finger-tips. When she had finally determined to her own satisfaction that they really had a common ancestor four generations back, she laughed.

"It is wonderful," she said; "almost too wonderful to be true. But the wonder of it is completely overshadowed by the unbelievable coincidence which dropped us two, cousins and descendants of that far-away Bankhead, down together on the beach of a forest lake in the wilds of the Canadian backwoods—a lake that neither of us ever saw or heard of before. Will the mysteries never end?"

"Wait a minute; let's get it straight," Prime interposed. "We are really cousins, aren't we? Don't you figure it out that way?"

"Third cousins; yes."

"You'll have to show me," he invited. "Genealogy is like Sanskrit to me."

She proceeded to show him, and from that the talk drifted rather excitedly into family reminiscences. After the manner of people who really have ancestors, neither of them was able to remember many of the traditions. Prime's recollections, indeed, stopped short with his grandfather, but Lucetta knew a little more about the older generations, and she dug the individuals out one by one, offering them to Prime as spurs to further remembering.

"No, I don't remember anything about Jabez," he said. "And Elvira and Elmina and John I never heard mentioned. Grandfather Bankhead had no near relations that I know of except his brother Jasper and his cousin Lorinda, who grew up with him."

"I seem to remember something about grandmother's cousin Jasper," Lucetta put in. "Didn't something happen to him—something out of the usual?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply. "He disappeared—went to the Far West when he was a young man and was never heard of afterward. Grandfather often wondered what had become of him, and in his later years spoke of him quite frequently."

Lucetta went on with her mending, the fish-bone needle making her progress primitively slow. Prime got up and strolled down to the river bank. When he returned he went around to her side of the fire to say:

"I'm mighty glad we have found out that we are cousins, Lucetta; twice glad, for your sake. It makes things a bit easier for you, doesn't it?"

She did not look up.

"Why should it?" she asked quietly.

"Oh, I don't know; we have both been throwing tin cans and brickbats at the conventions; but I haven't any idea that we have killed them off permanently. And they die harder in a woman than in a man. We have jollied things along pretty well, so far, but that isn't saying

that I haven't known how hard it must have been for you. As matters stand now, I am your natural protector."

She looked up with the quaint little smile that he had learned to know, to interpret, and to love.

"What difference does the relationship make, Donald, so long as you are what you are? And what difference would it make if you happened to be the other kind of man?"

He stood smiling down upon her with his hands in his pockets.

"Your trust is the most wonderful thing in this world, Lucetta—and the most beautiful. I should have to be a much worse man than I have ever dared to be to do anything to spoil it," he said slowly, and with that he went to set up her sleeping-tent.

XIII

AT CAMP COUSIN

PRIME whittled through the better part of the succeeding forenoon on the paddles, and for the midday bread Lucetta tried her domestic-science hand upon the dried and reground flour. Not to draw too fine a comparison, the paddles were the better success, though the bread was eatable. In the afternoon the man of all work, with Lucetta for consulting engineer, tackled the broken canoe.

There was no lack of materials with which to make the repairs if they had only known how to use them. Attempts to sew a patch of birch bark over the hole with threads drawn from the blanket were dismal failures. At each of the thread punctures the patch would split and curl up most perversely; and when night came they had succeeded only in making a bad matter slightly worse.

After supper they put their heads together to become, if the oracles should prove auspicious, inventors in this hitherto untried field.

"If we only had a few drops of Indian blood in us!" Prime complained. "What do you suppose they daub this bark thing with to make it water-tight? It must be something they find in the woods."

Lucetta went over to the canoe, chipped a bit of the daubing from one of the seams, and tasted it appraisingly.

"It tastes like spruce gum," she offered; "do you suppose it can be?"

Prime ate a little in his turn and confirmed the guess. "That is about what it is," he decided. "The next thing is to find out how they contrive to get enough of it. I wonder if they tap the trees as we do sugar maples?"

"If we could find a tree that has been broken," Lucetta suggested. And then: "How have we managed to live so long without learning some of these perfectly simple things, Cousin Donald?"

"Too much education and too little instinct," he scoffed. "To-morrow morning I'll climb trees and become a gum-gatherer. It seems inexpressibly humbling to think that a small hole in a piece of birch bark is all that prevents us from going on our way rejoicing. Never mind, there is another day coming, and if there isn't, success or failure won't make any considerable difference to either of us."

Bright and early the next morning they tried the spruce-gum experiment. Prime found that he could have plenty of it for the gathering, and when they had a sufficient quantity they melted it in one of the empty vegetable tins and used it as a glue with which to make the patch adhere. The result was not entirely satisfactory. The melted gum hardened quickly, but it became so brittle that a touch would loosen it.

"This is where we set up a laboratory for original research," Lucetta said, laughing. "I wonder if some more cooking would do it any good."

"The ruling passion strong in death," Prime quoted with good-natured sarcasm. "You are a born cook. Let's try it."

They tried it and merely succeeded in making the product still more brittle. They then tried adding a little grease from the fat pork to make it more flexible, and that ruined it completely.

"Two civilized brains, college-trained to a piano-polish finish, and not a single workable idea between them," Prime derided. "It's humiliating—disgusting!"

"The brains are still available," asserted the undaunted one. "Go and find some pine pitch and we'll mix it with the spruce."

This experiment promised better success. A gluey mixture resulted that stuck

not only to the canoe body and the patch, but to their fingers and to everything it touched. Inventing still further, they contrived a rude clamp to hold the patch in place while it was drying, if by good hap the glue would consent to dry at all; and with the new paddles whittled and scraped into shape, there was nothing to do but to wait upon the drying process.

Prime spent the afternoon fishing, with the tackle found in one of the gun-cases, and was lucky enough to accumulate a noble string of trout. Lucetta would not say what she was going to do, merely hinting that Prime's absence until supper-time would be a boon. Only the buzzard swinging in slow circles overhead could have told tales of the doing after the young woman had obtained her meed of solitude in the little glade, and possibly the buzzard had seen a sufficient number of blanketed women washing clothes at a river brink not to be unduly stirred at the sight.

Later, Prime came in to exhibit his string of fish with true sportsman's pride, and again they feasted royally, forgetting their late tribulations, and looking forward half-regretfully to a resumption of their journey on the morrow.

"It is astonishing how rapidly one can revert to the cave-man type," was Prime's phrasing of the regret. "I have been a person of pavements and cement walks all my life, as I suppose you have—of the paved streets and all that they stand for. Yet I shall go back to them with something like reluctance. Won't you?"

She did not reply to the direct question.

"You speak as if you had some assurance that we are approaching the pavements. Have you?"

"A bare hint. I fished along the river for about a mile down-stream, spying out the land—or the water—as I went, for future reference. We can't claim this region by the right of discovery. Somebody has been here before us."

"You didn't find a house?" she ventured.

"Oh, no; nothing like that. But I did find the stump of a tree, and the tree had been felled with an axe. It wasn't recently; the stump was old and moss-grown. But it was axe-work just the same."

She laughed softly.

"I don't know whether to be glad or sorry, Donald; for myself, I mean. Of course you want to get back to your work."

"Do I?" he inquired. "I suppose I ought to want to. I left a book half finished in my New York attic."

"How could you do that? I should think such work would be ruined by having a vacation come along and cut it in two."

"I was sick of it," he confessed frankly. "It was another pen picture of the artificialities, and I shall never finish it now. I'll write a better one."

"Staging it in a Canadian forest?"

"Staging it among the realities, at least. And there shall be a real woman this time."

In his new character of cousin-in-authority, Prime sent Lucetta early to bed to catch up on her arrears of sleep. After she had disappeared behind the curtains of the small shelter-tent he sat for a long time before the fire smoking the rank tobacco and letting his thoughts rove at will through the mazes of the strange adventure which had befallen him and this distant cousin of whose very existence he had been ignorant.

More and more the mazes perplexed him, and the coincidences, if they were coincidences, began to verge upon the fantastic or the miraculous. Was it by accident or design that they had both chanced to be in Quebec at the same time? If the plot were of Grider's concocting, did the barbarian know of the cousinship beforehand? Prime was charitable enough to hope that he did. It made the brutal joke—if it were a joke—a little less criminal to suppose that Grider knew of the relationship.

Still, it was all vastly incredible on any joking hypothesis. Taking the most lenient view of it—that Grider had prearranged the assault upon their liberty and had hired the two half-breeds to pick them up and convoy them out of the wilderness—it was unbelievable that the barbarous one, with all of his known disregard for the common humanities where his Homeric sense of humor was involved, would have turned them over to the tender mercies of two semi-savages whose character had been sufficiently demonstrated by the manner of their death.

"It simply *can't* have been Watson Grider," Prime mused over his sixth cigarette—he was rolling them now in the label paper of the vegetable tins, frugally soaked off and saved. "If it had been his joke, he wouldn't have left it up in the air; he would have followed along to get the good of it. But if it isn't Grider, who is it? and what is it all about?"

The riddle always worked around thus to the same tormenting question, with no hint of an answer; and, as many times before, Prime was obliged to leave it hanging, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth. But when he renewed the fire and rolled himself in his blankets for the night, he was still casting about for some means of bringing it to earth.

Figuring it out afterward, he was certain that he could not have been asleep for more than an hour or two before he was awakened, with the echo of a noise like volley-firing of some sort still ringing in his ears. His first impulse was to spring up, but the second—which was the one he obeyed—was more in keeping with the new character development. Deftly freeing himself from the blanket wrappings, he reached over to make sure that one of the guns could be caught up quickly, and lay quiet.

For some little time nothing happened, and the night silence of the forest was undisturbed. Just as he was beginning to think that it had been the mosquitoes, and not a noise, which had awakened him, and was about to get up and renew the smudge which he had made to windward before turning in, he heard cautious footsteps as of some one approaching from the direction of the river.

The measured tread assured him that the footfalls were human, and his hold tightened mechanically upon the grip of the gunstock. By this time he was thinking quite clearly, and he told himself that the militant precaution was doubtless unnecessary; that there was little chance that the approaching intruder—any intruder who would be attracted by the light of the camp-fire—would be unfriendly. Yet it was the part of prudence to be prepared.

After a moment or two he was able to note that the approaching footsteps were growing more cautious. At this he

rolled over by imperceptible inchings to face toward the river, drawing the gun with him. It was useless to try to penetrate the black shadows of the background. The fire had died down to a mass of glowing embers, its bedtime replenishing of dried wood blazing up fitfully only now and then to illumine a slightly wider circle. Prime saw nothing and, for a time after the footfalls ceased, heard nothing. But the next manifestation was startling enough. At a moment when he was beginning to wonder if his imagination had been playing tricks on him he heard a curious ripping sound coming, this time, from behind the inverted canoe.

Silently he rose to his knees with the rifle held low. For shelter, in case of a shower, the provisions had been placed under the inverted birch-bark, and he decided instantly that the intruder was trying to steal them. Not wishing to alarm Lucetta, he got upon his feet and walked toward the canoe, meaning to put the man behind it between himself and the firelight.

The manoeuvre was never completed. Before he had taken half a dozen steps a blinding flashlight was turned upon him from behind the canoe, and it stopped him as suddenly as if the dazzling radiance had been a volley from a machine gun. But the stopping shock was only momentary. Dashing forward around the end of the canoe, he had a glimpse of a big-bodied man in a golf cap and sweater crashing his way through the undergrowth toward the river, and promptly gave chase.

"Grider!—Watson!" he called, but there was no reply. The intruder, as he ran, had the benefit of his flashlight; Prime could see the momentary gleams as the runner took a diagonal course which would bring him out a hundred yards down-stream from a point directly opposite the camp-fire.

Prime collided with a tree, stumbled and fell, and sprang up to call again. The retreating footfalls were no longer audible, but now there was another cacophony of noise—the sputtering exhausts of a motor-boat—and Prime reached the river bank in time to see the dark shape of the power-driven craft losing itself in the starlight in its swift rush down the river.

In the first flush of his rage at what figured as a second heartless desertion, Prime was strongly tempted to open fire on the retreating motor-boat and its occupant. This was purely a cave-man prompting, and before it could translate itself into action the opportunity was gone. When the motor-boat had disappeared, losing itself to sight and sound, the breathless pursuer went back to his blankets, swearing gloomily at the spiteful chance which had opened the door of misfortune by making him a college classmate of one Watson Grider.

XIV

OF THE NAME OF BANDISH

THE next morning Prime waited until after breakfast before telling Lucetta about the visit of the intruder, the postponement basing itself upon a very natural disinclination to realign himself, even constructively, with such a brutal humorist as Watson Grider. Indeed, when he told the story, he omitted to mention the barbarian's name; would never have mentioned it if Lucetta had not pushed him into a corner.

"You say you saw the man; was it a stranger or some one you knew?" she questioned.

"I couldn't be sure," Prime evaded. "The fire wasn't burning very brightly, and he had just blinded me with his flashlight."

The gray eyes were regarding him calmly.

"It is to be hoped, Cousin Donald, that you will never have to fib yourself out of a real difficulty. You prevaricate so clumsily, you know."

"I wasn't lying," he protested; "really, you know, I couldn't be sure."

"But you thought you recognized him."

"Yes, I did," he admitted doggedly. "I didn't mean to tell you, but I fancy it doesn't make any great difference now. It was Grider, of course."

"You are sure?"

"I have just said that I wasn't sure. I didn't see his face. But I saw a golf cap and a sweater, and Grider wears both upon any and all occasions; he has even been accused of sleeping in them."

"But why should he come here like that and then run away again?"

"He wanted to find out how his execrable joke was getting along, of course! I had a mind to fire at him after he got into the boat, and I wish now that I had. You didn't hear any of the noise?"

"Not a sound." They had taken the cooking utensils down to the river edge to wash them, and Lucetta scoured for a silent half minute on the skillet before she picked the one comforting grain of assurance out of the midnight adventure. "We ought to be obliged to this outrageous friend of yours for one thing, anyway," she commented. "He has told us that there are no more rapids to be shot. If he could come up the river in a motorboat, we can go down it safely in a canoe."

"That is so," said Prime; "I hadn't thought of that. I wonder if our patch is sticking all right. Suppose we go and see."

They went to look, and what they saw struck them both dumb. The clamped patch was still in place, but a glance at the upturned canoe bottom showed them what the midnight marauder had done and explained for Prime the cause of the ripping noise he had heard. For a distance fully one-third of its length the thin sheathing of the canoe had been cut as if with the slashing blow of a sharp knife.

Prime was the first to find speech, and what he said would have kindled a fire under wet wood. Then he remembered and made gritting amends. "I beg your pardon; I couldn't help it, Lucetta. I'm not taken that way very often, but I should have blown up like a rotten boiler if I couldn't have relieved the pressure. Did you ever hear of such an infernally idiotic scoundrel in all your life? I wish to gracious I'd had the courage of my convictions and turned loose on him with the gun! He deserves to be shot!"

Lucetta was examining the damaged canoe bottom more closely. "But why?" she protested. "Why should he follow us up so vindictively, Donald? Surely it has passed all the limits of any kind of a joke by this time."

"Of a joke?—yes; I should say so! I hate to think it of him, Lucetta—I do for a fact. If I hadn't seen him I wouldn't believe it was Watson; but seeing is believing."

"Not always," was the reflective dissent. And then: "This is the work of a spiteful enemy, Donald; not that of any friend, however harebrained. It is the work of some one who has a particular object in keeping us from getting back to civilization."

"We have been over all that ground until it is worn out," Prime broke in impatiently. "It is Grider; it can't be anybody else; and I wish I had potted him while I had the chance. But that is a back number now. The mischief is done and we must repair it if we can. Get your glue-pot ready and I'll go and hunt for some more of the sticky stuff."

Lucetta was laughing silently.

"We are so humanly inconsistent—both of us!" she commented. "Yesterday we were almost willing to be sorry because our woods idyll couldn't last forever; and now we are ready to draw and quarter Mr. Grider—or whoever did this—because it makes the idyll last a few days longer."

It took them the better part of the day to patch the knife-gash, and, though the other patch seemed to be holding satisfactorily, they were doubtful of the results in the more serious hurt. It was impossible to devise any clamp for the greater rent, but they did their best, overlaying the fresh patches with clean sheets of the bark and weighting the whole down with flat stones carried laboriously from the river brink.

That night Prime slept with one eye open and with both guns where he could lay his hands upon them quickly. Somewhere past midnight he got up and built a small fire beyond the canoe as another measure of safety, locking the stable carefully after the horse had been stolen. When he went back to his blankets he found Lucetta up and sitting under the turned-up flap of the shelter-tent.

"Did you hear anything?" she inquired.

He shook his head. "No; I thought I'd light up a little more so that we couldn't be stalked again as we were last night."

"You are losing too much sleep. Let me have one of the guns and I'll keep watch for a while."

"What could you do with a gun?" he demanded gloomily.

"I can at least make a noise and waken you if needful."

There was no sleep for either of them for a long time; but after a while Prime lost himself, and when he awoke it was daylight and Lucetta was cooking breakfast.

On this day they were fairly out of an occupation. With the stone weightings removed, the canoe patches seemed to be sticking bravely, but they still required to be daubed with another coating of the pitch, which must dry thoroughly before they could venture upon a relaunching. The small job done, they took turns sleeping through the forenoon, and after the midday meal Prime went fishing, taking care, however, not to go beyond calling distance from the glade.

When night came they carried the precious canoe to the exact centre of the clear space and built a circle of small fires all around it, at the imminent risk of burning it up or at least of melting the pitch from its seams. The afternoon had been cloudy and there were indications of a storm. Prime made the fastenings of the shelter-tent secure and stowed the provisions under the overturned birch-bark, leaving a space where he could crawl under himself if the storm should break. For a long time after supper they sat together beside the cooking-fire. The mosquitoes were worse than usual, and Prime had provided some rotting wood for a smudge, in the reek of which they wept in sympathetic companionship.

"Speaking of smoked meat," Prime grumbled, after they had exhausted all other topics, "that jerked stuff under the canoe hasn't any the best of us." Then, with a teasing switch to their rapidly disintegrating clothes: "How would you like to walk into your class-room in the girls' school just as you are?"

"Just about as well as you'd like to walk down Fifth Avenue under the same conditions," was the choking reply. "My! but that smoke is dreadful!"

"It is like the saw-off between any two evils: when you are enduring the one you think you'd rather endure the other. Let us hope and pray that this is the last night for us in this particular sheol, at least. I've heard and read a good bit about the insect pests of the northern woods, and I have always taken it with

a grain of salt. That is another mistake I shall never make again."

"They were not bad on the St. Lawrence nor in Quebec," observed the other martyr.

The mention of Quebec started a new subject or, rather, revived an old one, and they fell to talking of their short experience in the historic city. One thing leading to another, Prime went more specifically into his evening excursion with the athletic young fellow who had seemed so anxious to increase the dividends of the motion-picture houses and the cafés.

"He was a handsome fellow, and he didn't begin to have the face of a villain," he commented. "A good talker, too. He had travelled—been everywhere. One of the pictures we saw was a 'Western,' and that brought on more talk. I remember he told me a lot about his own experience in the British Columbia mines. It was great stuff. He had been manager and general factotum for some rich old money-bags—if he wasn't lying to me and making it all up out of whole cloth."

"He didn't do anything to make you suspect that he might have designs upon you?"

"Not a thing in the world. He was as frank and open-hearted as a boy. There wasn't anything peculiar about him except his habit of looking at his watch every few minutes. I asked him once if I was keeping him from an appointment, and he laughed and said he wished that I were; wished that he were well enough acquainted in the city to be able to make appointments."

"Did he tell you his name?" queried the weeping listener.

"He did, and ever since we woke up and found ourselves back yonder on the lake shore I have been trying to recall it. It is gone completely. 'Bender' is the nearest I can come to it, and that isn't it."

"Would you know it if you should hear it?"

"I am sure I should. It was a queer name, and I remember thinking at the time that I would jot it down and use it for the name of a character in a story—simply because it was so delightfully odd."

"Tell me," she broke in quickly; "was

this young man of yours fair, with blue eyes and hair that reminded you a little of a hay-field?"

"That is the man!"

"How would 'Bandish' do for the name?" she asked.

"You've got it! That's what it was. How in the name of all that is wonderful did you know?"

"I was merely putting one and one together to make two," was the quiet rejoinder. "The young woman I was with that same night was Mrs. Bandish. She was the one whose careless sleeve-pin scratched my arm and put me to sleep."

"Then you knew them both?" Prime demanded.

"Only slightly. They claimed to be teachers from some little town in Indiana. I don't know where they joined our party, but I think it was before we took the St. Lawrence River boat. Anyway, it was somewhere in Canada. They were easy to get acquainted with. At first I didn't like the young woman any too well; there was something about her that gave me the idea that she was—well, that she was somehow too sophisticated. But that wore off. She was quick-witted and jolly, and both she and her husband were the life of the party coming down the big river."

"Do you suppose Grider bribed them to join the party and thus get you in tow?" Prime asked.

"No, I don't suppose anything of the kind. You are forgetting that Mr. Grider didn't even know of my existence at that time—if he does now," she added, after a moment's hesitation.

"Grider knew, and he knew that we were cousins," Prime insisted. "That is a guess, but you will see that it will turn out to be the right one. But even that doesn't explain why he should come up here in the woods and cut a hole in our canoe, confound him!"

"It doesn't explain a good many things which are much more mysterious than they were before," said Lucetta; and shortly after that she smoked her tent blue with a bit of smudge wood and disappeared for the night, leaving Prime to pull reflectively at a clumsy pipe which he had contrived to whittle out of a bit of birch wood during the day of waiting, to smoke and to hope that the threatening

rain-storm would materialize and drown a few millions of the tormenting mosquitoes.

XV

JEAN BA'TISTE

ON a morning which Prime, consulting his notched stick, named as the 24th of July, they gave the canoe patches another daubing of pitch for good luck, relaunched their argosy, loaded the dunnage, and began to learn the art of paddling anew—the relearning being made strictly necessary by the new green-wood paddles.

From a torrenting mill-race in its upper reaches, their river had now subsided into a broad stream with a current so leisurely that they had to paddle continuously to make any headway. With this handicap their progress was slow, and it was not until the afternoon of the second day that they began to see signs to hint that they were approaching the settlements.

The signs were neither numerous nor indicative of any recent habitancy: a few old clearings with their stumps weathered and rotting; here and there a spot luxuriantly green to mark an area where slashings had been burned; in one place a decaying runway to show where the logs had been skidded into the river; all these proved that they were not pioneers; but withal they saw no human being to dispossess with them.

In the evening of this second day they camped on the right-hand bank a short distance below one of the old clearings, kindling their night fire a few yards from the river in a small grove of second-growth pines. The place was not entirely to their liking; the river bank was high, and they could not draw the canoe out without partially unloading it. While Lucetta was busying herself with the supper, Prime, as a precautionary measure, made a porter of himself to the extent of carrying a good part of the dunnage up to the fire, and after thus lightening the canoe he hauled it out of water as far as the steep bank would permit.

While they were eating supper an unexpected guest turned up. Lucetta was the first to hear the dip of a paddle in the stream, and a moment later they both

heard the grating of a boat bottom on the sand. Prime sprang up, rifle in hand, and went to meet the newcomer, prepared to do battle if needful. When he returned he was followed by a small man, dark, bearded, and with bead-like black eyes roving and shifty. He was dressed more like an Indian than a white man; there were fringes on his moccasins and also on the belted coat, which was much the worse for wear and hard usage.

"*Moi, Jean Ba'tiste; I mek you de good evenin', m'sieu' et madame,*" he said, introducing himself brusquely, and as he spoke the roving eyes were taking in every detail of the bivouac camp. Then, with no more ado, he squatted beside the fire and became their supper guest, saying simply: "You eat?—good; *moi*, I eat, too."

Since there seemed to be no question of ceremony, Prime made the guest welcome, heaping his tin plate and pouring tea for him in the spare cup. The small man ate as if he were half starved, and was saving of speech during the process, though the roving eyes seemed to be doing double duty. The meal devoured, he produced a black clay pipe with a broken stem and uttered a single word, "Tabac'?" and when the want was supplied he crumbled himself a pipeful from the twist which Prime handed him.

Prime filled his own home-made pipe, and at its lighting the guest began a curt inquisition.

"W'ere you come from?"

Prime explained without going into any of the kidnapping details.

"You campin' out for fon, mebbe, yes?" was the next query.

"A little that way," said Prime.

"You shoot wiz ze gon? W'ere all dat game w'at you get?"

"It isn't the game season," Prime parried. "We haven't tried to shoot anything."

"But you 'ave ze gon. Lemme see 'um," holding out a hand for the rifle.

Prime passed over the gun nearest at hand and drew the other one up within reach. The inquisitive supper guest looked the weapon over carefully and seemed to be trying to read something in the scratches on the stock.

"*Vraiment!* she's one good gon," he commented, passing it back. "W'ere you get 'um?"

Prime did not answer the question. He thought it was high time to ask a few of his own.

"What river is this?" he wanted to know.

"You make canoe on him and you not know dat? She is Mishamen; comes bimeby to Rivière du Lièvres."

"How far?"

"One, two, t'ree day; mebbe more."

"You mean that we will reach a town in two or three days?"

"Mebbe so, if you don' get los'."

Prime exchanged a quick glance with his fellow castaway. Lucetta signalled "Yes," and he acted accordingly.

"What will you charge to show us the way to the nearest town?" he asked.

The small man did not seem especially eager for money. He was examining the gun again. "*Moi*, I can' go—too bizzee. W'ere you got dis gon?"

"It came with our outfit," said Prime shortly. "We got it when we got the canoe."

"And w'ere you got dat canoe?"

The inquisition was growing rather embarrassing, but Prime answered as best he could.

"We got the outfit up at the big lake where we started from. We have come all the way down the river."

With this the restless-eyed querist appeared to be satisfied. At all events he did not press the questioning any further, and was content to take another pipe-filling from Prime's tobacco twist and to tell a little more about himself. He was "one ver' great trapper," in his own phrase, and was also a "timber looker" for a lumber company. Lucetta had withdrawn to the privacy of her tent, and Prime could not divest himself of the idea that the small man whose tongue had been so suddenly loosened was merely sparring for time, time in which to accomplish some end of his own. In due course the battery was unmasked.

"You say you begin *voyageur* on ze big lake. W'ere you leave Jules Beaujeau an' Pierre Cambon, eh, w'at?"

"I don't know them," said Prime, telling the simple truth.

"Dis Pierre Cambon's gon," said the little man, suddenly tapping the weapon he had been inspecting. "She 'ave hees name on ze stock. An' ze birch-bark

down yonder; she's belong' to Jules Beaujeau. You buy 'um?"

Prime scarcely knew what to say; whether to tell the truth, which would not be believed, or to make up a lie, which might be believed. As a compromise he chose a middle course, which is always the most dangerous.

"I don't know these two you speak of, by name; but the two men who owned the canoe and the guns are both dead."

The supper guest sprang up as if a bomb had been exploded under him and quickly put a safe distance between himself and the camp-fire.

"You—you kill 'um?" he demanded.

"No; come back here and sit down. They had a fight and killed each other."

The man returned hesitantly and squatted beside the fire to press another live coal into the bowl of his pipe. Prime switched the talk abruptly.

"You'd better change your mind about the offer I made you and pilot us to the nearest town. We will pay you well for it."

"You got money?" was the short question.

"Plenty of it."

At this the "ver' great trapper" assumed to take the proposal under consideration, smoking other pipes, chaffering and bargaining and prolonging his stay deep into the night. When he finally took his leave, saying that he must go on to his camp, which was a few miles up one of the smaller tributaries of the main stream, it was with a half promise to come back in the morning for the piloting.

Prime took counsel of prudence and did not settle himself for the night immediately after the sharp-eyed one had gone. Laying his pipe aside, he crept cautiously out to the river bank and assured himself that his late visitor was doing what he had said he would do, namely, heading off up the river with clean, quick strokes of the paddle, which soon sent his light craft out of sight. Prime climbed down the bank, satisfied himself that the patched canoe and its partial lading had not been disturbed, and then went back to the fire to roll himself in his blankets. The incident, with its inquisitorial prying, had been rather disturbing, in a way, but it was apparently an incident closed.

Turning in so late after a laborious day

on the river, Prime overslept the next morning, and when he awoke he found Lucetta already up and frying the bacon.

"Your man didn't stay all night?" she questioned, after Prime had scolded her for not making him get up and do his part.

"No; he sat here until between ten and eleven o'clock and gave me two or three bad minutes. He recognized our canoe and one of the guns, told me the names of the dead men, and wanted to know what had become of them."

"You didn't tell him?" she gasped.

"In the cold light of the morning after, I am afraid I told him too much or too little. I told him the men who owned the canoe and its outfit were dead; that they'd had a fight and killed each other. Candidly, I don't think he believed it. It scared him until I thought he was going to have a fit. I had to jolly him up a bit before he would come back to the fire and talk some more."

"What does he believe?" she inquired anxiously.

"He wouldn't tell me, and I couldn't decide by merely looking at him. I hope I've hired him to pilot us to the nearest town. When he went away he intimated that he might be back this morning."

"Shall we wait for him?"

"No; if he isn't here by the time we are ready to start, we'll go on and take our chance of 'gettin' los', as he put it. I think that was a bluff, anyway."

They breakfasted leisurely, and Prime even took time to smoke a pipe before beginning to break camp. But his first trip to the river bank with a load of the dunnage brought him back on a run.

"Our canoe's gone!" he announced breathlessly. "That little wretch came back and stole it while we were asleep!"

Lucetta sat down and propped her chin in her hands.

"This is the beginning of the end, Donald," she said quite calmly and with a touch of resignation in her voice. "Do you know why he took the canoe?"

"Because he's an infernal thief!" Prime raged hotly.

"No," she contradicted. "It is because he thinks we have murdered the two owners of the canoe, and he wanted to make sure that we wouldn't run away while he went after help to arrest us."

THE NATIONAL PARK ON MOUNT DESERT ISLAND

By Beatrix Farrand

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE R. KING



MORE than three centuries ago Champlain wrote: "The same day we passed also near to an island about four or five leagues long, in the neighborhood of which we just escaped being lost on a little rock on a level with the water, which made an opening in our barque near the keel. . . . It is very high, and notched in places, so that there is the appearance to one at sea, as of seven or eight mountains extending along near each other. The summit of most of them is destitute of trees. . . . I named it Isle des Monts Déserts."

This description of the bold and grandly outlined mountains of the new reservation was written after Champlain's voyage of exploration down our eastern coast in 1604, under the orders of his friend and patron the Sieur de Monts, whose charter and grant had been given him by that picturesque and gallant gentleman, King Henry of Navarre. He was told to sail down the coast of Acadia, since in those early days the name of "Acadie" was given to the whole eastern coast of Maine, a tract of land vast in comparison with the little Nova Scotia district of Evangeline's day.

Champlain first saw the island after the fog had lifted on a morning in early September, and he refers more than once to its high mountains, then, as now, landmarks to every coastwise traveller by sea or land. He headed his boat up the broad sheet of water now called Frenchman's Bay, landed in a little cove near where the town of Bar Harbor now stands, and after talking to the friendly Indians, whom he found cooking their dinner, he fared farther westward under their guidance through the islands into Penobscot Bay. After some years the Jesuits, those courageous frontiersmen of the Faith, fol-

lowed Champlain and started a settlement at the mouth of Somes Sound, and to-day the deep, cool spring, which still bears their name, flows down the grassy southern slope near where the huts of their short-lived colony are said to have stood.

A chain of round-topped mountains crosses the island from east to west, and the new national park includes the whole eastern part of the range. These high granite hills are the ice-worn survivors of a giant mountain thrust through the sea-laid rocks of the beginning of the geologic era. They are among the oldest rocks of the world and they still survive in places here and there along the shore; the strata are either twisted or level and bear witness to a time so infinitely remote that our minds are bewildered, and we fail to realize how many millions of years have passed since this gray-fissured stone was soft, clayey mud. Glacial fiords, deep cut into the granite mountain ranges, are the finest we have outside Alaska, and, unlike as the two places really are in almost every particular, there are points of view on the island which flash an instantaneous picture to one's memory of certain deep-sea and forest-grown inlets of our northwestern territory. It may be a certain mystery of clear water, deep forests and remoteness, a virginal freshness of the northern landscape in the silvery sunlight of the brief summer.

The ten mountains in the park are the highest land on our Atlantic coast-line, and known to every one who sails our eastern waters as they were long ago to Champlain. Their ice-modelling has been on such noble lines that they seem larger than their actual height, and the cliffs and rock formations are also on a big scale. The lakes in the heart of the reservation are deep and clear, and in one

or two instances their beds have been gouged out lower than the present sea-level by the tearing and grinding of the ice. Those who have had the good fortune to be familiar with the hills year

swept heights, clefts of the bare granite rocks give just the scanty soil needed for some of the species of far-northern plants. These settlers from the arctic come to their most southerly colonies on the

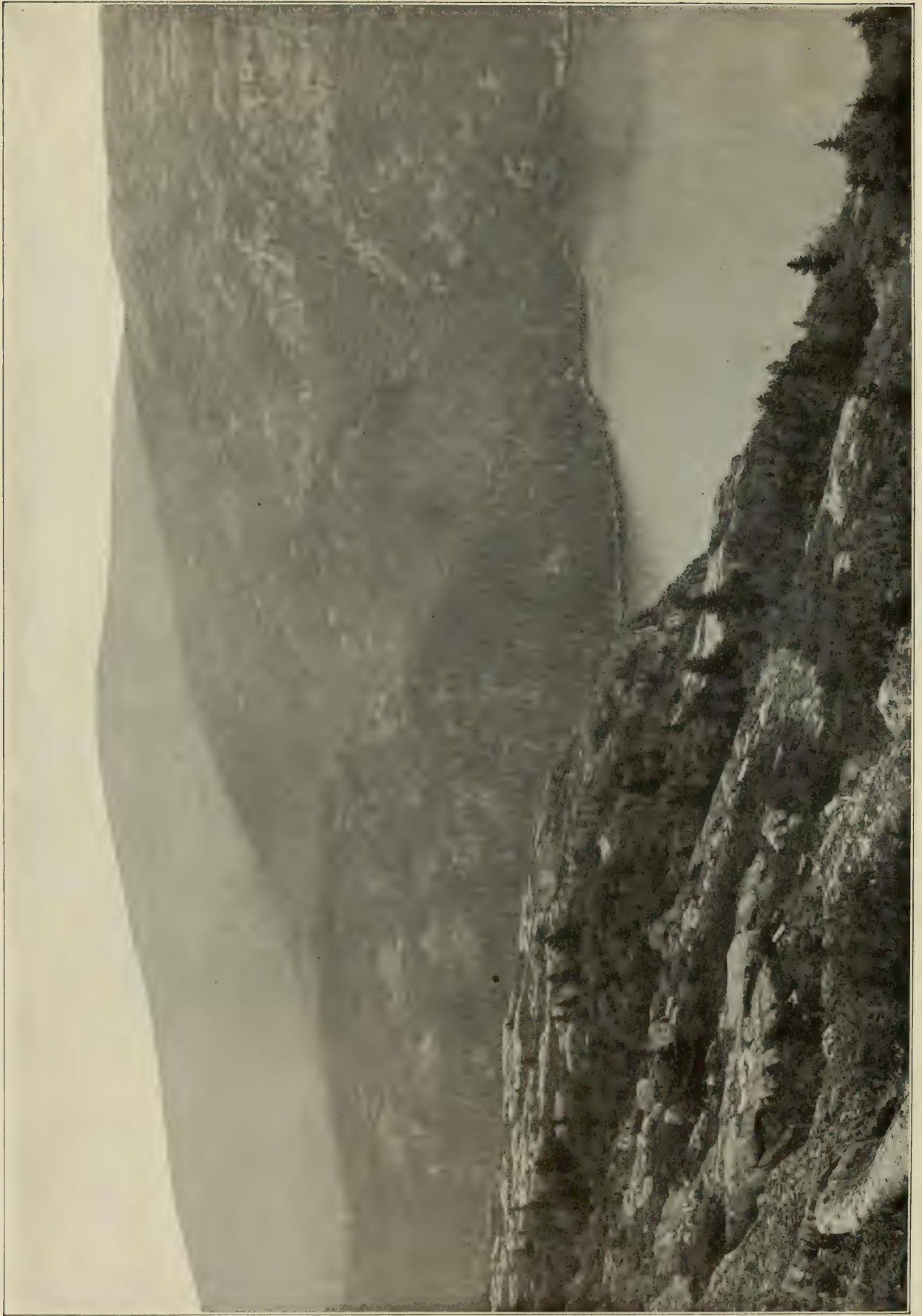


The high mountains are landmarks to every coastwise traveller by sea or land.—Page 484.

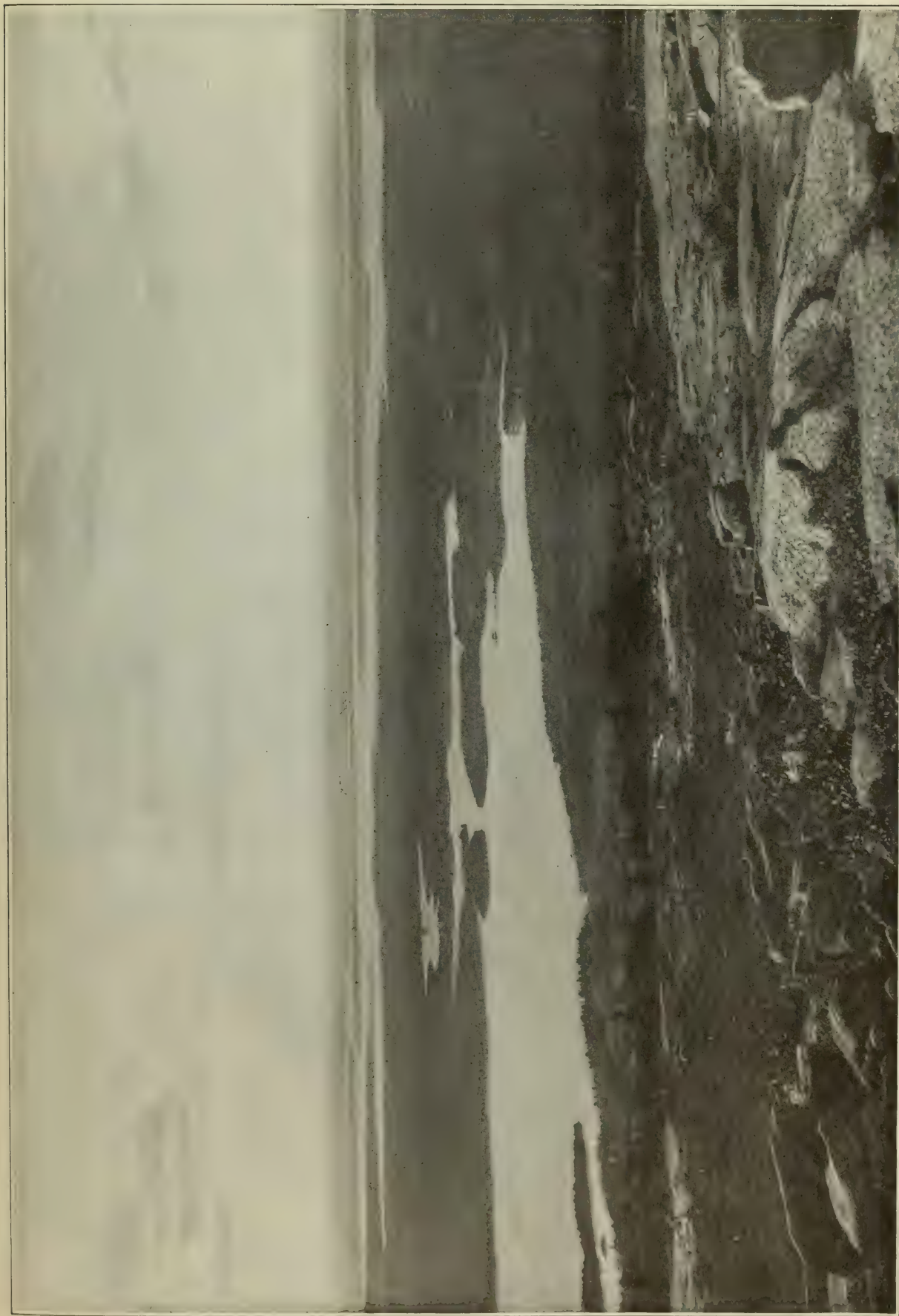
after year and who have clambered over their desert tops, know their charm. The endless ocean lies to the southward; and westward is an intricate glistening design of sea meeting shore, with shining lakes and far-away blue mountains fading into a pale golden haze on the horizon.

In this fortunate place of mountains, sea, and forest, plant lovers have unequalled chances for study. On the wind-

Mount Desert hills and on a few of the higher tops of the White Mountains. The pale flowers of the Greenland sandwort are found in the glacial scores and cracks of the granite summits, waving agitatedly on their thin, wiry stems, which bend and twist in a wind that makes one shiver even in midsummer. Mats of the black crowberry grow on the hillsides and along the shore within reach of the spray, and



The granite shoulders of Jordan and Pemetic Mountains shelter the north end of Jordan's Pond, in the heart of the Reservation.

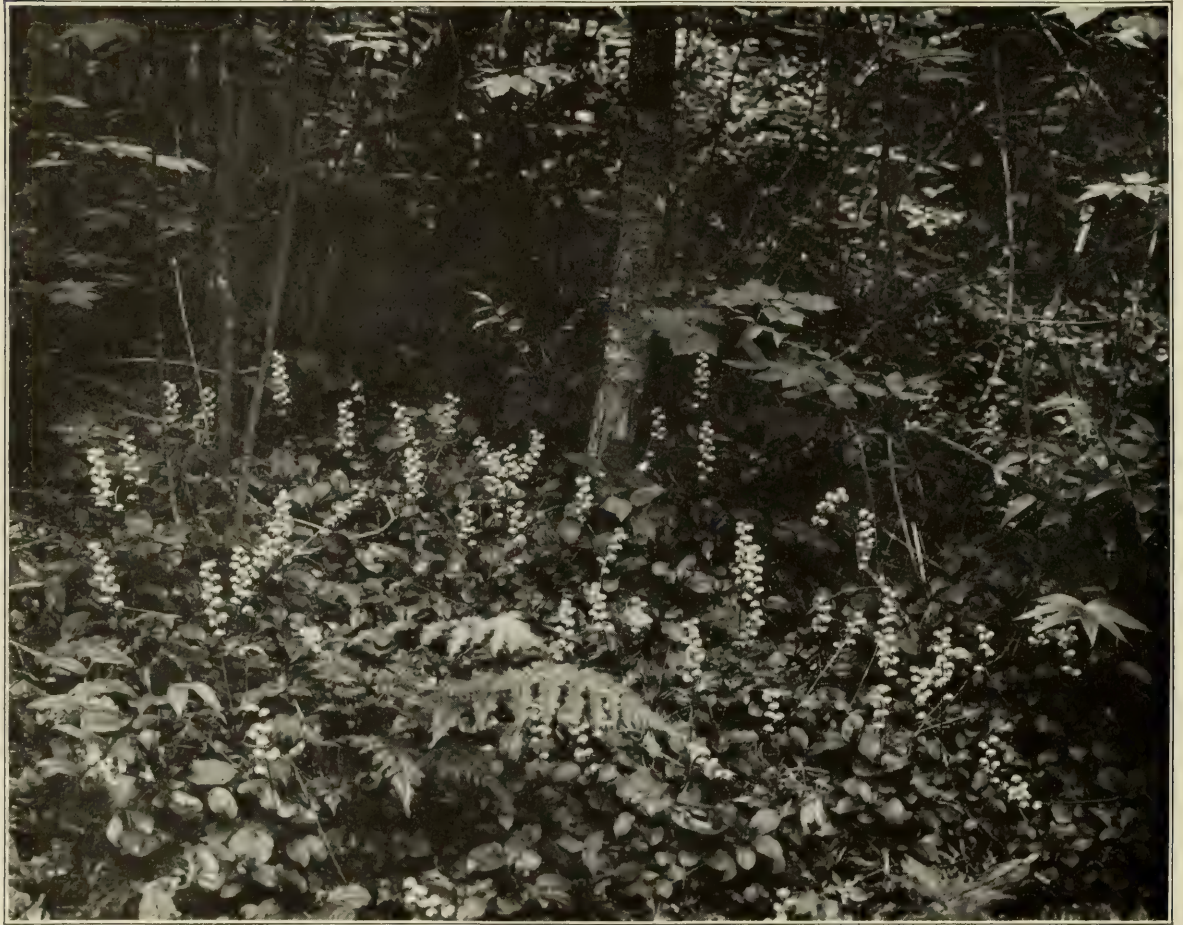


Westward from the top of Sargent Mountain an intricate glistening design of sea meeting shore fades into a golden haze.—Page 485.

this small plant seems as much at home in Maine, under conditions that would blast most green things, as it does in Siberia, Alaska, or Hudson's Bay.

The mountain tarns are surrounded by thickets of leather-leaf, and here and there a plant of Labrador tea shows its

their own. They have neither the majesty of the great forests of the Pacific slope, where great columnar boles spring a hundred feet skyward before the first limb breaks the upsoaring lines, nor have they the quiet charm of the English groves of oak and beech; but these north-

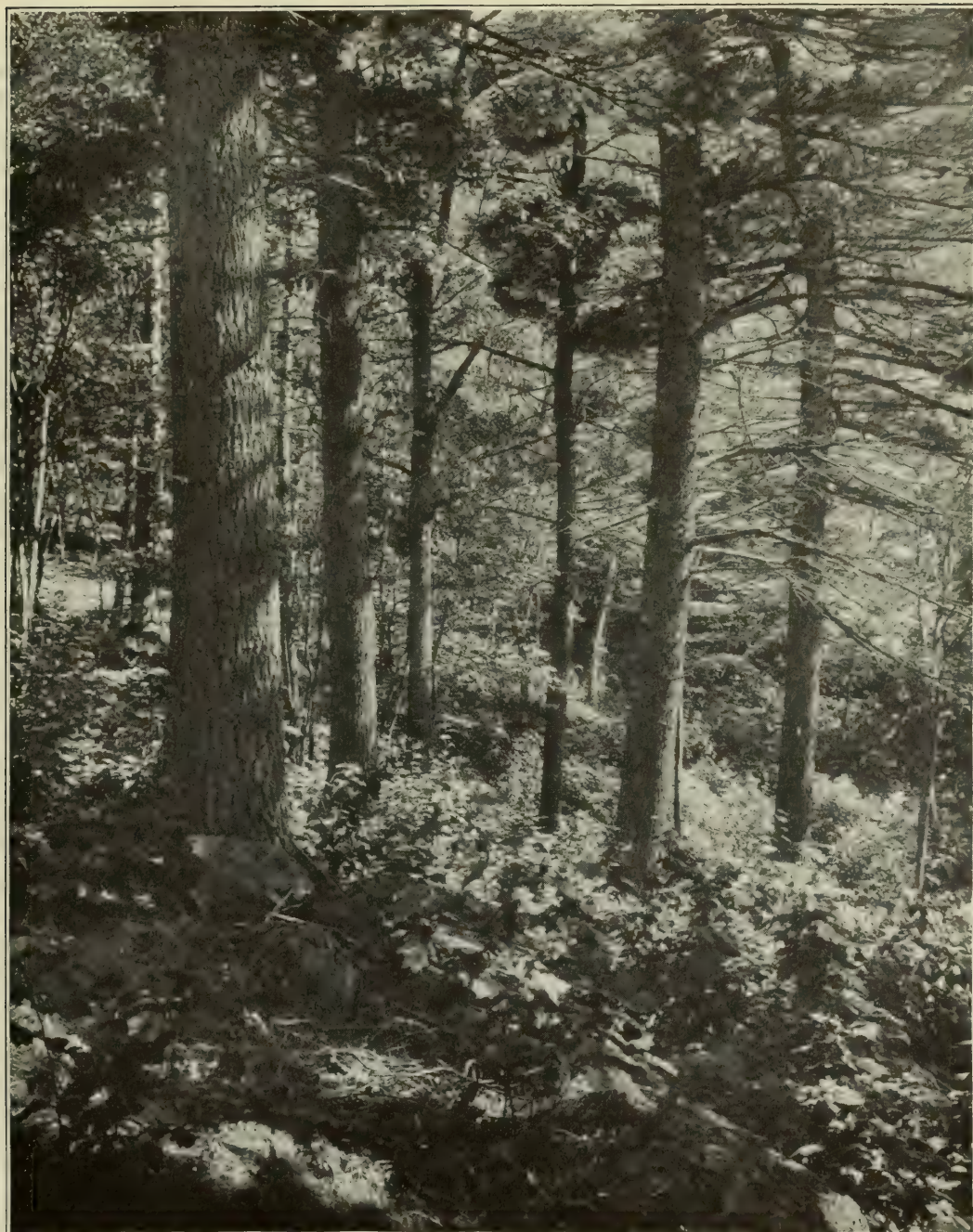


The forest ground cover—Shin leaf, twisted stalk and fern.

soft, white flowers among woolly-backed leaves, and one cannot help wondering if the tea which the early colonists are supposed to have brewed from them was not somewhat outlandish in flavor. The island is a meeting-ground for the black spruces from the northern muskeg swamps and the pitch-pines from the sand barrens to the south, while the scrub-oaks reach their northern limit in the United States, mingled with a flora that the jargon of the botanists calls subarctic.

The forests on the island are unusually varied in their leafage; they are really only comparable to the forests of Japan in complexity of texture, but a certain radiance and beauty of coloring is all

ern woods have flashes of birch gleaming against dark spruce and wind-driven pine, and are carpeted with a ground cover of unrivalled beauty. Patches of the lustrous and pervasively flavored winter-green yield to tangled mats of Linnæus's favorite twinflower, and long, pale runners of partridgeberry, with symmetrically paired and accurately spaced leaves, make prim sylvan processions toward sheets of scarlet bunchberries. The harsh leathery leaves of Mayflower huddle in tight clusters under the shelter of rocks, and in the aromatic depths enchanter's nightshade and goldthread cover the ground at the roots of tropically robust clumps of cinnamon-fern. There

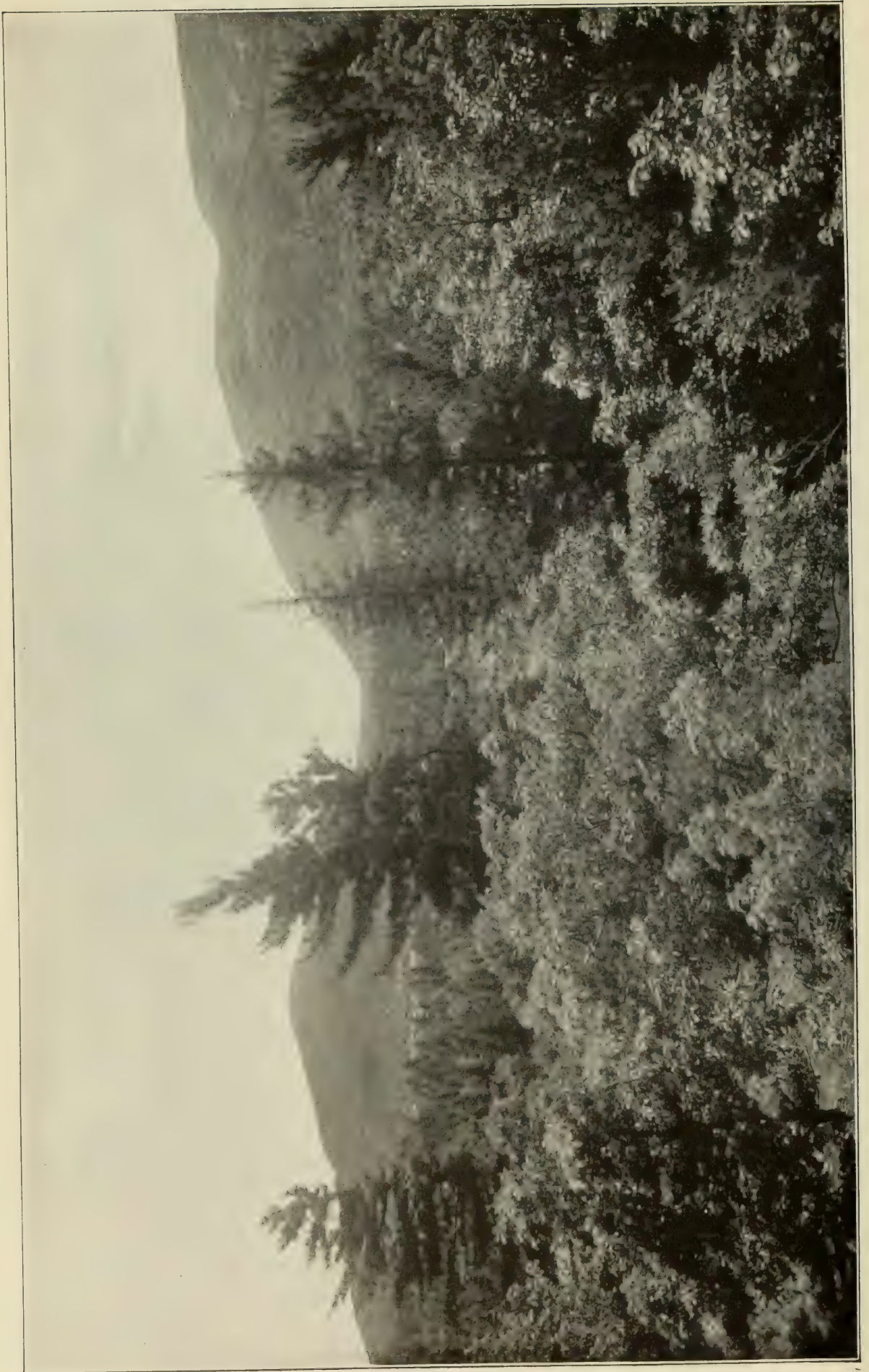


The aromatic depths of the pine and hemlock woods near Beachcroft path.

are acres of rhodora growing in the deep, peaty soil of the low-lying, moist meadows which now fill some of the preglacial lake basins. In earliest spring sheets of the pale reddish flowers, mingled with spray-like tufts of shadbush, are framed in rims of blackish evergreens, and although the much-praised flowers are dull in color compared with other azaleas, the very masses of them give the austere wintry landscape a flush of color as welcome as the song of the first robin.

The new government land will serve

one of its most useful purposes as a refuge for birds. It is already known to be most favorably placed as a breeding-place for many of the arctic species which come to the island in their southernmost flights, and in the coming years the sanctuary of the reservation will shelter more and more birds safely within its limits. Sea and lake shores, high cliffs, deep forests, wide marshes and meadows give a variety of nesting-places which already draw more than a hundred and forty different species to the island. Ornithologists have long



Newport, Dry and Green Mountains from a hill-top in Bar Harbor.

known it as one of the best places in the Eastern States in which to study both sea and land birds, and as a favorite resting-place on the migrations. Many shy and rare species are found frequently, often in

the beaver ponds still remain, and it is hoped before long to start a colony of them in one of the wild-life and plant sanctuaries which are to be established.

It is not surprising that the island



View from the pines of Huguenot Head across the gorge to Newport Mountain.

the near neighborhood of houses, while in most gardens humming-birds dart and chatter and play all through the summer days. For a long time an eyrie has been perched high above a cliff overlooking the sea, and not infrequently the great birds are seen sweeping over the valley hundreds of feet below.

Game used to be plentiful on the island and is again increasing; deer are multiplying and becoming quite tame, and the startling whirr of the ruffed grouse as he rises is heard on many an autumn walk. Mink were found until recently, and now and again a fine fox pelt was brought in by a trapper. In Champlain's time the Indians came to the island to hunt beaver, and although they and the beaver have both disappeared, here and there some of

should have been known and loved for many years by the thousands of people who have come to find refreshment in its quickening air, blended from sea and forest. After winters spent in cities, men and women go to Mount Desert to play and work and roam in its forests or sail its waters, and live in its beauty till it becomes a part of their lives. The opalescent light which often covers the bay and islands in the early summer mornings appealed to John La Farge, whose sketches show his appreciation of its tenderness and charm, and he also delighted in the dark pines, holding fast to the granite rocks, above the deep-blue foam-streaked sea. Marion Crawford laid the scene of one of his shorter novels on the island, and was always interested in comparing



A forest pool at the foot of the Diedrich path.

its northern sea and shore with the Italian coast, which he knew so thoroughly. Mount Desert had another sympathetic admirer in Doctor Weir Mitchell, who loved it both wisely and well. He was often seen walking on the mountain trails, with springy step and eyes alert, keenly interested in all he saw and delighted to discover far-away recesses in the forests and hills. He eagerly spoke of possibilities for paths to give access either to the unknown canyon of a ferny brook or to a bluff headland from which a new point of view might be seen. His unfailing enthusiasm and wise counsel were of incalculable use in helping the development of the system of paths begun and carried on with unflagging energy by Waldron Bates. For many years Mr. Bates devoted a large part of his summers to indefatigable exploration of the hills and valleys. A tireless walker and fearless climber, he enjoyed nothing so much as working out a good path up an incredibly steep crag or finding a way between rock ledges to some quiet grove hidden in a fold of the mountain. His boyish excitement over

a new trail swept his fellow workers along with him, and day after day he would go back to some particularly baffling cliff till he had found a way around or over or through it. He started the path system which has made the hills accessible to many a walker who would otherwise have found the dense forest growth a hopeless barrier. He gave much of his too-short life to studying the island and linking together mountains, shore, and hitherto unknown districts in a continuous series of trails which make it possible to tramp from one side of the island to the other on ways either level or steep, according to the walker's mood or choice.

In 1901, at the suggestion of President Eliot, whose son Charles Eliot, the distinguished landscape-architect, had conceived a like scheme for Massachusetts, Mr. George Bucknam Dorr assembled a group of people who saw clearly and acted wisely in organizing themselves into the Hancock County Trustees of Public Reservations. Two years later the legislature of Maine confirmed the incorporation of the organization. Its purposes were

“to receive, hold, and improve for public use the lands in Hancock County, which by reason of historic interest, scenic beauty, or any other cause were suitable for such an object.” Seven years later the trustees received their first gift of land, a tract on Newport Mountain, including the Bowl and the Beehive, from Mrs. Charles D. Homans of Boston, one of the earliest of the summer settlers on the island. Later in the same year Mr. John Stewart Kennedy of New York bought the top of Green Mountain, the highest summit on our Atlantic coast, and gave it to the trustees to hold for the use of the nation. As the years passed, Dry Mountain, the whole of Newport, Pemetic Mountain (the only one still bearing its Indian name), Sargent, Jordan, and the Bubbles were given to the trustees, and they held an undivided tract, including all the highest land and the high-lying lakes of the eastern part of the island. Mr. Dorr had given nearly twenty years of unswerving and far-sighted devotion to the ultimate usefulness of the island, and

he therefore realized that in order to keep it for the use of the people at large it should become one of the national parks under federal control. He, accordingly, went to Washington to consult Mr. Franklin K. Lane, the Secretary of the Interior, with regard to the acceptance of the tract by the government, under the Monuments Act, which allows the administration to set aside by presidential proclamation lands of “historic, prehistoric, or scientific interest,” as national parks, either when previously owned by the government or when freely given it from some private source. Two more years’ work on Mr. Dorr’s part were spent in enlarging the boundaries of the park still farther, and in searching and perfecting the land titles of the reservation according to the high standard which the government requires. Mr. Dorr then returned to Washington in June, 1916, with the deeds of the property prepared for acceptance by the government, and with Mr. Lane’s effective help and co-operation he was successful in obtaining the Presi-



The Kane path skirting the glacial basin of the Sieur de Monts Tarn.

dent's signature to the proclamation on the 8th of July.

The new federal land was named the *Sieur de Monts National Monument* in memory of Champlain's friend and companion whose courage and hope for the future made the voyage possible. The French expedition to Acadia failed after a gallant struggle, but the names of the *Sieur de Monts* and his associates will be kept in remembrance for all time in the name of the first national park on the Atlantic coast.

Although Mr. Dorr has given years of patient work to the creation of the new reservation, he feels that the future holds many chances for its further development. He looks forward confidently not only to the maintenance of the present system of paths, but to joining distant points by further communications. There are giant-rock slides and wide ocean views, bold cliffs and quiet meadows which can now be seen only after a painful struggle with matted underbrush. Roads should be built in the park which will be unequalled in their beauty of combined sea and mountain horizons, and while its wild charm should in no way be lessened, it is possible to make the different parts of the government land more accessible. The approaches to the *Sieur de Monts Park* and its surroundings are being studied under the wise guidance of Mr. Dorr, who is its first custodian. At his instance an offshoot corporation from the Hancock County Trustees of Public Reservations has recently been formed and named the "*Wild Gardens of Acadia*," and under its direction plans are being made to establish wild gardens and bird sanctuaries on lands adjacent to the reservation as well as elsewhere in the State and in Canada. The shady valley of a brook will be used to grow the great osmundas, trilliums, and other forest and moisture-loving plants; or a collection of rock-plants will be established on a slope where saxifrages and their tiny fellows will root deeply and bask in the sunshine, or a water garden at the edge of a pond

will show water-lilies and arrowleaf and sheets of blue pickerel-weed, with *arethusa* and pitcher-plants growing alongside sundew in the bog near by.

Every one interested in any of the protean forms of gardening knows the extraordinary delight in the co-operation of the island climate. The cool nights followed by clear, sunny days give herbaceous plants a brilliance of color and vigor of growth which cannot be found except in the high Alpine meadows. As the wild-garden idea is developed everybody who wishes to see the northern plant and bird life at its best will come to study on the island. Already a fund for one wild garden has been given in memory of a member of a family who cared much for Mount Desert, and paths, now included in the reservation, have been made and named after others who spent many happy summers there.

The *Sieur de Monts Park* is the first to be set aside in the crowded Eastern States, and it should be the forerunner of a long series of reservations, to preserve for the public use their most interesting and varied types of scenery. Those who love Mount Desert call it affectionately "*The Island*," and they are happy in the knowledge that its hills are safe, that the forests will be protected from fire and mutilation, and that in the time to come generations will follow them in search of the peace and refreshment they have themselves found in the cool bracing air and sweet-scented woods. The great gray hills belong to the nation, and each year, as the winter snows yield and the brooks are released, the birds will come back to their sanctuaries, the flowers will begin another summer, and men and women will return to the reservation again and again to seek and to find rest and new strength in its beauty. And every one who comes, either now or in the future, should remember that he owes a large share of his enjoyment to the clear vision, the wise development, and the self-sacrificing enthusiasm of the first custodian of the park.

A WHIMSICAL TENDERNESS

By Thomas Edgelow

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL



ANY successful business man will tell you that the dreamer is no good, and, before all else, Peter Fane was a dreamer. He was, for example, perfectly capable of taking a subway down-town express at Grand Central, to journey musingly as far as Brooklyn Bridge before he discovered that he really wanted to go to Columbus Circle.

Not only was Peter a dreamer, but he was cursed also with a sensitiveness that it took the city of New York (a city which you will readily agree is a kind of lethal chamber to such feelings) five years to harden, if not altogether to destroy.

To begin with, Peter insisted, from this very sensitiveness, that he was a cripple. Not that the statement was correct in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but the fact remained that Peter limped, limped he ever so slightly. True that at times, when Peter was very tired, or even disheartened, the limp would become slightly accentuated; but even on his worst days it was only Peter himself who employed the harsher term.

The limp had been caused out West, where Peter had gone in search of a Bret Harte atmosphere and in obedience to a primeval wanderlust. Dreaming as usual, Peter had not heard, or had heard too late, the warning cry of the lumberjacks as a mighty fir crashed to mother earth, and though the doctors had saved his leg, Peter limped slightly through the years that lay before him.

That was when Peter wrote for pleasure, and before a rich and indulgent uncle fell captive to the fascinations of a young lady who danced in the front row . . . the third from the left. Even when the rich and indulgent uncle had directed most of his riches and all of his indulgence toward the charms that his marriage had won for him, Peter declined to awaken. Establishing himself in a cheap set of

rooms off Washington Square, Peter continued to dream and refused steadfastly to boil for the pot.

Instead, therefore, of writing short stories with a happy ending, or novelettes with a doubtful flavor, Peter devoted himself to the making of books in which the dreamer was ever apparent above the mere narrator. His novels were completely lacking both in plot and in action, and yet an indescribable charm that clung about Peter's third effort won for him a certain niche in the world of letters, and secured for him a continuance of the modest sums that he required for his personal expenditure.

So Peter dreamed on, writing a little every day when he felt like it, and so might he have continued to dream had it not been for Dawn Delaine. Now Peter loved music, and it was at Carnegie Hall that he first saw and heard Dawn Delaine, which in itself was enough to awaken any man.

As for the daintiness of her, as for her quaint little ways, and as for the voice of the darling, why, I can tell you but little, but should you ever meet Peter Fane and win his confidence, he will be glad to talk by the hour upon this very subject.

I can, however, boldly put it down that the hair of Dawn Delaine was soft and silky and the color of sunlight playing on a gilded minaret; that her face was oval and as dewy fresh as the inside petals of a moss rose when the birds are calling to each other that another June day has just dawned for them. But I cannot explain to you how one expression chased another across her flower face, like fleecy clouds across a wind-swept sky, nor can I do more than hint at the whimsical tenderness for all suffering things that lay in the depths of her big violet eyes.

As regards Dawn's singing voice . . . well, it was low and sweet and tremulous, and the world at large was beginning to realize that she was possessed not only



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

A moment later Peter forgot all in her voice.—Page 501.

of a contralto voice, but of singular power of expression; but, though a certain success was hers, she had not as yet come into her own. To Peter, of course, once he had looked upon her, Dawn's voice was the music in which he would steep his very soul, and so it came about that he awoke from his dreams and hustled.

For a week or more Peter sought for some one to introduce him, but for a moderately successful man of thirty-three Peter had singularly few friends, and so it was not until he had worked persistently and hard that at last he found one who could and would present him.

The introduction over—and during the first interview Peter was almost tongue-tied for wonder at such loveliness—there followed for Peter a probationary period in which he sought out Dawn as often as he dared. More, he worked as he had never worked before, as he needed money, and if he came to earth sufficiently to write for the magazines, he wove each story with such charm about his idol, and albeit with such success, that Fane's heroines, although they were really one and the same girl, attained no little popularity. It became in time a work of love for Peter, for he would send each story as it appeared to Dawn and let her read between the lines.

Not that Peter permitted himself to hope. How could she, he argued, look on a man who limped, be it ever so slightly? Instead, he was content to burn incense before her and in its fragrance to forget himself.

Now Dawn, in contradiction to her general appearance, was a bachelor girl, as her people lived in Paris and she occupied all by herself a tiny apartment off the Drive. Perhaps it was Peter's very lameness, perhaps it was a certain loneliness about him that made her do it, but gradually, and to Peter's inexpressible wonder, he found himself on sufficiently friendly terms to be allowed at times to take tea with Dawn.

It was soon after this that Peter's shyness dropped from him, and the two together would be as merry as "grigs." At least they were gay, those two, and there was added to Peter's life the joy of chaffing Dawn. Of course, the delight in his nonsense lay in watching Dawn's ex-

pression as she replied to him and to note in particular one absurd dimple that *would* dimple in spite of herself.

One April day, when spring had touched Fifth Avenue, Peter telephoned and was allowed to come to tea.

"I wish," remarked Dawn tentatively, "that *all* the knights had not disappeared with the Round Table."

"They all have," Peter asserted stoutly—"all except one."

"Yes?" queried Dawn sweetly.

"I said it," Peter maintained. "One, and only one, remains. Is it a dragon you wish me to slay?"

"Then it *is* you!" she sighed. "I was so afraid it might be somebody else. But isn't the world small, when in all the whole of it I am having tea with the only really truly knight that remains?"

"By the way," reminded Peter, "now I think of it, we knights—and we are terrible fellows when aroused—always had our lady's favor to carry with us into danger . . . a ribbon . . . or a glove."

"But not before you had earned it."

"Well, of course, if you think you know more about us than we ourselves . . ."

"Perhaps first I had better tell you of the dragon?"

"Oh, the dragon? He's as good as killed already."

"Wait," Dawn insisted. "Wait till you hear who it is. You know of Feraldi?"

Peter passed his cup. "I begin," he said, "to see light. You refer, of course, to Feraldi, the producer of grand opera, and not to Feraldi, the proprietor of many restaurants?"

"How bright of you," she smiled. "Yes, I mean Filippino Feraldi, the music-maker. Oh, Mr. Fane . . ."

"You promised last time I saw you," he interrupted, "that you knew me well enough to call me Peter."

"Only because you said that no one in New York did . . . and I thought it sounded lonely," replied Dawn, dimpling.

"I am . . . desperately lonely at times . . . and so?"

"I believe you're a fraud, but as you are going to kill dragons for me . . . well, then, *Peter*, if only I could talk to that man for five minutes! No, don't suggest the obvious and ordinary channels for an

introduction. Feraldi is the most impossible person in the world. He ought not to exist, but he does. Can you . . . Oh, can't you think of some way to get me a few minutes? I'm going to ask him to let me sing *Michaela* in 'Carmen.' Oh, I know I could do it, and I'm told that he has not settled on any one yet. You are always writing stories! Can't you get some plan, some plot, that would get me to him? If we could play on his vanity . . ."

"Then he is vain?"

"Vain! A child in his vanity! You must have heard hundreds of Feraldi stories."

Peter's heart sank. How little he wanted her to sing in opera! The alternative, though, was too bold; he dared not suggest it . . . at least not now. Forgetting himself in the incense that he burned, Peter forced a smile. "Give me," he begged, "give me until to-morrow."

It was nearly midnight when Dawn's telephone rang insistently.

"Are you very cross at being disturbed at this time?" Peter's voice was asking.

"Horribly," Dawn told him. "I can never, never speak to you again."

"I'll have," he went on, "to tell two lies . . . no, one really, but I have a scheme. It's quite mad, but it's based on human nature. Please, will you come to tea with me to-morrow while I unfold the horrors that I have in view?"

"Oh, Peter, you don't mean you can do it? You angel from heaven! . . . I'll bless you forever if you can."

"This man is so utterly impossible that I have no compunction. Then you will come and have tea to-morrow?"

"Of course I will," Dawn promised. "Come and fetch me at four."

"I have always loathed the idea of journalism," remarked Peter, when the next day they sat in the tea-room of the Plaza.

Dawn, who was wearing a new hat, smiled sympathetically. "Go on," she urged, her eyes entreating him.

"My plan is foolishly simple, but it might work. Every one tells me the same thing . . . Feraldi will receive no one who comes after a job . . . no matter what their introduction is. I am going to him as an interviewer, as he adores being in-

terviewed. I shall ask him the usual questions . . . you know the sort of thing. 'What is your favorite recreation?' 'Elephant riding.' 'And do you keep your own elephants or do you hire them from a livery-stable?' Then in a few days I shall go back to him and tell him that he has made my journalistic reputation by the interview, that his remarks on elephants, or cabbages, or whatever he talked about, were so brilliantly scintillating . . . and the fellow prides himself above all on his wit . . . that my career as an interviewer is established."

"But I don't see," Dawn began, and the puckering of her eyebrows was so distracting that Peter wandered. "Tell me," Dawn continued firmly, "did every knight of the Round Table keep his fayre ladye on tenter-hooks like this?"

"Always," Peter assured her solemnly, "always . . . until she gave him a favor."

"This," expostulated Dawn, "is nothing but blackmail!"

"I live by it," he told her.

"They are a clean pair, and it's a shame," Dawn sighed as she handed him one of her white gloves. "Now will you go on?"

"Feraldi," Peter continued, "will be so enchanted to hear that his wit has made my reputation that he will probably do anything I ask him. I shall say that you also have helped me in my career. For example, it was you who nerved me to seek out as great a man as he is."

"But I didn't," objected Dawn.

"You *have* helped me enormously in my career. You have, you know. Think of all the short stories you have inspired. My heroines are . . ."

"I know . . . I have read them," Dawn smiled demurely.

"The impatience of the creature!" Peter continued, furtively caressing the glove that she had given him. "You, I say, have helped me enormously in my career, and you have never asked me a favor before, and now you want me to present you to the great Feraldi. Will he, who has already done me such enormous good, will he help me once again and let me repay my debt to you by bringing you

to see him? It sounds mad, I know, but I'll bet you any number of pairs of gloves that he falls for it."

"I think it *might* succeed," Dawn admitted a little doubtfully, "but won't it be horrid for you . . . I mean, going there and flattering him?"

"I wish," said Peter fervently, "that it would be a million times worse!"

"Won't you have another cup of tea?" Dawn asked sedately.

Later, Peter took pleasure in the unpleasantness of his task. As a rule, it is for a boy to yearn for some intense suffering, some pain, exquisite in its agony, by which to demonstrate his love. Crucifixion for the beloved's sake is only welcomed by extreme youth. But in this Peter was youthful.

So, recoiling intuitively from thrusting himself anywhere, but protected by the armor of his love, Peter forced himself to the stage door of the theatre where Feraldi was rehearsing opera, faced unshrinking the insolence of the stage doorkeeper, and eventually presented himself in the character of an interviewer in the private room of the master. Not that Feraldi could sing a note himself. His mastership consisted in his extraordinary power of calling forth music from others, in his unique knowledge of opera production in all its detail, and in his power over various world-famous artists.

Tall, grossly fat, and yet with his corpulent figure withheld by corsets, Feraldi appalled Peter by his grotesque ugliness. Blond almost to the whiteness of an Albino, his fat face was as well powdered as any chorus girl's, while an atmosphere of perfume clung about him. With short, white hands, loaded with jewels, he waved Peter to a chair, and the great man settled down to the enjoyment of quarter of an hour's chat about himself.

Amused at his naïve conceit, almost laughing aloud at the immense figure clothed in the same shade of pearl gray from head to foot, Peter pretended to take notes.

"The public . . . my public are always so kind," the thick voice with the marked foreign accent droned on, "but then, the public is always kind if one offers them the real gems of art. Once, when I was dining with the Grand Duke Xelen-

dorph, who is a personal and very dear friend of mine, 'e said . . ."

Peter's pencil moved over the pages of his note-book. A secretary entered timidly.

"Go away . . . I, Feraldi, am now speaking to my people!" His beringed hands flew in swift gesticulation.

It was three days later and at night that Peter drove in a taxicab toward Dawn's apartment. She was, he knew, singing at a concert that evening, and he would just catch her on her return. His plan had succeeded better even than he had hoped, and the fall of Feraldi had been complete. The next morning the master would receive Miss Delaine, for as his interview had so greatly benefited the young journalist, who had possessed sufficient taste to come and tell him so, well, then, he, Feraldi, was in royal mood and would further extend his favors by receiving this lady.

Peter might have telephoned, he argued, both his news and the appointment for the next day. Still, telephones were risky things. Supposing the wires had broken down! It would be safer to see her for a moment, so that there could be no mistake. Yes, it were better to see her! The thought of the smile he would have earned thrilled him, so for Peter the drive up-town was rose-tinted in its ecstasy. But supposing he got there after Dawn's return? He could not go up to her apartment at that hour, nor could he ask her to come down to the hall to speak to him. There remained the telephone, and at least he would hear her voice, but like a child who wants his desire *now*, Peter felt that he could not exist until the next day without seeing her.

How delicious would be the curve of her lips when she heard that he had succeeded! Her hair would be gleaming under the electric lights of the hall. At Forty-second Street the traffic delayed Peter's progress. Supposing he was too late! He was not quite certain of the hour at which Dawn would leave the concert. Putting his head out of the window Peter promised an extravagant tip for speed.

At last the policeman released the throbbing traffic, and Peter's taxi sped up the

avenue. The cab did arrive after æons of time, for time to a lover is not measured by clocks. Paying off the chauffeur, Peter limped up to the colored attendant in charge of the telephone-board.

"Has Miss Delaine come in yet?" he asked as he slipped the man an unnecessary quarter.

"I dunno, I'll jest inquire," the man answered.

To Peter's unspeakable delight there was no answer to the call. "I'll wait," Peter said, forcing himself to speak carelessly, and sought a beplushed seat that commanded a view of the entrance.

It was just eleven o'clock: Peter verified his own watch by the clock on the operator's desk. Dawn would not be long now. Peter sat on. Every time the doors opened to admit some theatre-goer Peter's heart seemed to miss a beat. At half-past eleven he got up and paced the hall.

At a quarter past twelve a taxicab discharged Dawn and a young man, the latter exuding prosperity and good looks. There was, Peter reflected, no trace of lameness about *him*.

A little dreamily Peter heard her introduce the prosperous young man. "Mr. Tramwell and I have been dissipating! We went to supper after the concert."

Peter found himself murmuring something to the effect that it was a perfectly natural and exhilarating thing to do, to take supper after a concert.

"I have news for you," Peter began, but Mr. Tramwell was already speaking.

"Then I will call and take you to-morrow morning," he was saying, and an unholy joy descended upon Peter.

"Please do not make any engagements for to-morrow morning, Miss Delaine," Peter said distinctly.

"Oh, Peter! You don't mean . . .?" she flashed at him.

"But I do," he replied, delighting selfishly in the fact that Tramwell was out of the conversation. "That's just what I do mean."

"Oh, you dear thing," she laughed, "how perfectly wonderful of you! Mr. Tramwell, I'm so sorry, but I can't possibly see you to-morrow. Mr. Fane has made a marvellous appointment for me, and one that I simply cannot miss."

Tramwell sulked openly. "Then I will say good night," he replied, and a moment later the waiting taxi bore him away.

Dawn caught Peter's expression and laughed in her friendly little way. But decidedly it was Peter's night! "Tell me all about it," she insisted, and sitting together on the beplushed bench, Peter told.

"At eleven o'clock, then," Dawn said later, and the dimple was prodigal in its appearances, "and I shall wear my prettiest hat!"

"Wear that one . . . that blue thing you had on when we had tea at the Plaza," Peter begged her.

Of course she would wear it. Had not Peter earned the right to advise her?

So it was an intoxicated Peter, a love-drunken Peter, who watched Dawn disappear upward in the elevator, and afterward limped, but only with a little bit of a limp, on his homeward way. How could he limp badly when all the wonderful night was shouting of her kindness?

Peter, to do him justice, was not late for his appointment. As a matter of solid fact, he was waiting in the hall twenty-seven minutes before the time, and at six minutes past eleven, only six minutes late, the elevator brought down Dawn at her very prettiest.

"Do I look all right?" she asked anxiously.

"Terrible . . . perfectly terrible," Peter told her. "Perhaps, though, no one will notice it," he added soothingly.

He helped her into the taxi, and forthwith an extraordinary phenomenon presented itself for Peter's observation. Obviously the distance that he had driven the night before from the theatre to the apartment was the same distance as that on the return journey the next morning, and yet the drive to the theatre was over in ten seconds, while on the previous evening eternities of time had elapsed on the same journey.

The morning was shining in the sun, but gusts of wind made sport of ill-guarded hats. It was when they had alighted at the stage door that a similar mischievous puff of wind ruthlessly snatched Dawn's hat from her head, and would have carried it away had not Peter caught it in passing. There she stood,

while Peter's eyes hungered for her, with her hair tumbling down about her in one cascade of gold. Suddenly she began to laugh, and so infectious was the music of it that not only Peter but the chauffeur joined in.

"But how can I see *him* like this?" Dawn protested, as her hands flew to bind her wayward hair.

Peter looked on and smiled, for indeed it was a smiling sight. Her face, delicately flushed by the shock, was caressed first on one side and then on the other by the blowing silk of her hair.

"You look," said Peter boldly, "about fifteen."

With feminine skill she secured her hat on again by pins, but still a stray curl or two of that golden cobweb softness escaped from the bonds in which she would place it.

"What do I look like?" she entreated, as Peter held open the stage door for her to pass through.

"I cannot tell you," he answered. "If I were *him*, I'd probably refuse to speak to you. Now, if you had nice hair—soft, bright, silky sort of hair—then . . ."

"I *will* have a glass," she interrupted him.

In the end Peter arranged a makeshift by pushing against the wall the half-glass door of the attendant's box, before which Dawn busied herself deliciously.

Peter sent in his card, the while they waited whispering. The delight of the situation thrilled Peter. The feeling of conspiring with Dawn placed him on terms of friendliness that months of ordinary social intercourse could not have attained.

"You won't . . . you won't leave me, will you?"

It went to Peter's head like wine. Would he leave her? Would he leave paradise itself, once safely through the gates?

Her eyes then were pleading, like those of a naughty child that fears a scolding.

"Please don't be nervous," Peter comforted, "because there is nothing to be nervous about. I'm doing him a favor by bringing you to him. You know you can sing. You've had lots of success already, so there is nothing to worry about."

The timid secretary made his appearance. "Mr. Feraldi is very busy this

morning, but as he promised he will see you if you wait."

From the theatre came the sound of an orchestra, and a moment later it ceased, when Feraldi's harsh voice was raised in a paroxysm of rage.

"I'm afraid he's in a bad temper," Dawn whispered as they followed the secretary to the master's room.

The grand piano stood open; there were a few chairs, a desk, a great many portraits of Feraldi, and that was all. They began their long wait. In half an hour Peter felt angry; in an hour he was raging inwardly. How dared this fellow keep Dawn waiting? The thing was intolerable.

"I'm so sorry," he said to her. "I feel that it is my fault, but he said a quarter to twelve."

"But how absurd of you! It's not your fault."

Shortly before one Feraldi came striding in. "Ah, I 'ad forgotten you," he began, his accent more foreign than ever.

"Let me introduce Mr. Feraldi, Miss Delaine," Peter said simply.

"As a r-rule, they present people to me . . . but no matter."

He plunged into technicalities with Dawn, and then asked what she had done, where she had appeared. To-day he was a symphony in dark brown, and the room was filled with the scent he used.

Peter sat down, his clinched fists in his pockets. Dawn, at first a little nervous, had found her tongue. Her sweet voice was answering the questions he rapped out at her.

"Ah! enough, enough! Sing, and sing as well as you say you do." His tones were almost discourteous.

"What shall I sing?" she asked.

"What you will . . . but sing."

He flung himself upon the music-stool and swung around on it to the piano. Dawn placed some music before him, and he played the opening chords of the accompaniment. A moment later Peter forgot all in her voice.

Suddenly Feraldi got up. "I cannot waste more time now," he said, lighting a cigarette, "but most likely I engage you. Come . . . come Wednesday, at three. Now I am 'oongry, and I lunch." He stormed out of the room.

Dawn's expression radiated happiness.

Peter stayed his outburst of fury at Feraldi's rudeness, and waited.

"Isn't he . . . isn't he perfect?" Dawn asked.

"Perfect? That brute? The man's a cad! There is not one bit of good in him."

"But he's going to engage me!"

"Of course he is. He knows a voice when he hears one."

"How nice of you; but I think under that manner he is really kind." Dawn was putting on her gloves.

Peter, buttoning them for her, said: "You see good in everybody."

"But there is," she asserted stoutly. "Everybody has some good in them."

"Will you lunch with me?" Peter begged.

"I can't to-day," Dawn replied as they went out. "It's Jack's day, and he would break his heart if I missed, and I have an engagement at three o'clock."

"And who is Jack?" Peter's tones were helpless.

"A nine-year-old crippled boy," Dawn answered gently. "Would you like to come with me?"

At the word "cripple" Peter shrank inwardly, but her smile was healing in its balm.

They lunched together at a soda-fountain. On the crosstown car afterward Peter asked more about Jack. There was some hip trouble, Dawn told him, and the boy had been on his back for three years. It was only recently that Dawn had found him, and she was going that week to see if the great doctors could do anything.

"He's very much in love with me," she smiled, "and he looks forward to my visiting days."

Later, in the dirty room, cheerless as only such a room could be, Peter watched Dawn as she bent over the bed, but to-day Jack needed no pity. His eyes shone with excitement, and his words tripped over each other in his eagerness to tell his news. Some one, it seemed, had called in the doctors, and they were going to make him well. First, though, he must get strong, and this fairy godmother Somebody was going to send Jack to the country the next day. He, the Somebody with a capital S, had told Jack not to talk about it, but he had his picture.

Dawn's smile at Peter was mischievous as she handed him the photograph of the fat-jowled face, signed with the well-known flourish of Feraldi.

"Well," said Peter, when again they reached the street, "you may say 'I told you so.' If there is good in that fellow, there is in everybody."

Peter began to limp rather badly, and suddenly Dawn discovered, with her whimsical tenderness, that she was very tired. Should they be extravagant and taxi back?

It was nearly a month later, and Peter was again with Dawn in the sunny room that so reflected her personality. On the afternoon in question, Dawn was tired from rehearsing, as Feraldi had been as good as his word. There was something pathetic about Dawn when she was weary, and Peter's arms ached to comfort her.

As for Dawn, a new tenderness seemed to spring up in her eyes as she welcomed Peter. Perhaps the attainment of her ambition had not been all-satisfying; perhaps the whimsical tenderness that she had felt for Peter had undergone some subtle change. Perhaps—who knows—Dawn had found that she herself had need of just such tenderness. At least, her greeting was somehow different, and a new, shy light lay in the wonder of her eyes.

"I noticed," said Peter suddenly, when after tea the twilight was upon them, "that you kissed Jack good-by the day I went with you."

"But he loves me so, bless him," Dawn answered softly.

"Still, you do not make a habit of kissing everybody who loves you? What I meant was that . . . that you felt no repugnance to . . . to a cripple?" He forced the word in spite of himself.

"A knight was often crippled," Dawn reminded him.

"And you think that I have won my knighthood?"

"Haven't you proved it?" Dawn managed, and something in her voice gave Peter courage to tell her of how things were with him.

Peter was hardly limping at all when I met him by chance the next morning as he came out of a jeweller's store on the avenue.

THE RAIN-MAKER

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT AMICK



WILLIAM CONVERSE refilled the last pan of chemicals and, rising from his knees, took cognizance of the night. Clouds marched sullenly across the face of a thin young moon, and, though no breeze reached the platform on which he stood, his sensitive nostrils became aware of a disquieting odor of sage and other arid growths, reminders of the desert lying yonder in the darkness.

Not that he needed such reminders. Since he first set up his platform in the remote canyon of Glen Lonely the desert had dominated his consciousness every waking moment, had even invaded his dreams by night; and he faced it now with a kind of tense expectation, as a man might face an antagonist with whom he is presently to engage.

"The chemicals are holding the storm-centre right overhead," he whispered, "and the evaporation is tremendous. The rain will come this time if only the wind holds off—if only it holds off!"

He repeated the words with the intensity of prayer, and it seemed as if the answer were to be favorable. From the southeast, where across a hundred miles of gulf lay the desert, breeder of winter storms, fresh battalions of cloud were arriving, gathering body as they came. The man on the tower saw with tremulous exultation how one pale star after another was drowned in the spreading blackness. He looked behind him. The dark outline of the hills above Glen Lonely had melted into the lowering sky. Not a feature of the landscape was visible, save in one spot where the diffused light from a tent picked out the rocks and shrubs within a narrow circle.

As Converse looked a woman's shadow was magnified to Titan proportions against the tent wall within. A dish was in her hand, and the sight of it reminded Converse that it must be supper time.

He made haste down the ladder, lingering at the foot for a final glance at the sky before he climbed the path to the tent.

His wife took no notice of his murmured apology, but slapped the bacon and fried potatoes on the table with the air of one nourishing a grievance. She was a handsome woman of a coarse, blond type, her fair hair piled in untidy imitation of the prevailing fashion, and her complexion as smoothly pink and white as a doll's save for the scowl that seemed to have become habitual with her. When she was in a good humor one was likely to overlook the smallness of her light-blue eyes.

Now her humor was plainly of the worst, and her eyes were as hard as turquoises as she fixed them on her husband. He was filling the plates with absent courtesy, his face still grave with the brooding mystery of the night outside.

"I s'pose you can see the stove's still smokin'," she snapped after a little. Converse started and looked anxiously at the puff of smoke that filled the tent as a current of air sucked the sides gently in.

"I thought I'd fixed it so it wouldn't," he murmured.

"Fixed it! Much good your fixin' did! But it's all of a piece with your bringin' me to a hole like this." She leaned forward suddenly, her elbows on the table. "What I want to know is, how much longer you're goin' to stay here. And I mean to know, too," she added menacingly.

Converse flushed, aware for the first time of the hostility in the air. "We've only been here two weeks," he protested, "barely long enough for the chemicals to get started. And they're beginning to work now. They're going to bring rain, too. Think of what that means, Linda! For years and years I've been looking forward to this!"

"I'd like to know why!" she retorted. "You've gone and thrown up a perfectly

good contract in Grass Valley, a thousand sure, and more if your luck held, and you've dragged me off to this God-forsaken spot, with not a soul in thirty miles to know whether it rains or not. I want to know what you mean by it."

"I've tried to tell you several times," said Converse gently, "but you never seemed interested. I'm—I'm doing it for father's sake."

"Your father's sake!" She stared at him as if doubting his sanity. "But he's been dead years!"

Her husband seemed not to hear her. All day his mind had been full of his father, and now, surcharged, it demanded the relief of speech.

"It was near here he died," he began, clasping his hands loosely between his knees. "I don't know as I ever told you just how it was. He'd taken me with him on a prospecting trip to Chimney Peak—I was a little shaver of ten or thereabouts—and coming back the pack-burro got away in the night, taking our big canteen with him. All the water we had left was the small canteen over father's shoulder.

"I expect being little I delayed father a good deal, but it would have been a bad stretch in any case. A terrible place it is, though it lies dimpling out there in the sun all day long like the fairest spot God ever made—

"I didn't suffer much at first," he went on, his eyes darkening with memories. "I know now it was because father was letting me have all the water. But my throat was aching with thirst before we reached the next water-hole. It was dry. It had been dry some time, I guess, for the bunches of grass around the edge were stiff and papery and the clay in the bottom had great heat cracks in it. I remember I cried a little. Father sat down on the edge and began talking to himself in a queer, hoarse whisper.

"There were clouds that night. They came up from the gulf just as they're doing to-night, and I pulled father's sleeve to make him look at them. I remember yet how he raised himself on his elbow with his face toward the sky. But just then a wind began to blow the grasses, and he fell back with a groan. 'No hope of rain,' I heard him mutter; 'the wind'll see to that.'

"All night he kept talking to himself in that half-whisper, and I could hear the same words over and over again: 'Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds to cause it to rain upon earth—in the wilderness wherein is no man?'

"And it didn't rain," said Converse with a sharp intake of his breath. "It had rained down by the gulf where the clouds came from, and it would rain by the sea where they were going, but here where father was dying for lack of water not a drop fell. He was dead by sunrise. An hour later some Indians found us.

"Then it was," he concluded with a deepening note, "I determined that some day I'd find out how to bring rain in the wilderness. To-night will show if I've succeeded."

Linda's voice cut harshly in on the silence that followed. "Rain in the wilderness!" she sneered. "Why, you might be talkin' to a tenderfoot!"

Her tone roused Converse. "What do you mean?" he asked, so sharply that it was his wife's turn to look startled.

"What I say," she responded sullenly. "Do you think I swallow all that patter? What have you been takin' me for, anyway?" she went on, flaring into coarse anger before the strangeness of her husband's face. "I wasn't born yesterday!"

"You mean you don't believe in me?" The woman twisted uneasily under his look.

"What's the use of this when there ain't anybody here?" she whined. "I'm not saying anything against your business, am I?" Converse seemed not to hear her question.

"Since when have you ceased to believe in me?" he insisted, his voice terrible in its quiet intensity.

"Well, I never did take any stock in that fine talk of yours, if that's what you mean." She was going on, but he interrupted her.

"Then you married me believing me to be an impostor, robbing people of their money by lies?"

"Not so bad as that!" She made a heavy attempt at jocularly. "They fairly asked to be fooled, the great dubs! What I'm kickin' about now is your stayin' on here. With your way you c'd have been makin' money enough to keep



"I'd like to know what you're thinkin' of . . . buryin' me in one hole after another."

us at some swell hotel in Frisco. I'd like to know what you're thinkin' of"—she harked back to self-pity again—"buryin' me in one hole after another, me with my good looks, too."

Converse struck his hands together with a gesture of anguish.

VOL. LXI.—52

"And I thought you had been sent to help me in a time of discouragement," he groaned. "I thought our dreams were one!"

"You've been foolin' yourself, too, then!" exclaimed Linda with half-incredulous scorn. "What'd you think

you were, God A'mighty? I s'pose you thought you really brought that cloudburst in Grass Valley, and those June rains on Gold Creek. Forget it! There

Her shrill laugh followed him into the darkness.

Driven by an animal's blind desire to escape its tormentor, Converse stumbled



Converse had seen her eyes grow starry with some inner excitement as he talked.

were just such rains in Gold Creek when I was a kid, and no rain-maker around, either! You've luck in guessing, that's all. But I liked your nerve in making people believe it was you. Lord, how they shelled out the day of that first shower! You c'd have had two thousand as easy as one if you'd asked for it. Where you goin'?" she broke off as Converse sprang from the table.

"Outside," he gasped wildly.

"Don't be a fool. Stay and eat your supper." She put out her hand with one of those easy changes to good nature to which she was given, but her husband's involuntary recoil roused her to fury again.

"Go, then," she snarled, "go to your silly tower! Bring rain, you! Why, you can't even keep a stove from smokin'!"

down the rocky path toward the tower. Bit by bit his throbbing brain pieced out the significance of the woman's angry outburst.

Through two years of painful disillusion he had clung to the vision of his wife as he first met her. A crowd of miners and their families had gathered in his tent on Gold Creek to hear him explain his rain-bringing chemicals, and among them was Linda Hendricks, looking almost flower-like in her pink-and-white beauty. Converse had seen her eyes grow starry with some inner excitement as he talked, and the sight had filled him with a new, aching happiness. It had seemed to him that at last he had found a spirit who could share his own high dreams.

It had been hard to keep his belief in her as companionship stripped her of her

little pretenses; but he had shut his eyes desperately to her vulgarities, her vanity and petty greed, reminding himself that once, at least, she had been stirred by nobler emotions. Now he knew the truth: her interest had not been for the man struggling toward the fulfilment of high dreams, but for the clever swindler she imagined him to be. A wave of physical sickness swept over him at the thought.

The tower loomed up before him in the darkness, and his brain reverted mechanically to his work. Some of the chemicals might want strengthening by now—his hand felt for the ladder. Then he remembered, and with a low cry plunged on past the tower into the desert.

Linda had done her work well. Not content with shattering his faith in her, she had accomplished the far sweeter revenge of shattering his faith in himself. With tortured precision he began reviewing his life step by step, the long years of preparation and experiment, his confidence in the face of discouragement and ridicule that he would find a way of holding the clouds and making them give forth their moisture where it was most needed. And it seemed as if he had found a way. From Alaska to Mexico he had set up his towers in drouth-stricken regions, and rain had followed so invariably that even the scoffers had been convinced. Could it be that his success had been merely luck, as Linda had said, and that he who had thought himself led by God to a great discovery had been deceiving himself and the people whose money he had taken with the most presumptuous of dreams?

There came to his mind a dozen trivial differences in their daily life where Linda the coarsely practical had been right and he the dreamer wrong. Her common sense had triumphed over him again and again. If it had led her to the truth now, then all he had pinned his faith upon was a lie!

The moon had set and the night was of an impenetrable blackness, but Converse went on. He kept his face from the sky. Even the pungent smell of sage was hateful to him. He had read in it promises of rain, and these promises were doubtless also false, false as his belief in Linda had been, as his delusion about controlling the clouds.

He tried to pray, but could not collect his thoughts, for the remembrance of his father's cracked, weary voice repeating: "Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds to cause it to rain upon the earth . . . in the wilderness wherein is no man?" Or, more terrible still, Linda's: "What did you think you were, God A'mighty?"

He tripped over something in the sand, and a hot pain darted through his ankle. A cactus thorn, he thought vaguely, but did not stop to pull it out, finding relief in the distraction of physical suffering. He remembered a day, forgotten all these years, when he had clasped a cactus pad and had run to his mother for healing. He could almost revive the comfort of her cool, firm touch as she pulled the thorns out one by one.

As he went on the pain in his ankle increased, and the keen edge of mental suffering dulled still more. His recollection of the scene in the tent began to grow dim, and his mind occupied itself instead with physical sensations, with the faintness and nausea that came in ever-increasing waves. He wondered if it was because he had eaten nothing since morning. And then a great thirst seized him, parching his throat as on the night years ago when he had lain out beside his father watching the clouds for rain. The water-hole where his father died could not be very far away now, for he must have come several miles in the darkness; it seemed as if he had been walking half the night.

He plodded on, vaguely intent on finding the water-hole, till he was seized by a convulsion of pain that felled him. It passed, leaving a hot fire in his veins and a numbed throbbing in his wounded ankle. He began to wonder that a cactus thorn should hurt so, and felt for it with nerveless fingers. The whole leg was swollen to shapelessness.

"It must have been a snake," he murmured. The discovery roused no fear, but it seemed more necessary than ever that he should find the water-hole, where, in the growing confusion of his mind, he now fancied his father would be waiting for him. There remained mercifully little memory of the evening's anguish, though at times he was troubled with the feeling that he must set himself right with some one he loved.



Drawn by Robert Amick.

"Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds to cause it to rain upon the earth . . . in the wilderness wherein is no man?"—Page 507.

"I'd like father to know how it was," he whispered once, and tried to quicken his steps.

From a second spasm of pain he emerged to consciousness with his face toward the sky. It looked very black and brooding overhead, and through the night that is rarely pure darkness in the desert country he could discern great masses of cumulus smoothing out and sinking, sinking—

The sight brought him sharply to himself for a moment and his heart leaped. Then he remembered that it was not going to rain, and that he must never deceive himself with that hope again. He struggled to his feet and stumbled on.

After a while the ground began to fall away underfoot as if he were going down into a basin. There were mesquite bushes around him, and dried grasses rattled against his knees with a ghostly sound. There had been mesquite bushes by the water-hole, he remembered, and dried grasses, too. He must be near his journey's end.

Then followed a period of pain and thirst and tortured dreams, during which he lost all sense of time. Consciousness

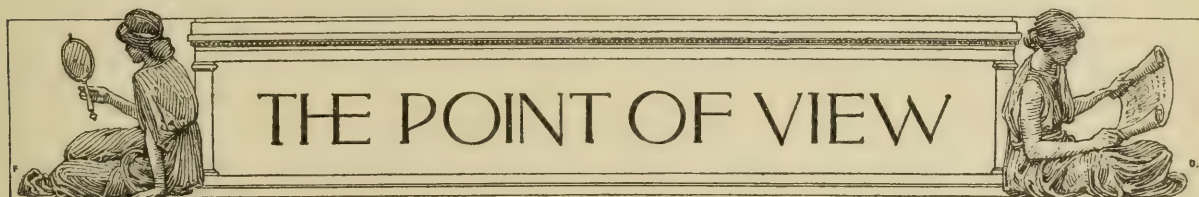
returned to him at last with a feeling of coolness on his forehead. The scent of sage was stronger than ever. Through the stillness came a long breath; one dry grass stalk whispered to another above his head, the mesquites sighed wonderingly, and were still.

Converse's failing senses quickened to the sound. As he turned his dim eyes upward for one last reading of the sky there was a soft hiss on the sand beside him, another, and another; and then a wet drop struck his face. The air became filled with a gentle patter and with the crackling of dry growth drinking in the welcome moisture.

"Rain!" he muttered, yet half-fearing that it was another delusion of his weary brain. But the patter increased. The darkness seemed suddenly luminous about him.

"Rain in the wilderness," he whispered with wondering delight. "I've not failed, after all. . . . I must find father and tell him——"

He struggled to raise himself, but his paralyzed body would no longer respond. The triumphant spirit went on its search alone.



THERE was a time in our youth when we used to travel on ferry-boats instead of through tubes, and in those days we invented for ourselves a certain creepy game, which consisted of studying intently the faces belonging to the human beings lined up opposite you and deciding which you would choose as housemate if fate thrust one of them suddenly upon you. Occasionally your eyes met a smile in other eyes, but the main result of the game was to make you grateful it was not a reality, for almost without exception any face which had looked at the world for more than five and thirty years showed drooping lines, a dull outlook, weak initiative. Probably most

of the people were fairly well off and had known no great tragedy. Why had they all accepted the hall-mark of middle age?

If one stops to think of it, just when does the gallantness of youth change into the heaviness of middle age? Why do all the engaging, entrancing boys and girls become dull, uninspired men and women? Why do we submit to the change? We bring joy with us when we come into the world and we expect to find joy waiting for us again when we go back to heaven, but in the meantime we walk with down-cast eyes and hanging arms, crushed by the heaviness of mortal existence, when, if we stopped to think, we would know that the spiritual things make life; that without love and joy

and unselfishness and courage we could not long endure the daily mortal round of dressing and eating and sleeping. If there is any such thing as eternal life, this present life is part of it, and why not go lightly through the hours—even when we stop being twenty—instead of wearily plodding through them? We may, if we refuse to allow the laws and demands of mortal existence to superimpose themselves on the laws of eternal life and crush out all spiritual eagerness.

It is a matter, not of the events of life, but of our acceptance of life. Could the terrible events of the French Revolution crush the spirit of the French *noblesse*? There were no middle-aged among them in those prison days when they danced and sang with gay insouciance while each waited for his turn at the guillotine. They lost their heads but they never drooped them, for they knew the secret of spiritual youth.

The society women of to-day maintain that same gallantness of youth. Perhaps not every one of them feels the pulse of spiritual life, but they refuse middle age and are willing to pay the price of their refusal. To hold their prestige they must be slim and charming and gay, and gay and charming and slim they are, even though in extreme cases they gain their slimness by rolling on the floor and the charm from the hands of their maids, and their gayety lies no deeper than the tips of their tongues. Still, in their courage and confidence they never strike their colors to middle age. However they feel inwardly, outwardly they never flaunt a drooping mouth or a sagging figure.

We of the country, lacking the outward and visible sign of maids and repartee, can still resist the middle-age set by means of inward and spiritual grace. Have we not, in fluttering dawns and glowing sunsets, blue days and moonlit nights, towering trees and flower-fringed roadsides, the proof that beauty and youth and joy are impersonal things, always in the world, always waiting for human appreciation and apprehension? Once we apprehend them we begin to manifest them, and straightway bid defiance to middle age. This inward and spiritual method has its advantage over the other in that it works from the inside out and therefore has more permanent and

satisfying results. If we have already yielded to the "set," it will mean active work at first to displace it, for it is easier for weak muscles to sag than to lift. But muscles strengthen with daily exercise, and what begins as effort ends as habit.

What a good thing it would be for human beings if we could be dogs for one hour each morning; if we could wake up keen and alert for a dash out-of-doors; if we could leap stone walls and bark a squirrel up a tree and scramble into the brook and out again before we came home for breakfast. With that to wake to, we shouldn't open our eyes each morning with a sigh to face a dull, middle-age day.

Why, I wonder, when we wake in the morning, do our thoughts go at once to the heaviest thing in the waiting day instead of to the lightest? There is no one so miserable that he has not one light spot ahead, if it be only a pin-point shining through the gloom. Why not guide by the pin-point—magnify it, hold to it—knowing that impersonal joy never dies, and that she may be with us if we start the day up with the spiritual realities of life instead of down in the sloughs of mortal despondency. If Carlyle could write a poem beginning:

"Now here has been dawning another blue day,"

is there any one of us who would not be ashamed to confess to less spirit than the grim old Scotchman? to confess that our heavy eyes cannot wake to the dawn of blue skies and bright sun?

Eternal youth is out under the blue sky and the glowing sun, and we may find it if we go out to seek hand in hand with joy. Instead, we settle within dull walls, sometimes of wood or brick, more often of dull, material heaviness, where we droop and sag with middle age, when by toning up our muscles and doing our steps daily we could learn to dance in the open, or by unfolding our wings we could learn to fly into the heavens. Who ever heard of a nymph or a bird with a middle-age set?

Eternal youth demands activity—spiritual activity—for we may be on our feet all day and still be ridden with heavy thoughts that bend our necks and thicken our hips and take the spring from our steps. We must not let our minds grow fat if we wish to keep our bodies slim. Apathy is the precursor of the middle-age set, and yield-

ing to apathy is self-indulgence. We scorn the grosser forms of self-indulgence, but without concern we yield to mental lethargy of the heavy step and the drooping lips. If apathy comes in at the door, joy flies out of the window.

We can't afford to let joy go. If we come from it into this old world, and expect to find it waiting for us when we leave the world, let us refuse to go heavily over the path between. Let us laugh, laugh, and again laugh, skipping hand in hand with joy instead of plodding on with discouragement on our backs. The world wants joy; it can never have enough of that open-eyed joy which understands and is not afraid, knowing that good is stronger than evil and love more powerful than hate; the joy that finds all outdoors filled with beauty and sunshine and bird songs, and life filled with poetry and activity and gladness.

Let us be eager and keen-eyed, then, and alert for joy and youth and beauty. Let us refuse to carry the load of world-apathy that stamps on us the middle-age set of body and mind and spirit. Let us choose to pick up our heavy, dragging thoughts out of the dusty road whose goal is soddenness, and give them wings to fly up and up into the blue, dropping the lark's song as we go. On the wing, we may blaze the trail to heaven.

THERE is one kind of literature which I have never seen praised as I think it should be. In fact, it is all too probable that the majority of book lovers would put my cherished volumes where Charles Lamb put "Court Calendars, Directories, Almanacs," and so forth—in the class of "books which are no books." Yet am I bold in my grateful admiration; for, as every heart knows its own bitterness, so does it likewise know its refreshment, and the literature which I praise has been of inestimable spiritual value to me.

I refer to the modern catalogue.

The reason for the benign influence is not easy to analyze. I suspect that it lies deep in the human heart. It bears no heroic aspect; and I remember that it cost me some courage and resolution to recognize it for what it is, when I first became aware of its working in my life.

The thing happened this way: I had had a depressing, discouraging day. Everything had gone wrong. My work had failed; my cook had gone to bed with a headache, and a water-pipe had burst; the weather had been atrocious; the roof had leaked on the new parlor curtains; the minister had dropped in to tea at precisely the wrong time. Oh, hateful, hideous day! I had had to set my teeth in sheer dogged endurance of it all. But, as I won through it, hour by hour, I was frequently aware of a sudden darting, soothing ray of comfort which cheered me immeasurably. What was it? The thought of a certain letter from a dear friend? of my Bible up-stairs? of Shakespeare or Wordsworth or the latest favorite magazine waiting for me beside the evening lamp? No, it was none of these things. As I stopped, with a dish-cloth in one hand and a cake of soap in the other, to interrogate my haunting felicity and bring it at last into the open, I knew, with a pang of chagrin and amusement, that it was nothing more nor less than the memory of the arrival of Baltman's Spring Catalogue.

What a confession! The heavens may fall (on the new parlor curtains), the cook may develop appendicitis, the water system may utterly fail; but at least there is Baltman's Spring Catalogue. That way lies healing and peace. The blessed, ignoble truth is that, as soon as the last task of that weary day was performed, I sank into an armchair with Baltman; and forgot all my troubles in the serene contemplation of street suits, house gowns, blouses, and imported underwear. No other book in the world could have soothed me so potently.

Now nobody likes to admit the ascendancy of any purely materialistic interest in his life; and, since my discovery, I have spent many minutes pondering it and watching my friends and neighbors to see if they share it. The result is that I have come to the relieved conclusion that the love of catalogues is a well-nigh universal trait of humanity.

Take Christopher, my husband. Clothes have all too little allurements for him, and he never even knows (except from my rapturous comments) that Baltman has entered the house. But give him a Mears and Hoebuck catalogue, and he is lost to the world. I have known him to start for bed at ten o'clock of a hard-working day (having

first fallen asleep three times over a good novel), and at half past eleven to be coaxing the lamp to burn a little longer that he may finish the hardware section of the new catalogue.

City dwellers do not know Mears and Hoebuck; it is we country people who are heirs to that amazing treasury. It appears in our midst once a year—a huge, encyclopædic volume—and it speaks to us with an intimate knowledge of our needs, of our mental processes, of our ambitions and aspirations, which makes it what one of our neighbors has wittily called it, “the farmer’s Bible.” As the Deuteronomic counsels to the Hebrew mind, so is Mears and Hoebuck advice to a twentieth-century rural intelligence.

It offers us everything that we can dream of wanting, and in just the quality which we prefer, and at our own frugal prices. Furniture, clothes, farm implements, tools of all kinds, dishes, carpets, linen, graphophones, baby carriages, house ornaments: everything—everything. It does not make the mistake of assuming an “educated taste” on our part; and, with rare tact, it preserves some ancient and honorable fashions in plush sofas and chairs. We are grateful to it for this. Other catalogues lead us, humbly bewildered, among barren wastes of “art designs”—straight and hard and uncompromising. But Mears and Hoebuck knows what we like. To browse in its pages is to feel ourselves happily at home in a very wonderland of familiarity.

That is why the perusal of a good, skilful, kind catalogue is not the tantalizing process which it might seem to be. It does not set us longing after more than we can possibly buy. On the contrary, it often cheers us with comparison, assuring us that the parlor rug which we purchased last year is better than any of this year’s output; persuading us, with singular disinterestedness, that the worth of an electric lantern to us is more theoretic than actual. It meets us so perfectly on our own ground that our sense of

values remains undisturbed, and we know what we want among all the things which might conceivably belong to us.

Seed catalogues are not always so discreet. I do not know why it is, but there is something restless about their effect; one does not sit down to be soothed by them at the end of a distracting day. Perhaps it is the very principle of life and growth on which they depend, the leaping pulse of the awakening year which beats through their pages; perhaps it is the anticipation of all the pains one will have to take with those seeds to make them amount to anything. At any rate, Christopher and I never sit down to Hurpee or Benderson without a distinct summoning of resolution; and we never get up without having ordered twice as many seeds as our garden will accommodate. Seed catalogues are dangerous; they go to one’s head.

Book catalogues are equally perilous. I tremble when I see one enter the house, and often leave it unopened for days out of sheer lack of courage to face its alluring opportunities.

The truth of the matter seems to be, then, that a catalogue, to fulfil its quieting, steadying mission in life, must concern itself frankly with mere things, with the unstressful, unexacting material environment of our arduous destinies. We do not always realize how much we owe to things. In our ideal preoccupations, we are wont to scorn them. But they understand that, though we like to think of ourselves as pure, flaming spirit, we are in reality no such exalted sublimation as yet, and that, unless we keep close to our mother earth, exhaustion threatens us. Therefore, the whole monotonous round of mundane interest keeps on its beneficent way, and claims us in spite of ourselves.

If the characteristic of good literature is the perfect adaptation of form to substance, and if its mission be to cheer and restore the hearts of its readers, then I do not see how even Charles Lamb could deny literary rank to a successful catalogue.



THE FIELD OF ART



Music box, alabaster statuette by Clodion.

The base is of mahogany ornamented with gilt-bronze decorations by Boizot and Thomire.
Made toward the end of the reign of Louis XVI.

FRENCH DECORATIVE ART II—THE RETURN TO THE CLASSIC SPIRIT

WITH the beginning of the eighteenth century man had begun to grow somewhat weary of magnificence on so large a scale. Saint-Simon had almost finished recording the last stately vanities and heavy frivolities of a stupendous age; its crimes as well as its pleasures had gradually become those of an antiquated time and a new philosophy of life was called into existence. The doors of palaces were closed and the public excluded from their gates, and the new desire of man was no longer to impress but instead to escape the onlookers without his windows. This tendency naturally led to the individualizing of society as distinct from the court. Versailles was deprived of a little of its former splendor, but Paris gained far more than its royal neighbor lost. The immediate outcome of this desire for intimacy in every-day life led to the remodelling of

châteaux and town houses. Huge salons and state apartments were changed into three or even four smaller rooms and with this change came the necessity for furniture of a less magnificent and serious character. The day of the imposing *lit de parade* was at an end; the huge armchairs and grand consoles were replaced by “*bergères*” and an infinite variety of “*petits-meubles*.”

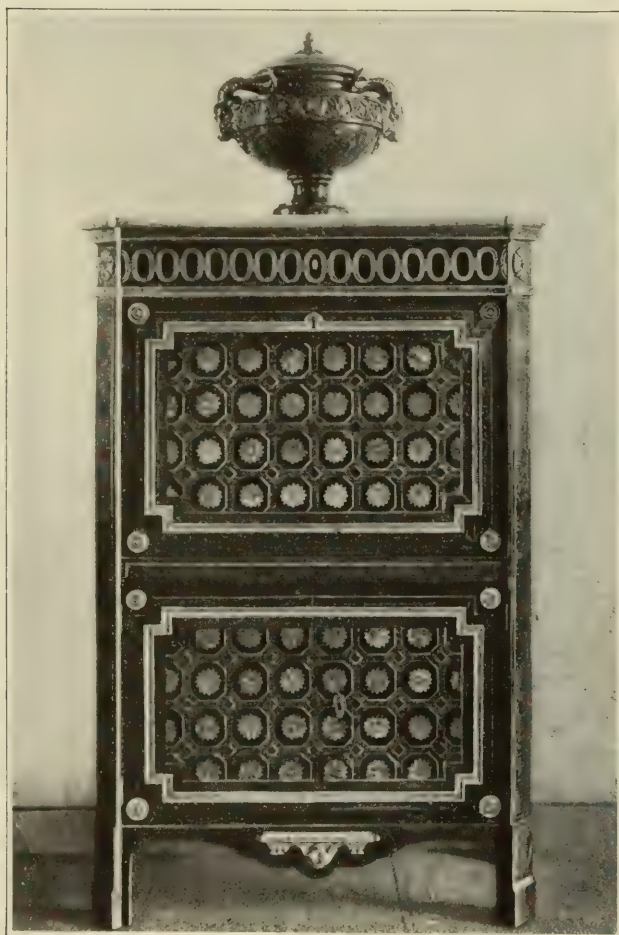
The extravagance of line which marked many of the productions of late Louis XIV style found the normal continuation of its principles in this further development. Though the gradual change in society called into being the need of a slightly different class of furniture, yet it must be said that, as far as general design went, it would still, during the last period of the “*Roi-Soleil*,” have been easy to predict the evolution of design irrespective of those changes wrought by an unforeseen social upheaval. It can be plainly seen that the exuberance of composition which characterized many of the pro-

ductions belonging to the time of the Regency were but the normal continuation of principles that had gained ground during

not by any means dismiss the rococo style as a mere freak of fashion, for it resulted in the creation of perhaps the most magnificent pieces of "ébénisterie" that have ever been produced by any school, and there is no denying that its supporters were men who in their category were possessed of supreme genius. Meissonier and Delafosse belong primarily to the reign of Louis Quinze but among those whose work extends as well into the two preceding epochs we may mention Cressent, the brothers Caffieri, Jean Berain the younger, Oppenordt, and the brothers Slodtz, to name but a very few of the more celebrated cabinet-makers and designers of the time.

Before this school came to an end the classicists had begun to reassert themselves. The brilliant and witty Madame de Pompadour, gifted with perfect taste as well as with tact and beauty, encouraged a return to Greek and Roman forms, and under her patronage the strain that had been continuing quietly, overshadowed by the gold and glory of the rococo, once more appeared to the fore in the world of art and of fashion.

We need indeed but to consult the pictures by Lavreince, those delightful "gouaches" so exquisitely engraved by the best masters of the epoch, to realize to what degree restraint and soberness characterized the last half of the reign of Louis XV. In the majority of the



Secretary in marquetry style of Eben, about 1760.
Reign of Louis XV.

This is in the style which was encouraged by Madame de Pompadour and which obtained generally during the time of Madame du Barry.

the latter half of the previous epoch. To hold that as the court grew more free in its daily life furniture also touched the limits of coherence would be impossible in view of the fact that at the moment when the question of morals was the least-thought-of thing at Versailles the Château of Louveciennes, classic in every detail of its exterior and interior, was completed for Madame du Barry. The classic tradition had never been forgotten in France since the last great Gothic days.

At the same time, one can-

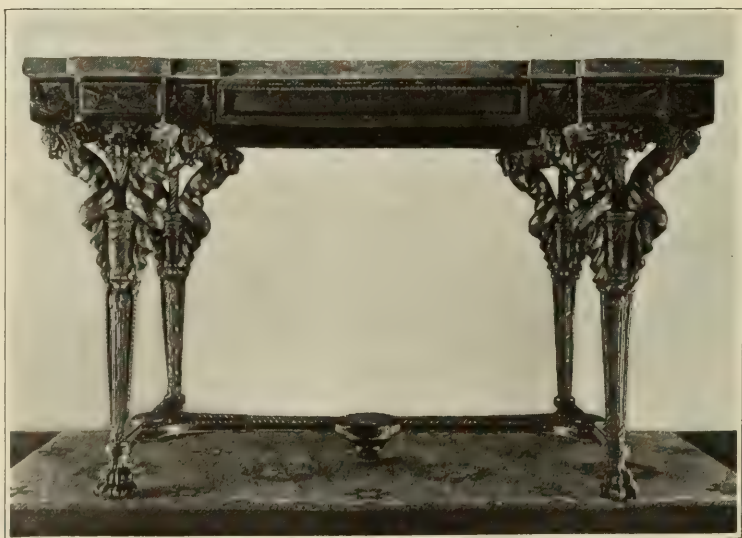


Table in carved and gilded wood.

Made during the reign of Louis XVI.

prints after Lavreince, as well as those engraved after Baudoin's designs, we find interiors of remarkable refinement and as a rule free from the exaggerations which marked a certain phase of the decoration of the time. These pictures are bound to reproduce faithfully the aspects of the society of their day. The drawings of Moreau le Jeune and of Saint Aubin, both of whom were contemporaries of the du Barry, are equally illuminating as to the taste of their period.

There has never been a period when the combination of classical elements with modern requirements was so thoroughly understood as in the first part of the last half of the eighteenth century.

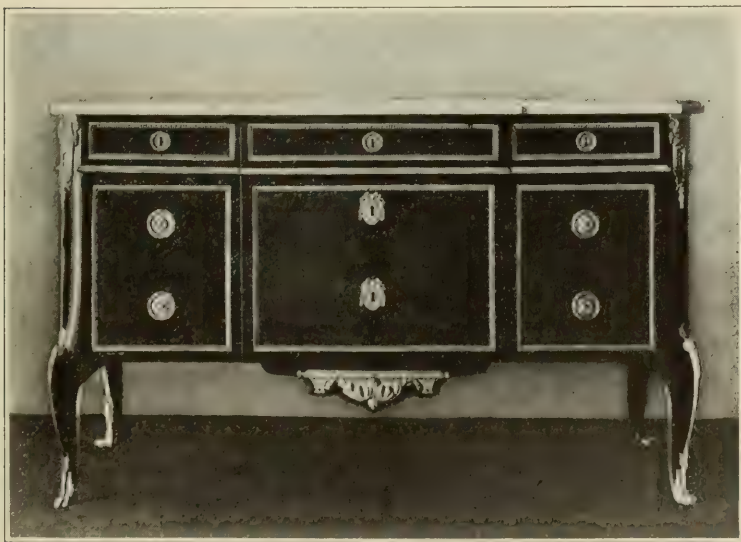
To feel this, one has but to look at the furniture of the time. It is more than evident in the accomplishments of those artists whose work extended into the reign of the martyr King and who, in the general consensus of opinion, represent the art of the reign of Louis XVI. The sculptors Bouchardon, Falconnet, and Clodion breathe that same spirit of life and of grace which animated their predecessors of ancient Greece, and certainly in the case of the two first-named men the greatest of their works were finished before the death of the great-grandson of "le Grand Monarque." In the realm with which this article is more directly con-

cerned it is sufficient—to prove to what extent classicism prevailed during the latter half of Louis XV's reign—to mention Riese-



Cabinet with lacquer panels made toward the end of the reign of Louis XVI.

This piece was made about five years before the French Revolution and completely exemplifies the fully developed "Empire" manner, although in the latter epoch Oriental lacquer insets were never used. The bronzes are by Molitor and Thomire.



This illustration serves to show the stability of Riesener's style during two reigns and the popularity of this type of furniture, which is descriptive of that of the latter half of the epoch of Louis XV.

ner, whose style was fully developed by 1770 but whose vogue continued unabated until 1790. Œben, one of the "maîtres-ébénistes" under Louis XV, showed in most of his work a fusion between the classic tradition and the rocaille tendency which might justify one, regardless of dates, in considering his style as belonging to the transition period, as the years 1770–80 are commonly called, irrespective of the fact that the transition was an insensible one which began toward 1748. This cabinet-maker, who collaborated in the making of the fa-

mous "bureau du Roi," now in the Louvre, varied but little in his style, which represented the taste that was particularly encouraged by Madame de Pompadour.

Shortly before the death of Louis XV a change became visible in the spirit of French design, a change which after Louis XVI had ascended the throne grew very marked. This was the growing tendency toward the extreme conventionalization of decorative elements. The free treatment of subjects applied to classical structure disappeared and was replaced by a more formal and stiff arrangement, by elaborations which became more and more frigid and expressionless. Nevertheless, it is evident that, at least during the first half of the epoch works of exquisite beauty continued to be produced. Among architects Neufforge continued to design interiors as well as exteriors which exhibited that thoroughly French fusion of the antique and modern allied with perfect taste and entirely free from any pedantic suggestion. Gouthière decorated numberless pieces of furniture as well as "bibelots" and other decorative accessories, such as "appliques" and chandeliers, with marvels of bronze which in fineness of composition and execution remain unrivalled. But he also, toward the middle period of the reign, fell into the rapidly spreading frigid manner, until in the end his work became practically "Empire" in character, although he never reached that stiffness of style which at a later period stamped the decorations of Thomire. The last-named designer, during the time of Louis XVI, helped greatly the spread of that characterless imitation of the antique which finally almost petrified the progress of French decorative art. This unfortunate manner, however, did not become fixed until after the beginning of the nineteenth century, and it must be admitted that in the so-called "Directoire" and "Empire" furniture made while Marie-Antoinette was Queen of France there is still to be found a great charm and distinction, for these pieces continue to display those essentially French qualities of grace and originality.

The Napoleonic era added a heaviness of touch and brought into fashion the use of symbolical decorations of a too obvious nature, which, up to that time, although the

forms adopted had already become little more than modern "pastiche" of the antique, had happily been avoided. Under Louis XVI, Jacob, one of the most popular cabinet-makers of the time, had caused the adoption of mahogany furniture heavily incrustated with gilt-bronze. During the same epoch, four years before the murder of the King, Bellanger, the architect whom the famous Count d'Artois had commissioned to build the miniature château of Bagatelle, had completed the building and decoration in Paris of the house of the notorious Mademoiselle Dervieux, which was entirely furnished and decorated in what we now call the Empire style. This date is to be remembered, as it marks the acceptance in France of the fully developed "Empire" manner.

The "Empire" style was developed during the years when the daughter of Maria Theresa still shared the throne of France, just as the manner which is known by the name of her consort in reality came into being while "Louis the Well-Beloved" was busy making havoc with the national treasury. The "Style Regence" appeared while the stiff magnificence of the "Grand-Siècle" still pervaded the court of France, and from these facts it will be seen how erroneous are the commonly accepted notions concerning the development of French decorative art during the eighteenth century. Of its continuation in the following century there is unfortunately little to be said, and in our own day, although so far we do not seem to have been capable of evolving a style worthy of the name, we have nevertheless excelled in the reproduction and appreciation of the industrial arts of a period more refined and cultured than the one in which we are at present living. Let us hope, which seems a foregone conclusion, that after the close of the present war French decoration, freed from those Germanic suggestions which slowly but surely were vulgarizing Paris, may once more take up the national spirit of its art and continue in a manner at least not unworthy of its traditions, and that at length "Berliner Kunst" and "Münchener Secession" may for all time be relegated to the oblivion they so richly deserve.

HENRY COLEMAN MAY.



"THE QUEST."

By W. SERGEANT KENDALL.

A modern example of the old art of polychrome wood-carving.

—See "The Field of Art," page 643.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXI

MAY, 1917

NO. 5

BLOOD BROTHERS

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN



It was on Sherry's steps that I happened to notice the two men. First, I suppose, they hit my eye because they were not in evening clothes, and that's noticeable at seven-thirty P. M. at Sherry's; then I saw the shoulders. I'm a manner of specialist in shoulders, having been a crew man at Yale and in the habit of noticing men's make-ups. But never in my life did I see, and never do I hope to see, such a magnificent build as was walking, in uncommonly queer togs, up those long steps that night last May. The man was the right height for an athlete—not too tall—and he had a slim waist like a girl's. He held himself and moved the way a prince ought to, and mostly doesn't. One could swear, just to see him ramble up ahead of one, that there wasn't a muscle in him that wasn't as smooth as satin and as strong as steel, ready to slide into the cogs and do its perfect work. And the shoulders—deep from front to back, so deep and so grandly rounded that only an expert would see at once their immense width. What work had the man done, I wondered, as I followed the two mounting leisurely, to develop him like that? I was used to gymnasiums and varieties of training, but I thought I'd like to know that chap's specialty. Then I noticed the clothes again; they were the weirdest shade of blue-green that the eye of man ever lighted on; with a red line through. "Must be a foreigner," I allowed to myself, and with that I withdrew my atten-

tion reluctantly from the shoulders and threw a glance at the other man.

I grinned; it was Bob Morgan. Bob at once explains anything that's unconventional and do-as-I-darn-please, so the morning clothes for dinner at Sherry's were no surprise any more. He's worn glad rags all his life, but he wouldn't feel the least different if it happened to be convenient to appear at his mother's dinner-table in a sweater, unless she mentioned it. I swear I wouldn't be too dumfounded if I saw a man sauntering around New York in pajamas and discovered it was Bob. He's as easy to look at as they grow, too, and a twenty-five-dollar suit from Rivers Brothers appears the last cry when he gets inside. He has a lordly way that makes you take his vagaries for granted, just the same as he takes them for granted; he's a kind of an unconscious old highbrow, is Bobby, and his brain is a mile above clothes and such; all the same he's the salt of the earth and a corker.

Well, there was Bob Morgan, casually costumed, wandering up the steps at Sherry's at dinner-time in May, and apparently owning the whole show. And there was an unknown person of strange haberdashery and gorgeous physique accompanying him; and Me tagging; on that stage-setting the curtain rises. And with that Bob swung about. I hadn't seen him before in a year.

"Hello!" sang out Bobby.

There isn't anybody walking the earth with such a gift of making a man feel

Copyright, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

warm through and persona grata. He's glad to see you, and he says so, and you believe it. So there we were shaking away, and there was Shoulders watching us, with a benignant, wondering smile. I sure was mystified when Shoulders turned around and I saw his face. For the weird clothes weren't a patch on the situation; the man—well, it's hard to say it, but he didn't belong in "*cette galère*"; Sherry's wasn't his beat. I thought, as I stared at him that first minute, thought I: "Why, Shoulders isn't a gentleman." I lived to kick myself for that thought. I lived to learn a bit about fundamental things which may or may not be under the finish that a few generations of opportunity give to looks and manners. Shoulders's face was swarthy and dark and high-cheek-boned—typically Indian, but not aquiline, clear-cut Indian—sloppy-faced Indian. His features looked like lumps of people thrown together, coarse and heavy. Yet out of this thick-lipped, blunt-nosed, sallow arrangement broke a pair of blue eyes that sparkled like a lake in the woods on a bright morning. I couldn't get away from the friendliness of those vivid eyes, as I stood with Bob hanging onto my hand. He put his other hand on one of the great arms and burst into French, and I wondered what monkey-tricks the boy was doing with the language, for he's so much an expert that he can trifle with dialects and patois and such.

"This is Telesphore Picard," he stated with a broad, queer accent. "He's a friend of mine—and more. Telesphore, *v'la* M'sieur Herron, one of my old pals at Yale. M'sieur Herron was captain of his 'varsity crew—remember? I explained that. Telesphore has been up to New Haven," Bob flung at me, "and knows the whole thing."

Shoulders, who had not yet spoken, nodded shyly but comprehendingly, and smiled with continuity. We shook hands, and I got a grip that made my paw wince, and then I made some fatuous speech about hoping he liked our country, and when had he landed from France; though I couldn't by any wrench place him as one of Bob's Parisian friends. And it was Shoulders himself who cleared up that, speaking in such French as Bob had used,

in short gasps of shyness, but yet with a nice, quiet dignity.

"I am not of France, M'sieur—me. I am of Canada. I am the guide of M'sieur Bob in the club—his *serviteur*." So I understood. That accounted for the accent and the build and the erect carriage; portaging canoes on a fellow's head and chopping down trees gives a training you can't duplicate at gymnasiums. But I knew the status of guides up there, and the sharp line between them and their messieurs. What the devil did even Bob Morgan mean by trotting about this chap to Sherry's and springing him on people? That I didn't understand. And with that Bob serenely made things more astounding.

"Dine with us, Dooley, can't you?" asked Bobby. And suddenly I got an inspiration: by Jove, this was a chance. To see Sherry's, one of the gayest and most sophisticated scenes in New York, make its impression on perfectly virgin soil! I'd find my sister and tell her to worry along without me; it was a large dinner, and I knew that I made an extra man; it would be the same old crowd and the same old talk; I was sick of the monotony and the vapidness; I'd make Sybil let me off.

"Thanks. I'll do it," I accepted Bob's invitation, and I rushed off and found Sybil and broke the news.

"You're so silly," said Sybil; "of course I've got men enough, but you don't know what you're missing."

"That's it; I do," I stated.

"No, you don't," snapped Sybil smartly. "There's a fascinating Frenchman."

"Bob Morgan's got a fascinating Frenchman, too," I threw at her.

"Bob Morgan? Oh—it's Bob Morgan. Rupert, listen. Bob Morgan is attractive and speaks French perfectly; bring him over—and his Frenchman—to our——"

I interrupted with an unseemly howl. "Couldn't be done, Sybil," I dashed her hopes. "Good-by. Thank you for understanding."

"But I don't understand," complained Sybil, as I made off.

Bob and Shoulders were waiting for me outside, and I saw that the man's great chest was heaving with excitement and



The guest was petrified with his surroundings and about speechless.—Page 520.

sheer fright as he stared in at the brilliant scene spread before us. The head waiter came up to Bob, who has a trick, with his unconscious lordliness, of getting the best service everywhere. His high mightiness the waiter flashed a glance at me, gotten up without reproach, and placed me where I belonged, as an everyday New Yorker; then at Bob, towering cheerfully and at ease in a gray flannel suit, and set him down as an English lord contemptuous of American formality; then at Shoulders—and stood with

his mouth open. What was this—in Sherry's? To which glance Shoulders, pleased with attention from this duke, responded with a smile and a deep inclination.

"*Bon jour, M'sieur,*" said Shoulders prettily to the head waiter.

With that Bob, staring over everybody from his six feet three, spied the prize small table in the place. "Can't we have that?" he demanded, and slipped something into head-waiterly fingers.

So we seated ourselves in the hub of

the universe and Bob studied the menu with deep earnestness, shunting his peach of a guest off on me to entertain with absolute unconcern. I began to get bored, to wonder if I hadn't slipped up on my dinner-juggling, for the guest was petrified with his surroundings and about speechless. I couldn't pull four consecutive syllables out of him. Those keen, bright, light eyes sparkled all over the place as if he were afraid of missing a detail of the people coming in or going out, or the women's dresses, or the waiters with their great trays of stuff, or the drinks, strange and varied to him likely. The first time a champagne-cork popped at a side-table close by Shoulders jumped as if somebody had shot him, and with that he had given a panther-like spring and was at the waiter's side before Bob could catch him. He was horrible embarrassed when, safe back at our table, Bob explained.

"I ask a thousand pardons, M'sieur Bob," he growled meekly in his soft, demonstrative way. "It is that I thought the monsieur there, who opened that bottle, was hurt by the shot—the *coup*. He was a young and weak monsieur, and I remarked that he had food to carry *en masse*, and I—I am strong enough, as M'sieur Bob knows; so I jumped, like a frog, to help the monsieur." And the monsieur, a piffling little dago waiter, glared at Shoulders as he passed.

"This is to be a real bean-feast," announced Bob. "We're going to give Telesphore the feed of his life, and some of the stuff in a bottle that shoots. But, first, what sort of cocktails?" The host chose the food as if for royalty, but consulted both Shoulders and me at every point.

"Salad," remarked Bob consideringly. "Now what accompaniments can make grass and dog-biscuits endurable? I hate the salad course myself; it annoys me; but for the honor of this dinner we've got to have it. Now, what—I know!" crowed Bob, and turned to Telesphore and put his hand on his with a distinct caress. "Old top, we'll have partridge with the salad—*perdrix*," announced Bob, as if there was something holy about partridges. As I glanced up I got a complete somersault just catching the

look in his eyes as he stared at that wild Indian of his.

"*Perdrix*," he repeated, and the two gazed at each other a second as if all the glitter and show and dress of Sherry's were a thousand miles off and they were alone in a boundless forest.

Then Shoulders shrugged a French deprecatory shrug, with a small shy gesture of the hand. "If M'sieur Bob wishes, I should be very content to eat of a partridge."

"Holy Mike," remarked Bob in an awed tone, "picture Telesphore and me nibbling partridge at Sherry's."

With that I butted in. "Kindly picture me too," I remarked with asperity. "You invited me to this meal, and while I will say I'm well fed up to this point I object strenuously if you draw a line at partridge."

And Bob boomed out his great, hearty, unconscious laughter, so that people turned at tables and stared at us. I'm afraid we were a slightly conspicuous dinner-party, long and short. But Bob did not notice. "You shall have your partridge, my son," he reassured me. "Far be it from me to do a man out of partridge—ever again." He stopped, and a queer look came over his face, an indecent sort of look I call it, because it was like taking the cover off his soul. Made me feel the way I do when Mischa Elman plays the violin. As if I had no business there. But Bob was not considering me. He went on: "Moreover, if you'll come into the Yale Club, Dooley, after dinner with Telesphore and me, you shall have a story about a partridge which everybody wouldn't get. M'sieur is a good *garçon*, and anxious about his bird, and we'll tell him our tale, won't we, Telesphore?"

This last part was shot at Shoulders in Canadian patois, which I could follow but not parse. However, Telesphore got it right enough, and nodded at Bob and at me and blinked his bright, light eyes. An Indian with blue eyes, don't you know! Yet unmistakably an Indian. "Very good, M'sieur Bob," agreed the Indian. "The monsieur is a friend of M'sieur Bob. One will tell him that *histoire, comme il faut*, if M'sieur Bob wishes it."

The feast came to an end with no more theatrical episodes, and Bob and Shoul-

ders and I went down the street to the Yale Club.

"Better smoke up in my room," said Bob; "we'll be quieter." The three of us settled into deep chairs with tobacco burning prosperously, and there was a pause.

"You promised a story," I suggested.

Bob looked at Telesphore, pulling contentedly in short puffs at a decrepit, blackened little old pipe. "I wonder if I can make him tell most of it," he reflected in English. "He'd do it so much better than I. Yet some of it I'll have to tell myself, for wild horses wouldn't drag it from him."

Shoulders, understanding only a word here and there, glanced up at Bob at this point and smiled with perfect trustfulness.

"You understand, Dooley, this is the biggest compliment you ever got—do you? And if you want to write it up you can, for you're the sort that would appreciate what the thing means. But I wouldn't go about telling this tale—no, not to another chap in New York—much less ask Telesphore. It's one of the things that—" (Bob hesitated, and went on with an effort) "that make a difference in a man's point of view. I'll always have a—more reverent feeling toward human nature because of what this fellow did."

His hand went to the huge shoulder again, and the Indian, not understanding, turned on him that quiet look of entire confidence.

"He proved to me," said Bobby, "that a man will 'lay down his life for his friend.' It's quite a different thing, that sentence, when you read it in print from when it's acted in life. Howsomever," remarked Bob, "I'm shooting off my mouth a lot. Here's for the story: Telesphore!" And a quick sentence of creamy Canadian French.

Shoulders gazed at Bob consideringly and the trustful expression came into his face again, like a child putting his hand into his father's. It was really rather touching, don't you know, because Shoulders was nearly twice Bob's age—forty—and the whale of strength I have described. He gave a little French shrug then. "I am an ignorant man—not instructed—*pas instruit*, me," he began. "I do not know why M'sieur Bob wishes

me to *raconter* the story of our hunt last winter. M'sieur Bob, who knows everything, could do that much better. But if M'sieur Bob wishes me to tell the story, *c'est bien*." Another shrug. One gathered that if M'sieur Bob, who knew everything, wished Shoulders to jump off a church-steeple he would also remark, "*c'est bien*," and just do it.

"Perhaps monsieur remarks," said Shoulders, turning to me, "that I am an Indian"—"*sauvage*," he put it. I nodded. "I am in fact a Huron of Lorette. But my mother was French."

"Ah! The blue eyes!" I interjected to myself.

"Yet in Lorette we are all of the tribe, and we keep many of the old ways and habits."

"Tell about owning land, Telesphore," threw in Bob.

"It is quite simply that one who is not of the Huron tribe may not own land in our village," explained Shoulders quietly. "It has been so for two hundred years."

"Isn't that astonishing?" demanded Bob. "That humble village of small, poor houses, a handful of people chased two hundred years ago by the Iroquois from central New York, chased to Quebec, to the Isle d'Orleans, finally taking refuge north in the forest where Lorette stands now; that poor, little hunted community keeping its dignity and its customs, even a bit of its language and nomenclature, intact through two centuries—isn't it a marvel? Doesn't it show that the Hurons, as old Parkman says, had it a bit over all the other American Indians?"

I said it was a marvel; it did show that. Shoulders gazed with wondering eyes at Bob during his flow of English, comprehending a bit—I think not much. Bob fired at him six words of patois; then "*encore*, Telesphore," he commanded.

Shoulders pushed, with a huge yellowish forefinger, a little fresh tobacco, with an odd, dull odor to it, into his old pipe, lighted it, took a puff, and went on, holding the pipe often in his big palm and looking down at it as he talked. I was aware that he talked slowly and carefully that I might understand. "Last summer," said Shoulders, "I guided M'sieur Bob. One had luck enough; one killed

a trout of five pounds; one killed a caribou with good *panaches*—horns. But one did not get a shot at a bull moose. So it was that of an afternoon when M'sieur Bob and I were at the fishing we talked of the hunting—*la chasse*. I said to M'sieur that it would be a good thing if he would come up in the winter to our village and go on a hunt with us, with my old father—*mon vieux père*—who is without doubt the best hunter of the tribe, and my brother René, and Delphise Gros-Louis, my cousin, who also hunts with us. For it is the custom with us, as it has continued a very long time, possibly a thousand years—it is difficult to say how long—that the men of the village go off in winter to the bush to hunt. Now, my father, being brought up in the old way, thinks no forest lonely enough if it is within four or five days of a town. So that he is accustomed to travel, all the winters, to the headquarters of the Jacques Cartier River, where there are lakes and much fur. I explained these things to M'sieur Bob. So it happened that M'sieur Bob was interested."

"Interested! Gosh! Was I interested?" put in Bob. "A hunt for four weeks with old Indian hunters, the genuine article, antique traditions and all, complete. I sat up and took notice when I got that invitation!"

Shoulders blinked rapidly, gazing as usual at Bob, taking in what he might. It was all right, all of it, if Bob said it, anyhow—such was his evident creed. When Bob saw fit to stop he went on. "So it happened that I said to M'sieur Bob that if he would come with us after Christmas for our hunting that we would all be content; I said to him that we were poor men and lived roughly, particularly in hunting, but that we would be content to have him come and that he should at least travel in the great forests and have the so wild life which he loves—M'sieur Bob—and without doubt good hunting. For I did not know then that which was to happen. Also I told him that my father—*mon vieux père*—would show him secrets of the woods that were not known, no, not even to good hunters."

Bob interrupted eagerly. "You said those very words, Telesphore. We were

down at the mouth of the river fishing, Dooley—the Rivière aux Éclairs, it was. It was the middle of September and I had to go out of the woods two days later, and I was a bit sore that I hadn't got a moose. It had been raining all day and there was a Scotch mist in our faces—you know how good it feels? And the lake looked like frosted silver, and the mountains at the far end were misty as if they were wrapped in gray veils; and there were clouds at our end as solid as ribbons curling through hollows of the mountains. They dipped so low that we felt their wetness. That was some damp day," finished Bob.

"If M'sieur will remember," put in Shoulders in his quiet voice, "the sky was dark so that it was good fishing. Also it was shortly after that talk that M'sieur killed his trout of five pounds."

Bob grinned joyfully. "Do I remember?" he agreed, and Shoulders evidently understood that English.

"It's all right about the mist, Bobby," I addressed him. "But you talk a trifle too steady. I want to hear Telesphore."

Bob nodded one brief nod and Shoulders went on. "So it happened that it was on that day there that I asked M'sieur Bob to come up for the hunting in the winter. And M'sieur Bob said that he would come. So it was that on a day a few days after Christmas, being in Lorette, I went to the train from Quebec, which only runs twice a week at that season, to meet M'sieur Bob. And he was there, and with him he had brought snow-shoes and his rifle of Mannlicher and a small pack—the things necessary. And that night M'sieur Bob slept at my house in Lorette, and the next morning we departed for New Brunswick, which is a journey of five days *à la raquette*—on snow-shoes—*mon vieux père* and my brother René and my cousin Delphise Gros-Louis and M'sieur Bob and myself—five strong men, we departed. Each man wore his snow-shoes, certainly, and carried in the hand his rifle, and an axe in the belt, and drew after him a toboggan with his pack, as is the old Indian way; there was nothing more. For we went on a hunting-trip, and were not weighted with things not necessary. We had a blanket each, and beyond that not much. So

we started out from Lorette at a good hour of the morning, for it was our habit to drive in sleighs—*trainaux*—for five leagues, as far as the road went, and then one sent back the carriages and started afoot."

Bob struck in: "A league is three miles, Dooley. And I want to clear your mind about Telesphore's father—*mon vieux père*. If you think from his calling him so that there's anything old about him, you've got another guess. He's a magnificent-looking Indian, built like Telesphore here, and he's only nineteen years older than Telesphore, besides. He's seasoned and tough as old oak and elastic as steel. His endurance is beyond anything, and he outlasted everybody but Telesphore on this—but I'm not telling the story."

"No, you're not," I agreed politely, "but sometimes you act as if you were."

Bob threw back his head and shouted a big laugh—you never can tell when that lad is going to be amused. Then he flung out his lordly hand. "Gee, Telesphore," he ordered, and Shoulders, never having heard the word, understood the command.

"One made camp the first night where the sleighs left us in the beginning of the forest."

"Did you have tents?" I asked.

"No, M'sieur," Shoulders answered with grave politeness. "Not of tents. One cut a few birch-barks—*plusieurs écorces*—and lifted them on poles so that they sloped, for a shelter. And one shovelled out the snow underneath, using our *raquettes*, our snow-shoes, for shovels, and we beat it down for the beds. Also one cut much wood to burn and one made the supper—*galette* and fried salt pork and tea and maple-sugar—*sucré d'érable*."

"What's *galette*?" I inquired.

"It is the bread of us others, M'sieur. It is a large cake of flour, as big as the frying-pan and baked in the frying-pan in grease of salt pork, M'sieur."

"Oh," I said.

"So it happened, M'sieur, that after supper at perhaps half past nine we went to bed."

"On the snow?"

"But yes, M'sieur. It is a bed good enough."

"Weren't you cold?" I shivered.

"But no, M'sieur," Shoulders assured me. "One had a blanket apiece. One had a great fire. One was warm, absolutely. At about twelve when the fire began to burn low a man got up and put on logs; again about three. And before daylight we were making our breakfast."

"What did you have for breakfast?" I asked.

"But *galette*, M'sieur, and salt pork. And tea. And *sucré d'érable*."

"Oh," I answered again.

"And we advanced into the woods. The snow was four feet, it might be, on a level; of an ordinary depth. And first one of us marched in front on his snow-shoes to break the road for the others, and then, when he was tired, for it was a heavy work, another took his place; so we took turns all the day. At noon we stopped for our dinner."

"Ask what we had for dinner, Dooley," ordered Bob. I did.

Telesphore turned those bright, blue eyes on me seriously. "One had *galette*, M'sieur, and fried pork, and tea and maple-sugar. Always the same, M'sieur." I did not ask again. "So it happened," Telesphore went on, "that at four o'clock we stopped travelling and made camp for the night once more."

Bob struck in. "It was like a picture, Dooley. We were by a lake, a huge field of snow. The sun was a red ball and the light came level through black tree-trunks and made the snow glisten. The fire in the white forest was orange color and dashed up like orange arrows and broke into showers of orange powder."

"So you had oranges for supper," I suggested. "That must have been a pleasant variety."

Bob gave one squelching look. "You have no soul," he stated. "All the same it was a picture. Huge all out-of-doors white and shining, and nicked into one hillside the little camp-fire, and the birch-bark of the shelter, and the men. René squatted in the snow with the frying-pan, and the salt pork sizzled in it and smelled better than anything at Sherry's tonight. Golly! Was I keen for that salt pork?"

"You have no soul, Bob," I said.

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Telesphore," said Bob.

Shoulders gave a small shrug, which, being interpreted, meant that he was M'sieur Bob's talking-machine, therefore what difference whether the master hand turned him on or off. "So it happened that we camped by a large enough lake the second night, and on the third day also we made breakfast before daylight."

"Want to know what we had for breakfast, Dooley?" Bob threw at me.

"Stop interrupting," I flung back.

"And it was in the afternoon of the third day," the low voice of Shoulders went on, "that it began to snow. So that we made camp of a good hour. And when one got up before daylight next morning much snow had fallen, covering up the tracks—*pistes*—which we had made. But for the present the storm had arrested. So it happened that after we had breakfasted, and before we had made the packs for the toboggans, *mon vieux père* took his pipe from his mouth and spoke.

"'It is time that one killed a moose,' said *mon vieux père*. 'There is yet enough of salt pork for only four meals.'

"And so it was that at that moment one heard a large crack in the bush and one looked and saw through the tree-trunks a great moose—*original*—who jumped at about an acre's—*d'un arpent*—distance. So it happened that at that instant each man seized his rifle and started after the moose, trotting away now very fast. All of us went together. For one hunts a moose, we Indians of Lorette, as true warriors—*en vrai guerrier*—one follows him on the snow and fights his endurance with one's own. It is to us a glory to kill a moose. So that we all started to follow him, the five of us, that if one or two or three became used up in following, there might be yet one who could endure. So we followed the moose that morning, and twice we caught a glimpse of him through the trees, and the second time he was not so distant as before, so that we had good hope. One did not trouble too much about the direction at that time, for there was the great road of our track in the snow to take us back to our camp. And so it happened that each man had with him a *galette*"—I sighed—"which he had already taken because one planned not to stop for dinner, but to push on rapidly, hoping to ar-

rive so by nightfall, at the camp of my old father—*mon vieux père*. And so when it came dinner-time in the forest, there on the trail of that moose, we sat down in the snow and ate each one a bit of his *galette*. By good luck no one ate all of his *galette*. The *galettes* were frozen, otherwise, and not too good to eat, also one was anxious not to lose time on the trail of that moose there. So in a very few minutes we were following once more. And at first we did not notice that snow fell again. At first it was very little; one would not stop for that when the moose should be quite near. One needed fresh meat; there was also the glory—*la gloire*—which pushes a hunter onward in the following of a moose. One becomes obstinate. So that we went on, hoping at the top of each hill to see the big fellow—*le gros*—in the valley below, within rifle-shot. So that it happened that René, my young brother, who was in front at that time, stopped quite suddenly and cried out:

"'But I cannot see the *pistes*—the tracks of the moose.'

"And with that *mon vieux père*, being the best hunter, went forward beside him and regarded in every direction. The snow, falling always more thickly, had covered those moose-tracks so that even my father had trouble to find the next. And when he found it he regarded the four men standing ready to follow after him yet deeper into the forest.

"'My boys,' said my old father, 'one has lost that moose. In five minutes it will not be possible to see his track. It may also be that one has lost one's self. Our track also becomes covered. *V'là*.' He pointed and we all looked behind suddenly, and the great road of the five of us on our *raquettes* was already blurred at a small distance back. 'One will try,' said my old father, and we turned and started over that road. The snow fell now in great flakes—*craie*! In flakes like that," said Shoulders, making a circle with his fingers about the size of a pancake. "So that at four o'clock one saw well that the track was lost. There was no sun, naturally, and we had not taken the direction by the compass in the chase of that moose, because we trusted to get home soon, and to return on the road we had made. So that we were lost in that for-

est, in that storm. We had matches and the axes in the belt, and yet of the *galettes* to eat; it was not so bad that night. But my father stopped M'sieur Bob when he would have eaten all the rest of his *galette*.

"‘Wait, M'sieur,’ my old father said. ‘One may need it more to-morrow.’

"So that M'sieur Bob saved much of his *galette*, as did we all. One slept that night without shelter or blankets, quite simply in the snow. But one had a large fire and something to eat. Also one had eaten a good breakfast. That night we were not, as M'sieur sees, too badly off."

I shook my head doubtfully and regarded Bob; his eyes were intent, blazing at Shoulders. The low voice with its gentle inflections went on.

"The next morning, however, one began to be hungry, and yet again my old father restrained us that we should not eat all of our *galettes*.

"‘One may need it more,’ he said again. And each time he said that it was to me as if something cold gripped at my stomach. For we began to know already what it means to be hungry. All that day it snowed—*craie, oui!* I have never seen a greater storm of snow than that storm. Very large flakes fell, and the wind blew them about us like blankets, so that at times we could not see the tree-trunks twenty feet away. The wind howled also very frightfully, and with little food in my stomach it had the air to me at least, M'sieur, as if many devils from hell were howling to get our bodies. At times we tried to grope our way, to find some landmark, some opening in the river-bed, which might in the end take us back to the camp where were our provisions. But it was of little use because that we could not see far in that driving snow. So it happened that night we made a great fire of logs and sat about it and ate the last of our *galettes*. And in the morning there was no breakfast; no, M'sieur, not even *galette*. And all that day the snow continued, and we were weak because of having no food, so that we could not go far; and, in fact, it was of no good, for one could not see where to go in that storm. And it was that afternoon that we came on a place by a little frozen stream where, some weeks before, my

father, in returning from the Jacques Cartier country in the autumn, had killed three muskrats and taken the skins, but had left the bodies. So that we made a fire and cooked those old bodies of muskrats and ate them—but yes, M'sieur. We did that. And still the snow fell. Till, on the morning of the fourth day from the time we had left our camp, suddenly the snow stopped; yet we were far in the forest and we did not know where we were, and also we had become so weak that we were not able to think too clearly, or even to see. But when the snow stopped and the sun came out my old father, who is always of his own opinion—*obstiné*—said that he knew the direction back to our little camp. Yet I was very sure that he was wrong, so that we argued about it, and the others, my brother René and my cousin Delphise Gros-Louis, said that they would go with my father, but M'sieur Bob decided that he would stay with me. So that my father, with tears in his eyes, M'sieur, shook us by the hand and told us goodbye.

"‘I will never see you again in this life,’ he said.

"And so also said the others. So we parted, two going with my father and M'sieur Bob and I staying together. And it was about five minutes after"—the soft, virile voice suddenly ran on with amazing swiftness—"that we killed and ate a partridge."

Bob leaned forward in his chair and put out his hand as one having authority. "Hold on, Telesphore," he spoke quickly. "I'll tell this, please."

Shoulders began to busy himself with the little black pipe, looking distinctly disgruntled. I lighted a new cigar and kept an eye on Bob.

"This happened, Dooley. There were the five of us staggering about that endless wood, more or less light-headed, unsure of footing, rather near turning up our toes. There was Père Maurice, Telesphore's father, getting hipped about the ravine which he vowed was the bed of that creek which ran by our camp—there was Père Maurice sticking to his point; there were René and Delphise sticking to him; and there was Telesphore, the steadiest of the lot, perfectly certain that

the ravine ran the wrong way. Then the three left us; I could have howled like a baby when I saw them go; that hideous, endless white forest seemed three times as desolate, as the last cracking of twigs from their trail died away. And the worst was that either they or we, as things looked, were bound to be wrong and to starve to death pretty promptly. Then, all of a sudden, I heard a sort of hiss from Telesphore, and, dizzy as I was, I knew that meant to be on guard. So I looked and there was one single, measly partridge sitting on the branch of a spruce. Great Scott! A year of dinners at Sherry's wouldn't look as desirable as did that skinny brown bird. Now, Telesphore had lost his rifle in the storm—laid it down and couldn't find it again—so my Mannlicher was all there was. You don't go gunning for partridges with Mannlicher rifles usually, you know, and it was ninety-nine to one that, in our wabby condition, we wouldn't hit the head, and otherwise, of course, the big bullet would blow him to pieces and his food-value would be nil. Telesphore is a better shot than I, and was a bit less wabby besides, so I handed over my Mannlicher. I hope never to know another such anxious moment. Telesphore shoved the lever and the gun was loaded and full-cocked. Then we two husky men looked at each other as if the last hour had come—and we couldn't tell but it had, and Telesphore put up the gun and sighted at that unconscious little bird waiting on the twig, sliding its precious little head this side and that, a bit excitedly now. A long, long second he sighted, and then—bang! I could hardly breathe till I saw the bunch of feathers lying on the snow, a solid bunch of feathers, with the little, sliding head shot clean off. Well, Dooley, we didn't have that little beast ready to cook, nearly, when there was a crackling and trampling in the forest and here were the three others back. They'd heard the shot and thought we'd found camp and were signalling, and they just rushed back on their tracks. So we cooked that thin little partridge and divided him into five parts. Or I thought we did. I was so ravenous that I just grabbed what Telesphore handed me and gobbled it like a wolf.

And—here's the point, Dooley—I ate Telesphore's part as well as my own."

"What?" I demanded. I looked at Shoulders. He was frowning fiercely and appeared perfectly miserable.

"I don't mean I snatched it; not quite so bad as that," explained Bob. "But he gave it to me, and I didn't stop to look or count. I ate it."

"Gosh!" I remarked simply.

"Do you get it, Dooley? He hadn't had food for three days, practically for four, except that nauseous muskrat dose; there was no more food in sight; this scrap of wholesome meat might make a difference, might give enough strength to get through, to kill a beast or something. Moreover, he was starving mad—and—" Bob made a motion with his hand. "I told you," he said, and his voice was thick, "that I knew for certain that a man would lay down—" Bob's voice stopped on a sharp breath.

I looked at Shoulders. He was staring at Bob, blinking his light eyes rapidly. He seemed decidedly uncomfortable. It was clear that while he did not follow the English words he knew the sense of what Bob was saying. With that he broke into a soft, deprecating French sentence.

"M'sieur Bob is wrong to make much of a small thing, M'sieur. It was nothing. It was quite simple. Me—I was older and in my full force. I was accustomed to the woods. I had asked M'sieur Bob to come to that country. He was young; also a man of instruction—*instruit*—and of great value to the world. Moreover, it it was in truth easier for me to die than to tell the family of M'sieur Bob of his death. One sees, M'sieur, that it was actually a small thing which I did."

Bob half-laughed, but there was an expression in his eyes as he looked at Telesphore which I don't believe many men in the world, let alone half-breed Indian guides, often get fired at them. He shook his head. "You won't be able to come that over me, old man," was what he said. And the Indian went on very fast.

"But *v'là* how it happened that M'sieur Bob at once did much more for me and for us all. For no sooner had he eaten that small morsel there of partridge than he gave a shout. For, being young, the dizziness was gone from his head quickly

with the food, and he saw something which none of us, Indians and hunters, had remarked."

"Oh, rot!" interrupted Bob. "For why? I was facing that way as I gobbled. That's why."

"M'sieur Bob," Shoulders went on quietly, "remarked at some distance—perhaps half an *arpent*—acre—from us in the woods a birch-tree which had been lately cut. And my old father ran quickly, and *v'là* it was one which he at once knew for a tree he had chopped on the last night we spent in our little camp. Therefore the camp and our provisions must be very close, and in fact we found them, searching with care, in ten minutes after that time. So that all now went well. And it was that same day, after we had had a good meal, though eating carefully at first of——"

"Of salt pork and tea and maple-sugar and *galette*," I put in.

"*Mais oui*—but yes, m'sieur," agreed Shoulders pleasantly. "After that the three others occupied themselves about the camp, while M'sieur Bob and I went off a short distance to get birch, for there were no good trees near the camp, as it was set in a spruce wood. And it so happened that we came on a *ravage d'original*—a moose-yard—not far from the camp, and we saw in it a cow moose and a calf. When one is hungry one shoots what one sees, M'sieur; it was important that we should have meat. So that M'sieur Bob gave me his rifle, because that I am accustomed to be careful in shooting game, and do not miss often. And as the cow had gone behind a bush I shot the calf and killed it. And the calf cried out, which enraged the cow, and she caught sight of us and charged us."

Bob broke into his huge laughter at this crisis and I couldn't stop him, disgusted as I was to have the tale knocked out.

"For cat's sake, shut up," I adjured him. "What happened?"

Bob roared on. "Really, Dooley, it was a joke. It was one of the corkingest jokes ever," he assured me. And I remarked that Shoulders was not laughing.

"One of you tell me," I urged, and Bob took up the thread.

"Why, this is it. The cow chased us—

mainly Telesphore. He turned and fired and hit her on the shoulder, but didn't disable her, and then she was right on him, and he dodged behind a tree and if the blessed old lady didn't come hurtling up to the tree—it was a big balsam—and play peek-a-boo around it with Telesphore, so he hadn't a chance to load the rifle again. As fast as he moved back of the tree she moved after him, and there I was, helpless, with no shootin'-irons. But something had to be done quick, and all I had was an axe. I was afraid to throw it at her, because I'm not much on axe-throwing and, if I missed, that left me defenseless and Telesphore still peek-a-booming back of the tree. She'd get one of us that way, sure. So I turned to like mad at a soft spruce log sticking out of the snow, and chopped a hunk of it, and then, with my axe loose and handy in my belt, I heaved the log at Mrs. Moose and scared her off for one minute. Telesphore had time to load then, and he fired again and dropped her."

"Bobby, you're kidding me," I expostulated. "Sure that isn't out of the sixth reader? It's too good to be true."

"It *is* true," Bob flung back firmly; then patois at Telesphore.

"All which M'sieur Bob tells is the truth," stated Shoulders gravely. "It so happened to M'sieur Bob and to me in the country at the headwaters of the Jacques Cartier River in Canada."

"There's more," said Bob.

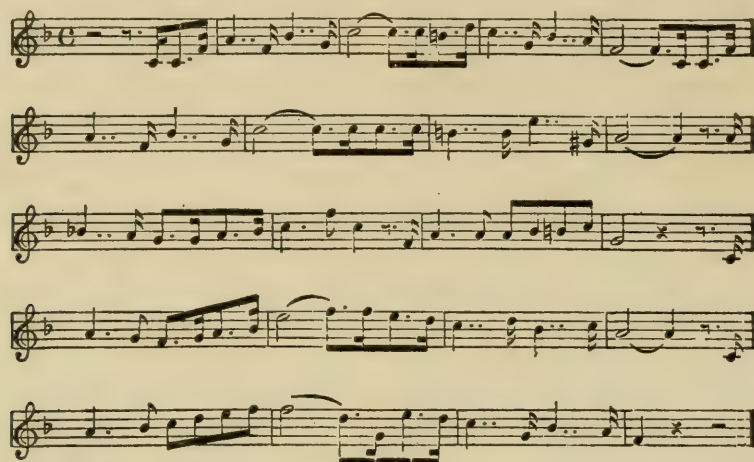
"What?" asked I.

"Oh, well, not more thrills as to the hunting-trip, though it was one big thrill all through for me—most interesting month ever I had. But what I mean is—Wait."

Bob started from his chair and dashed across the room, pulling off his coat as he went. He flung open a trunk, lifted out a tray and threw things on the floor as men do. Then he grunted satisfaction, and instantly he was inserting himself into sleeves, and bright colors were flashing—buckskin, embroideries, scarlet, beads. He bent over the trunk and jerked a many-splendored, feathered something out and up and on his head, and then he turned and faced us, in tunic and great feathered war head-dress, an Indian chief-tain in gorgeous array.

I mentioned that Bob Morgan was a handsome chap; in this absurd light-opera rig, standing with his head back as if he defied me to laugh, flashing his eyes useful, chopping. So we were pals. And I told him, when we got to the village, that I wanted to do something to please him that he would always remem-

Paroles de P. G. Huot. LA HURONNE. Musique de C. Lavigne.



at Shoulders, he was about the best-looking figure of a man I ever saw. The things were beautiful in themselves, as well they might be, for it was the historic full war-paint of a Huron chief that I was looking at. And Bob's big bones and straight, dark features suited them like a charm. I was impressed all right. And then I heard a murmur in Shoulders's deep voice; I didn't make it out then, but I knew afterward that what he said, with his soul in the saying, was:

"On-ton-neo Kon-de-Ron."

That was Bobby's new Indian name. "On-ton-neo Kon-de-Ron" meant "Fighting Log of the Hurons."

Shoulders stared at Bobby with his eyes blazing as he shot out the hatchety words.

"Might a plain citizen be allowed to ask what the devil is this?" I gasped finally, and Bob sat down in his glory and shouted big laughter. And proceeded to explain.

"You see, Dooley," said he, "when we got back to Lorette from that month's hunt we were pretty good pals, we five. Particularly Telesphore and I. The old top had fed me partridge when partridge came high, don't you know, and I was feeling kindly toward him. And he insisted on taking seriously that game of 'Who's got the Moose?' in which I was

ber, and what would it be? We powwowed over it many times, and at last I extracted that all his life he'd longed to come to New York and see a big city as she is spoke. So I made up my mind he should come, and that if it took a leg I'd give him the best time I could lay hands on. And then what do you suppose Telesphore sprung on me? Something that made my blowout look like thirty cents. If you please, they adopted me into the tribe. Yes, sir"—and Bob beat his chest proudly. "I'm a Huron chief, the genuine thing—blood brothers we are, aren't we, Telesphore?" And he slung patois lovingly at the Indian.

"What did they do?" I demanded.

"Well," considered Bob, "they did quite some things. It was just now. I went up there for the ceremony and brought Telesphore home with me. It was the first of May and lovely, clear weather, with a little snow-chill in the air, but bright with spring. They had a great meeting out-of-doors—all the village—six hundred people—all in Indian clothes."

"And a platform," put in Telesphore earnestly, in murmuring, deep tones.

"Yes, sirree—a platform, a bully big platform," amended Bob, and thenceforth spoke in French. "All the chiefs and important people were on the platform, and, of course, the two or three very



Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

Then the three left us; I could have howled like a baby when I saw them go.—Page 526.

old chiefs who are now the only persons on earth speaking the ancient Huron language. When they die it's gone forever—eh, Telesphore?"

Shoulders nodded.

"Well, they were there. And the agent of the tribe was there. And me. *Me*. In these clothes, only more of them. I went to the head chief's house beforehand and he gave me the costume. And pretty proud of it I was, you bet," said Bob, breaking into American. "Well, they had a sort of address. It's in the trunk—I'll show it to you. It was pretty fine, done on birch-bark, embroidered with beavers in the corners and sewed all around"—Bob gesticulated vaguely—"with moose-hair dyed nice colors. They presented that to me, and it says that I'm a chief of the Huron tribe, so you look out for me, Dooley, and don't try any tricks, or I'll scalp you good and plenty. And then the Lorette band played 'La Huronne,' and the air of that, I'd like you to know, is a veritable Huron war-song which came with the tribe to

Quebec two hundred years ago, and nobody knows how much older than that it is. And then there were other 'doings' and the upshot of it is that I was taken into the tribe. And so you see how it is that Telesphore and I have a weakness for each other that has stood a test or two, and is going to stand the test of time, we think."

Bob had gotten up and was standing before me, and the Indian at that sprang from his chair and placed himself, straight, lithe, beautiful in line, with a manner of antique dignity at Bob's side, and slipped an arm around Bob's body. They stood so, close, the American, type of the latest, greatest nation rushing on with ever huger strides to splendid maturity; the Huron, type of a race by-gone, almost extinct, holding with ever feeblér grasp to the fading signs of long-past glory. Bob put his big arm suddenly about the magnificent shoulders and smiled down as Bob Morgan knows how to smile, and patted the blue-green coat.

"Blood brothers," said Bob.

HORN AND VIOLIN

By Richard Burton

In the autumn, in the weather
Golden, bronzed and rich with sighs,
When we paced the lanes together,
Dreamings deep were in your eyes.

Then, O Love, 'twas like the sounding
Of a mellow horn that blows,
Veiled yet vibrant, far resounding
Through the paths the woodland knows.

But with May the magic changes,
And the music pants and pleads;
Like a violin it ranges
All the soul's insistent needs;

All the hopes and pent desires,
All the daring and the doubt:
Like to strong, plucked strings, the fires
Of our spirits rushing out.

In the autumn, love seemed sober;
Dear, 'tis now a passionéd thing;
As the horn is for October,
But the violin for spring!

THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE HOSPITAL AT NEUILLY

Pictures by Georges Pavis

A French Artist Wounded at Verdun



GEORGES PAVIS, of Bois Colombes, one of the many suburbs of Paris, was just twenty-three at the beginning of the Great War; his regiment was one of the first to

answer the call and was placed in the first line of trenches. He fought bravely through the terrible battles of the Marne and Champagne. During all those days of horror his ever predominant thought was the fear of permanent injury to his hands or arms; rather death a thousand times than to lose all that life held most dear to him, the continuance of his art. He came through his baptism of fire at those early battles unscathed, but was terribly injured at Verdun, where a piece of a shell from one of the famous "77" German guns shattered his hip-bone and made of this once happy "Poilu" a hopeless cripple.

He was fortunate enough to have been brought to the American Ambulance Hos-

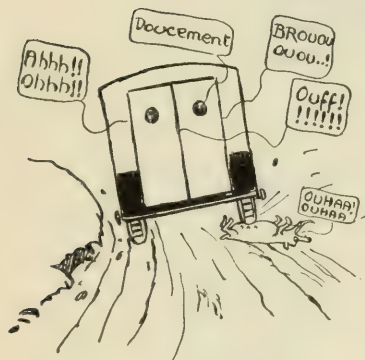
pital at Neuilly, America's most glorious tribute to France, where, by marvellous surgery and untiring nursing, his life and the partial use of his legs were restored to him.

This hospital, originally built for a school, was, at the outbreak of the war, taken by American residents of Paris and converted into one of the most completely equipped military hospitals in France. All the modern contrivances and appliances known to present-day science are there to help mend the shattered bones and heal the terrible wounds. The fame of this ambulance hospital is wide-spread, and many of the poor soldiers, wounded on the battle-field, pray to be sent to "l'Américaine," as they call it. It was there, while convalescing, that the sketches on this and the following pages were made by Georges Pavis. They depict, in a humorous vein, scenes that transpire daily at the "Ambulance."





At the "Poste de Secours" the American ambulances call for the wounded.



They are taken aboard the sanitary train.



*Arrival at the
American
Ambulance
Hospital at
Neuilly.*



*They are
energetically
scrubbed.*



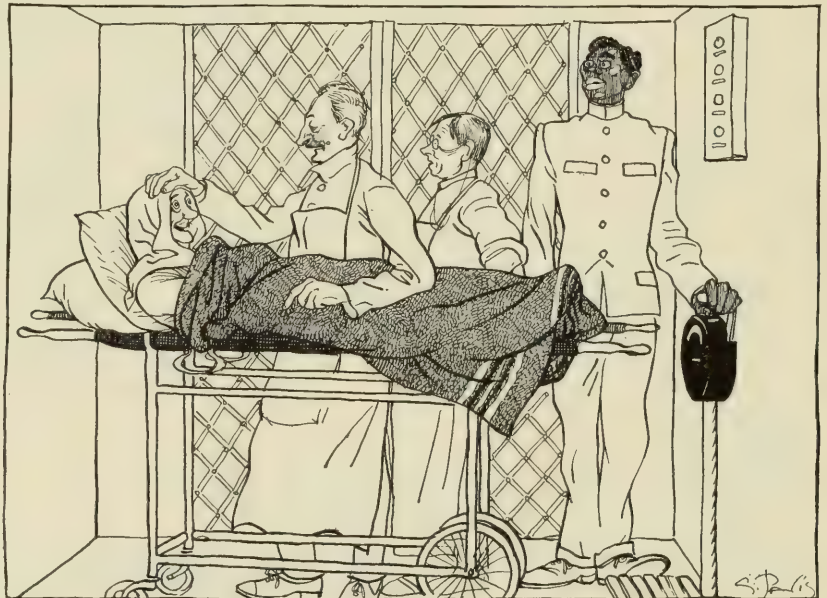
The first operation.



The "Poilu's" temperature is going up.



The elevator permits the transportation of the Poilu without tiring him.



The big operating-room.

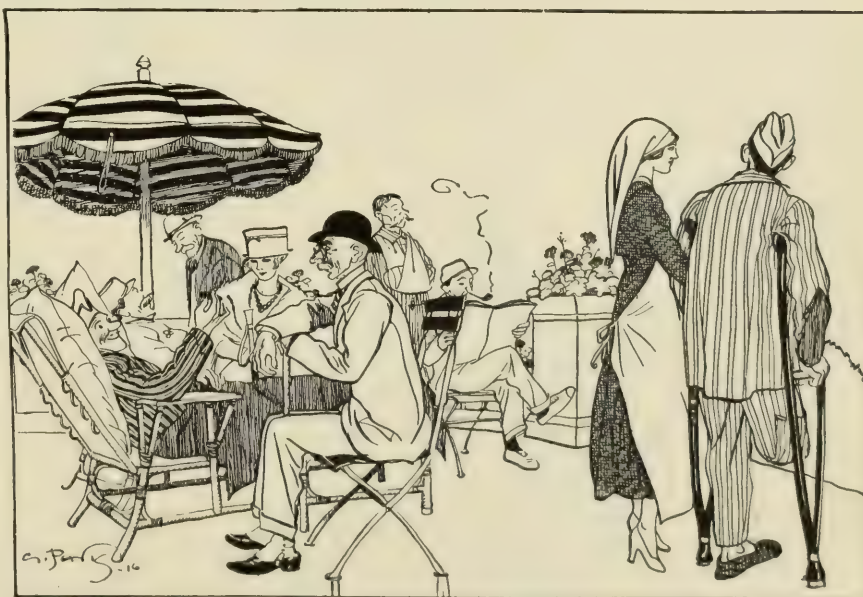
The Poilu is put in an extension-apparatus—he doesn't seem to mind it.



Meal-time.

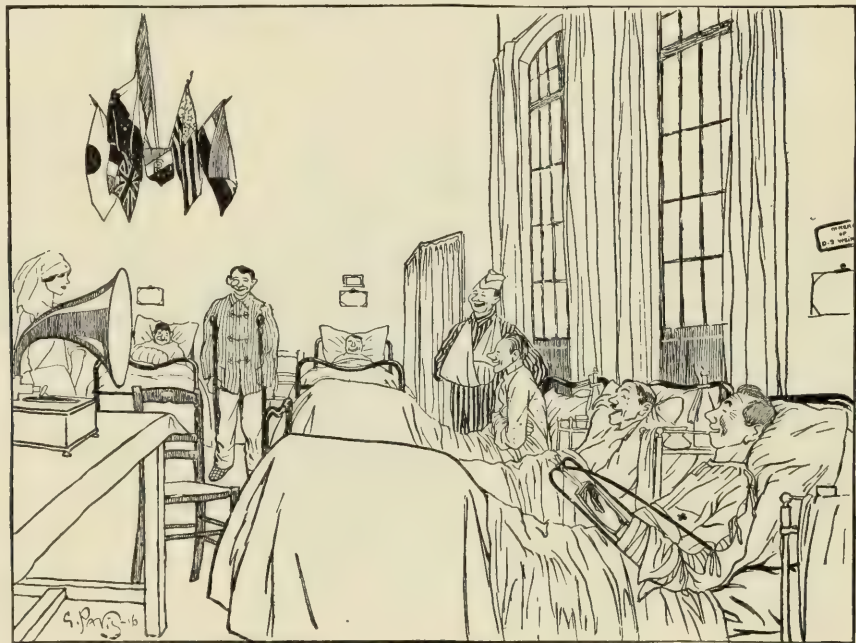


*On the terrace—
friends and acquaintances are calling.*

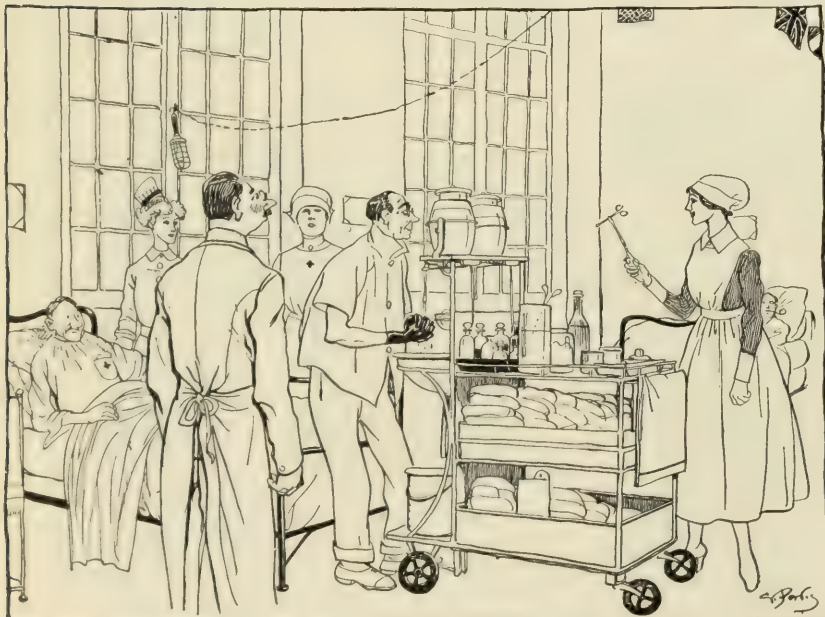




A little party. Being decorated with the Military Medal for bravery.



An appreciated pastime—the talking-machine.



The dreaded hour—changing the bandages.



His first day out.

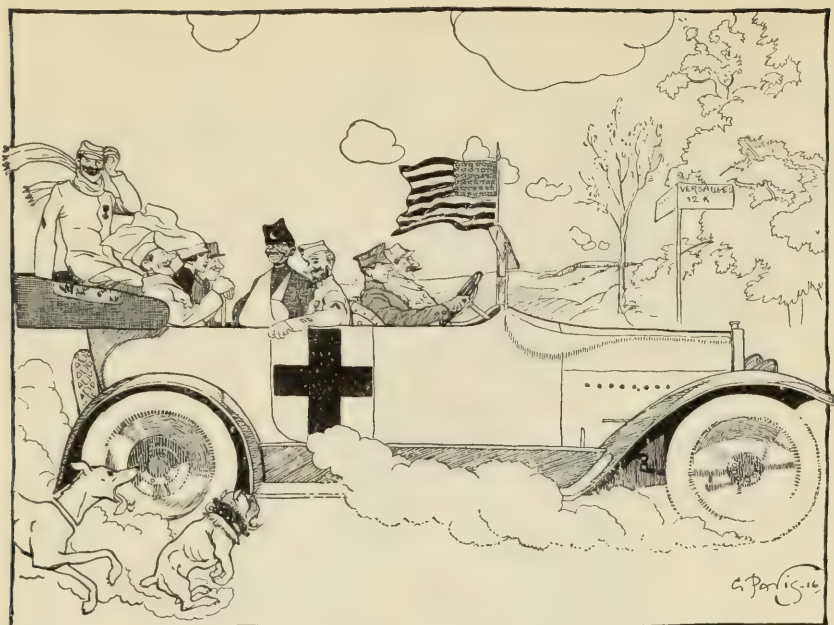


*Taking snap-shots—
a very sympathetic
group.*



*A promenade on the
Avenue du Bois.*





An excursion to the suburbs of Paris.



The farewell.



The Poilu, cured, returns to the front.

THE ANGEL FROM VIPER

A HAPPY VALLEY STORY

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHNS



He had violet eyes, the smile of a seraph, and a halo of yellow hair, and he came from Viper, which is a creek many, many hills away from Happy Valley.

He came on foot and alone to St. Hilda, who said sadly that she had no room for him. But she sighed helplessly when the Angel smiled—and made room for him. To the teachers he became Willie—to his equals he was Bill. In a few weeks he got home-sick and, without a word, disappeared. A fortnight later he turned up again with a little brother, and again he smiled at St. Hilda.

"Jeems Henery hyeh," he said, "'lowed as how *he'd* come along"—and James Henry got a home. Jeems was eight, and the Angel, who was ten, was brother and father to him. He saw to it that Jeems Henery worked and worked hard and that he behaved himself, so that his concern for the dull, serious little chap touched St. Hilda deeply. That concern seemed, indeed, sacrificial—and was.

When spring breathed on the hills the Angel got restless. He was homesick again and must go to see his mother.

"But, Willie," said St. Hilda, "you told me your mother died two years ago."

"She come *might' nigh* dyin'," said the Angel. "That's what I said." St. Hilda reasoned with him to no avail, and because she knew he would go anyhow gave him permission.

"Miss Hildy, I'm a-leavin' Jeems Henery with ye now, an' I reckon I oughter tell you somethin'."

"Yes, Willie," answered St. Hilda absently.

"Miss Hildy, Jeems Henery is the bigges' liar on Viper."

"Yes," repeated St. Hilda; "*what?*"

"The truth ain't in Jeems Henery," the Angel went on placidly. "You can't lam

it inter 'im an' tain't no use to try. You jus' watch him close while I'm gone."

"I will."

Half an hour later the Angel put his hand gently on St. Hilda's knee, and his violet eyes were troubled. "Miss Hildy," he said solemnly, "Jeems Henery is the cussin'est boy on Viper. I reckon Jeems Henery is the cussin'est boy in the world. You've got to watch him while I'm gone, or no tellin' whut he *will* larn them young uns o' yours."

"All right. I'll do the best I can."

"An' that ain't all," added the Angel solemnly. "Jeems Henery"—St. Hilda almost held her breath—"Jeems Henery is the gamblin'est boy on Viper. Jeems Henery jes can't *look* at a marble without tremblin' all over. If you don't watch him like a hawk while I'm gone I reckon Jeems Henery'll larn them young uns o' yours all the devilment in the world."

"Gracious!"

James Henry veered into view just then around the corner of the house.

"Jeems Henery," called the Angel sternly, "come hyeh!" And James Henry stood before the bar of the Angel's judgment.

"Jeems Henery, air you the gamblin'est boy on Viper?" James Henry nodded cheerfully.

"Air you the cussin'est boy on Viper?" Again there was a nod of cheerful acknowledgment.

"Jeems Henery, air you the bigges' liar on Viper?" James Henry, looking with adoring eyes at the Angel, nodded shameless shame for the third time, and the Angel turned triumphantly.

"Thar now!" Astounded, St. Hilda looked from one brother to the other.

"Well, not one word of this have I heard before."

"Jeems Henery is a sly un—ain't you, Jeems Henery?"



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Jeems Henery, who was the gamblin'est, cussin'est, lyin'est boy on Viper?"—Page 541. .

"Uh-huh."

"Ain't nobody who can ketch up with Jeems Henery 'ceptin' me."

"Well, Willie, if this is more than I can handle, don't you think you'd better not go home but stay here and help me with James Henry?" The Angel did not even hesitate.

"I reckon I better," he said, and he visibly swelled with importance. "I had to lam' Jeems Henery this mornin', an' I reckon I'll have to keep on lammin' him 'most every day."

"Don't you lam' James Henry at all," said St. Hilda decisively.

"All right," said the Angel. "Jeems Henery, git about yo' work now."

Thereafter St. Hilda kept watch on James Henry and he was, indeed, a sly one. There was gambling going on. St. Hilda did not encourage tale-bearing, but she knew it was going on. Still she could not catch James Henry. One day the Angel came to her.

"I've got Jeems Henery to stop gamblin'," he whispered, "an' I didn't have to lam' him." And, indeed, gambling thereafter ceased. The young man who had come for the summer to teach the boys the games of the outside world reported that much swearing had been going on but that swearing too had stopped.

"I've got Jeems Henery to stop cussin'," reported the Angel, and so St. Hilda rewarded him with the easy care of the nice new stable she had built on the hillside. His duty was to clean it and set things in order every day.

Some ten days later she was passing near the scene of the Angel's new activities, and she hailed him.

"How are you getting along?" she called.

"Come right on, Miss Hildy," shouted the Angel. "I got ever'thing cleaned up. Come on an' look in the *furthest* corners!"

St. Hilda went on, but ten minutes later she had to pass that way again and she did look in. Nothing had been done. The stable was in confusion and a pitchfork lay prongs upward midway of the barn door.

"How's this, Ephraim?" she asked, mystified. Ephraim was a fourteen-year-old boy who did the strenuous work of the barn.

"Why, Miss Hildy, I jus' hain't had time to clean up yit."

"You haven't had time?" she echoed in more mystery. "That isn't your work—it's Willie's." It was Ephraim's turn for mystery.

"Why, Miss Hildy, Willie told me more'n a week ago that you said fer me to do *all* the cleanin' up."

"Do you mean to say that you've been doing this work for over a week? What's Willie been doing?"

"Not a lick—jes' settin' aroun' studyin' an' whistlin'."

St. Hilda went swiftly down the hill, herself in deep study, and she summoned the Angel to the bar of her judgment. The Angel writhed and wormed, but it was no use, and at last with smile, violet eyes, and halo the Angel spoke the truth. Then a great light dawned for St. Hilda, and she played its searching rays on the Angel's past and he spoke more truth, leaving her gasping and aghast.

"Why—why did you say all that about your poor little brother?"

The Angel's answer was prompt. "Why, I figgered that you *couldn't* ketch Jeems Henery an' *wouldn't* ketch me. An'," the Angel added dreamily, "it come might' nigh bein' that-a-way if I just had——"

"You're a horrid, wicked little boy," St. Hilda cried, but the Angel would not be perturbed, for he was a practical moralist.

"Jeems Henery," he called into space, "come hyeh!" And out of space James Henry came, as though around the corner he had been waiting the summons.

"Jeems Henery, who was the gamblin'-est, cussin'est, lyin'est boy on Viper?"

"My big brother Bill!" shouted Jeems Henery proudly.

"Who stopped gamblin', cussin', an' lyin'?"

"My big brother Bill!"

"Who stopped all these young uns o' Miss Hildy's from cussin' an' gamblin'?" And Jeems Henery shouted: "My big brother Bill!" The Angel, well pleased, turned to St. Hilda.

"Thar now," he said triumphantly, and seeing that he had reduced St. Hilda to helpless pulp he waved his hand.

"Git back to yo' work, Jeems Henery." But St. Hilda was not yet all pulp.

"Willie," she asked warily, "when did you stop lying?"

"Why, jes' now!" There was in the Angel's face a trace of wonder at St. Hilda's lack of understanding.

"How did James Henry know?" The mild wonder persisted.

"Jeems Henery knows *me!*" St. Hilda was all pulp now, but it was late afternoon, and birds were singing in the woods, and her little people were singing as they worked in fields; and her heart was full. She spoke gently.

"Go on back to work, Willie," she was about to say, but the Angel had gone a-dreaming and his face was sad, and she said instead:

"What is it, Willie?"

"I know whut's been the matter with

me, Miss Hildy—I hain't been the same since my mother died six year ago." For a moment St. Hilda took a little silence to gain self-control.

"You mean," she said sternly, "'come *might* nigh dyin',' Willie, and *two* years ago."

"Well, Miss Hildy, hit 'pears like six." Her brain whirled at the working of his, but his eyes, his smile, and the halo, glorified just then by a bar of sunlight, were too much for St. Hilda, and she gathered him into her arms.

"Oh, Willie, Willie," she half-sobbed; "I don't know what to do with you!" And then, to comfort her, the Angel spoke gently:

"Miss Hildy, jes' don't do—nothin'."

OUR FUTURE IMMIGRATION POLICY

By Frederic C. Howe

Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York



THE outstanding feature of our immigration policy has been its negative character. The immigrant is expected to look out for himself. Up to the present time legislation has been guided by conditions which prevailed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We have permitted the immigrant to come; only recently has he been examined for physical, mental, and moral defects at the port of debarkation, and then he has been permitted to land and go where he willed. This was the practice in colonial days. It has been continued without essential change down to the present time. It was a policy which worked reasonably well in earlier times, when the immigrant passed from the ship to land to be had from the Indians, or in later generations from the government.

And from generation to generation the immigrant moved westward, just beyond the line of settlement, where he found a homestead awaiting his labor. These were the years of Anglo-Saxon, of German, of Scandinavian, of north European

settlement, when the immigration to this country was almost exclusively from the same stock. And so long as land was to be had for the asking there was no immigration problem. The individual States were eager for settlers to develop their resources. There were few large cities. Industry was just beginning. There was relatively little poverty, while the tenements and slums of our cities and mining districts had not yet appeared. This was the period of the "old immigration," as it is called; the immigration from the north of Europe, from the same stock that had made the original settlements in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the South; it was the same stock that settled Ohio and the Middle West, Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas.

The "old immigration" from northern Europe ceased to be predominant in the closing years of the last century. Then the tide shifted to southern Europe, to Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Poland, and the Balkans. A new strain was being added to our Anglo-Saxon, Germanic

stock. The "new immigration" did not speak our language. It was unfamiliar with self-government. It was largely illiterate. And with this shift from the "old immigration" to the "new," immigration increased in volume. In 1892 the total immigration was 579,663; in 1894 it fell to 285,631. As late as 1900 it was but 448,572. Then it began to rise. In 1903 it was 857,046; in 1905 it reached the million mark; and from that time down to the outbreak of the war the total immigration averaged close on to a million a year, the total arrivals in 1914 being 1,218,480. Almost all of the increase came from southern Europe, over 70 per cent of the total being from the Latin and Slavic countries. In 1914 Austria contributed 134,831 people; Hungary 143,321; Italy 283,734; Russia 255,660; while the United Kingdom contributed 73,417; Germany 35,734; Norway 8,329; and Sweden 14,800.

For twenty years the predominant immigration has been from south and central Europe. And it is this "new immigration," so called, that has created the "immigration problem." It is largely responsible for the agitation for restrictive legislation on the part of persons fearful of the admixture of races, of the difficulties of assimilation, of the high illiteracy of the southern group; and most of all for the opposition on the part of organized labor to the competition of the unskilled army of men who settle in the cities, who go to the mines, and who struggle for the existing jobs in competition with those already here. For the newcomer has to find work quickly. He has exhausted what little resources he had in transportation. In the great majority of cases his transportation has been advanced by friends and relatives already here, who have lured him to this country by descriptions of better economic conditions, greater opportunities for himself, and especially the new life which opens up to his children. And this overseas competition is a serious problem to American labor, especially in the iron and steel industries, in the mining districts, in railroad and other construction work, into which employments the foreigners largely go.

How seriously the workers and our cities are burdened with this new immi-

gration from south and central Europe is indicated by the fact that 56 per cent of the foreign-born population in this country is in the States to the east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio Rivers, to which at least 80 per cent of the present incoming immigrants are destined. In the larger cities between 70 and 80 per cent of the population is either foreign born or immediately descended from persons of foreign birth. In New York City 78.6 per cent of the people are of foreign birth or immediate foreign extraction. In Boston the percentage is 74.2, in Cleveland 75.8, and in Chicago 77.5. In the mining districts the percentage is even higher. In other words, almost all of the immigration of the last twenty years has gone to the cities, to industry, to mining. Here the immigrant competes with organized labor. He burdens our inadequate housing accommodations. He congests the tenements. He is at least a problem for democracy.

But the effect of immigration on our life is not as simple as the advocates of restriction insist. It is probable that the struggle of the working classes to improve their conditions is rendered more difficult by the incoming tide of unskilled labor. It is probable too that wages are kept down in certain occupations and that employers are desirous of keeping open the gate as a means of securing cheap labor and labor that is difficult to organize. It is also probably true that the immigrant is a temporary burden to democracy and especially to our cities. But the subject is not nearly as simple as this. The immigrant is a consumer as well as a producer. He creates a market for the products of labor even while he competes with labor. And he creates new trades and new industries, like the clothing trades of New York, Chicago, and Cleveland, which employ hundreds of thousands of workers. And a large part of the immigrants assimilate rapidly.

In addition, the new stock from southern and central Europe brings to this country qualities of mind and of temperament that may in time greatly enrich the more severe and practical-minded races of northern Europe.

But it is not the purpose of this article to discuss the question of immigration

restriction or the kinds of tests that should be applied to the incoming alien. It is rather to consider the internal or domestic policy we have thus far adopted after the immigrant has landed on our shores. And this policy has been wholly negative. Our attitude toward the immigrant has undergone little change from the very beginning, when immigration was easily absorbed by the free lands of the West. Even at the present time our legislative policy is an outgrowth of the assumption that the immigrant could go to the land and secure a homestead of his own; and of the additional assumption that he needed no assistance or direction when he reached this country any more than did the immigrants of earlier centuries.

Up to the present time, with the exception of the Oriental races, there has been no real restriction to immigration. Our policy has been selective rather than restrictive. Of those arriving certain individuals are rejected by the immigration authorities because of some defect of mind, of body, or of morals, or because of age, infirmity, or some other cause by reason of which the aliens are likely to become public charges. For the official year 1914, of the 1,218,480 applying for admission 15,745 were excluded because they were likely to become a public charge; 6,537 were afflicted with physical or mental infirmities affecting their ability to earn a living; 3,257 were afflicted with tuberculosis or with contagious diseases; and 1,274 with serious mental defects. All told, in that year less than 2 per cent of the total number applying for admission were rejected and sent back to the countries from which they came.

Our immigration policy ends with the selection. From the stations the immigrants pass into the great cities, chiefly into New York, or are placed upon the trains leaving the ports of debarkation for the interior. They are not directed to any destination, and, most important of all, no effort is made to place them on the land under conditions favorable to successful agriculture. And this is the problem of the future. It is a problem far bigger than the distribution of immigration. It is a problem of our entire industrial life. For, while our immigrants

are congested in the cities agriculture suffers from a lack of labor. Farms are being abandoned. Not more than one-third of the land in the United States is under cultivation. Far more important still, millions of acres are held out of use. Land monopoly prevails all over the Western States. According to the most available statistics of landownership, approximately 200,000,000 acres are owned by less than 50,000 corporations and individual men. Many of these estates exceed 10,000 or even 50,000 acres in extent. Some exceed the million mark. States like California, Texas, Oregon, Washington, and other Western States have great manorial preserves like those of England, Prussia, and Russia which are held out of use or inadequately used, and which have increased in value a hundredfold during the last fifty years. These great estates are largely the result of the land grants given to the railroads as well as the careless policy of the government in the disposal of the public domain.

Here is one of the anomalies of the nation. Here is the real explanation of the immigration problem. Here, too, is the division between the "old immigration" and the "new immigration." For the "old immigration" from the north of Europe went to the country. The "new immigration" has gone to the cities because the land had all been given away and the only opportunity for immediate employment was to be found in the cities and mining districts. The "new immigration" from the south of Europe is as eager for home-ownership as the "old immigration" from the north of Europe. But the land is all gone, and the incoming alien is compelled to accept the first job that is offered, or starve. It is this too that has stimulated the protest on the part of labor against the incoming tide. For, so long as land was accessible for all, the incoming immigrants went to the country, where they could build their fortunes as they willed, just as they did in earlier generations.

The European War has forced many new problems upon us. And one of these is the relation of people to the land. Of one thing, at least, we may be certain—that with the ending of the war there will

be a competition for men, a competition not only by the exhausted Powers of Europe but by Canada, Australia, and America as well. Europe will endeavor to keep its able-bodied men at home. They will be needed for reconstruction purposes. There will be little immigration out of France, for France is a nation of home-owning peasants and France has never contributed in material numbers to our population. The same is true of Germany. Germany is the most highly socialized state in Europe. The state owns the railways, many mines, and great stretches of land. In England too the state has been socialized to a remarkable extent as a result of the war. Russia and Austria-Hungary have undergone something of the same transformation. When the war is over these countries will probably endeavor to mobilize their men and women for industry as they previously mobilized them for war. And in so far as they are able to adjust credit and assistance to their people, they will strive to keep them at home.

But that is not all. Millions of men have been killed or incapacitated. Poland, Galicia, parts of Hungary and Russia have been devastated. Many nobles who owned the great estates have been killed. Many of them are bankrupt. Their land holdings may be broken up into small farms. The state can only go on, taxes can only be collected if industry and agriculture are brought back to life. And the nations of Europe are turning their attention to a consciously worked out agricultural programme for putting the returning soldiers back on the land. Not only that, but reports from steamship and railroad companies indicate that large numbers of men are planning to return to Europe after the war. The estimates, based upon investigation, run as high as a million men. Poles and Hungarians are imbued with the idea that land will be cheap in Europe and that the savings they have accumulated in this country can be used for the purchase of small holdings in their native country, through the possession of which their social and economic status will be materially improved.

I have no doubt but that the years which follow the ending of the war will

see an exodus from this country which may be as great as the incoming tide in the years of our highest immigration. Along with this exodus to Europe, Canada will endeavor to repeople her land. Western Canada especially is working out an agricultural and land programme. Even before the war her provinces had removed taxes from houses and improvements and were increasing the taxes upon vacant land, with the aim of breaking up land speculation. And this policy will probably be largely extended after the war is over. England, too, is developing a comprehensive land policy, and is placing returning soldiers upon the land under conditions similar to those provided in the Irish Land Purchase Act. It is not improbable that the war will be followed by a breaking up of many of the great estates in England and the settlement of many men upon the land in farm colonies, such as have been worked out in Denmark and Germany. Even prior to the war Germany had placed hundreds of thousands of persons upon the state-owned farms and on private estates which had been acquired by the government for this purpose. Over \$400,000,000 has been appropriated for the purpose of encouraging home-ownership in Germany during recent years.

All over the world, in fact, the necessity of a new governmental policy in regard to agriculture is being recognized. Thousands of Danish agricultural workers have been converted into home-owning farmers through the aid of the government. To-day 90 per cent of the farmers in Denmark own their own farms, while only 10 per cent are tenants. The government advances 90 per cent of the cost of a farm, the farmer being required to advance only the remaining 10 per cent. In addition, teachers and inspectors employed by the state give instruction as to farming, marketing, and the use of co-operative agencies, while the railroads are owned by the state and operated with an eye to the development of agriculture. As a result of this, Denmark has become the world's agricultural experiment-station. The immigration from Denmark has practically ceased, as it has from other countries of Europe in which peasant proprietorship prevails.

In my opinion, immigration to the United States will be profoundly influenced by these big land-colonization projects of the European nations. It may be that large numbers of men with their savings will be lured away from the United States. As a result, agricultural produce in the United States may be materially reduced. Even now there is a great shortage of agricultural labor, while tenancy has been increasing at a very rapid rate. And America may be confronted with the immediate necessity of competing with Europe to keep people in this country. A measure is now before Congress looking to the development of farm colonies, in which the government will acquire large stretches of land to be sold on easy terms of payment to would-be farmers, who are permitted to repay the initial cost in instalments covering a long period of years. Similar measures are under discussion in California, in which State a comprehensive investigation has been made of the subject of tenancy and the possibility of farm settlement. Looking in the same direction are the declarations of many farmers' organizations throughout the West for the taxing of land as a means of ending land monopoly and land speculation. This is one of the cardinal planks in the platform of the non-partisan organization of farmers of North Dakota which swept the State in the last election. Every branch of the government was captured by the farmers, whose platform declared for the untaxing of all kinds of farm-improve-

ments and an increase in the tax rate on unimproved land as a means of developing the State and ending the idle-land speculation which prevails.

If such a policy as this were adopted for the nation as a whole; if the idle land now held out of use were opened up to settlement; if the government were to provide ready-made farms to be paid for upon easy terms, and if, along with this, facilities for marketing, for terminals, for slaughter-houses, and for agencies for bringing the produce of the farms to the markets were provided, not only would agriculture be given a fillip which it badly needs but the congestion of our cities and the immigration problem would be open to easy solution. Then for many generations to come land would be available in abundance. For America could support many times its present population if the resources of the country were opened up to use. Germany with 67,000,000 people could be placed inside of Texas. And Texas is but one of forty-eight States. Under such a policy the government could direct immigration to places of profitable settlement; it could relieve the congestion of the cities and Americanize the immigrant under conditions similar to those which prevailed from the first landing in New England down to the enclosure of the continent in the closing days of the last century. For the immigration problem is and always has been an economic problem. And back of all other conditions of national well-being is the proper relation of the people to the land.

PROMISE

By Margaret Cable Brewster

ALL that thou art, my Mother, I would be;
 And, even now, I dream that dawn shall rise
 When one shall, wistful, look into my eyes,
 And find therein a light that shines from thee.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF PAINTING

BY KENYON COX

THE CULMINATION OF THE RENAISSANCE



JUST at the end of the fifteenth century, after two hundred years of delightful if incomplete creation or of strenuous study of nature and of technic, the art of the Italian Renaissance reached a sudden and brilliant maturity. For a brief period it produced a series of supreme masterpieces. Then, everywhere but in Venice, that decline began which has continued until now. Venice maintained the supremacy of Italian art until nearly the end of the sixteenth century, but with the beginning of the seventeenth the leadership in art passed definitely to the races of the North.

The suddenness of the change from an art still more or less primitive to the full-blown art of the high Renaissance, and the briefness of the period of splendor, may be best shown by a few dates. The first picture of the new and fully matured style, Leonardo's "Last Supper," was probably painted in 1497. Within fifteen years, that is, by 1512, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and the frescoes of the Camera della Segnatura had been completed, and when Raphael died, in 1520, the decline had already begun. In 1505 Raphael, then just beginning to break away from the method of Perugino and to establish his own artistic personality, had begun a fresco of "The Trinity with Saints and Monks" in San Severo at Perugia. He left it unfinished, and the lower part of it was painted, after his death, by Perugino himself, still practising with diminished power the old manner from which Raphael had so entirely freed himself. Even Correggio, the youngest and the most revolutionary of the giants of the high Renaissance, who transformed painting beyond the dreams of Michelangelo or Raphael, had completed his work and died in 1534. Yet Lorenzo da Credi, Leonardo's fellow pupil in Verrocchio's studio, younger than Leonardo by

seven years, survived until 1537, a primitive to the end.

Nothing can account for the extent and the rapidity of this change but the extraordinary genius of four men: Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, and Correggio; and the art of this short and wonderful time of culmination is essentially their work, as the art of the long decadence that followed is deeply tinged by their influence. Without any one of them the high Renaissance would have lacked something essential to its peculiar glory. Without any one of them the art of the succeeding age must have been profoundly different from what it actually was. Always excepting the Venetians, who need separate consideration for many reasons, their contemporaries were either survivals of the past, like Perugino and Botticelli; men of talent but of little original force, like Fra Bartolommeo and Andrea del Sarto; or their own followers and imitators. Doubtless there are good historical reasons why the culmination should have come at that time, or, what is really the same thing, why the decline should have begun immediately after them. Doubtless their time moulded them and colored them, as it fostered them and gave them their opportunity. But there was no one else who could have used their opportunity as they used it, and in their turn they moulded and colored their age.

The earliest of the four, Leonardo da Vinci, was, in a sense, rather a precursor of the high Renaissance than a full sharer in it. Twenty-three years older than Michelangelo and thirty-one years older than Raphael, he was already a mature and world-famed artist when they were beginning their careers, and in his later years he completed very little work of importance. Painter, sculptor, architect, engineer and man of science, as well as musician and courtier, he allowed his varied interests to distract him from artistic

creation, and of the few things he actually painted most are lost or ruined. Enough remains for us to see that his task was to push all parts of the art of painting to the very verge of perfection, not to carry any one of its elements to the highest possible point. His composition has an amplitude and a dignity hitherto undreamed of, his draughtsmanship an expressiveness and precision hitherto unattainable. One could scarcely imagine anything better composed or better drawn than are his best works, had not Raphael and Michelangelo shown us what that something might be. It is so with everything else, with the noble casting of his draperies, with his treatment of light and shade, probably with his mastery of color, though it is now impossible to tell what his color may really have been. It is in the treatment of light and shade that he was most the innovator, and he has been called the inventor of *chiaroscuro*, but even here he did not go the whole way. So much of light and shade as is necessary to express the full roundness of objects he thoroughly mastered. He added the third dimension to the two which had hitherto almost sufficed for painting, and incurred the risk of blackness to insure the perfection of modelling. Of light and shade as a separate element of art, capable of its own range of expression—of light and shade which veils form rather than reveals it—he knew nothing, or chose not to utilize such knowledge as he had.

For it is necessary to distinguish between what Leonardo the scientific investigator had learned of the aspects of nature and what Leonardo the artist thought fit for artistic employment. He was a tireless student of all kinds of natural phenomena, and of many things he had learned a great deal that has been rediscovered only in our own time. Among other things, as his note-books prove, he had studied effects of transmitted and reflected light, understood the difference between diffused daylight and sunlight with its crisp-edged shadows, saw the blue shadow which has been introduced into modern painting by the Impressionists and knew the reason of it. He attempted none of these things in painting and he tells us why. These things, he says, after a long description of the effects of sunlight upon foliage—of the color of the sky

in the high lights, of the yellow light where the sun shines through the leaf and the interruption of this light where the shadow of one leaf falls upon another—these things should not be painted “because they confuse the form.”

The Florentine ideal in art was the utmost realization of form. Leonardo was a true Florentine, and he introduced into painting just so much of light and shade as should assist in this realization, no more. It is his use of modelling that is his most personal contribution to art. Much rhapsodical nonsense has been written about the “Mona Lisa” and her enigmatic smile, and there have been endless speculations as to her character and the meaning of her expression. It is all beside the mark. The truth is that the “Mona Lisa” is a study of modelling, little more. Leonardo had discovered that the expression of smiling is much more a matter of the modelling of the cheek and of the forms below the eye than of the change in the line of the lips. It interested him, with his new power of modelling, to produce a smile wholly by these delicate changes of surface; hence, the mysterious expression. Poets may find “la Gioconda” a vampire or what-not—to artists with a sense of form her portrait will always be a masterpiece because it is one of the subtlest and most exquisite pieces of modelling in existence. It is perfect as the surface of a Greek marble is perfect, beautiful with the beauty of a lily-petal, and is well worth the years of study and of labor that it is said to have cost.

Another of Leonardo’s innovations was less fortunate. The technic of fresco painting, with its necessity for direct and immediate attainment of the desired result, was ill suited to his temper, which loved to ponder deeply and to caress into final perfection by an infinity of retouchings. He abandoned it, and painted his “Last Supper” in another medium which is now said not to have been oils. Whatever it was it proved ill suited to mural decoration, and the painting must early have begun to scale from the walls. To-day it is a wreck in which the nobility of the composition is all that is discernible of what was once a masterpiece. Whether a similar fate overtook his “Battle of the Standard,” which he began to paint upon the wall of the Palazzo Vecchio in Flor-

ence, we do not know. It has utterly disappeared and we can judge of it only by fragmentary copies.

So much of Leonardo's work was left unfinished, so much of it has perished, that

consummate art which the world no longer possesses.

All the painting of the high Renaissance is based upon Leonardo's acquisitions. Even Michelangelo must have studied



Mona Lisa. By Leonardo da Vinci.

In the Louvre, Paris.

we must form our estimate of him as an artist rather from his countless drawings than from the few paintings that remain to us. They are among the most delightful things in the world, infinitely delicate and refined yet full of masculine power. There are single sketches of his which are comparable only to the finest fragments of Greek sculpture as an assurance of a

and admired him, though he would not admit it, and we know that Raphael humbly imitated him. He achieved a colossal reputation, yet outside Lombardy the traces of his personal influence are small, and Lombardy produced no great masters. Luini, too old to have been properly his pupil, caught something of the grace of his smiling heads and the charm of his subtle

modelling, and made with these elements a secure place for himself. Among the master's more direct following Sodoma is perhaps the most considerable person, and many of us feel that his swooning Catherines and effeminate Sebastians could well be spared. But the precursor had made the ways straight, and the younger men who came after him had each but to explore a little farther one of the paths he had marked out.

At first sight Michelangelo may seem almost as versatile a genius as Leonardo himself. He, also, was painter, sculptor, architect, and engineer, and he was, besides all these, a poet of true power. Yet his task was a much narrower one than that of Leonardo. In the three arts he practised his work was to express the Renaissance ideal of energy, and to express it by means of the Florentine ideal of significant form. He is essentially the draughtsman and his special distinction is to have pushed significant draughtsmanship farther than it had ever gone before or has ever gone since.

Not that this means, as has so often been said, that he knew nothing of color. The world is slowly learning that he knew a great deal about color, and that his great central masterpiece of painting, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, is, within the limits of what is possible to fresco painting or profitable for decorative art, one of the world's masterpieces of coloring, entirely harmonious and admirable, held together throughout its vast extent with an absolute control and an astounding science. But the mere fact that it has taken the world nearly four hundred years to learn this is evidence enough that it is not the most important thing about the art of Michelangelo. Within his limits, also, he is a master of composition, but his mastery of composition seldom extends beyond the single group. When he uses many figures there is almost always a certain confusion, a lack of clarity and order. Where he seems to have no limits is in his amazing draughtsmanship and in the gigantic energy which that draughtsmanship could express.

It had been the effort of the Florentine school for two hundred years to master the human figure. It had been its distinction to rely upon the gesture and ex-

pression of the human figure for its greatest effects. No one since the Greeks knew the human figure as Michelangelo knew it, and no one has relied so exclusively upon the human figure as his means of expression. Not merely in sculpture, but in painting, he banished everything else. Landscape is reduced to the barest symbolism—to the most rudimentary indication. Drapery becomes a mere aid to the revelation of the movement and structure beneath it. Nothing is important but the realization of the figure itself as a solid bulk in space, the exact notation of its structure of bone and muscle and tendon and of their interactions and stresses. The roll of the thorax upon the pelvis, the tension of a muscle in action, the heavy dragging of it when relaxed, these are the things on which Michelangelo concentrated his power. With them he carries the expression of human energy to the height of the sublime.

His drawing is never merely correct, and it is sometimes careless. From the first he indulges in any exaggeration that will gain his end. But he is not indifferent to beauty, and the languid Adam of his "Creation of Man" is almost as nobly gracious as his Creator is majestic and full of sweeping power. Gradually the exaggerations are exaggerated, the beauty disappears in the effort to attain the utmost force. Bulk is increased beyond the possibility of nature, and attitudes are strained and contorted. When he painted the "Last Judgment" he had lived far into the decadence and had become, as it were, the chief of his own imitators. He had lost his sense of color; he had never had sufficient grasp of composition to organize so vast a concourse of figures; but, above all, his forms had become swollen and monstrous. Instead of grandeur there is grandiosity; instead of eloquence there is inflated rhetoric; in place of the true energy of the high Renaissance there is the fantastic display of energy which we know as the Baroque.

Though he was a sculptor, born and bred, and painted under protest, Michelangelo found the highest expression of his genius in the painting of the vault of the Sistine; but there is a side of his nature that shows itself most decisively in his sculpture—the romantic and melancholy side. His greatest statues were pro-

duced in the years between the painting of the vault and that of the "Last Judgment," and show neither the triumphant and almost joyous energy of the one nor

clay, leaving the problems of the actual execution to others. He was accustomed to getting his statues out of the block, and he respected the block in which he worked



Study for Equestrian Statue. By Leonardo da Vinci.

In the Windsor Library, London.

the pompous simulacrum of energy of the other. Rather they show us thwarted energy, energy struggling against and crushed by fate. There is a titanic and rebellious melancholy in them that is scarcely anywhere to be found in his painting.

We know that he was of a melancholy temperament, soured by dyspepsia and embittered by the thwarting of his great projects. We know that he grieved deeply over the degeneracy of the time and the degradation of his native Florence. But there are reasons in the nature of the art of sculpture and in Michelangelo's training and technic for this sense of struggle. It is a struggle against the laws of sculpture itself. He was a sculptor in the strictest sense of the word, a cutter of stone. He did nothing in bronze that has come down to us, and he did not, as many modern sculptors do, design freely in the

and liked to preserve something of its four-squareness in the completed statue. Now the limits of the block will not greatly hamper the sculptor whose aim is tranquil and monumental beauty—to the sculptor whose aim is energy they must ever serve as a constraint, and his figures will seem to be struggling to free themselves from the stone. Michelangelo's successors forgot the block entirely and their figures attitudinize in complete obliviousness of it. For him the cramped postures enforced by the limits of the stone had an expressional value, and he came more and more to leave a part of the stone unremoved that the struggle for freedom from it might be emphasized.

Neither his own impatience, the exigence of his powerful employers, nor any other external circumstance will account for the number of Michelangelo's unfinished statues. A concentration of effort

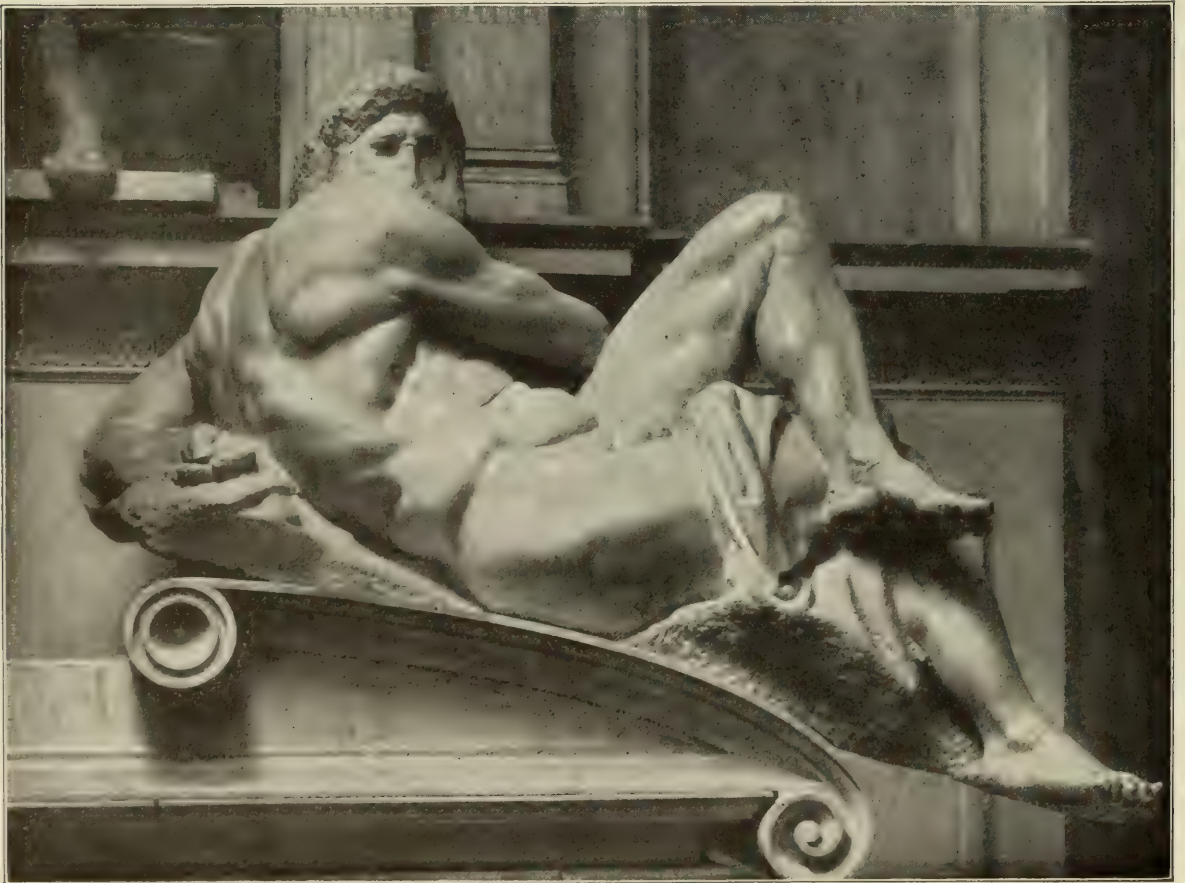
upon the torso and a comparative neglect of the extremities plays its part. So, perhaps, does a love of contrasted surfaces, rough against smooth, and a love of mystery. But essentially his statues remain unfinished because he found that so they expressed his mind and temper, and that they ceased to do so when he tried to complete them.

His followers and successors understood neither this temper nor the method by which it expressed itself. They imitated his forms and attitudes—they never thought of imitating his unfinish, which was to them a negligible accident. It was not until our own day that it became an easy trick of the studios, lending a false air of mystery and of romance to the work of any whipster who has neither energy with which to struggle nor the austere self-restraint which makes conflict inevitable.

In his old age, when the physical labor of sculpture had become too hard for him and he no longer knew how to paint, Michelangelo devoted himself to architecture, and the swelling curve of Saint

Peter's dome is his latest expression of supreme energy nobly self-limited and self-controlled. In architecture his example was even more decisive than in painting or sculpture. When painting and sculpture were rapidly declining in Italy architecture remained a living art, fantastic at times and extravagant, but full of vigor; and the architecture of the Baroque is essentially the expression of energy. Its forms and the direction of its effort were both largely determined by his practice, as the forms and the spirit of the other school of Renaissance architecture, the academic, were largely derived from the work of Bramante and of Raphael.

As Michelangelo was born to give in his art the highest expression of the Renaissance ideal of energy, so Raphael was born to express the equally cherished, if partly inconsistent, ideal of serene and ordered dignity, of a clear and spacious existence, governed by intelligence and right reason; and nothing could be more unlike the proud and tortured spirit of the



Day. By Michelangelo.

From the tomb of Julien de Medici in the Medici Chapel.

great Florentine than the sunny wholesomeness of Raphael's nature. His training was as unlike Michelangelo's as his personality. Born in Urbino, he was

could do better work in it than Perugino himself. Then he went to Florence for further education and diligently studied everything from which something might



The Libyan Sibyl. By Michelangelo.
In the Sistine Chapel.

brought up at one of the most cultivated courts in Italy, and early became the friend of Bramante and of Castiglione. He inherited the Umbrian tradition of large and open distances and gently smiling figures, and while he amplified and elevated his style he never lost the Umbrian sweetness.

A part of his reasonableness was his docility and, brilliantly precocious as he was, Raphael was one of the most teachable of men. He remained faithful to the manner of his master Perugino until he

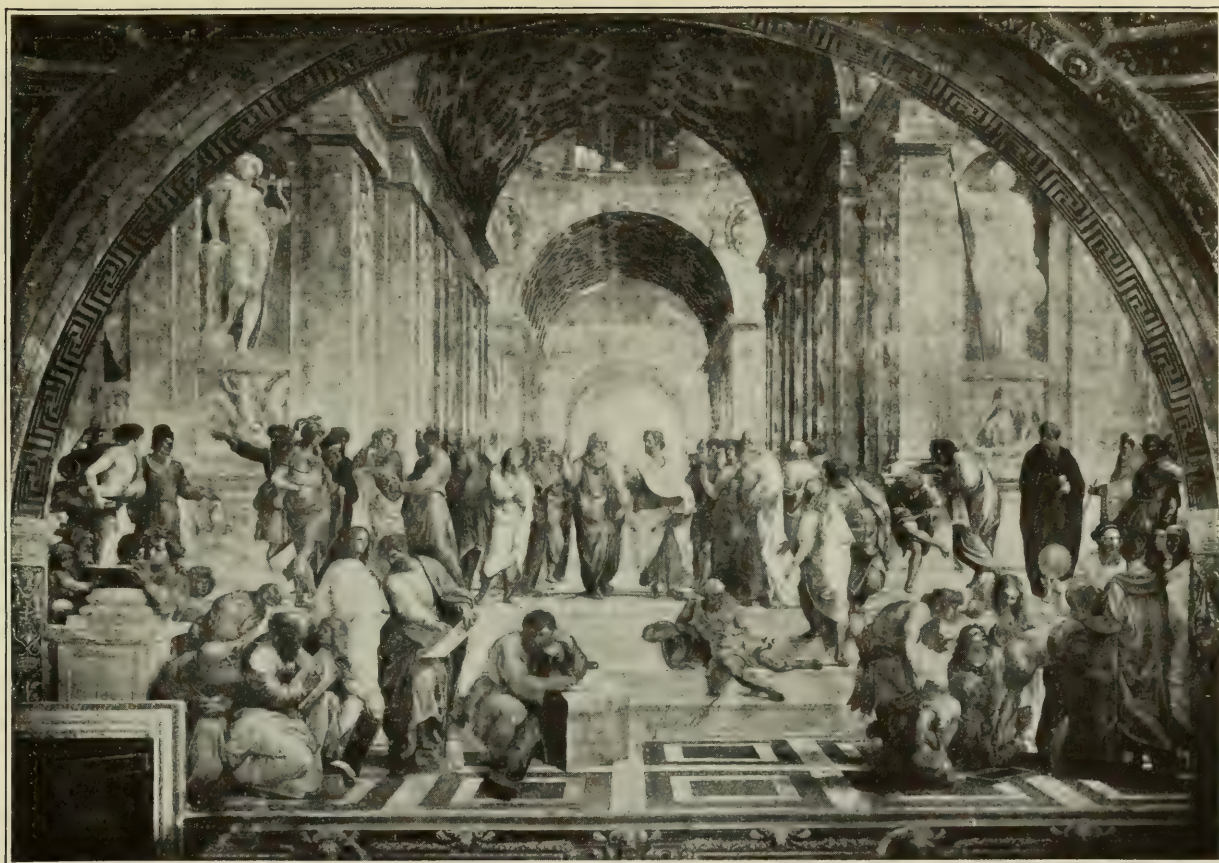
be learned. From Masaccio and Filippino he learned to tell a story clearly and to give a large simplicity to his attitudes and his draperies. He studied Michelangelo's drawing and Leonardo's light and shade and was not above taking lessons in composition from a man so much his own inferior as Fra Bartolommeo. His task, at first, was less to originate anything than to absorb everything that had been originated by others—to do together what others had done separately, and to do it with a final and accomplished grace which

no one else had been able to capture. Yet, from the beginning there is a personality in his very impersonality, and the mark of his individuality is the lack of individual bias. No one else, not even Leonardo, could produce an art so rounded and balanced. No one else could give such airy spaciousness to the smiling landscape; no one else could fill it with men so noble or women and children so beautiful; no one else could create a world without evil, inhabited by a race of ideal beings in whom we rejoice to believe. His way of telling the Bible story has become the way of all the world, his ideals of dignity and beauty have dominated us all, and no one has been able to free himself entirely from Raphael's vision of a serene and perfectly ordered universe.

He was seldom successful in representing any vehemence of action, and it was not his function to evoke pity or terror. His world is a world of peace and tranquillity, and its dominating character is orderliness. Now in art, the very principle of order is design, and Raphael was the greatest master of design that the world has seen. The perfection of ordered design—the mastery of formal composition—was his gift to the world, and to it everything else was subordinated. He could draw with correctness and even with some vigor, but the strenuous draughtsmanship of Michelangelo would have been too insistent for his purpose, even had he been capable of it. His drawing must be simplified and enlarged to fit it for his use, and he did not much care if it became empty. He was working in arrangements of lines and spaces, and that they should tell as such, it was necessary that the spaces should not be too much cut up with smaller forms and that the flow of the lines should not be too much interrupted with minor accents. The "grand style" of his draperies is a matter of composition, and it was because composition was his principal affair that he was indifferent to textures and to the character of stuffs which he could paint admirably when he chose. His use of color and of light and shade is similarly conditioned. Each of these elements is sufficiently studied to be an agreeable accompaniment to a scheme of composition, but neither is allowed to attract too much attention to itself.

The perfect opportunity for the development of his new style and for the display of his personal qualities was given to Raphael when Pope Julius II commissioned him to decorate the room called the Camera della Segnatura, in that Vatican within whose walls Michelangelo was even then at work on the vault of the Sistine. In the four years between 1508 and 1512 these two supreme and widely dissimilar works were completed. Those four years are the real culmination of the Renaissance. As Michelangelo never again found a subject so suited to his powers as the story of the creation and the fall of man, so Raphael here found, or was given, a subject exactly suited to his; the complete illustration of the Renaissance ideal of culture in its fourfold division of theology, philosophy, poetry, and law. In the decorative framework left by Sodoma he placed fourteen compositions. On the ceiling are four medallions, each containing a personification of one of these divisions of learning, and four rectangular panels containing the stories of "The Temptation of Adam," "The Judgment of Solomon," and "The Flaying of Marsyas," and a figure leaning over a celestial globe which must be meant for "Science." In the great lunettes of the longer walls he painted, below "Theology" that picture of the church militant and the church triumphant which has come to be called "La Disputa," below "Philosophy" that gathering of the philosophers and scientists of the ancient world which is known as "The School of Athens." On the shorter walls he placed "Parnassus" below the winged figure of "Poetry," and below "Justice" the allegory of "Jurisprudence" and two smaller frescoes of historical subjects—"Gregory IV delivering the Decretals" and "Justinian delivering the Institutes"—the foundations of ecclesiastical and civil law.

The first painted of the greater compositions was probably the "Disputa," and in the upper part of this there are still reminiscences of the manner of Perugino and Pintoricchio, though neither of them was capable of the thought which transformed the flat wall into the semidome or apse of a cathedral, any more than either of them was capable of the clear yet intricate grouping and the infinite variety of the lower part. In the other frescoes



The School of Athens. By Raphael.
In the Vatican, Rome.

every trace of the earlier manner has disappeared. They are the unapproachable examples of what composition may accomplish, noble and gracious in their ordering, perfect in their balance, endlessly lovely in their interweaving of line, fitting their spaces with sovereign mastery and ease.

Even Raphael himself could do nothing so perfect again. In the "Mass of Bolsena" and the "Delivery of Peter" he attained to fuller coloring and attempted new effects of lighting. In the "Sibyls" of Santa Maria della Pace and the Farnesina frescoes of the story of Cupid and Psyche he composed for new spaces with nearly his old felicity. But he had commissions for far more work than he could execute, he was increasingly interested in architecture and the recovery of that ancient world which seemed the realization of his dream of order. He came to rely more and more upon a throng of pupils and to leave to them not merely the execution but the design of the works of which he was only nominally the author. He wore himself out early, and though he died at thirty-seven he had outlived his best powers and his art was on the decline.

He left behind him what was, for three centuries, the greatest name in all art. If it is not so authoritative to-day as it once was, it is because we have drifted far away from the ideals of which he was the incarnation. He is forever the type of what we know as the classic spirit, and when the world has tired of individualism and of lawlessness it will again find in him the highest expression of order and of noble submission of the individual to law.

If Correggio was a less supremely great artist than Michelangelo or Raphael, yet his art is even more surprising and unaccountable than theirs, and a more strikingly original genius than his has never appeared. If Michelangelo invented the Baroque, Correggio foreshadowed the Rococo. His pictures seem a century—one might almost say two centuries—later than those of his contemporaries, and it is almost impossible to believe that he was but nine years younger than Raphael and that he died a year before Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" was begun. His full greatness was hardly realized and his influence was certainly not at its highest until the eighteenth century.

This delay in the establishment of his fame was partly due to the isolation in which he worked, and this isolation makes the revolution he wrought in the art of painting but the more wonderful. He must have had an opportunity to study the works of Mantegna at Mantua, for from them he took the hint of his figures foreshortened from below. He was more or less influenced by certain Ferrarese masters who are, after all, artists of a minor importance. There is no proof and little probability that he ever saw Rome or knew anything but by report of the work of his greatest contemporaries. The pictures now accepted as his early works, like the example in the Metropolitan Museum, have little merit and show little promise, and the series of masterpieces in his own personal style begins with the frescoes painted in the Convent of San Paolo in Parma, probably in 1518, when he was twenty-five years old. The rest of his short life was passed in Parma or in his native town of Correggio, entirely apart from the great currents of Italian art.

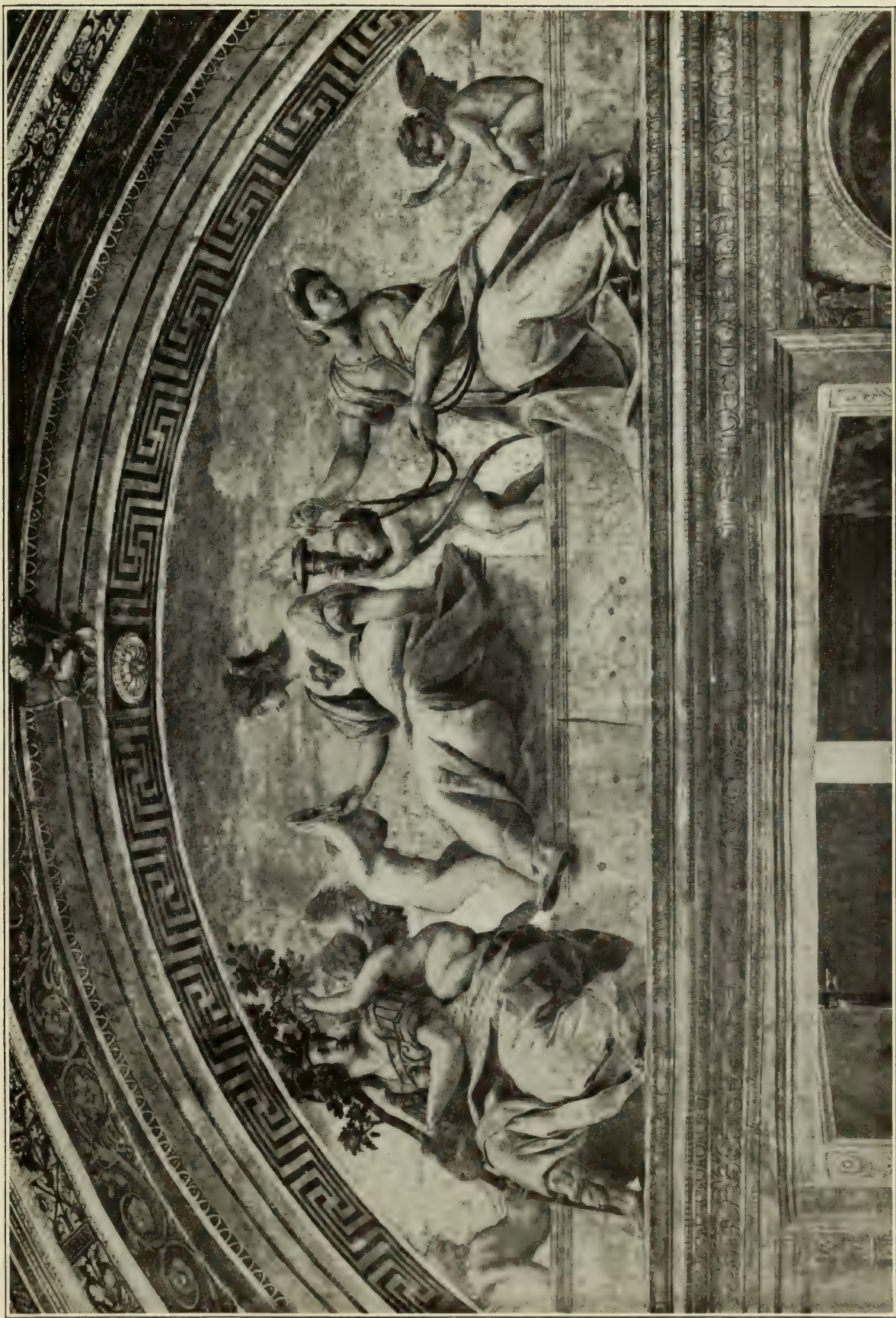
It is a strange art that he invented—an art at once joyous and sentimental, frankly sensuous and intolerably affected—an art from which the last vestige of formality is banished—an art full of agitation, of airs and graces and posturings, of rumpled draperies and naked limbs—an art in which angels and loves are confounded, and in which the spiritual rapture of a crowned Madonna is indistinguishable from the physical ecstasy of Io in the arms of Jupiter. It is, above all, an art flooded with light or swooning in shadow. His innovations were innumerable. In decoration he broke up the architectural framework entirely, brought pulpy clouds across his arches for his saints to sit on, and transformed the dome above into an opening of heaven thronged with soaring figures seen from below in such realistic perspective that one's first, and almost one's last, impression is of a tangled fringe of legs. In his altar-pieces he abandons the consecrated pattern, places the Madonna at one side of the centre, or builds up one of the lateral groups while lowering the other, composes on the diagonal and establishes a new and picturesque balance of inequalities in place of the old formal balance of equalities. Even in coloring he introduces a glowing richness to be found

nowhere else except in that art of Venice of which he can have known nothing, or a silvery coolness to be found nowhere else at all. In the technical handling of material—the mastery of pure painting—he has had no superior and hardly a rival.

But all these innovations, admirable or the reverse, are as nothing compared with his invention of *chiaroscuro*, of which he is the supreme master in Italian art. With him light and shade ceases to be a mere means of securing relief and becomes a separate element of art of the highest expressional value. He could do anything with it, and it becomes at times the real theme of his work. It is not for nothing that the "Nativity" at Dresden, the whole picture illuminated by the miraculous light from the body of the divine child, and the yet more wonderful "Madonna of Saint Jerome" at Parma, have received the traditional titles of "La Notte" and "Il Giorno." Night and day, light struggling through darkness and light joyously triumphant and universal, these are his true subjects. With Correggio light and shade becomes mystery and poetry, an escape from the real, a heightener of sentiment, above all a veil and mitigant of voluptuousness. Such pictures as his later mythologies, his Ledas and Ios and Danaës, would be intolerable and indecent if expressed in the precise and revealing manner of an earlier art. Bathed in floating and languorous shadows which half hide, half reveal them, his pearly nymphs are removed into a seductive dreamland of romantic and unreal passion.

Tintoretto was to make a more dramatic use of light and shadow—there is no drama in Correggio—Rembrandt was to make it expressive of a new pathos and a deeper mystery; neither they nor any one could achieve by its means such varied and such consummate beauty. What Michelangelo was to drawing and Raphael to composition Correggio was to light and shade. Of the greater elements of painting there remained but one to be fully mastered, the element of color, and the mastery of it was to employ not one artist but a whole school.

With the death of Correggio the golden age of Italian painting, outside Venice, comes to an end. The later art divides



Jurisprudence. By Raphael.
In the Vatican, Rome.

itself into two main streams which cross and intermingle, the stream of the Baroque springing from Michelangelo and "Descent from the Cross," which is, however, mainly interesting because it was imitated by Rubens. But the influence



Madonna with Saint Jerome. By Correggio.

In Parma.

the stream of the academic springing from Raphael. The later Florentine school is given over to an imitation of Michelangelo, to a frantic effort to simulate his energy by exaggerating his writhing poses and burlesquing his display of anatomy. One of the worst instances of this sort of thing is Bronzino's "Christ in Limbo," a monstrous affectation that makes one wonder how its author could have produced his grave and admirable portraits. A better work is Daniele da Volterra's

of Michelangelo, modified by that of Correggio, runs through the whole art of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, wherever it is not academic, and even the Rococo of the eighteenth is ultimately traceable to them.

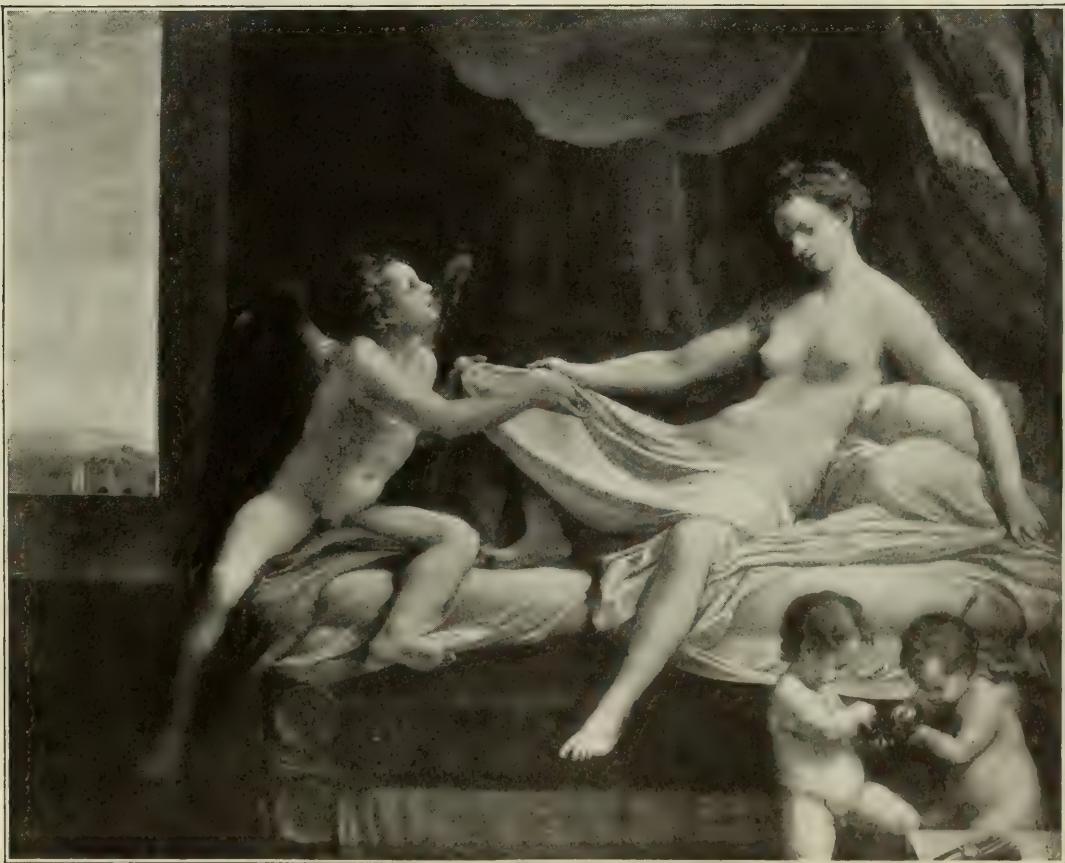
As Raphael was above all the apostle of order, it was inevitable that his works should become a sort of canon, and that what he chose freely to do or not to do should be made a binding rule upon his successors. What he had chosen to do

was right; what he had not chosen to do was wrong. He was supposed to have fixed the limits of "the grand style" and to have pointed out the only road for those who would produce an elevated and "correct" art. But there have always been those who could distinguish between the natural felicity of Raphael's own invention and the rigidity and woodenness of his imitators, and in our day we have relieved him of some of the poorer works that he carelessly allowed to pass under his name. Whenever and wherever there has been an artist of truly classic feeling and of true power of design there has been a devoted admirer of Raphael who has made the master a source of inspiration rather than a principle of inhibition. Among his right followers we may reckon Poussin and Ingres and Paul Baudry.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century the Caracci founded the school of the Eclectics, which endeavored to unite the merits of all other schools; to compose like Raphael, draw like Michelangelo, use Correggio's chiaroscuro and Titian's color.

Like all attempts to be a little of everything, it became not very much of anything. The qualities it tried to reconcile were incompatible in their nature, and the refusal to sacrifice one to another ended in the sacrifice of all. The school lasted near a hundred years and produced many most respectable and accomplished but rather tiresome pictures which it was once the fashion to admire only less than those of the greatest masters. More recently it has, perhaps, been the tendency to under-rate them, and something might now be said in their defense if one had time and patience for it. Later still, and perhaps as a revolt against this school, came the Naturalists, coarse in feeling, violent in light and shade, blackish in color, but with a certain brutal strength and vitality. They, at least, had the capacity of being ancestors and, through Ribera, they begat the Spanish school of the seventeenth century.

But Italian art was dying. Henceforth the living art of the world was to be produced elsewhere.



Danaë. By Correggio.
In the Borghese Gallery, Rome.



Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

“None o’ that, now! Ye’ll be puttin’ yer hands up ower yer heids—the baith o’ ye—or it’ll be the waur f’r ye!”—Page 569.

STRANDED IN ARCADY

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

XVI

MARCHONS!



PRIME leaned against a tree and took a full minute for a grasping of the new situation.

"I more than half believe you are right," he admitted at length. Then, with a crabbed laugh: "If there is any bigger dunce on earth than I am I should like to meet him—just as a matter of curiosity. I'll never brag on my imagination after this. I could see plainly enough that the fellow was fairly eaten up with suspicion, and it would have been so easy to have invented a plausible lie to satisfy him."

"Don't be sorry for that," the young woman put in quickly. "If they arrest us we shall have to tell the truth."

Prime was frowning thoughtfully. "That is where the shoe pinches. Do you realize that the story we have to tell is one that no sane magistrate or jury could ever believe, Lucetta? These two men, Beaujeau and Cambon, must have started from some known somewhere alive and well. They disappear, and after a while we turn up in possession of their belongings and try to account for ourselves by telling a fantastic fairy-tale. It's simply hopeless!"

"You are killing the only suggestion I had in mind," was the dispirited rejoinder. "I was going to say that we might wait here until they came for us, but that won't do at all. We must hurry and disappear before they come back and find us!"

"I think it will be best," Prime decided promptly. "If we had a reasonable story to tell it would be different. But we haven't, and the chances are that we should get into all sorts of trouble trying to explain for other people a thing that we

can't explain for ourselves. It is up to us to hit the trail. Are you fit for it?"

"Why shouldn't I be?" she asked, but there was no longer the old-time buoyancy in her tone.

"I have had a notion the last day or two that you were not feeling quite up to the mark," Prime explained soberly. "It is something about your eyes; they look heavy, as if you hadn't had sleep enough."

"I can do my part of anything that we have to do," she returned, rising; and together they made a judicious division of the dunnage, deciding what they could take and what they must leave behind.

The uncertainties made the decision hard to arrive at. If the tramp should last no more than three or four days they could carry the necessary food without much difficulty. But they could scarcely afford to give up the blankets and the shelter-tent, and Prime insisted that they must take at least one of the guns and the axe. These extras, with the provisions and the cooking-utensils, made one light load and one rather heavy one, and under this considerable handicap the day's march was begun.

The slow progress was difficult from the very outset. Since the river was their only guide they did not dare to leave it to seek an easier path. By noon Prime saw that his companion was keeping up by sheer force of will, and he tried to get her to consent to a halt for the afternoon. But she would not give up.

"No," she insisted. "We must go on. I am tired; I'll admit it; but I should be something worse than tired if we should have to stop and be overtaken."

From the beginning of the day's march they seemed to have left behind all of the former hopeful signs, and were once more making their way through a primeval forest, untouched, so far as they could see, by the woodsman's axe. Their night camp was made among the solemn spruces by the side of a little brook winding its

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "Stranded in Arcady" appears on page 4 of the Advertising pages.

way to the near-by river. Prime made a couch of the spruce tips, the folded tent cloth, and the blankets, and persuaded Lucetta to lie down while he prepared the supper.

When the meal was ready the substitute cook was the only one who could eat. Lucetta said she didn't care for anything but a cup of tea, and when Prime took it to her he saw that the gray eyes were unnaturally bright and her face was flushed. Whereat a great fear seized upon him.

"You are sick!" he exclaimed, grappling helplessly with the unnerving fear. "Why didn't you tell me before? I thought—I hoped you were just tired out with the long tramp."

"I shall be better in the morning," she answered bravely. "It has been coming on for a day or two, I think. Why did we camp here in this close place, where it is so hot?"

Prime gripped his fleeting courage and held it hard. It was not hot under the spruces; on the contrary, the evening was almost chilly. Bestirring himself quickly to do what little he was able to do, he moved the sick one gently and set up the tent to shelter her, dipped the remaining bit of the soft deerskin into the brook and made a cold compress for the aching head, and then sat down with a birch-bark fan to keep the mosquitoes away.

As the night wore on he realized more and more his utter helplessness. He had had no experience with sickness or with the care of the sick, and if the remedies had been at hand he would not have known how to use them. Time and again, after Lucetta had fallen into a troubled sleep, he made his way to the river bank to stare anxiously in the darkness up and down the stream in the faint hope that help might appear. But for all his longings the silent river gave back neither sight nor sound.

In the morning Lucetta's fever had abated, but it had left her weak and exhausted; much too weak to continue the march, though she was willing and anxious to make the trial. Prime vetoed that at once and tried his best to concoct something out of their diminished store of provisions that would prove appetizing to the invalid. She ate a little of the

broth prepared from the smoked deer meat merely to please him, and drank thirstily of the tea; but still Prime was not encouraged.

During the afternoon Lucetta's temperature rose again, and, harassed and anxious as he was, Prime was thankful that the fever did not make her delirious. That, he told himself, would be the final straw. So far from wandering, she was able to talk to him; to talk and to thank him gratefully for his earnest but skillless attempts to make her more comfortable.

"It is simply maddening to think that there isn't anything really helpful that I can do," he protested, at one of these pathetic little outbreaks of gratitude. "What do they do for people who have fevers?"

"Quinine," she said, with a twitching of the lips which was meant to be a smile. "Why don't you give me a good big dose of quinine, Donald?"

"Yes, why don't I?" he lamented. "Why do I have to sit here like a bump on a log and do nothing!"

"You mustn't worry," she interposed gently. "You are not responsible for me and my aches and pains. You must try to remember that only a little more than three weeks ago we were total strangers to each other."

"Three weeks ago and now we are two vastly different things, Lucetta. You have proved yourself to be the bravest, pluckiest little comrade that a man ever had! And I—I, whose life you have saved, can do nothing for you in your time of need. It's heart-breaking!"

The night, which came on all too slowly for the man who could do nothing, was even less hopeful than the previous one had been. Though he had no means of measuring it, Prime was sure that the fever rose higher. For himself he caught only cat-naps now and then during the long hours, and between two of these he went to the river bank and built a signal fire on the remote chance of summoning help in that way.

Between two and three o'clock in the morning the fever began to subside again, and the poor patient awoke. She was perfectly reasonable but greatly depressed, not so much over her own condition as on Prime's account. Again she sought to

make him take the purely extraneous view, and when that failed she talked quite calmly about the possibilities.

"I have had so little sickness that I hardly know whether this is really serious or not," she said. "But if I shouldn't—if anything should happen to me, I hope you won't—you won't have to bury me in the river."

"For heaven's sake, don't talk that way!" he burst out. "You're not going to die! You *mustn't* die!"

"I am sure I don't want to," she returned. "Especially just now, when I was beginning to learn how to live. May I have a drink of water?"

He went to the brook and got it for her, raging inwardly at the thought that he could not even offer her a drink out of a vessel that wouldn't taste tinny. When her thirst was quenched she went on half musingly.

"I am glad there isn't any one to be so very sorry, Donald. I know it must be fine to have a family and to be surrounded by all kinds of love and affection; but those things carry terrible penalties. Did you ever think of that?"

"I hadn't," he confessed. "I've been a sort of lonesome one, myself."

"The penalties work both ways," she went on. "It breaks your heart to have to leave the loved ones, and it breaks theirs to have you go. I suppose the girls in the school will be sorry; they all seem to like me pretty well, even if I am a 'cross old maid,' as one of them once called me to my face."

"I can't imagine you cross; and as to your being old, why you're nothing but a kid, Lucetta—just a poor little sick kiddy. And, goodness knows, you've had enough to knock you out and to make you think all sorts of grubby thoughts. You mustn't; you are going to get well again, and we'll march along together the same as ever. Or perhaps the sheriff will find us, after all. I've kindled a big fire down on the river bank so that he won't have any excuse for overlooking us. Day before yesterday I would have tramped twenty miles to dodge him, but to-night I'd welcome him with open arms."

"We were foolish to try to run away," she said. "And that was my fault, too. The—the next time you are kidnapped,

you must be careful not to let yourself be tied to a petticoat, Cousin Donald. They are always in the way."

"If I hadn't been tied to a petticoat that could swim, I shouldn't be here to-night fanning the mosquitoes away from you," he retorted, with a laugh that was meant to be cheering. And then he reverted to his one overwhelming and blankly insoluble problem: "If I only knew what to do for you!"

"When I was a little girl we lived in the country, and my mother doctored the entire neighborhood with roots and herbs. It is a pity I haven't inherited a little of her skill, isn't it?"

"There are lashings of pitiful things in this world, Lucetta, and we are getting acquainted with a few of them right now. But I mustn't let you talk too much. Try to go to sleep, if you can, and get a little rest before the fever comes on again."

She closed her eyes obediently, and after a time he knew by her regular breathing that she was asleep. For a patient hour he kept the birch-bark fan in motion and with the first streakings of dawn got up stiffly to make his way to the river bank, dragging with him a half-rotted log to turn the pillar-of-fire signal into a pillar of smoke.

XVII

ROOTS AND HERBS

THE dawning of the second day in the camp under the great spruces found Prime still struggling desperately with the problem of what to do. Lucetta's condition seemed to be rather worse than better. There was the usual morning abatement of the fever, but she was evidently growing weaker. Prime's too vivid imagination pictured an impending catastrophe, and the canoe thief, no less than Watson Grider, came in for wordless and despairing maledictions. If the canoe had not been stolen they might by now be within reach of help.

It was when matters were at this most distressing pass that the writing-man's invention, pricked alive by what Lucetta had said concerning her mother's skill with simples, opened a temerarious door of hope. Making his charge as comforta-

ble as he could, and leaving a cup of water where she could reach it, he told her he was going for a walk.

Taking the brook for a pathfinder, he traced its course until it led him into a region of opener spaces where there was a better chance for ground growth. In the first weed patch he came to he began to pluck and taste. Unhappily, his knowledge of botany was perilously near a minus quantity; there were few of the weeds that he knew even by name. At the imminent risk of poisoning himself, he went on, chewing a leaf here and there, not knowing in the least what he was looking for, but having an inchoate idea that a febrifuge ought to be something bitter.

The tasting process gave him a variety of new experiences. The leaves of one weed burned his mouth like fire, and he had to stop and plunge his face into the brook to extinguish the conflagration. Those of another made him deathly sick. Finally he came to a tall plant with bluish-white flowers which looked familiar, in a way, though he could not recall its name. A chewed leaf convinced him at once that he need seek no farther. There was the bitterness of hopeless sorrow in its horrible acridity; it clung to him tenaciously while he was gathering an armful of the plant, and went with him on his return to the camp—this, in spite of the fact that he stopped frequently to wash his mouth with brook water.

"What have you there?" was Lucetta's query when he came in with his burden.

"I don't know, but I am hoping you can tell me," he said, giving her a spray of the weed to look at. "Have you ever seen it before?"

"Hundreds of times," she returned. "It is a common weed in Ohio. But I haven't the slightest idea what it is."

Prime groaned. "More of the town-bred education," he deprecated. "But never mind; they can't call us nature-fakirs, whatever other foolish name we may be earning for ourselves."

"What are you going to do with it?" she asked.

"Wait and you'll see."

With the bread-mixing tin for a stew-pan Prime made a rich decoction of the leaves. When the mess began to simmer

and steam the poor patient raised herself on one elbow to look at it.

"You are not going to make me drink all that, are you, Donald?" she protested weakly.

"Oh, no; not all of it. Wait until it's properly cooked and I'll show you what I am going to do with it."

The cooking took some time, but the culinary effort offered a mild diversion and was at least a change from the deadly routine of doing nothing. The steam rising from the stewing leaves gave off a peculiarly afflicting odor, and Lucetta sniffed it apprehensively.

"It smells very horrible," she ventured. "Is it going to taste as bad as it smells?"

"That, my dear girl, is on the knees of the gods," he returned oracularly.

"How did you find it?" she wanted to know.

"By the simple process of cut and try. And I can assure you that, however bad it may smell or taste, it hasn't anything on some of the leaves I've been chewing this morning."

When the dose was sufficiently cooked Prime fished the leaves out of the liquor with a forked twig, and carried the stew-pan to the brook to take the scalding edge off of the ill-smelling decoction.

"Are you ready to be poisoned?" he asked when he came back.

"You're—you're sure it *isn't* poison, aren't you?" she quavered.

"No, but I am going to be," and with that he shut his eyes, held his breath, and took a long drink from the stew-pan of fate, disregarding easily, in the frightful bitterness of the draft, Lucetta's little cry of dismay.

"Merely trying it on the dog," he gasped when he put the pan down and turned away so that she should not see the face contortions—grimaces forth-showing the resentment of an outraged palate. Then he went to sit on his blanket-roll to await results. "If—if it doesn't kill me, then you can try it; but—but we'll wait a few minutes and see what it's going to do to me."

When the results proved to be merely embittering and not immediately deadly, he became a nurse again.

"I have left it as hot as you can drink it," he said, offering the basin. "It

seems as if it ought to do more good that way. Take a good long swig, if you can stand it."

Lucetta put her lips to the mixture and made a face of disgust.

"Ou-e-e-e!—*boneset*!" she shuddered. "I'd know it if I should meet it in another world—it takes me right back to my childhood and mother's roots and herbs! I can't, Donald; I simply *can't* drink all of that!"

"Drink as much as you can. It's good for little sick people," he urged, trying to twist the wryness of his own aftermath into a smile. "If the horrible taste counts for anything, it ought to make you well in five minutes."

Lucetta did her duty bravely, and when the worst was over Prime tucked her up in the blankets, adding his own for good measure. Then he made up a roasting fire, having some vague notion brought over from his boyhood that fever patients ought to sweat. Past this, he made a sad cake of pan-bread for his own midday meal, and when it was eaten he found that Lucetta had fallen asleep, and was further encouraged when he saw that fine little beads of perspiration had broken out on her forehead.

It was late in the afternoon before she awoke and called him.

"Are you feeling any better?" he asked.

"Much better; only I'm so warm I feel as if I should melt and run away. Can't you take at least one of the blankets off?"

"Not yet. You like to cook things, and I am giving you some of your own medicine. This is Domestic Science as applied to the human organization. Just imagine you are a missionary on one of the South Sea Islands, and that you are going to be served up presently *à la* Fiji. Shall I try to fix you up something to eat?"

"Not yet. But I feel as if I could drink the brook dry."

"No cold water," he decided authoritatively. "The doctor forbids it. But you may have another drink of hot boneset tea."

"Oh, please, not again!" she pleaded; and at that he made her a cup of the other kind of tea, which she drank gratefully.

"Taste good?" he inquired.

"It tastes like the boneset—everything is going to taste like boneset for the next six weeks."

"Don't I know?" he chuckled. "Hasn't it already spoiled my dinner for me? I could taste it in everything." Then he told her about his experiment in pan-bread, adding: "I have saved a piece of it so that if you wish to commit suicide after you get well, the means will be at hand."

"Do you think I am going to get well, Donald?"

"Sure you are! You'll have to do it in self-defense. Just think of the oceans of bitterness you'll have to swallow if you don't. What is puzzling me now is to know what I am going to feed you. Do you suppose you could tell me how to make some pap or gruel, or something of that sort?"

She smiled at this, as he hoped she would, and said there was no need of crossing that bridge until they should come to it. Shortly after this she fell asleep again, and by nightfall Prime was overjoyed to find that her breathing was more natural, and that the fever was not rising. With the coming of the darkness a fine breeze blew up from the river, and he was overjoyed again when it proved strong enough to drive the tormenting mosquitoes back into the forest.

That night he was able to make up some of the lost sleep of the two preceding nights, and when daybreak came another burden was lifted. Lucetta had slept all night, and she declared she was feeling much better; that the fever seemed to be entirely gone. This brought the question of nourishment to the fore again, and Prime attacked it bravely, opening their last tin of peas and making a broth of the liquor thickened with a little of the re-ground flour. Lucetta ate it to oblige him, though it was as flat and tasteless as any unsalted mixture must be.

"Are you always as good as this to every strange woman you meet, Cousin Donald?" she said, meaning to make the query some expression of her own gratitude.

"Always," he returned promptly. "I can't help it, you know; I'm built that way. But you are no strange woman, Lucetta. If I can't do more for you, I

couldn't very well do less. We are partners, and thus far we have shared things as they have come along—the good and the bad. What is troubling me most now is the same thing that was troubling me last night: I don't know what I am going to feed you. You need a meat broth of some kind."

"Not any more of the smoked venison, please!" she begged.

"No, it ought to be fresh meat of some sort. By and by, if the fever doesn't come back, I'll take the gun and see if I can't get a rabbit. I saw three yesterday morning while I was out chewing leaves. You won't be afraid to be left alone for a little while, will you?"

"After what we have been through, I think I shall never be afraid of anything again," she averred soberly. "And to think that I was once afraid of a mouse!"

"That is nothing," he laughed; "you probably will be afraid of a mouse again when you get back to an environment in which the mouse is properly an object of terror. I shan't think any the less of you if that does happen."

She smiled up at him.

"Men always talk so eloquently about the womanly woman: just what do they mean by that, Donald? Is it the mouse-coward?"

"It differs pretty widely with the man, I fancy," he returned. "I know my own ideal."

"She is the imaginary girl whose picture you are going to show me when we get out?"

He laughed happily. "You mustn't make me talk about that girl now, Lucetta. Some day I'll tell you all about her. Perhaps it is only fair to say that she is not so terribly imaginary as she might be."

"Of course not—if you have her picture," was the quiet reply; and a little while after that she told him she was sleepy again, and that he might take the gun and go after a rabbit if that was what he wished to do.

She did go to sleep, but Prime did not go hunting until after the midday meal; and thus it happened that when Lucetta awoke, along in the afternoon, she found herself alone. For an hour or two she was content to lie quietly, waiting for

Prime to return, but when the afternoon drew to a close and he still failed to put in an appearance she got up, rather tottering, and replenished the camp-fire.

Another hour passed and she began to grow anxious. The spruce grove was plunged in shadows, but the sun had not yet set for the upper regions of the air. By the time it was fully dark she knew that Prime was lost, and in this new terror she was able to forget, in some measure at least, the effects of her late illness. Bestirring herself once more, she put more wood on the fire, hoping that it might blaze high enough to serve as a signal for the wanderer.

It was all she could do, and having done it she sat down to wait, her anxiety growing sharper as the evening wore on and there was neither sight nor sound to foreshadow the lost one's return.

XVIII

HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS

IF she had not known it before, Lucetta was to learn now that sickness in any sort is but a poor preparation for a battle of anxiety and endurance. On the one other occasion when she had been thrown upon her own resources Prime had been at least visibly present, and his helplessness had given her strength to fight off the terrors. But now she was alone and the terrors pressed thickly.

What if something had happened to the rabbit-hunter? She knew his utter lack of gun dexterity, and her terrified imagination conjured up harrowing pictures of the missing one lying wounded and helpless in some distant forest solitude, a victim of his unselfish effort to provide not for his own needs but for hers. The thought was a keen torture, but she could not banish it, and as the hours lengthened it threatened to drive her mad. There was nothing she could do save to keep the fire burning brightly, and this she did, breaking the monotony of the unnerving suspense from time to time by collecting dry wood to heap upon the blaze.

It was nearly midnight before the agony came to a sudden end. She was lying on the blanket pallet, with her face

hidden in the crook of an elbow when she looked up and saw Prime standing beside her. It was not in human nature to undergo the revulsion from the depths of despair calmly.

"Donald!" she shrieked faintly, and forgetting her weakness, she sprang up and flung herself into his arms, sobbing in an ecstasy of relief.

He took it in good brotherly fashion, and if the fraternal attitude was not strictly sincere, it was made to appear so.

"There, there, little woman," he comforted, "you mustn't turn loose that way—you'll make yourself sick again. It's all over now, and I got your rabbit. See, here it is"—drawing it from his pocket and dangling it before her as if it were a new toy and she a child to be hastily diverted.

The diversion was not needed; she was freeing herself from the clasp of the remaining reassuring arm, and her cheeks were aflame.

"I didn't know I could be so silly! Please don't hold it against me, Donald," she begged. "If you only knew what I have been through since it grew dark! You'll forgive me and—and not remember it after we—after we——"

His weariness fell from him like a cast-off garment. "Not if you don't want me to, Lucetta. But it was rather—er—pleasant, you know—to find that some one really cared enough about what had become of me to—to sort of forget herself for a moment."

The firelight was strong, and if he saw the adoring look that flashed into the gray eyes he was magnanimous enough, or modest enough, to pass it over to the sudden transition from despair to relief.

"It must have been something fierce for you," he went on; "but I did the best I could after I had been idiotic enough to get lost. Of course, since I had the gun with me, it was hours before I got sight of a rabbit; and even then I had to shoot at half a dozen of them before I could manage to hit one. By that time it was getting on toward sunset, and I had lost the brook which I had taken for a guide."

"I knew you would," she broke in. "But that wasn't the worst of it. I kept imagining that you had shot yourself accidentally, and every time I closed my eyes

I could see you lying wounded and helpless!"

"You poor little worrier!" he pitied; "I knew you would be scared stiff if I didn't get back by dark, and in my hurry I bore too far to the right; a great deal too far, as it turned out, for when I reached the river I recognized the place. It was just this side of the grove where we were camping when the canoe was stolen."

"Horrors!" she gasped faintly. "And you have walked all that distance?"

"No," he grinned; "I ran a good part of it. When I came in a few minutes ago I was dead from the waist down; but I am all right now. You sit down and think broth while I skin this rabbit. It's a juicy one—as fat as butter."

Fifteen minutes later the rabbit was stewing in the larger skillet, and Prime found time to ask Lucetta how she was feeling.

"Just plain hungry," she returned. "The fever hasn't come back any more, and if I ever have a medicine-chest of my own there will be boneset in it; great, big, smelly packages of it. Aren't you going to let me make a bit of bread to eat with that delicious gravy broth?"

"If it won't tire you too much," he consented, and at that he sat back and watched her while she mixed the bread, a housewifely little figure kneeling before the fire and patting the dough into a cake with hands that not all the rough work of the adventure weeks had made misshapen.

Somewhat beyond this they made their post-midnight meal, and were once more light-hearted and care-free. In the aftermath of it, when Prime had lighted his home-made pipe, they were even buoyant enough to plan for the future.

"We'll go on again to-morrow, won't we?" the young woman assumed. "We can't be so very far from the towns now, with the river grown so large."

"I fancy we are nearer than we thought we were," Prime replied. "Over to the west, where I went this afternoon, there is another and still larger river. On its banks the timber has all been cut off and there is nothing but second and third growth. It is a safe bet that the two rivers come together a little below here, and if we are not stopped by our inability to cross the bigger river——"

"We are not going to be stopped," she prophesied hopefully. "I have a feeling that our troubles, or the worst of them, are all over."

Prime smiled. "The joyous reaction is still with you, but that is all right and just as it should be. We'll keep on going until we come to a town or a railroad, and then——"

She was sufficiently light-hearted to laugh with him when he glanced down at his torn and travel-worn clothes.

"And then we shall be arrested for tramps," she finished for him. "There is one consolation—neither of us will look any worse than the other."

"When we find a town we shall find clothes," he asserted. "Luckily we have English money to buy with."

"Would you—would you spend that money?" she asked, half fearfully.

"Why not? I'd hock the dead men themselves if we had them, and there wasn't any other way to raise the wind. But I have some good, old-fashioned American money, too."

"I shall have to borrow of you when we get to where we can buy things," she said, with a sudden access of shyness that was new to him. "I had a purse with a little money in it that night at Quebec, but it disappeared."

"What is mine is yours, Lucetta; surely you don't have to be told that, at this stage of the game."

"Thank you," she said softly. "That goes with everything else you have done for me." Then, after a pause: "Will you tell the other girl about this—about this adventure of ours, Donald?"

"Don't you think I ought to tell her? Isn't it her right to know?"

She took time to consider.

"I'm not sure; women are singular about some things; they don't always understand. Perhaps they don't care to understand—too much. Then there is always the difficulty of explaining things just as they were. I could tell better if I knew the girl. Is she young?"

"Why, y-yes—some years younger than I am. But she is all kinds of sensible."

"Is she in New York?"

"No," he answered soberly. "She is not in New York."

She took it as a hint that she was not to ask any more questions about the girl and changed the subject abruptly.

"Will you go and look for Mr. Grider after we find a railroad?"

"Not immediately. I shall first see you safe at home in your girls'-school town in Ohio," he assured her firmly.

"Oh, that won't be necessary," she protested. "I have travelled alone many times. And I have my return ticket; or I shall have it when I get back to Quebec."

"Nevertheless, I am going home with you," Prime insisted stubbornly. "It is up to me to see you out of this, and I shall make a job of it while I am about it. When it is done I shall come back to Canada to find out who shanghaied us and what for. And when I find the people who did it they are going to pay for it."

"Even if they include Mr. Grider?"

"Yes, by Jove! Even if the man higher up happens to be Watson Grider. I don't mind the kidnapping so much for myself, but the man doesn't live, Lucetta, who can make you go through what you have gone through in the past month and get away with it."

"I don't ask you to fight for me, Donald," she interposed. "And, besides, it hasn't been all bad—or has it?"

"We have agreed every little while, between jolts, that it hasn't. I'll go farther now, and say that it is the finest, truest, happiest thing that has ever happened to me—hardships and all."

"You mean because it has given you new working material?"

"No; I wasn't thinking so much of that, though the new material, and more especially the new angle, are worth something, of course. But there are bigger consequences than these—for me—Lucetta." Then he broke off and plunged headlong into something else. "How much of an income should a man have before he can ask a girl to marry him? Does the Domestic Science course include any such practical data as that?"

"Is that all you are waiting for?" she inquired, ignoring his question. "Have you asked the girl?"

"No; I haven't asked her yet. And the money is the main thing that I shall be waiting for from this time on."

"I should say it would depend entirely

upon the girl—upon what she had been used to.”

“I think—she hasn’t—been used to having things made so very soft for her,” he answered rather uncertainly. “But she has at least one ambition that is going to ask for a good chunk of money at first, until she—until she gets ready to—to settle down.”

“And that is——?”

The suggestive query was never answered. As Prime laid his pipe aside and was about to speak, the dark background-

ing of shadows beyond the circle of firelight filled suddenly with a rush of men. Prime saw the glint of the firelight upon a pair of brown gun-barrels, and when he mechanically reached for his own weapon a harsh voice with a broad Scottish burr in it broke raggedly into the stillness.

“None o’ that, now! Ye’ll be puttin’ yer hands up ower yer heids—the baith o’ ye—or it’ll be the waur f’r ye! I’d have ye know I’m an under-sheriff o’ this deestricht, and ye’ll be reseestin’ the officers o’ the law at yer peril!”

(To be concluded.)

THE U. S. HAREM ASSOCIATION, LTD.

By John Taylor

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE



MY friend Galib, or, if you want to be polite, Galib Effendi, sells rugs and antiquities across the street from the Pera Palace Hotel in Constantinople. His prices may surprise you, but his rugs and antiquities are the best of their kinds, and if you do not buy he knows where there are those who will in London, in Paris, and New York, if he only waits long enough, and the Orient has long since learned to wait.

If you are one of those who really know what he deals in, or are only one of those who are rich enough to pretend that they do, you will be ushered with some ceremony to the little room hung with old Bokhara embroidery, where the illuminated Korans in their faded green bindings and the Persian miniatures of simpering maidens against pallid green gardens are kept. There you can sit on such a divan as I am sure must once have existed in every Turkish harem, and drink such coffee as you will find hardly anywhere else. Do not drink too many of those tiny cups, however, for the true believer long ago found out that coffee made men see visions, and you may come away with a battle-axe embossed in gold, or one of those improbable-looking instruments,

first cousin to a mandolin, inlaid with pearl and ivory, which Galib will assure you were used by the soft-eyed lights of the Sultan’s harem to solace their long hours under the cypresses in the old Seraglio across the Golden Horn. Perhaps they were, but you will find it hard to stow away such trophies of travel in the series of communicating closets which are rented as apartments in the United States of America.

I never bought a rug from Galib or even a mandolin, but we were friends, as men of the same tastes and knowledge easily become. I had the fullest confidence in him; that is, of course, I would have trusted him as far as you can trust any dealer in antique rugs. I am in the trade myself. I always saw him on my long journey through Constantinople to Persia, from which I returned, after how much bargaining, with tiles and an occasional carpet so old and worn that only those who feel the color of dying roses and the charm of daylight just as it fades into night can appreciate and buy. Naturally, to those who can really appreciate the charm of old and decaying things which still stay beautiful and are also unique, the price should be a matter of quite minor importance.

I had finished my third cup of coffee

and had taken up a Koran with a title-page which was as fine as though spiders had woven their nets about the iridescent feathers of a humming-bird, when a Persian cat, dreaming too of iridescent birds, woke from her sleep and jumped upon the table beside me, sending the muddy grounds of the coffee over the rug at my feet.

I started to apologize, when Galib broke in upon me with: "Let it stay. It is there to accumulate antiquity. Soap, sand, and the water of the Bosphorus will give tone. Ah, my friend, what are coffee stains? Color and a story. Some pearl

of the harem dropped her cup there as her master with his slaves broke in upon her and her lover. Let it stay."

The cat came to my knee and I put down the Koran. "What is the attraction of the harem?"

"That of unknown things and places. Now I have no doubt that the harems of my Turkish friends are exactly like the houses of my Armenian acquaintances, except that they have lattices at the windows."

"And have slaves lying about the floors."

"Ah, my friend, slaves begin to be an impossible luxury since those Italians have taken over Tripoli."

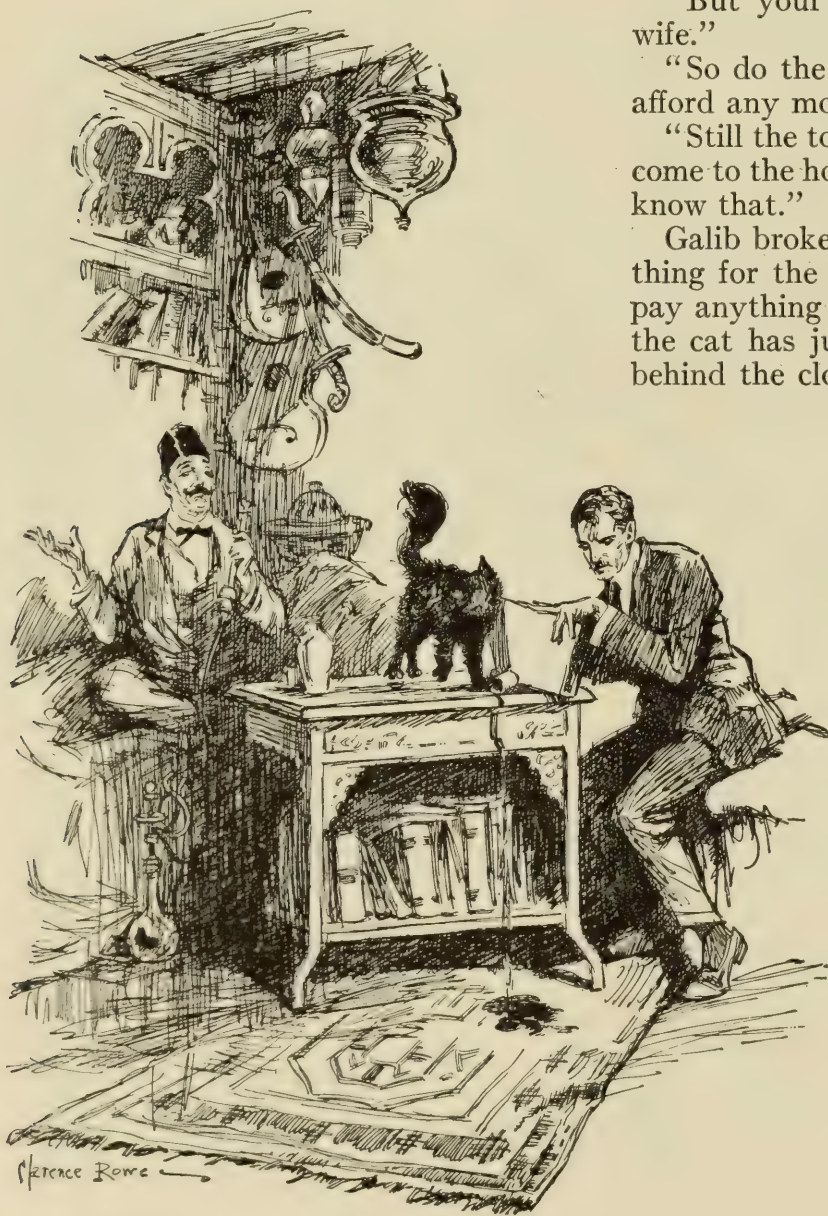
"But your Armenians have only one wife."

"So do the Turks now. They cannot afford any more."

"Still the tourists who are beginning to come to the hotel across the street do not know that."

Galib broke in: "And would give anything for the sight of a veiled face, and pay anything for such a cup of coffee as the cat has just spilled if they drank it behind the closed lattices of a pasha. I have long considered the matter. We need money, more money, my friend, and what should supply it but the unwisdom of our kind?"

The outcome of this conversation, and of many subsequent conversations and of many cups of coffee, was my visit to Olga of the Garden of Delights and to that alert matron her mother, Madam Danieloff. The Palace of Delights belies its name. It is just round the corner from the Grande Rue, but it is far outstripped by the lights and attractions of its competitors, the Palaces of Winter and of Looking-Glasses. The dancers at The



I started to apologize, when Galib broke in upon me with: "Let it stay. It is there to accumulate antiquity."

Delights are but commonplace and the acrobats beneath contempt, while the seedy musicians in the corner do not even pretend to be Tsiganes, and the men who gather there to drink beer and raki are clerks from small offices and small merchants from Adrianople and the Balkans. Their collars are always dirty, as though they put on those trying concessions to civilization only when they went abroad, removing them promptly when they reached their lodgings.

Olga, however, is a very pearl of pearls. Her great green-gray eyes are those of a cat watching a bird, and her active young legs deserve the most delicate silk stockings in place of the cotton ones she displayed so freely when she danced. I rather think that they must be silk now, that is if she is wearing any, caught up as she must have been by one of the eddies of this war. But she spoke only Greek, Turkish, and Bulgarian, which definitely places her in Pera, that cosmopolitan quarter of Constantinople where, in the four or five languages you must know, French is essential. Her mother, a large fat woman with a mustache, knew French, however, and with her arrangements were possible.

The arrangements ended in a house in Eyoub on the other side of the Golden Horn, a house which Galib leased and furnished and for which I paid, and the

Palace of Delights knew Olga no more. I do not know whether the palace even missed her. I doubt whether the men who sat there and watched the haggard old dancers who had come from Paris by way of Buda and Bucharest so many years before even realized how dim and dingy the place had become without her presence. It was as though you had turned out half the lights.

Inside of its dull, unpainted wood walls the house at Eyoub was beautiful. Galib undoubtedly has taste, and its interior was what a harem should be, what a harem always is in pictures, and what I imagine a modern harem never is.

Olga made a beautiful lady of the pasha's heart—a mythical pasha exiled somewhere to the wilderness about Van—and Madam Danieloff admirably filled the rôle of the half relative, half housekeeper, and guardian of the purse who, I understand, is al-

ways in the background of a Turkish household. For the faithful slave we engaged Nejib. He at least looked the part, for he was a polished blue-black.

Before letting it be discreetly whispered abroad that there was a harem to which introductions might, under certain rigid conditions, be possible, we had a dress rehearsal one dark and rainy evening. We went wearing the fez, and with Nejib scouting in front of us, for even if



One has to be careful in that quarter where the standard-bearer of the Prophet lies entombed.—Page 572.

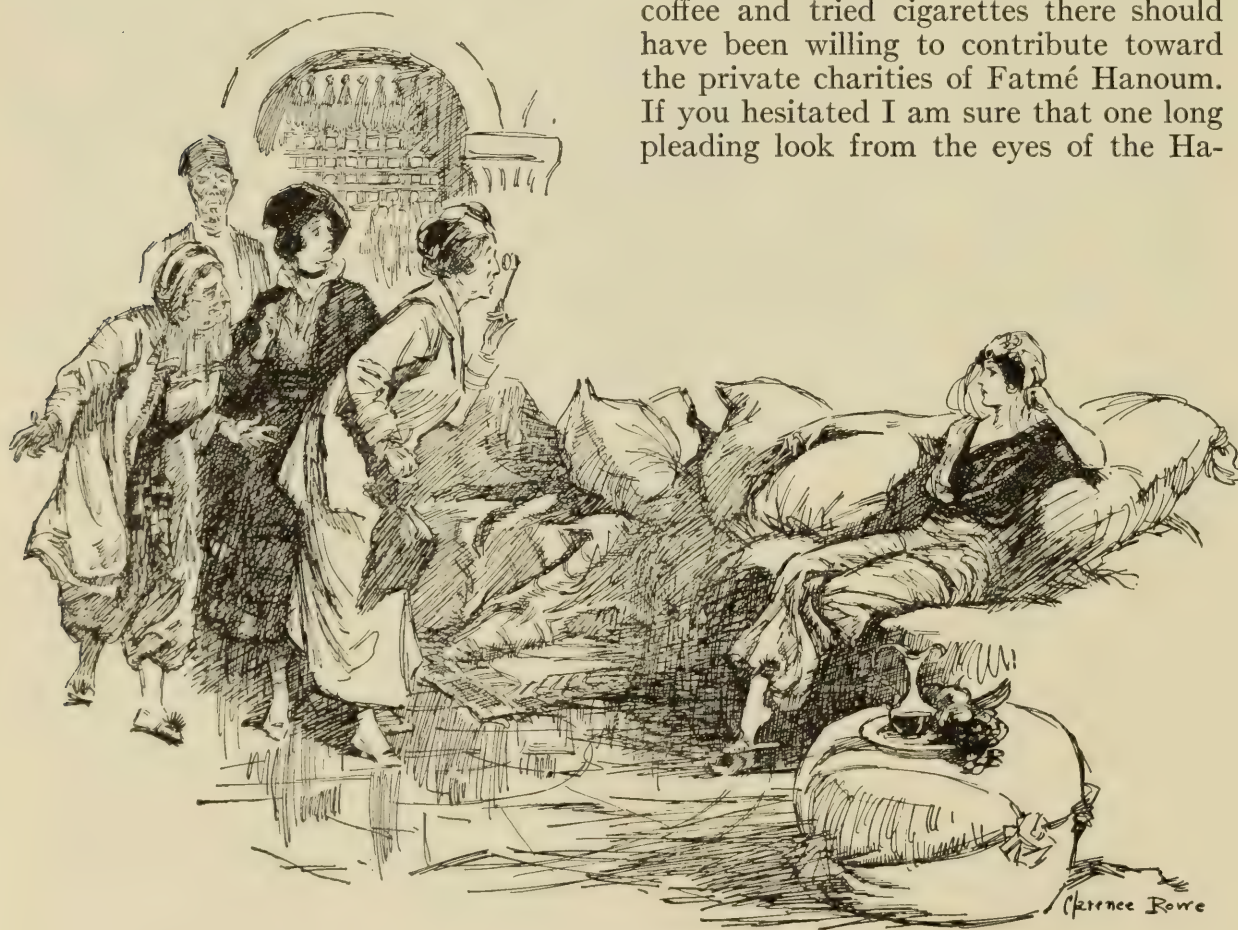
the harem is no harem and the house but a stage-setting, one has to be careful in that quarter where the standard-bearer of the Prophet lies entombed safe from the profanation which would come from even the look of an unbeliever upon his grave. The police might well have interfered with us, and even if they agreed to take their bribes in peace there were fanatical Turks over there quite capable of arranging a disappearance in which we would have played the principal parts. I thought of it as our caique touched the quay and Nejib helped us out.

The plan worked really very well. Every one on our carefully selected lists wanted to see a harem, and the amount we cleared was rather absurd. Constantinople was looking up that year as a stopping-place on the way from Egypt, and the word was whispered about among the guides and the hangers-on of tourists that there was the wife of a pasha, a Turkish lady of rank and position who had

never left her harem, but who was more than anxious to meet a few women who really represented the aristocracy of America. After you had crossed the Golden Horn in a caique with rowers in white and scarlet, and had been met by Nejib in a frock coat and fez, and had gone up the narrow street to where the lattices of the long unpainted house opened upon a Turkish cemetery all cypresses and leaning headstones, you felt that you really were penetrating the secrets of the East.

Olga as Fatmé Hanoum began to grow fat, and still I cannot imagine a more charming picture than she made the only time that I saw her in her establishment, reclining on the divans covered with some of Galib's best rugs. Madam Danieloff as the duenna acted as interpreter, for she had acquired a useful knowledge of English, strong at least on the financial side. I believe that woman could tell you the exchange value of a pound and a dollar in every language used anywhere in the Levant.

It was natural that the ladies who took coffee and tried cigarettes there should have been willing to contribute toward the private charities of Fatmé Hanoum. If you hesitated I am sure that one long pleading look from the eyes of the Ha-



You felt that you really were penetrating the secrets of the East.



He missed his boat and then he missed another boat.—Page 575.

noum would have brought you round. Madam Danieloff could on occasion become eloquent on the need for uplift and for schools in Circassia, where Olga's relatives were supposed to be still defying from their mountain lairs the barbarous Cossacks. I do not like to think how much she got from that rich old widow who came in a yacht, and how much the lady from Los Angeles whose husband had made a fortune in oil contributed to the sanitary milk service which Fatmé was arranging back home. There were others too. I am sure that Madam Danieloff underreported receipts most abominably when our little association met in the back room at Galib's. Of course I knew from Nejib, whom I paid, whom he had taken to the house, but that only gave me the rough basis for an estimate. We had a fixed tariff, you see, for charity, but I never knew how much the side lines, the unusual donations, brought in. Then I am sure that Galib sold some of his rugs and antiquities through Madam Danieloff. They were worth buying, but not at the price which I am confident he got. I did not come in on that either. You simply cannot trust a business man in the Levant.

Still things went on beautifully. So well that I began to wonder whether it

would not on the whole pay me to postpone my journey to Persia and remain to look after my investments. I am not going to tell you how much I was making. It was very good money, cash down, you know, every Friday night. The Persian tiles I had my eye on could wait, and the carpets I had bargained for the previous year would still be there when I arrived, and would only be the older for the delay. So I stayed on. Then something happened. Of course I knew that it would. But it happened with the unexpectedness of long-expected things.

Of course it was a man who did it. What could you expect with those cat eyes of hers? He arrived from Peoria, where his father was making money. I am sure that Willie, his name was Willie Macginnis, would never have made any for himself, and he wanted to see a harem. We met at a bar and he told me that he did not care for mosques, and that the inside of Santa Sofia looked like a railroad-station which needed repainting—there are points of resemblance when you think of it—and that the factory chimneys in Peoria looked for all the world like minarets; that is, of course, if they had conical tops on them, which would come with the smoke-consumers they were already talk-

ing of putting up. But he wanted to see a harem. Not the outside but the inside, and he wanted to see some of those languorous odalisques he had been seeing pictures of on the cigarette advertisements.

I admit I was a fool, but it looked good

the pasha was a myth the women in Eyoub could see very well through their lattices, and a European entering a Turkish house might well have brought the police, or if not the police something worse might have happened. It's a possibility over there in Stamboul.



He was really in love.—Page 575.

to me. He was going on the next steamer. He would not have bought a single carpet, and I was not getting any commission on the champagne he was buying at the Palace of Looking-Glasses. Of course, I know the risk in playing for easy money, but it did look like a sure thing. Finally I told him that I had a friend who had a friend who knew the wife of a pasha off in Anatolia somewhere, and that the lady belonged to the oldest Circassian nobility. Perhaps she did—Madam Danieloff was always vague about her husband. The lady was most anxious to meet a real virile American. She had heard so much of them. I warned him of the danger of the visit. There was danger. Although

Naturally, the danger lured him on. It does lure men whose acquaintance with adventure is limited to the movies. He was not frightened, even when I told him that I rather imagined that the Hanoum would expect a contribution to her charities. To see her in her harem he was willing to contribute to any charity she chose an amount so large that I saw at once that the Peoria business was a very good one. I did not have any scruples anyhow. People came to Europe to spend money.

He took tea with her next day at five o'clock, Turkish time; that is about nine at night. He came back fascinated. I do not know how much they got out of him.

He would not say. I am sure that it was more than I had suggested. I could see that by the expression of calm beatitude on the ample countenance of Madam Danieloff when we met on the following day to divide profits. And Macginnis stayed. He missed his boat and then he missed another boat. Then he took to visiting the house in Eyoub in the afternoon. Naturally, our carefully selected line of American ladies had to stop theirs; a harem was not worth paying money to see if you found a young man from Peoria sitting cross-legged on the biggest divan. I knew that he sat that way by the looks of his trousers. And my nice steady little income stopped. Then it became a scandal. I knew it would and warned him. He told me that he was studying Turkish, and that the Hanoum was giving him lessons. He also said something about being all white and twenty-one.

Then what I feared all the time happened. The police acted. But they sent for me. I thought that I knew Ali Hakki Bey rather intimately, as we had spent many long evenings at the various palaces on the Grande Rue, but over at the prefecture of police I found an Ali Hakki I had never known, an Ali Hakki who talked of the good name of the Eyoub quarter and the respect due the standard-bearer of the Prophet, who lies buried there behind the mosque. I had disturbed the sleep of the standard-bearer. I had made scandal. When, figuratively speaking, he got me against the wall about the time we finished our third cup of coffee from the corner of his desk, I referred him to Madam Danieloff. He would not hear of Madam Danieloff. It seemed that in Stamboul they still dealt with men, and as it was by no means convenient to have Constantinople closed to me I had to pay. Next morning I brought it in cash. It was a very painful drive that one of next morning to Stamboul, and when I came back I moved at once to a smaller room in a cheaper hotel.

Willie Macginnis found me there two days afterward and we adjourned to the bar of my former habitation. As I passed the gorgeous Albanians at the door an even fuller realization was borne in upon me that it was Willie, and Willie alone, who had forced me to move out. A dis-

interested observer might have put part at least of my misfortunes on me, but I have always found it impossible to be disinterested in considering myself. Hence it was with a certain contained but intense flame of joy that, after the second whiskey at his expense, I leaned forward while he poured into my avid ear the story of his love. It seemed he was a good young man, was Willie, and if not religious he had an intense feeling for the conventionalities of life as accepted in Peoria. He was really in love. One of those violent attacks which have all the symptoms of a burning dyspepsia.

To his mind that the lady was married constituted no obstacle at all, for a Mohammedan marriage, however binding under the shadow of the Koran, could not be considered the slightest impediment to a strictly up-to-date marriage ceremony conducted in a recognized church with the conventional wedding-march shaking the very flowers on the altar. That was the kind of wedding he understood and could recognize. That in the past some form of heathen ceremonial had been performed



In the massive embrace of Madam Danieloff.—Page 576.

over the lady meant nothing whatever and simply did not count in his scheme of existence. It might perhaps be considered as barring the orange flowers and wedding-veil, but Willie knew even a widow or two bereaved either by relentless fate or by due process of law who had worn them. As I saw my just vengeance personified in Olga established in Peoria, I fully agreed that if the law of Islam was to be considered a law at all it did not run outside of the Levant, but the question was how to get her out of its clutches.

Willie had arranged everything. They were to leave on the next steamer and be duly married in Greece by a clergyman domiciled there, whom he had heard of. The plan was obviously simplified by the fact that Olga, or rather Fatmé Hanoum, spoke Greek with the fluency of that nation whose voices still resound down the ages. He had managed things by an ingenious use of a dictionary from which the critical words, so to speak, to express his feelings and desires had been underscored to correspond to a brief and businesslike statement, typewritten on his own folding typewriter bought to describe his travels to the admiring home circle. He had found it very useful in manifolding extracts from his collection of guide-books. Olga's understanding of this method of communication had undoubtedly been materially aided by presents of jewelry, one piece of which was a necklace whose price, revealed about two in the morning, gave me an added respect for the business acumen of Willie's father, while it made me feel that if I had any stock in the concern it would be well to get out before Willie took over the paternal possessions.

Everything had been arranged, even their passports had been properly viséed.

I wondered how her passport had been explained to him, but he was in the condition of agreeing to everything and asking no questions, and he had a thorough belief that with judicious expenditure you could accomplish anything in Stamboul. He may have been right. He had certainly drawn heavily on his letter of credit.

I also wondered how the vigilant Madam Danieloff had been hoodwinked. But it came out that she had not been, and, after a further judicious expenditure, had agreed to accompany them to Patras, in Greece, where the clergyman was to be found. A chaperon was a concession to propriety which even his month in the Levant had not taught him was unnecessary. Knowing Madam Danieloff, I realized that her presence would be expensive, but then he was going to be married. At some unearthly hour of the night I bade him good-by and went out into the rain toward my lodgings, so distinctly inferior to his that I felt the difference between them could be only partly paid for by what I was sure would happen when he reached Peoria.

I wandered into the Pera Palace next evening to purchase a drink to remove the taste of a dinner which only my financial condition would have forced me to consume. I do not mind oil and garlic when I am travelling, but the taste is bitter when forced to eat them by an overconfidence in human nature. In the lobby of the hotel Willie Macginnis was struggling feebly in the massive embrace of Madam Danieloff, who was weeping into his collar and down his back while she appealed to heaven and the police in the four languages she used most fluently.

Olga and Galib with the money and jewelry had left by the Oriental Express for Budapest and Vienna.



IN QUEST OF THE COCK-OF-THE-ROCK

A FIELD NATURALIST'S JOURNEY ACROSS THE ANDES FROM POPAYÁN TO
SAN AGUSTIN IN SEARCH OF A RARE BIRD

BY LEO E. MILLER

American Museum of Natural History

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM A DRAWING BY L. A. FUERTES AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE
AUTHOR AND OTHERS

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

"The Quest of the Cock-of-the-Rock" could be successfully achieved and recorded only by a naturalist with special qualifications, physical and mental.

Mr. Miller was one of the naturalists sent with me by the American Museum of Natural History on my trip through South America, when we went up the Paraguay and across to, and down, the Amazon. He speedily showed the qualities most necessary in the scientific explorer and collector who is to do really valuable work. He was trained in the hard life of those who venture into the unknown or partially known tropic wilderness, being cool, hardy, resolute, and resourceful. He was a first-class collector of both birds and mammals. He was a keen observer both of the wild life of the forests and also of the strange, remote, out-of-the-way human life which is led on the shifting borderland between pure savagery and a left-behind civilization. In addition he possessed the power which so many good observers lack, the power of vivid and faithful presentation of the thing observed.

Among the most notable of all the birds of the western hemisphere is the cock-of-the-rock. It is striking in shape, in color, in habits, and in the nature of its haunts; and it is also noteworthy because of the place it has held in the religious and cultural ceremonial of certain of the native races, for in or near the regions where it dwells civilization after civilization, utterly alien to our own, had sprung up, flourished, and withered away to nothing during the dim ages before the Italian and Spanish seafaring adventurers first crossed the western ocean. The journey to the homeland of this strange and brilliantly beautiful bird and the discovery of its nest are achievements of real interest.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

FROM out of the gray and penetrating mist that seemed to envelop all the world there rose a low, ominous rumbling, distant, yet of thunderous volume; and the mud-walled, grass-thatched inn shuddered violently in unison with the trembling earth.

Through the open door of the adjoining room I heard the scratching of matches and saw the flicker of yellow light reflected on the whitewashed wall. A moment later the pious Señora, surrounded by her little ones, was kneeling before the shrine of the Virgin, chanting a litany in low, monotonous tones. Two

tapers flickered hazily. The gaudy tinsel flowers that decked the image gleamed in the uncertain light, but the pitiful squalor, ignorance, and general misery of the surroundings were mercifully left in darkness.

Without, all was silent, save for the barking of a pack of stray mongrels which had been asleep on the doorsteps of Morales. The village again slumbered, and the chill, damp fog clung to the earth.

Alone I made my way up the only street, through the mud, to the eminence on which the adobe church stands, overlooking the valley and affording a view

of the tremendous range on each side; for it was nearly the hour of daybreak and the sun rising above the lofty peaks of the Andes presents a scene of matchless beauty.

With the first faint glow of light in the east the banks of vapor became dissipated and gradually disappeared. Peak after

Just below rises the silent mass of Sotará, crowned with the snow of centuries; the precipitous slopes are seamed and worn by the frequent slides of ice and stones from above, and the deep snow-filled gashes extend far down below the glittering dome in a ragged fringe. At night the moonlight steals softly up the



Black boulders, reminders of cataclysms of bygone ages.
Everywhere they dot the hillsides and tower above the trail.

peak reared its head above the ocean of snowy whiteness. First of all was Puracé, the hoary monarch that dominates the southern part of the Cordillera Central and spreads terror through the land with threats and warnings similar to those we had just experienced. This great volcano has been active for untold ages. A huge column of smoke and vapor ascends continually straight into the clouds, and this, reflecting the light of the rising sun, makes a magnificent picture. Occasionally at night the eternal fires within the gaping crater may be seen tinting the low-hanging clouds and the snow that crowns the summit, 14,500 feet high, with rosy red. All about, the great barren lomas are strewn with black boulders, some of immense size, that serve to remind the wayfarer of the cataclysms of bygone ages. Everywhere they dot the hillsides and tower above the trail that winds among them. Who shall say that these grim monsters, in some remote and unrecorded period, were not hurled from the seething mouth of Puracé and sent crashing down to their final resting-place?

frigid heights and reverently bathes the ancient head in a halo of dazzling splendor.

As the sun mounted higher and higher the peaks of the western range appeared one by one, like islands in mid-ocean, led by the awe-inspiring Munchique and followed by his lesser satellites. Between the two ranges, in the fruitful valley of the Cauca, Popayán still slumbered beneath a blanket of billowy softness.

By six o'clock the arrieros had corralled the mules and riding-horses, and half an hour later we were on the march. We had come from Cali, the delightful metropolis of the Cauca, pursuant of our plan to reach San Agustín, beyond the Central Range, via the most southern trail. Our mission was to make studies and collections of the birds and animals encountered en route; but more particularly to secure material for a group of the rare and elusive cock-of-the-rock for the American Museum of Natural History. We had spent more than a year in the fruitless quest, and expeditions before ours had failed to secure this desirable material. The bird, one of the most beautiful of the



Street scene in Popayán.

The streets, crooked and narrow, are paved with cobblestones.—Page 583.

cotingas, lives in the narrow gorges and dense ravines of the Andean torrents, usually above an altitude of 5,000 feet, and so difficult of access are its dark retreats that it has been but rarely encountered by white explorers and naturalists.

Replacing the dry and barren lomas, or rolling hills, supporting only short, tough grass, over which we had ridden steadily since leaving Jamundi, we now found a bush-covered country with occasional long strips of low forest in the hollows; but the trail was still an exceedingly difficult one owing to the rocky nature of the country and the great boulders that obstruct the way. Frequently a small

stream had to be crossed, such as the Rio Piendano, which is spanned by an arched bridge built of large, hand-made bricks, a curious relic of olden Spanish days. Down goes the trail five hundred feet or more at an angle of forty-five degrees, and then up again on the other side, the mules snorting and puffing as they creep along at a snail's pace. All the rivers seem to flow through deep gorges. Only sure-footed mules are of service on this trail, each carrying not more than two hundred pounds.

The distance from Morales to Popayán is not great; without cargo mules it is an easy day's ride, but with a caravan of

tired, heavily laden animals that have come all the way from Cali it is the part of wisdom to spend the night at the little posada La Venta and ride into the city early the next morning. Here a room and a good meal can usually be had on short notice, but one must carry his own cot and bedding, as luxuries of this kind are not furnished in Colombian inns except in the larger cities.

We were up and on our way early the next morning, for it was market-day—the day when the inhabitants from miles around flock to the city to buy and sell and to have a good time generally. It was our first visit and we could not afford to miss such an interesting and typical sight.

While still several miles distant from Popayán we began to meet small parties of Indians that dotted the trail, slowly wending their way toward the Mecca of the Upper Cauca. By the time we had reached Belén, a settlement of about twenty houses, the trail had widened into a beautiful thoroughfare and was crowded with oncoming hordes. These Indians are probably descendants of the ancient Guanacas, while some are doubtless the

offspring of the tribe of Pæces which inhabits the Cordillera Central to the north. Many no doubt still preserve the original purity of the old stock, but the vast majority have mingled and intermarried with the native Colombians until one finds every possible stage of intergradation.

Before us passed the motliest crowd imaginable, each bearing the fruit of his toil, to be appraised and sold in the public plaza. There were small family parties, the man leading a decrepit mule that threatened to collapse at every step, laden with fruit and vegetables, firewood, hemp ropes and bags, calabashes, pottery, or any one of a hundred different things. The wife, acting as auxiliary beast of burden, carried the surplus. A band passed over the forehead supported the heavy pack; usually a small child was carried in a sling at her side, while several larger children clung to her skirt or trudged behind. As she walked she worked, spinning from a bunch of wool or cotton tucked under her arm, the spindle, a sharpened stick with a potato stuck on the end, dangling from her hands. The most characteristic occupation of the women is the making of



Bamboo rafts on the Cauca River.

Each raft is capable of carrying many tons of freight. They are poled up-stream and left to drift with the current in descending.



Threshing wheat.

After the grains had been beaten loose from the chaff large pans full were held high above the head and poured out. . . . The wind blew the chaff and the wheat dropped upon the mat.—Page 586.

small fibre bags, or *muchilas*, from hempen cord. They are meshed entirely by hand as the overburdened worker trots along, and when completed somewhat resemble a lady's shopping-bag. If the meshes are close it requires weeks to finish one which would fetch forty or fifty cents.

The men are dressed in loose white-cotton trousers that come below the knee; then there is the inevitable square of home-spun woollen cloth, usually brownish, gray, or blue, called *ruana*; the head is thrust through a hole in the centre so that it drapes down to the waist, the corners often touching the ground and giving the same effect as the toga of a Roman senator. At night the *ruana* serves the place of a blanket under which the whole family sleep. A broad-brimmed, high-crowned straw hat completes the outfit. The women are fond of dark-blue skirts (also the product of their industry), pink waists, and a shawl of almost any color so long as it has fringes. Their hats are similar to those worn by the men. The feet of both sexes are, of course, bare.

Half an hour after leaving Belen we were cantering across the great brick bridge that spans the Cauca and forms the entrance to Popayán. This bridge is really a marvel of ancient Spanish archi-

itecture, five hundred feet long, forty feet wide, and supported by a series of arches.

Popayán is one of the oldest and most picturesque of Spanish-American cities, though by no means the largest. I doubt if its population exceeds ten thousand. The early history of the city is full of interest, and from it one gains an insight into the conditions attendant upon the conquest and colonization of a large part of South America. Spurred on by the love of adventure and the lust for treasure, the Conquistadores overran vast portions of the continent, establishing depots here and there from which they could start anew in search of El Dorado, which they were destined never to find. In this manner Popayán was founded in the year 1536 by Sebastian de Belalcazar, the son of a peasant from the border of Extremadura and Andalusia, in the south of Spain.

After founding Popayán Belalcazar extended his raids down the river and formed the settlement which is to-day Cali, the largest and most important city in the Cauca. Being a fair example of the usual type of Conquistadore, he showed no mercy toward the Indians, but nearly exterminated them; the country which had been a fruitful province was turned



The high, flat-topped panorama of the Andes.

Such regions are impassable during the winter or rainy season on account of the violent winds and electrical storms.

into a famine-stricken waste. In the meantime Pizarro had sent an officer, Lorenzo de Aldana, to arrest his erstwhile lieutenant; but Belalcazar, satisfied with his conquests, set sail for Spain in 1539 for the purpose of securing a charter before he could be apprehended.

The city lies high up on the level plain, more than 6,000 feet above the sea, surrounded by rugged peaks, some snow-capped, others unbridled as yet by the hand of time, presaging catastrophe and

disaster; and still others covered with impenetrable growths of virgin forest, untrodden by human foot, and known only to the wild creatures that lurk within the dark recesses. Above all hang the fleecy clouds that encircle the lofty pinnacles, dip low to meet the earth, and then vanish again into space. About the city prevails an air of calm repose; an air of sanctity and mysticism that radiates into every nook and corner, permeating every fibre. The city is famous as a centre of learning.

Its colleges and university, conducted by the Order of Maristas, attract the youths from all parts of the country. There are numerous old churches, all very ancient, the gilded interiors rankling with the damp of untold years. Bells of antique workmanship, and covered with verdigris,

one-story and whitewashed, with red-tile or sod roofs. Glass is not used except in the churches, but the windows are heavily barred. Recently a few modern brick structures have been erected. A look into the corridors and inner courts, of which there may be several in one house,



Village of Santa Barbara.

We had reached the top of a ridge 10,350 feet high, having passed the little villages Timbio, San Miguel, Santa Barbara, and La Vega.—Page 586.

dangle in open niches in the walls or in the low, square towers, and hourly call the faithful to prayer in monotonous cadence. The cathedral was completed in 1752 after many years' work. In one of the streets a delightful view may be had of three successive chapels, one above the other, and of the streams of pious penitents wending their way up the rocky path. There are also the overgrown ruins of a house of worship, but I could never quite decide whether the edifice had fallen into decay or whether the medley piles of bricks and rubbish between the four crumbling walls were still waiting to be placed in position. The streets, crooked and narrow, are paved with cobblestones. The buildings are of the old adobe type,

conveys an insight into the domestic life of the people. The front courts are very attractive with their flowers, shrubbery, and trees, but the rear ones are anything but inviting, the dungeon-like enclosures reminding one of the stories of atrocities and persecutions carried on here in the turbulent times of the Spanish Inquisition.

On an average, the people are of a higher class, both intellectually and physically, than in most Colombian cities of equal size; comparatively few negroes are seen, and the good health and bright looks of the inhabitants are the natural result of a cool climate and pure mountain air.

One day, at noon, as I was photographing in the vicinity of Popayán, after



Indians taking coca leaves to market at Almaguer.

Many Indians visit the town on market-days, bringing coca leaves, lime, and "sera."—Page 588.

having ridden perhaps five or six miles from the city, I was accosted by an elderly woman who invited me to stop at her humble cabin where she had prepared a really palatable lunch. Her reason for doing this was that she had recognized me as a foreigner. During the course of the meal she tearfully related that she had had a son, of about my own age, who had gone to the States many years before. Had I met him, and could I give her any tidings? I could have, but I did not. By a strange and inexplicable coincidence I knew that her son had not left the country. Instead of going to the coast he had engaged in one of the revolutions common enough at that time and had been captured and shot; but what right had I to remove the only support that maintained the spark of life in her aged body? It was only the hope of seeing her boy again that gave her the strength to resist the onslaught of advancing years. Doubtless, she still waits, hoping against hope for the message that will never come. Hers is the mother love that never despairs. How clearly it shows that human nature is very much the same the world over, even among the lowly!

On June 23 I was fortunate enough, while in Popayán, to behold one of the religious celebrations formerly all too numerous in Latin America. It was the



Market-day at Almaguer.

The plaza is filled with tradespeople, usually women, squatting on the ground with their wares before them.—Page 589.

"Fiesta del Sagrado Corazón de Jesús." Troops of soldiers and bands were lined up in front of the cathedral; all were quiet and orderly while the sacred rites

were being performed within. Suddenly the doors burst open, bells boomed and jingled, and the contents of the vast church poured through the portals in a steady stream. First came the altar boys

heads as the procession passed. All the buildings, even the trees, were gayly decorated with banners, a mixture of the papal and national insignia. Colombia is perhaps the only remaining country in



Indian hut on the Valle de las Pappas.

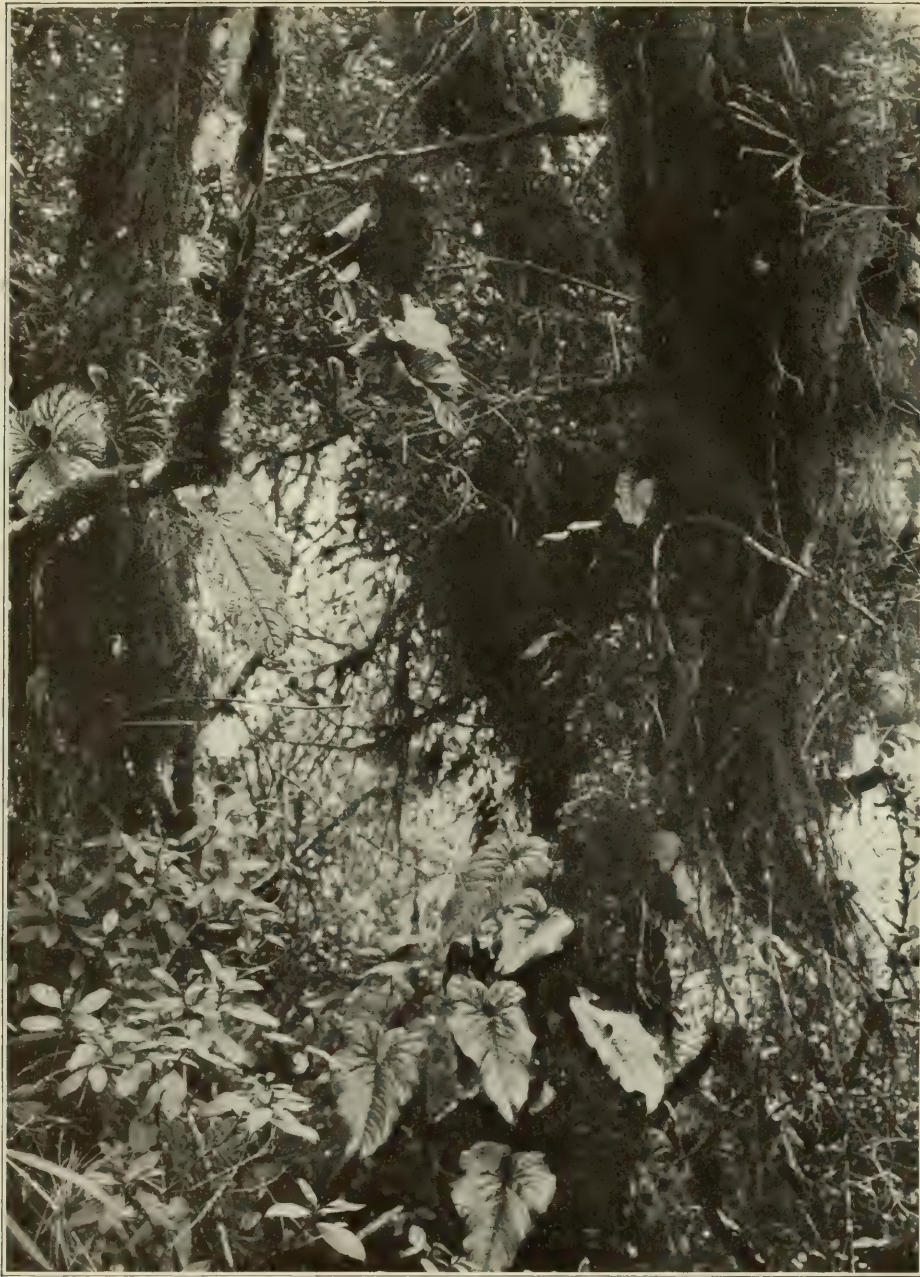
It is said that the ancient Indians cultivated the potato in this valley; hence its name—"The Valley of Potatoes."—Page 590.

in white surplices and red cassocks, carrying gilded crosses on long poles and lighted tapers in silver holders, followed by the small children, the girls with tinsel wings, resembling tiny angels. Then came the governor of Cauca, the prefect of Popayán and their staffs, each bearing a standard. Next in line were the maidens, covered with large black shawls, or "mantas," with folded hands and downcast eyes which, however, they were not averse to raising to meet the admiring glances cast by some of the onlookers. The students from the seminaries and a choir of singers preceded a life-size statue of the Patron of the feast, borne aloft on the shoulders of the stalwart youths; then came the archbishop and the higher ecclesiastics in tall mitres and gorgeously embroidered and glittering robes. Those of the general public who chose to march fell in line behind the bands that followed, chanting prayers. The remainder knelt in the streets with bowed, uncovered

the New World in which religion still dominates the government.

On my fourth visit to Popayán we had to remain in the city the greater part of a week, arranging for the continuation of our journey across the Central Andes to the headwaters of the Magdalena. Hereafter we were to travel on foot, partly due to the fact that some of the trails we would encounter were impassable, both to riding and pack-animals, and partly to enable us to be in a position better to study the wild life of the region we traversed. I was accompanied on this particular expedition by Doctor A. A. Allen and Mr. J. T. Lloyd, of Cornell University, neither of whom had visited South America before.

On February 27 we left Popayán on foot, the mule train following some little distance behind. The route lay through undulating country, rather well cultivated, where there were numerous huts at which we found shelter for the nights.



The forest above Almaguer.

The trees seemed to be breaking under the weight of the creepers, orchids, mosses, and lilies that burdened every trunk and branch.—Page 588.

At one of these stopping-places the natives were engaged in threshing beans. The pods had been heaped upon a straw mat and the family were beating them with heavy flails. Wheat was threshed in the same manner, but after the grains had been beaten loose from the chaff large pans full were held high above the head and poured out in a thin, steady stream; the wind blew the chaff from the falling column and the wheat dropped upon the mat. At another hut men were manufacturing "cavulla" by stripping off, between two sticks, the fleshy part of the

leaves of the yucca plant. The tough fibres remaining were mixed with horse-hair and braided into strong ropes. Food was scarce, the natives subsisting upon the inevitable "sancocho" of boiled green plantains, and corn-meal "jarepas." However, we managed occasionally to pick up a fowl, some green corn, and once we succeeded in purchasing a live sheep; this, in addition to the provisions we carried, enabled us to fare passably well.

On March 7 we had reached the top of a ridge 10,350 feet high, having passed the little villages Timbio, San Miguel, Santa

Barbara, and La Vega. La Vega means "fertile plain," and the surrounding country fully justifies the name. Far as the eye could see the gently sloping mountainsides had been divided into a network of small, irregular plots by rows of high, thick hedges. Wheat, corn, cabbage, and rice flourished under the cultivating hand of the Indian; there were also small flocks of sheep, and occasionally a few head of cattle. Small mud-walled huts, singly and in clusters, dotted the maze of green landscape, and over all breathed an air of quiet and contentment.

The trail had gradually led upward though often descending into gorges and ravines a thousand feet deep. We had passed through patches of barren country, and then entered a wilderness of lovely flowering rhododendrons. The masses of red, wild oleanders were beautiful, but the lanes of a species of shrub covered with small waxen blossoms of purest white, mingled with the deep-green foliage and the fronds of monstrous subtropical ferns, surpassed any picture that pen can describe or the imagination conjure. From afar we could hear the steady buzz of bees and other insects that swarmed about the flowers, and frequently a humming-bird whirled into the arena, hovered a few moments, and then sped away; myriads of nocturnal insects appeared at night, and great sphinx moths took the place of the hummers.

The top of the ridge is covered with tall, magnificent forest. We saw numerous signs of bird and animal life. Toucans of several species yelped and clattered their bills in the tall trees above. There were also yellow-shouldered troupials, blue and yellow cotingas, brown creepers, and many bright-colored hummers and dragon-

flies. The latter possessed a special interest for Lloyd, who immediately erected breeding-cages and began to study their life history. The larva of the dragon-fly resembles a good-size black beetle and lives in water. It is the possessor of a voracious appetite, feeding upon aquatic



Indian porters.

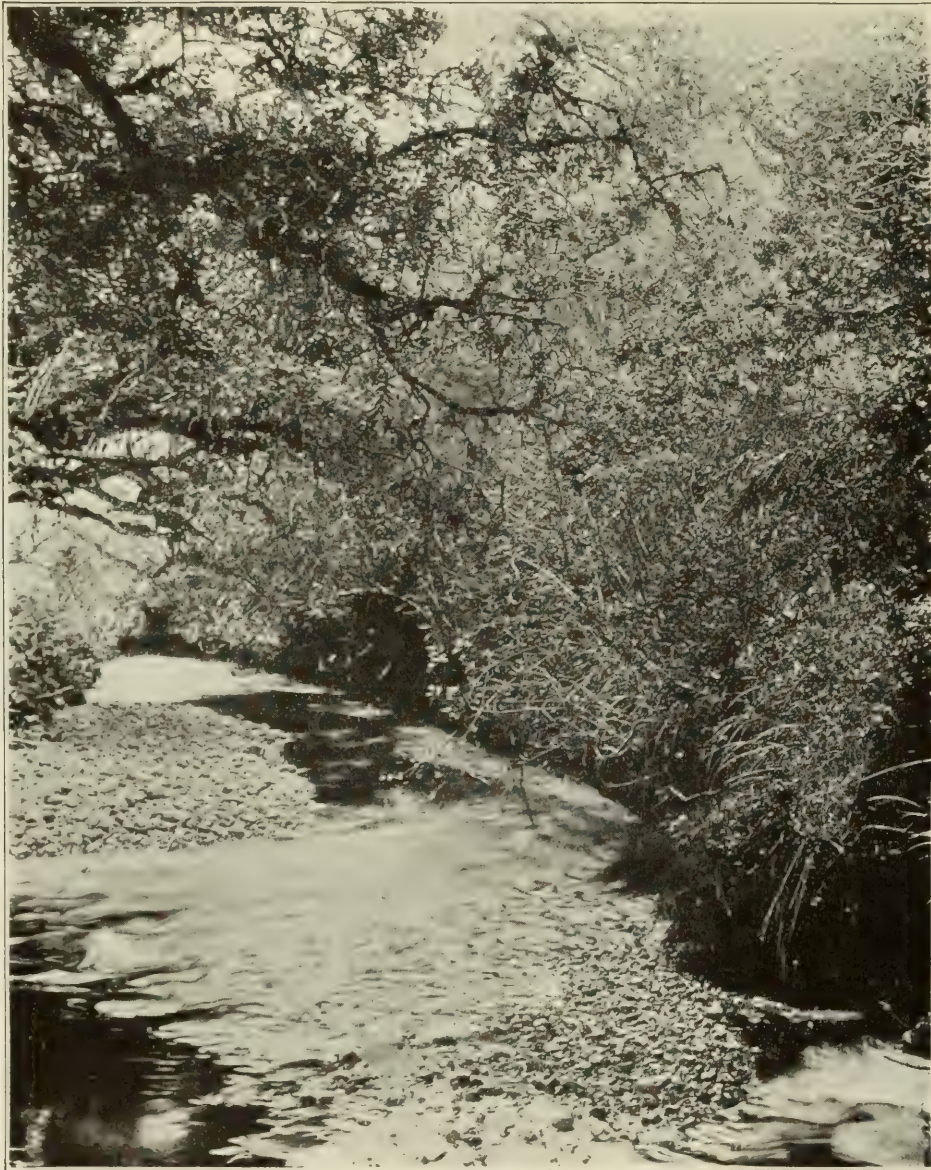
The packs, consisting of boxes, steamer trunks, and bags were tied to the boards which fitted the men's backs.—Page 591.

insects, the larvæ of mosquitoes, and even upon members of its own kind. Finally it rises to the top, hatches, and continues the cycle of its existence as an aerialist, the terror of the winged insects upon which it preys. Penelopes, a small turkey-like bird, were abundant, and proved to be excellent eating. One day we succeeded in taking two specimens of a rare, beautiful tanager (*Serricossypha albocristata*) that lives in small flocks in the tall tree-tops. It is as large as a robin, of a velvety blue-black color, with a white crown and breast of deep scarlet. With such a display of lovely colors one might expect harmony in song; but apparently the vocal ability of the gorgeous creature was limited to a few shrill "peeps" like those of a strayed pullet. Deer also were abundant, and one day we took a fine cat of the ocelot family.

We pitched camp in the heart of the forest. The vegetation was really wonderful. In spots the lower growth consisted entirely of climbing bamboo, so

dense as to be impenetrable; the moss carpeting the ground was often knee-deep, and the trees seemed to be breaking under the weight of the creepers, orchids,

cleared. Fifteen hundred feet lower down we came upon the little settlement Almaguer, which boasts of about one hundred adobe houses and two severely plain



The Magdalena River on the Paramo de las Pappas.

Probably the only time this mighty river has been photographed so near its source.

mosses, and lilies that burdened every trunk and branch. It rained a good deal, and when the downpour stopped there was always the drip, drip of the water that had been absorbed by the spongy masses overhead.

The forest zone extends along the top of the ridge for three or four miles and down about 1,500 feet on the other side, but the slope immediately below this line is either bush-covered or cultivated and bears every evidence of having been

little churches, but all are whitewashed and present a clean appearance. The main industry is the making of Panama hats of a rather coarse kind. Many Indians visit the town on market-days, bringing coca leaves, lime, and "sera," a kind of vegetable wax obtained from a berry that grows in the mountains, and used for making candles. Pigeons are very fond of the berry, and as they ripen the great band-tailed species congregate in flocks to feed upon them, becoming so



A bit of San Agustín, showing the peculiar basket-weave fences and the typical back-yard vegetation.

fat that they finally pay with their lives for the short season of feasting. The candles made of "sera" are green, but burn well and are generally better than the ordinary tallow dip. The lime, or "mambe," is used for chewing with the coca leaves, which is a confirmed habit in this part of the country.

As elsewhere, the weekly market at Almaguer is a day of great activity and is looked upon almost in the light of a fiesta. Early in the morning, usually at four o'clock, a cow is killed in the plaza and all the inhabitants gather around to watch the skinning of the carcass.

At eight o'clock the plaza is filled with tradespeople, usually women, squatting on the ground with their wares before them in wooden trays, bags, or baskets. All that these simple people deem necessary to existence, and even some luxuries, may be had. There are rows of venders of bread, cakes, and dulces; others with vegetables, rice, coffee, corn, and cheese; occasionally peaches, apples of an inferior quality, oranges, and a few plantains are brought up from some sheltered valley; but the greatest space is always taken up by the coca merchants who unquestionably do the most thriving business, as every one takes advantage of

market-day to have their "mambero" replenished. Sometimes a buyer of hats visits the market. On such occasions the day is ushered in with an unearthly hammering noise that proceeds from all the houses, and investigation will disclose the women industriously pounding the Panamas into shape on a wooden block. Later they carry them to market on their heads, where the buyer, after a casual examination, makes an offer which varies from forty cents to a few dollars, according to the texture of the hat.

At night the temperature falls rapidly as the cold winds sweep down from the mountains and howl through the streets. We have every reason to remember our night's experience in Almaguer. The pack-animals had failed to catch up and we carried nothing with us, so we spent the long, cheerless hours until sunrise shivering in our bare, dusty room in the posada.

The first night from Almaguer was passed at an old mill on the banks of the Caquiona, built by monks many years ago. They had thoughtfully provided a large room to house the Indians who formerly came to have their wheat and corn ground, even to the extent of providing rough bunks; and just outside stood a massive stocks, doubtless also

provided for the use of the Indians, but it must have detracted somewhat from the effect of the hospitality extended by the good monks. There was plenty of tender, luscious grass for the mules. Near the river large numbers of butterflies settled on the moist sand to drink; the boulders on the bottom of the clear, cold stream had many houses of the caddis-fly cemented to them—little pebbly mummy-cases in which the owner lay snugly ensconced in the silky lining and quickly repaired the break if we opened them. The next day we passed San Sebastian, the last settlement, and climbed steadily higher toward the cold, bleak paramo that marks the dividing line between the Cauca and the Magdalena.

After four days we reached the marvellous Valle de las Pappas, just below the mist-en-shrouded paramo, and took refuge in the pretentious house of old Pedro, a full-blooded Andaquia, while preparing for our final dash across the great barrier.

The Valle de las Pappas is a great level stretch of marshy land covered with a growth of tall grass and small clumps of forest, between 10,000 and 11,000 feet up. The tops of the ridges hem it in on all sides and somewhat protect it from the icy winds. It is said that the ancient Indians cultivated the potato in this valley; hence its name—"The Valley of Potatoes." An elaborate network of canals or drains runs through the valley, but the climate and soil are such that I doubt if cultivation could be carried on to any great extent. Often, for many

days at a time, rain and hail fall steadily and the mist is so thick that one cannot venture far on the treacherous boggy soil. Yet, strange to say, cattle thrive wonderfully on the high plateau, and their rearing is the occupation followed by the few Indian families who live in

these heights. Beautiful orchids abound in the trees, especially in the forest that reaches up to the valley; we saw many of yellow, purple, and snowy-white. Some of the trees are of the evergreen family, including a kind of holly. There were many indications of deer and tapirs, although we shot none. Large snipe and ant-thrushes were plentiful, and on the streams we saw a number of peculiar little torrent ducks, or merganettas; large white gulls, which the Indians say are old birds that come up from the sea to die, soared high overhead.

At one end of the valley lies a small

lake, of which we had an occasional short view when the clouds drifted up the slopes. All about grew clumps of mullen-like plants with thick, velvety leaves, called frailejon. Two streams leave the grassy borders of the lake, mere rivulets ten or twelve feet wide, through which we waded daily; one flows down the extreme eastern slope and develops into the mighty Caquetá that helps to swell the yellow flood of the Amazon; the other breaks through the ridges to the northeast, and dashing down the mountains in a series of rapids and cascades forms the Magdalena, which empties into the Caribbean many hundreds of miles away.

Allen had contracted a fever in the



Reproduced from a photograph by A. A. Allen.

The tyrant flycatcher and nest.

A gigantic nest for such a little bird. They are found along streams and near pools.

Chocó four months before, and was suffering considerably. Instead of being benefited by the high, cold climate as we had hoped, his condition grew steadily worse and we found it necessary to continue our journey sooner than we had anticipated. I hastened back to San Sebastian to engage Indian porters, as mules are unable to carry packs beyond this point, and was assisted by the school-master, who took a sympathetic interest in our undertaking. He was a pathetic example of a man who might have accomplished great deeds had the opportunity presented itself. One of his most highly cherished possessions was an old magazine containing illustrations of an aeroplane and an article on wireless telegraphy.

With a great deal of difficulty I succeeded in arranging with a dozen Indians to carry our luggage across the cordillera the following week. They were of splendid physique and as fine a looking lot as I had ever seen. The price agreed upon was about seventy-five cents per arroba of twenty-five pounds, each man carrying from two to four arrobas. The journey would require five days, and each man was to carry his own food for the trip in addition to the pack. The charge was high, judged by local standards, but on account of the rainy season the trail was all but impassable; also it was the Semana Santa, one of the greatest fiestas

of the year, when all good Indians should roam the streets dulling their senses with an excessive use of coca leaves and guarapo, and fighting, while the women spent the greater part of the days in church acquiring grace for themselves and their

delinquent husbands. A small advance was made to each man to enable him to purchase a supply of ground corn, cane sugar, and coca. His acceptance of this advance is considered equal to signing a contract, and they rarely if ever go back on the deal.

On Wednesday, April 3, the day set for our departure, the men appeared, each provided with a board and strong cords. The packs, consisting of boxes, steamer trunks, and bags, were tied to the boards which fitted the men's backs; a broad band was passed over the forehead and two bands across the chest. Each man carried in his hand a forked

stick, or "mula," as a means of aiding him in going up and down the slippery inclines and in walking the logs that crossed the streams.

After a short, steep climb we were out on the bleak paramo, in the midst of the rain, hail, and mist. The wind blew a gale and the cold was intense. Through an occasional break in the banks of fog we had glimpses of the valley on each side filled with dense clumps of frailejones. We continued on in the face of the blinding storm for several hours, and with the



Reproduced from a photograph by Doctor Frank M. Chapman.

The goddess of sculpture.

It seems not improbable that the greater number of the images represent idols which were worshipped by the ancient people.—Page 594.



Reproduced from a photograph by A. A. Allen.

A mountain stream such as the Rio Naranjos.

It is in places such as these that the cock-of-the-rock spends its existence.—Page 597.

coming of darkness the trail left the wind-swept zone and started downward, winding along the canyon of the Magdalena; in the failing light the scenery was bewitchingly beautiful. High, rugged peaks, sheer cliffs, and black masses of forest towered above the sparkling stream that bounded from rock to rock in a succession of falls. Allen and Lloyd had gone on ahead, and after dark I came upon them camped in a unique spot. They had thrown their blankets on a ledge in the face of a cliff that towered several hundred feet above them. A tiny waterfall dashed over the edge of the precipice, cleared the ledge, and joined the greater torrent below. The regular night's stopping-place

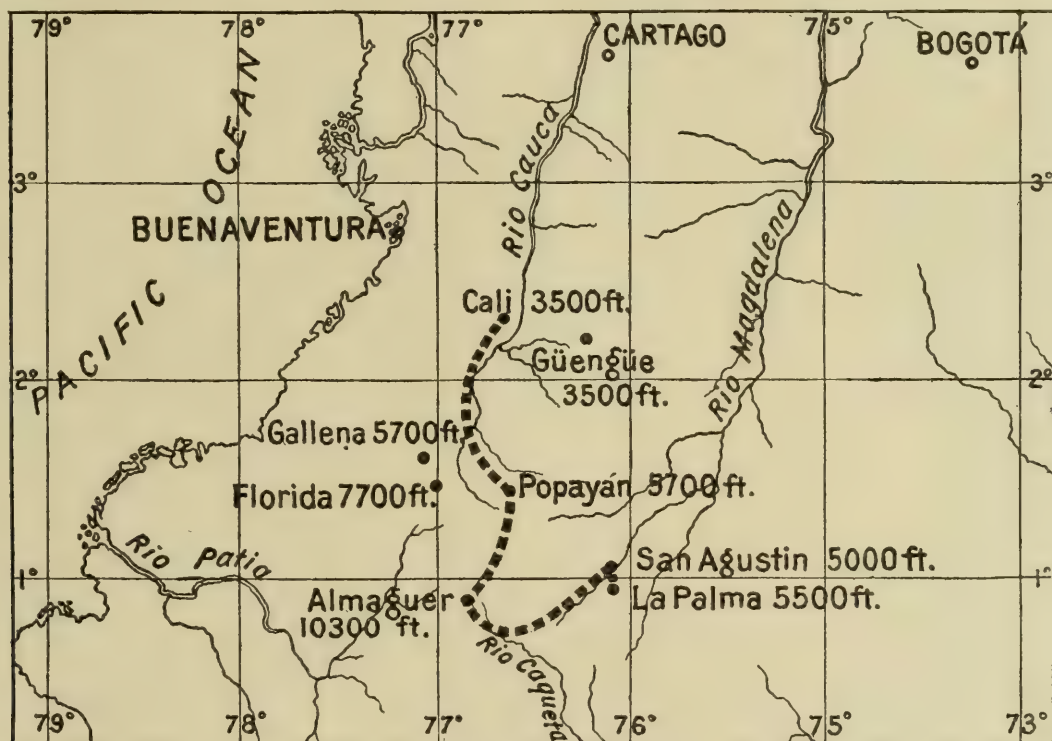
is known as Santa Marta, which the Indians reached at nine that night.

Immediately after reaching the camping-site the porters boiled corn-meal, which they ate with brown sugar. Each man had brought a sheep-skin to use as a bed, and these were dried beside the fire while their food was cooking. Before starting in the morning they had another meal of mush and sugar. During the gruelling day their mouths were kept well filled with coca and lime, and the amount of sustenance and endurance derived from the herb is extraordinary; nor does it seem to have any bad after effect, though in Almaguer I saw a number of shaky old women with bloodshot eyes and black-

ened lips and teeth, said to be due to the result of excessive indulgence in coca.

The second night we failed to catch up with the men who had gone on ahead. We had waded streams and knee-deep mud the greater part of the day as the result of the steady downpour which ren-

below the top like gigantic serpents, but not a drop of all the downpour reached us. The base of the cliff was blackened from the numerous camp-fires kindled by Indians on their way to Tolima in quest of salt. By way of divertisement our Indians gathered incense, which is a



Section of Colombia, showing the route from Cali to San Agustín taken by the author.

dered the trail indescribably bad; everything was drenched and it required more than an hour of hard work to start a small fire. However, the day dawned bright and sunny, and we lingered to watch the tribes of feathered folk that began feeding and chattering in the tree-tops. The ripening fruits had attracted great black guans, trogons with rose-colored breasts and metallic green backs, and wonderful curve-billed hummers with long white tails. Along a stretch of bamboo we saw scores of large, pearly butterflies flapping about lazily, the iridescence of their wings flashing like bits of rainbow in the sunlight; but not a glimpse did we have of the main object of our long wanderings.

In the afternoon the rain again fell in unrelenting torrents, and we camped beneath a wall of rock hundreds of feet high, which the Indians called the Peña Seca, or dry stone. Great vines with bunches of scarlet flowers drooped a hundred feet

kind of gum that collects on certain trees and which they intended to take home with them for use in the "santa iglesia." I watched the social bees that live in company with termites building tubular entrances to their apartment in the nest that may extend out eighteen inches or more like a coiled pipe-stem; apparently the two different inmates of the common domicile never clash.

The third night we reached the hut of an old Indian who called himself Domingo, and who was as surly a creature as ever walked the earth. As he refused us the hospitality of his hut, we camped outside his gate.

We now occasionally passed through a cleared spot where grain and vegetables grew; cattle grazed on the long, tender grass, and dark-brown, wild-eyed children peered at us from under the fringed, low grass roofs of shambling Indian huts. On the top of every knoll was a row of

tall wooden crosses, some newly erected, others decaying and ready to topple over; it is the custom of the natives to erect a new one each year on Good Friday, permitting the old ones to remain standing. We had reached the frontier of Huila.

On Easter Sunday we had our first glimpse of San Agustin, which was decidedly disappointing. All that we could see as we descended the last steep slope was a cluster of some fifty-odd mud huts protruding from the centre of a wide, barren plain; there is no forest within a mile in any direction, and very little cultivation is carried on in the immediate vicinity. The town is very old; the inhabitants are mainly of Spanish descent, but scattered throughout the surrounding country can be found small clearings, or *fincas*, cultivated by full-blooded Indians. These latter are of a reticent though friendly disposition, emerging from the seclusion of their forest-bound homes only on market-days to dispose of the products of the soil and of their flocks.

In recent years the name San Agustin has come into prominence on account of the prehistoric ruins and monoliths that are found in its vicinity, which are supposed to be of very great antiquity, dating back to a culture that has entirely disappeared and of which nothing definite is known. Even the Indians who to-day inhabit the region have no traditions or folk-lore of the vanished race, and scientists who have examined the ruins have, up to the present time, been unable to account for their origin. It has been suggested that they may represent the work of the tribe of Andaquies, but this statement is disputed by Carlos Cuervo Marquez, who points out that the mute reminders of an ancient civilization already existed in the same unknown condition at the time the Conquistadores overran the empire of the Chibchas.

The thing that first attracted our attention was the row of twelve stone images that stand in the centre of the plaza facing the village chapel, which vary in height from two to eight feet and are carved from a kind of sandstone and granite. Gigantic heads, with round faces and staring, expressionless eyes, are set upon short square bodies. Some are crowned with hats or head-coverings that range in pattern from the Turkish fez

and sugar-loaf to curious curved caps that may have been intended to simulate the rainbow. Many of the figures are quite naked, while others are clothed in a narrow band, or loin-cloth. The teeth of many of the human beings represented are prominent, and each has two pair of great pointed canines like those of a beast. This row of images was placed in its present location by order of the priest who had charge of the parish; we may imagine at what cost of labor when we realize that many of the stones weigh several tons. Of course, there are no trails, and the only way was to drag them out of the forest with ropes.

One of the monoliths represents a woman with a small child in one arm and a club in the other hand raised in an attitude of defense; on one is carved a woman meshing a *muchila*, and on another a man is holding a fish. There is the hewn figure of a large monkey crouching over a smaller one, and some distance away stands an owl holding a snake in its beak. A flat slab in a recumbent position bears the engraved figure of a woman and possibly served as the covering of a coffin or a grave. Then there is the statue of a woman with a mallet in one hand and a chisel in the other, thought to represent the goddess of sculpture. It seems not improbable that the greater number of the images represent idols which were worshipped by the ancient people.

In the forest above San Agustin the most interesting examples are to be found. Under the giant cedars and tall cecropias that forest the slopes one finds works of a more pretentious nature, scattered among the dense low palm growths and covered with creepers and epiphytes. There a huge stone tablet may be seen supported on four richly carved stone columns six feet high, which probably served as an altar for the offer of sacrifice; or it may have been the entrance to a temple. Nearby is an underground gallery leading to two large caves, in which are carvings of the sun and moon with rays darting in all directions. There are many other statues within a radius of several miles, and doubtless a systematic search of the region would reveal rich archaeological treasure-troves. The numerous mounds and caverns furnish abundant evidence of the existence of ruined tem-



Drawn by Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

The cock-of-the-rock as the brilliant creature appears in its favorite haunt—a wild, gloomy ravine rent by raging mountain torrents.

ples and the remnants of works of art which have yielded to decadence with the passing of the centuries. Most of the known statues have been undermined by treasure-seekers and have toppled over; others have been broken by the excavators in their mad search for the small gold replicas or ornaments that are found in the graves, while several have been demolished by order of the clergy. The only thing that prevents the removal of the stones themselves is their great weight and lack of transportation facilities.

The ruins about San Agustin possess none of the ornate massiveness of those found in Guatemala and Yucatan, but rather has the work been executed along severe lines and in bas-relief; nor are they nearly so well preserved, which might tend to show that they date back to an earlier period. Hieroglyphics are almost wholly wanting. Doctor Karl Theodor Stoepel, who spent some time in San Agustin previous to our visit, has traced a similarity between one of the monoliths and an example found in Pachacama, Bolivia. In one or two instances the work resembles that of the Aztecs.

Just how to account for the advance of civilization to a point where art and architecture were encouraged and which supported a well-organized form of government, and then to explain its complete extinction, is a question on which students of the subject are at variance. Religion in some form or other has always wielded a powerful influence upon the life and customs of primitive nations; one evidence—almost invariably the deities and the temples erected for their veneration represent the supreme efforts of the ancient artists and alone have withstood the weathering of ages. This points strongly to the supremacy of a sacerdotal order; but whether the reigning classes who withheld their knowledge from the common people for selfish purposes were annihilated by an uprising of the servile hordes or by an outside invasion, or whether some great cataclysm of nature extinguished the progress of ages at a stroke, may forever remain a secret.

The bird life around San Agustin was varied and abundant. Trees were in blossom, especially one with a feathery, pinkish flower, and to this scores of hummers came. One species had a slightly

curved bill and was green in color, with a patch of deepest purple on the throat; another of a blue color had tail-feathers six inches long. In the ravines there were many chachalacas that kept up a demoniacal cackling. The bushes were full of finches and lovely velvety red tanagers, while honey-creepers came to our table daily and gorged themselves on sugar. In the forest we saw many large, woolly monkeys, some bluish, others silvery-gray. There were kinkajous, agoutis, and peccaries. The two-toed sloth was abundant; the flesh of all these animals was greedily eaten by the natives. Numbers of large lizards or iguanas prowled about the town and feasted on the tiny chickens and ducklings. A flight of locusts covered the entire upper Magdalena, and for days the air was black with the pest; millions would rise from the ground in a steady cloud in front of us as we walked along through the fields. In a few days not a speck of green remained. The hungry, insatiable hordes moved on, but behind them remained a wide, brown desert, filled with sorrow and desolation, for the crops of corn, yuccas, and bananas had been destroyed and there would be famine for many months to come.

We scouted the forests daily, confining our search to the untrodden ravines of the Rio Naranjos, a turbulent, wicked stream that joins the Magdalena a short distance below. Great precipices flank its sides and the water rushes through dark, narrow gorges. Everywhere the river-bed is dotted with great boulders against which the water dashes with a force that sends clouds of spray into the air. The slopes of the mountains and ravines are covered with a dense palm jungle, the trees laden with bunches of purple berries. It is in places such as these that the cock-of-the-rock spends its existence. After several weeks of the most strenuous work our efforts were rewarded: we came suddenly upon a flock of male birds in the top of a palm, the bright scarlet color of the wonderful creatures flaming among the deep-green fronds in a dazzling manner as they flitted about, and with outstretched necks and raucous "*eur-rr-ks*" surveyed the disturbers of their time-honored solitude. We were the first human beings to penetrate their jungle fastness and excited curiosity rather than fear.

The mere sight of these beautiful birds in their wild surroundings was worth all the discomforts of the long journey. In size they are no larger than domestic pigeons, but the color is of a most intense and brilliant scarlet, with wings and tail of black; the upper wing-coverts are of a light shade of gray, and the eyes and feet are golden yellow; a flat crest an inch and a half high completely covers the head and hides the yellow bill. The female is of a dull shade of brown.

We wanted to find their nests and to study their home life, of which little was known; also to secure material for the museum group. With the aid of Indians, and ropes made of creepers, we began to explore the face of the cliffs, some of which were a hundred feet high. On many of the steep slopes the palms grew so close together that we utilized them as ladders. As it rained nearly every day the footholds were very slippery, and many times one or another of the party fell, being saved only by the rope that bound us together from being dashed on the rocks far below.

One day, as we crept along slowly and painfully, we flushed a bird of sombre brown from a great boulder that rose from the centre of the stream. We waited breathlessly while she fluttered about in the palms and then returned to the rock. She flew many times back and forth, carrying food in her bill, and at last I discerned a dark object against the face of the rock upon which the bird centred her attention. There was no longer cause for concealment, so we moved to the edge of the torrent and saw the straw and mud nest plastered against the face of the rock; below raged a whirlpool, and on each side there was a waterfall. A more inaccessible spot could not have been chosen by the bird, whose haunts had never been violated.

After a consultation the Indians decided to build a raft, and accordingly cut down trees and lashed the trunks together, but no sooner had the craft been launched than it was caught by the raging swirl and spun about until the creepers parted and we found ourselves struggling in the whirlpool. A great liana which had been securely tied to the raft and fastened on the bank swept past, and this proved to be our salvation.

A tall tree was now felled, and its course so directed that the top should fall across the inaccessible rock island, but it fell several yards short and again we were outwitted.

The sun was now directly overhead, and the fierce rays entered the narrow confines of the canyon so that it was stiflingly hot. Angry peals of thunder warned us of the approaching storm, and the red howling monkeys, disturbed from their midday rest, roared dismally. Above, the river flowed like a greenish stream of molten glass; below, it dashed through the gorge with a dull roar, and to the towering boulder in the centre clung a treasure, to possess which men had risked their lives; but on the very verge of success we seemed likely to fail. Even the Indians, pioneers of the jungle, shook their heads doubtfully and wanted to return.

We tried the only remaining resource. With poles and lines, two of the Indians and myself picked our way to a number of small rocks that jutted out of the angry flood at the very mouth of the gorge. The other Indian spliced together joints of slender bamboo and climbed out into the branch of the fallen tree which had lodged against some rocks. From this precarious position he had made repeated thrusts at the nest; finally it fell and began its maddening career in the whirlpool. Around it went, many times, and then shot straight for the gorge, careening toward the rock on which Juan stood. As we shouted encouragement, Juan dived. In spite of the fact that he was a powerful swimmer we doubted if we would ever see him again, but after what seemed minutes he reappeared, battling furiously with the flood that sought to sweep him into the maelstrom. We threw him a line and dragged him ashore. In his mouth he held the precious nest, a young bird, drowned, still clinging to the grass lining.

Later, and under circumstances hardly less thrilling, we found other birds and nests with both eggs and young, but we took only those that were absolutely necessary. The others, and there were many, we left to the eternal mystery of the wilderness, to dance in the shadows and to woo their mates beside the rushing waters; to rear their young and to lead the life that was intended for them from the beginning.

THE WAX DOLL

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD



MOST women, I believe, are bad citizens; and I have come to the conclusion that they have to be. That is my only apology for having been a bad citizen myself.

The sense of guilt is still heavy on me—after some years. I don't know why, unless it is because I used to be a suffragist; and if you take suffrage in a decent spirit, it develops your conscience. All that parading and speechifying, I suppose, did something to me; for though I acted on instinct, and all the worrying was done afterwards—well, I did worry. I am sure that I should have gloried in my behavior (or at least have thought it inevitable) if I hadn't once gazed at the vote as though it were a sacrament. My tale is not a suffrage argument—either for or against. I am not interested in suffrage any more. But I have had the Furies after me because, at one strange moment of my life, I ranged myself against the forces of government: ranged myself against them because I hadn't a principle to fit the case. I had to act as my feelings dictated, and my feelings had never had a bowing acquaintance with the criminal code. I am quite aware that a lot of women—perhaps most—will think I behaved very ill. I am nearly sure that I did. Yet would they, if caught unawares (oh, the mental “unpreparedness” of most of us!) have done differently? I should like to know—though I am now very far away from the scene of my civic turpitude, and very safe. What would a good citizen have done? And if he would have done the opposite of what I did, what good did the parading and speechifying do me, after all? Did I behave like a woman out of a harem? Or are there people who would think that my instincts weren't immoral? I put it all as a question, because the Furies have forcibly fed me some bitter doses. Of course, I know there was more than a dash of cowardice in my behavior; but it was the kind of cow-

ardice that I had, from my earliest years, been led to consider honorable, for a woman. The whole thing is just a muddle. Why, even now, rack my memories as I can, I don't positively *know*. Still, at the time, I acted as if I thought so. . . . This story, by the way, has nothing whatever to do with suffrage: I only brought that in by way of showing that I, the protagonist—ah, no, not the protagonist!—wasn't wholly the old-fashioned woman. But shadows of the “keepsake” cling about us still, I suppose, though we may be as square-toed as you like.

I don't think my offense was extraditable. I hope not, though I have never inquired. But certainly it didn't seem, afterwards, as if America were the place for me, or I the person for America. I've stayed away ever since. It's more fun, too. And in so many strange and lovely places I've wandered to—for I've wandered like an Englishwoman in a pith helmet—my little adventure has looked, in retrospect, so innocent. China, for example, was a great comfort. Still, her face haunts me—always will. And not only hers, but the other one: the face I never, thank God, even saw! Perhaps, if I really had seen it, I should never have had to worry. But I don't really believe that: it's part of my trouble that I can't. The uncertainty is just the humor with which fate salts things. The dish will be a savory to the end of time. Well, here it is.

I had taken my ticket for Worden—a Connecticut village on the very edge of the Sound. The expresses flash by it too quickly for one to read the name on the little station, and most people probably have never heard of it. It was familiar to me because I often went there, spring and autumn, to visit the Peeles. Their place lay three miles from the village, on a lovely inlet all their own; and my dread of the journey on a New Haven “accommodation” came to be inhibited utterly by the prospect of delicious salty drives,

in an open motor, along the curve of the coast. Worden itself I had never noticed much, for the Peeles never kept me waiting there. I should say it was a dreary, down-at-heel hamlet, like so many others: all ugly frame houses and one cheap brick block; with four or five little churches, all violently snobbish, no doubt, in the matter of creed, but making up for it by the communistic dreadfulness of their architecture. That is all I ever knew about Worden.

I had a little time to wait. (It was, by the way, the old Grand Central, not the new station that is said to have replaced it.) I had checked my luggage, and had nothing but a novel to carry. I was taking a disagreeably early train, and felt rather sleepy still. In spite of the gloominess of the women's waiting-room, I decided to stay there, for the big waiting-room outside was possessed by a chattering horde of immigrants: one of those organized alien crowds that appear sporadically in our big terminals, evidently ready to be shipped into the patient West. Every one knows the kind of thing I mean: huge parcels labelled "Disinfected," hatless women and fantastic infants, shrill and guttural sounds in the air, gestures of excitement and discouragement, somewhere in the background a responsible agent with—presumably—tickets. They swarmed over the big waiting-room, and I withdrew to the stuffier apartment. The matron was not about, and there were not many people in there—a few women washing their faces in the farther room, after a night journey, and one or two tired creatures with children.

There was nothing interesting to look at, in my half-hour, but I was determined to save my novel for the train, which I knew would stop everywhere and be a little later at every station. So I stared about—it was as much a matter of pure chance as that—at the few other women. I nearly remonstrated, I remember, with one woman who was crossly scolding a bewildered child for everything it did and did not do. I wish I had; for, by the look of her, a remonstrance would have led to a long and unpleasant conversation. In fact, that was why I didn't: so little do we know, at any given moment, what is good for us. My glance rested instead—

driven by my own stupid intention—on a young woman sitting in a rocking-chair in the far corner. She rocked with a steady jerkiness, and at every forward motion one of the rockers grazed a battered suitcase that stood beside her. She herself was shabby, was uninteresting, I fancied, to the core. But I was determined to take my mind off the unreasonable mother near me. So I stared at her. She had been crying, I thought; and my imagination constructed mechanically a parting from some man. She did not look, at least, as though she would cry at leaving her mother. You know what I mean: she was young, and seemed respectable enough in a shoddy way, but her eyes were very big, and there was a sort of awareness in them. Still, she didn't powder her nose, or even open her cheap vanity bag to contemplate herself in a mirror, and I—still cogitating rather sleepily—was grateful to her. I was, already, so tired of those gestures! Heavens, but I was on the wrong track! But one will clutch at anything when one is bored.

Her face, if you will believe me, was not interesting in any way. I was sure that everything about her was cheap: her birth, her traditions, her ideas, her clothes, her fate. I dare say, at that time, I should have expected her to be transformed by a vote. Perhaps she would have been: it is not for me to say. But the only emotion she excited was the familiar one of wonder that there should be so many colorless common people in the world, and that those common millions should somehow manage to compound decent nations. She rocked away, as I say, without stopping. Once she dropped her vanity bag, and she bent down in a great hurry to retrieve it. All her money in it, I suppose. Just a shabby, young, scarcely pretty, totally unimportant creature. I finally felt, though she seemed not to have noticed me at all, that I couldn't bear to stare at her any more. She was too tiresomely ordinary. I have often felt aggrieved that, since a face was to haunt me, it should have been so uninteresting a one: neither tragic nor comic; just one of the boring millions. Oh, I've suffered.

I looked at my watch. It was high time

for the train to be announced, and I sauntered forth into the big waiting-room to inquire. It would be five minutes more, I learned, before it was made up; and I went back. Think of it: I went back. And they write silly poetry about being the captain of one's soul. The immigrants were just too nasty and depressing: that was why I went back. And I might have been a free woman, if I hadn't gone.

Well, there she was. And just because I had been staring at this indistinguishable creature before, I turned to her again. Her eyes were shut, but she was still rocking—some people can't help it, once in a rocking-chair—and a virulent red flower in her shabby blue hat rocked with her. Did I mention that she had a red flower in her hat? I had noticed that before. It was the kind you can buy at a ten-cent store. Even with her eyes closed to the world, she was still clutching her vanity bag with tight fingers, as though her shapeless embryonic soul were in it—being incubated.

The matron came in and waddled across the room to put up the window-shade. (Where *do* station matrons come from? They all come, evidently, from the same place, and I never saw one who looked trustworthy.) My young woman's eyes were still closed, but the fat creature, in reaching the shade, knocked against her chair and startled her. The matron immediately waddled away and disappeared within, but the girl rocked wildly for a moment—on account, I dare say, of the concussion—and her foot, or the point of the rocker, something, anyhow, upset the battered suitcase. I was on my feet by this time, ready to walk out to my train, but I saw the suitcase open as it fell. Words cannot say how unnecessary, how fortuitous, it was that my eyes should have been turned, at that instant, in that direction. But they were. . . . The girl jumped; her vanity bag clattered to the floor, and she bent over the suitcase. Before I could turn away, she had managed to shut it, but also before I could turn away, I had seen a largish package done up in crumply white cloth—and, shaken across the edge of the suitcase as it opened, emerging from the loose, formless package within, a tiny, waxy wrist and hand. At the same instant—

just the infinitesimal hint of time that it took for the girl to settle the bundle in place and fasten the feeble spring of the suitcase once more—I saw the girl's face perfectly white, as she crouched on the floor. Some women with bad hearts go white easily, but this was an inimitable, a symbolic whiteness. There was no question in my mind as I turned away—which I did as quickly as the gesture could be accomplished—that this was the pallor of the utmost possible human terror. You would look like that, not after the beasts got you, but at the very moment when you felt yourself being flung to them. In mid-air, descending to their hot breath, you would be white as she was white. Or, at least, so I take it. The peculiar startling hue of her face in that one glimpse has remained with me. I find myself matching other pallors with it and finding them creamy. I have stood above the wonderful whiteness of the dead, and her remembered face has turned that whiteness to ivory.

Yes, I turned away. I could not face her when she rose. The little waiting-room, I saw just then, had emptied itself, except for a woman asleep on a couch with her head on a carpet-bag. There were women in the inner room, but they could have seen nothing. I heard her sit down heavily again in the rocking-chair; I heard a little clatter and knew that she was picking up her precious vanity bag. But I could not have turned round and looked at her again. If I had, she would have known. Don't you see? That was my first instinct: not to let her dream that, in that gasping instant, I had seen. The most reassuring thing I could do, to put her out of her pain, was to walk slowly towards my train, like any woman walking towards any train. I tell you that whiteness was awful. I couldn't have beheld it again. The one important thing in the world seemed to be that she should get some blood back into her face. Oh, it didn't matter if she died, but it did matter that no one should be so afraid as that. Of course, even in those few steps, I was conscious of another point of view: I knew that I could speak to the matron. But I didn't want to bring her into it, with her sly, evil face and hovering fat hands. Crime seemed beside the point:

I just couldn't augment a terror like that. I've never seen anything like it—though, as you might say, I live with it and see it every day. By the time I had got out of the women's room, I was saying to myself quite seriously that it might not have been what I thought. It might, you know—I still say it seriously—have been a wax doll. Any time, all these years, I could have gone into court and sworn that I didn't *know* it wasn't a wax doll. It was the whiteness, the awful whiteness, of the woman's face. That didn't fit any theory but the worst.

I had a few thoughts, in the midst of my general haze—little thready wisps hanging in a blur. I reflected, while I made my way through the crowd of aliens and officials of every kind, that my chance was not yet gone. Yes, of course: I could report my suspicion to any gray-coated official creature. "A young woman (a red flower in her hat) sitting in the women's waiting-room, with, beside her, a battered suitcase that might bear looking into." Oh, yes, I could do that. I was quite aware of it before I reached the gate. If I did, I might end in Bellevue; I should certainly end in the newspapers. I didn't see my way to doing it, and I marched on. I assure you I thought of those things, and I felt that it would be wilful and wicked, on the part of circumstance, to pillory me with her in the daily press, in court-rooms, under the insincere eyes of counsel. Dreadful things happen in the world all the time: why should I involve myself in a drama that did not concern me, that only wanted passionately (oh, that whiteness!) not to concern me? What were the police for? Was I to do their dirty work; to snoop about, and spy, and give information? There was a deep, deep aversion in me to being the instrument of the poor girl's undoing. It would have been like giving up, from my very hearthstone, some fainting creature the hounds were after. It was very ancient, of course, that aversion. She may have deserved anything the law could do to her. I dare say she did. But was I to hand her over, remembering that whiteness? It seemed like my duty to protect her from anything, no matter how righteous, that she was so afraid of as that. Could, indeed, any-

thing be righteous, the contemplation of which turned a human being into that sort of pitiful pulp? I know that my attitude was full of flaws, morally and logically speaking, but it was my attitude, and I couldn't, all of a sudden, like that, get rid of it. It was "wished on" to me. I don't pretend that my dread of the newspapers and the courts was noble; yet that aversion, too, was ancient and decent—just as it was ancient and decent of me to think in that connection (as I did) of my relatives. I am not defending myself: I am only telling you how I felt. There was, besides, my constitutional and conventional unreadiness to believe that a thing which looks lurid really is lurid. Very likely it would have been masculine of me to report her, but I am sure that it was equally masculine of me to invent the wax-doll hypothesis and to envisage Bellevue. I don't know what the masculine mind would have done with the whiteness. I only know what my mind did with it; or, rather, what it did to me.

"In less time than it has taken to tell it," as the books say, I was in the Worden train, which was precisely as dreary as usual. I don't think any of my fellow passengers were so commonplace, quite, as the girl in the waiting-room, but they were not striking. They were merely the predestined prey of a New Haven "accommodation." Very likely you know the look. There was no parlor-car, and I settled myself on the shady side of the train, and opened my novel. The gesture, naturally, was mere bravado. Never was best-seller more vainly sold; for I've never read it. I threw it away later: flung it into the sea, wouldn't let Clara Peele read it. I could hold it open before me in the train, but I could not keep it by me longer than that. I felt as though it had a spot of blood on it.

The journey was not pleasant, but it came to an end as journeys do. I said poetry to myself all the way. Not that I got much out of the poetry, but there are some long things (Swinburne's *Dolores*, for example) that just settle into the clacking rhythm of the train itself and tide you over. It seems to be what they were written for. Before I got out at Worden I looked for Ellis Peele, and

saw him waiting there with the car. I was glad. — Indeed, I nearly upset him by the vigor with which I flung myself at him to shake his hand, and then rushed to shut myself into the tonneau. He wanted to look for my luggage, but I assured him it would not be on that train. They had promised me in New York that it should be, but I felt I couldn't endure the delay of his looking for my portman-teaux and carrying them to the car. Of course, Ellis paid no attention to me, and went down the platform to the baggage-car. I leaned over the side of the motor and contemplated, in real agony, the Baptist church. It looked, I remember, as though, on completion, it had been immersed, and there had been too much bluing in the water. You see . . . the conductor (symbol of authority) was still walking up and down the platform, and just as I got out of the train I had seen, alighting from the second car ahead, a shabby young woman (with a red flower in her hat) who carried a battered suitcase. I had been given another chance. Not that I could have taken it, once having thrown it away—I should by that time have been myself in a very inconvenient position. But the conductor was there to remind me, somehow, of what a bad citizen I had been.

Perhaps, if the girl had seen me, she would not have recognized me, but the most important thing to me in the world at that moment—I am sure every one will understand that—was that she should not see me. •Of course, as I realized later, either she had never noticed me at all, or she didn't dream that I was on the Worden train. But I wasn't capable of realizing anything then except that I must lean over the side of the car and stare at the Baptist church. My back must have looked very seasick.

I felt better when the train puffed away; at least, the conductor had gone. There was the ticket agent left, to be sure, and he also had a uniform. Still, he didn't seem so official nearly, and he hadn't come from New York. I longed to look out of the tail of my eye and see what direction the girl had taken; I never in my life wanted to do anything so much. Yet never has my whole body wanted to do anything so little. Of

course, I didn't turn—though I was ready to, with a jerk, if she should come in sight.

Ellis came back without my portman-teaux, voluble about the evils of the system. I had quite expected them to be there, but I patronized him for his credulity. It was all I could do to pay him back for my terrible five minutes of staring at the church. And then I found that that unconscionably domestic man had errands to do. I was to dodge the girl about the main street of Worden! Or so I feared. In point of fact, though my field of vision seemed unnaturally enlarged, as if I had grown eyes at the side of my head, I didn't see her anywhere; and when we finally took the road to the inlet I breathed again, as if my heart were a real heart.

The road to the inlet is winding and varied—and very bad. Sometimes you are within sight of the Sound, and sometimes you poke muddily through thin woods: unbeautiful, deserted, too scrubby even for Sunday-school picnics. The last part lies straight along the shore, but even in the first two miles, when you are beset by the scrubby woods, the salt is clean and stinging in the air. Released from town, I always immensely liked the drive. On that day, my one desire was to get to the Peeles' comfortable, safe house. My conversation was not up to much, for I could remember nothing discussable except the humble stridency of the Baptist church. "The woodspurge has a cup of three." I found that I had a much clearer picture of it than Ellis Peele, though he must have spent hours of his life, instead of five minutes, waiting opposite it. I got him to laughing in the end, and his laughter was delightful to my ears.

The car was crawling through deep, wet ruts, in the last stretch of woods before we were to come into the open. Ellis took a muddy turn very slowly . . . and ever so gently I groaned. "Sorry this road's in such beastly shape," he threw back over his shoulder.

"It is in beastly shape," I found strength to murmur. For me it was in beastly shape, indeed; since, a good way ahead of us, I saw a woman trudging with drabbed skirts, carrying a suitcase.

Ellis presently noticed her. "Halloo! Somebody walking it—a woman. She must be going to North Worden: quite a jaunt. I say, Alice, suppose we give her a lift when we catch up?" He stopped the car just then, to get out and do something to one of its myriad organs.

"She'd probably be insulted if you did."

"Don't you believe it! Since these last rains people have been mighty grateful." His head was bent, and I barely caught the cheerful words.

"I won't have it, Ellis. I can't make conversation with strange people."

"Whew!" He straightened himself, came round, and got into his seat again. "Since when have you been such a snob? It's not a month ago that you made me take in an old couple—made me take them clear over to North Worden, for the matter of that."

I clutched the rail in front of me. "They were old, Ellis. This woman walks like a young person. It's different."

"You must be pretty far-sighted." He craned his neck to see. "She walks—to *my* eye—as though she were tired. Come, be a Christian, Alice. She's got a suitcase, too."

"I won't have it." My voice was very snappy. We were near enough then—though still crawling—for me to see a spot of color that I knew: a red flower nodding, as it must (I felt) have nodded, from the beginning of time, over the crown of the woman's hat.

"But she's got a suitcase—a heavy one. She's bent over with it."

My nerves had at last gone back on me. I believe, indeed, that I was just about to shriek in his ear: "I know she has a suitcase, you fool!" when luckily we met a deep lake of water, and splashed through it with noises of the Deluge. That gave me time to bite my words back; and at just that moment we passed her. She did not look up, but drew aside into the trees—not to be bespattered, one might plausibly have assumed. Through the Deluge noises I heard Ellis grunt peevishly: "Oh, very well, but I don't know what's struck you." Then, mercifully, we got past her, but not before I had recognized the hat, the vanity bag, even the contour of the averted face. I

did not look back; I never saw her again. But Ellis Peele did, and I had to meet more kind protesting words: "I say, Alice, she's gone into the woods. She must think there's a short cut that way, and there isn't. She'll get up to her knees; get lost, maybe. Mayn't I just cut back and tell her—if you won't have her in?"

"You don't want to reverse the car on a road like this."

"No, but I could get out and walk back."

"I will not be left alone in the car."

He looked at me then. I shut my eyes. It was my good fortune probably to look very ill, for he suddenly became solicitous about me. "Are you ill, Alice?"

I didn't open my eyes. "Ill enough to be pretty anxious to get to the house."

"Oh, well, of course we'll get on." And there was no more talk of helping the woman. But he did give another look back, and I had a last report. "I can see her in among the trees. She's just resting, I guess—sitting on her suitcase, anyhow."

Before we made the last turn to the shore he stared back once more down the wood-road, but he gave me no information, and I took it that he did not see her—that she had stayed among the trees.

My sudden turn was purely nervous. I wasn't ill in any real sense, but I was very grateful that I had looked ill. I didn't know that one's nerves could so befriend one. I was made to lie down at once, but I couldn't stay on the couch more than an hour. Even that was pretty hard. Still, it wouldn't do for Clara to hear me pacing the floor. Feeling that I should surely want, at once, a lot of my own things, she insisted on sending Ellis back, in spite of my protests, to meet the next train from New York. Poor Clara! If she had known that she was giving me poison! I begged him to wait until afternoon; I assured him that I needed nothing, that he must be tired, that I couldn't bear to have luncheon put off—all the things kind people pay no attention to, taking them for mere manners. But he went.

I borrowed a tea-gown and slippers of Clara, I drank beef tea and took valeri-

an, I was very affectionate to the baby, and cringed properly before its nurse. I think I talked a lot—cheerfully. I seemed to have entered on a new life: not a nice one. I could not imagine against what unwonted obstacles I might have to brace myself in that unfamiliar world. Lilliput or Brobdingnag could not be stranger. Perhaps I caught the first hiss of the Furies' wings as I waited for Ellis Peele to return. I know that, many times, as I lay on the long window-seat, that girl's face appeared and hovered before my seaward-gazing eyes. Very distinctly it came and hung there, white as nothing else has ever been, between me and the smooth gray of the Sound. I have never wholly rid my life of it; but it has never been so vivid since. The face, that morning, was the best sort of hallucination: something that you could take oath before a notary public that you had seen.

Ellis came back at last with the portmanteaux. He was very amiable, by way of showing me that I had put him to no trouble. By way of showing me also, I suppose, that he bore me no grudge for what he must have considered my abominable behavior earlier, he mentioned cheerfully an incident of the second trip.

"Do you remember the woman you wouldn't let me give a lift to?"

I didn't answer. I was looking out through the open window at the waves, and between me and the gray uneven horizon I saw, as clearly as I now see the pen with which I write, a white, white face. The irony of answering would have broken me.

"I picked her up again, going back to Worden—beyond where we passed her, a little nearer the village. But still in the woods. I hope you don't think it disrespectful to you, Alice, but this time I did offer to give her a lift. She was floundering about in the beastly mud, and looked awfully tired. You needn't have been afraid of her dignity, my dear; she got in like a shot."

"With you?" It almost amused me to ask that idle question, with the face outside there—a face of flesh; no ghost, mind you—so clearly communing with me.

"No, in your place. I tried to pass the

time of day with her, but I didn't get very far. She must have started for North Worden and given it up as a bad job. But I took a leaf out of your book, there: I didn't ask her whether she had or not, because I might have had to offer to run her over. And the going is *too* much."

"What did you talk about?"

"Nothing. She asked about trains, and when she found there wasn't one to New York for two hours, she said she'd rather walk, thank you. I fairly stared at her—wanting to walk through that darned mud. It's one to you, Alice, for sure. Of course, I never make any one drive with me, so I stopped and let her out. I felt better about it when I handed over the suitcase. It was light as a feather; must have been empty."

A wave of nervous nausea kept me from speaking for a moment. I shut my eyes, and before I opened them again I turned my head from the window. Then I selected the piano to stare at. I was tired of faces.

"Did you see her again?"

"No. I wouldn't have. I pointed out to her the footpath across Merry's farm. It's full half a mile shorter that way and couldn't well be muddier than the road."

"You're a chivalrous creature, Ellis. I hope you feel rewarded for teaching me manners."

"Oh, you were done up. Of course, it wouldn't have done to take her in while you were feeling ill. And I don't think she was particularly grateful to me, though she was polite enough. As I said, I think it's one to you. My reward was just about commensurate with my deserts."

Clara yawned a little and got up. "What was your reward, after all—except boring Alice and me with your wandering females?"

"Oh, a very mediæval one. I found a big red flower in the tonneau when I got home. Must have dropped off her hat. But I'm not sentimental about it, Clara, my love. I gave it to the cook as I came in. She's always trimming hats. I assure you it was a lovely flower—awfully red and big."

I knew so well what to say that I turned to Alice and spoke directly to her.

"Don't you think, if only on baby's account, it had better be put in the fire? I shouldn't want stray millinery in the house."

"Of course." Clara started off at once—for the kitchen quarters, no doubt.

"Oh, you women!" groaned Ellis. "What's wrong with a flower? And it's the cook, not the nurse. I'm sure she loved it. She doesn't know where it came from. I tell you it was gorgeous."

My calm was shattered. "Ellis Peele, it was a horror!"

He turned on me a face of wonder. "'Twasn't! But how in the world do *you* know?"

Clara, on the threshold, saved me. "Why, Ellis, of course it would have been—the kind of woman you say she was. Anyhow, we won't have it about. Men have no sense. If you gave it to the cook, she might think she ought to use it. And she often shakes her hats at baby and lets him pull the flowers."

She disappeared. For the first time in my life, I was grateful to Clara's particular weakness, which amounted to a hygienic muddle of wild apprehensions and even wilder precautions. I wasn't sure she wouldn't disinfect the cook before returning. For my part, Heaven knew, I was quite willing she should.

"Flowers!" It was a welcome cue to Ellis. "Insects, birds, fruits, trees! I assure you, bees and cats and all sorts of woodland creatures follow her bonnets home from church. The woman's a park!"

I laughed a little, very badly. But I admitted to myself that chance, having that day crushed me, was now staying its hand. Their mere foolishness had saved me from giving myself away. I hoped it was an omen. Still, I did not care to look out again across the water—just then. Clara returned, and I rose, a little waveringly, to go up-stairs.

"Well, is the holocaust over?" Ellis jeered.

"All over. How could you be so silly?"

Ellis raised his hands to heaven. "It's lucky the woman didn't leave anything I might have handed over to baby. A doll, for example."

I think Clara turned on him then. I

heard: "Ellis, you never *would*." But at that point I fainted. I remember nothing about the swoon, of course—not even feeling ill before I fell. But they said I went down quite gently and limply. I fancy I was simply very tired of coincidences.

They kept me in bed for a few days, and must have given me heart stimulants and such, for I began to plot and plan very lucidly before I was allowed to get up. The events that I have enumerated had, by that time, arranged themselves neatly and vividly in my memory—no more detail, and no less, than what I have told you. My recollections of that day have never sifted themselves further. I remember, as I remembered then, everything I have set down here, and nothing more.

Several things were quite clear to me, before I came down-stairs. The first was that I must get away as soon as possible. I could not take drives in their motor; I could not go along the wood-road back and forth to Worden. That way lay hysteria, if not something worse. I could even see myself scratching and digging in the woods, round about a certain spot, wherever the sodden leaves had been disturbed. . . . I might not be able to avoid driving with Ellis and Clara to the station when I left; but I would sit with him, on however fantastic a pretext. Nothing—not if I died for it—would drag me into the tonneau. Yes, I must go at once, and I invented a specialist—in Boston. That took a little thinking, as well as, later, a good deal of lying; for life seldom took me to Boston, and the Peeles knew it. But it was perfectly clear to me—as clear as an axiom or two times five—that I could not take any train that would deposit me in the Grand Central station. I was very hard hit, you see, from the first; and living in the house with a good citizen would never make it better. From Boston, I remembered, a blessed through train curved down somehow to Washington, and I could get back to New York by railroads that, in those days, ended weakly in ferries. The hypothetical specialist in Boston could tell me a lot of interesting things about myself that I could neatly summarize in letters. My further plan was to get out of the country before I really needed to consult a specialist. Then,

when I did have to, it could be a Frenchman. I knew the kind of question they put to you when your nerves are shot to pieces, and I could almost imagine myself, at need, telling my story to a Frenchman. You can see what I mean. Thank Heaven, I've never had to; the wide world has set me up again.

I followed my programme, got through it all successfully and plausibly. There was not a hitch. The baby, even, one day, ran a temperature, so that I could go down alone to the water and drown my novel. So smoothly did my mind work—now that I could no longer consider myself a moral creature; it hadn't worked smoothly while I still had my chance—that I led up cannily, for some hours, to the *geste* of borrowing Clara's blue glasses for the unavoidable last drive to Worden. They were an immense help. Clara sat behind with the portmanteaux. I was sorry for her, in spite of her ignorance; but, even could I have afforded it, there was not a pretext, in heaven or earth, for giving them a new car. And at least, I reflected, as we crunched along through the unchanging mud, *it*—the wax doll, I mean—had never been in the car.

That is really all. For I told you in the beginning what my life has been since that day. And, pray, do not think that I do not like my life, even though I seem to myself to be the only person in the world to know what whiteness can mean. I have times (on my worst days) of addressing myself in the cold terms of "accessory after the fact"; yes. But I have times, too, of thinking that if I had given her away, I should have loathed myself forever. Those are the days when the face comes back to me, and on the whole, you know, they are the best—except for the days when some miracle of height or valley or builded house so intervenes that I forget it all. I have occasionally a desire, so intense that it burns my mind, to know what a good citizen would think of me. But I know, too, what the desire is worth; for Ellis Peele is a good citizen—none better—and I was at exceeding pains not to ask him. I was wrong, by the way, just now, about my worst days. My worst days—but they come very seldom, for I'm in the main a sane creature—are those when I tell myself, in all sincerity, that I have no scrap of real proof that it wasn't a wax doll.

THE BOREEN À MHARU

By Mary Youngs

THE roads the livin' follow, I've tramped them many a day,
All over Ireland, and far, far, away,
And all roads were good roads, no matter where they went,
But now I'm near the end o' them—my life and strength are spent.
Here, where I die, I'll find a grave, and when I'm called to go,
My body'll rest within it—but my soul in Aghadoe.
The roads I see before me—the ones I'm fain to tread—
They all lead home to Ireland, and the Little Road o' the Dead.

The Boreen à Mharu, it lies green and small,
Along beside the round tower, and the old fallen wall;
The great kings of Ireland along it led the way,
And the poor folk of Ireland, they follow, day by day.
And up the hill, and past the tower, my homesick soul'll go,
Up the Boreen à Mharu, that leads to Aghadoe,
And by the roofless abbey, where the long grasses creep
On the graves of all the old kings, my tired soul'll sleep.
Ah, all roads are good roads, but the best road I'll tread
Is the low lane by Aghadoe—the Little Road o' the Dead.

ALONE

By Thomas Jeffries Betts

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON



ACCOMPANIED by the tail end of the winter of 1913, Henri Baldeau reached Liao Shan—a big man and thick, with a crisp beard that crinkled away from his chin, and black hair that seemed in eager haste to curl back from his forehead. To his head clung a battered yachting-cap of serge, in his buttonhole drooped a ribbon, red in hue, and he favored his left foot as he walked. A proud man was Baldeau, and happy, for his dream had stretched into the day: half-way round the world again stood Carentan in Normandy, and in Carentan was Aude, better than bread, who waited for him to amass the dowry that must equal her own and the money for her passage to the East. And his great opportunity had now come, after the years in Saigon, where the regiment had left him when it sailed for home, left him with a jingal-ball in his ankle-bone—there had been troubles on the border—and the ribbon the slug had earned him on his breast.

His argosy came to him with the spring break-up of the river four weeks later. She was a squatty cargo-boat, with rust-streaked sides, and *Ta Tu-tzu*—The Big Belly—writ large in Chinese characters upon her waist. Around thin and towering funnel ran three bands, red and white and blue, and to him, Baldeau—next to Aude, it is understood—she was the most beautiful thing in the world.

Feverishly he crammed the hold that gave her name with the brown bean-cake, and he sent her out to sea again, her engines thumping like the hammer of a tired iron foundry, down the coast to Shanghai, a thousand miles away. It was three weeks later that she came back to him, and every three weeks after that. And on each return Baldeau's section of wharfage on the long stretch of gravelled *bund* would swarm with the half-naked, copper-colored coolies as they rushed the beans

through the loading ports. And Baldeau rejoiced in it all, in the hum and bustle of his wharf, in the matronly figure of the *Ta Tu-tzu*—above all, in the fifty dollars Mexican that remained to him clear after each visit of his ship. There were compensations, he reflected, grand compensations. The *dot* grew here, grew faster than in Saigon, and one did not miss the street of Catinat, and Jacques and Pierre and Paul; that is to say, one did not miss them too much.

And then it was that he began to realize that he did miss them, all of them. It had been pleasant in the evenings down there, in front of the *Café des Étrangers*, with the palms whispering above one, and his *apéritif* placed there, ready for the sipping, on the white table-top. Yes, it had been pleasant and different from the club here. For Baldeau did not appreciate the club. What they said and thought and drank there was not as the traffickings of the street of Catinat. And it was dear, that club. So he did not like it, nor did he return there. One preferred to be alone—yes, alone.

And then, as he tried to swallow down the bitterness of the solitude, a way out came to him. It was late in a May afternoon, just after the *Ta Tu-tzu* had slouched off down the river, that he discovered Julius Rentloff discoursing bitterly to his—Baldeau's—compradore on the non-arrival of certain bales of German blankets, the bills of lading for which he flourished regularly under the compradore's impassive nose. A tall man was Rentloff and thin, with quick, bird-like movements, and a narrow, bird-like nose, under which dwelt the perpetual shadow of a scanty mustache. Baldeau knew him as a neighbor of his, for the German dwelt a short fifty yards from his house. Hastily he offered condolences and amends, all in the commercial tongue of the coast, which is to say, English. The blankets were probably mislaid. And meanwhile, if there were

temporary embarrassment, or if, in fine, the blankets had failed to come as billed, he, Henri Baldeau, agent for the Franco-Chinese Company of the Packet Boats, would be glad to offer reparation as he now offered his sympathies and his regrets. And should they now go home?

Rentloff looked at him. Then, appeased and a little surprised, he spoke:

"These men, your friends at the club, and their wives—they do not like to see you in company with me." There was not the least trace of resentment in his voice. He might have been retailing trade statistics.

"These gentlemen—*hein*," replied Baldeau, and they swung out of the office together. Saying little, filled with the embarrassment of sincerity, they journeyed away from the water-front until they paused before Rentloff's house, built out of mud from the brown plain on which it stood, its windows brightened by shutters of red. Here Rentloff stopped and cleared his throat gutturally.

"Would you—would you stop to eat?" he finally put forth.

"But yes!" cried Baldeau, remembering his silent home with its reek of stale tobacco and its silent rooms that seemed to spread around for miles. And he repeated it eagerly: "But yes!"

They dined in Rentloff's garden, on opposite sides of a little round table hung in spotless white. And as the dusk crept up in the sky the tangle of vines around them unfurled great blemishless moon-flowers, all in white, that drowned out with their odor the pungent smell of the stumpy tamarisk-trees. And in the pond of a near-by brick-kiln the frogs turned from songs of complaint to lullabys. The two men ate slowly, luxuriously, the volume of their talk increasing between the leisurely mouthfuls, but with great appraising silences still intervening. A woman served them, her hair drawn taut over the frame of her head-dress, her short robe swishing amid the vines.

At first Baldeau had started at being waited on by other than a man. Still, he thought, one could understand it. This was the why, he felt, of Rentloff's warning as to the social danger he would run in his company. And then vaguely he began to wonder anew. Who was this man with

his great calm and his measured speech? Why did he never mention his native Bavaria? How did he reconcile the Goethe and the Sudermann that he quoted so glibly and translated into English for his, Henri Baldeau's, benefit, how did he reconcile them, and his Herbert Spencer and his Bernard Shaw, with the placid-faced woman that served them? Dully Baldeau wondered, and with the wonderment there crept over him the assurance that this man of the slow, rumbling voice must always be his friend, whatever be the keynote of his life. And he breathed the certainty in with great, body-filling breaths.

The climax of it all came at the meal's end. Without a word the woman took her stand a little to the right of Rentloff's chair—expectant. The German looked at her for an instant, rose, hesitated once again, and then kissed her, kissed her full on the lips. Baldeau made a quick movement of repulsion, then relapsed into the tolerant taciturnity of the East. With all his knowledge of the strange ways in which matters are compounded along the Yellow Seas, never before had he seen nor heard of a native woman being kissed. At last he raised his eyes. Rentloff was in his seat again and the woman was gone.

"That," stated the Bavarian, "that is a mistake." And he went on, with neither pride nor regret in his voice. "I shall tell you. I am come here eight years ago. I am young and proud, and—and there is a maiden in my homeland. But I do not like it here; the man I do not understand; I am alone, full of the *Heimweh*—the nostalgia—and I am alone. So—I am very foolish—I get me this woman. She is called Ying Hua. There is my mistake. I treat her *wie eine Dame*—as a lady. Each night, as now, I kiss her; I kiss her on the lips. And then, then I learn my mistake. I cannot send for Minna. These, the ladies of the port, will not pay her calls. She will be alone, and I know that she cannot suffer it, this loneliness." His voice stopped, but only for an instant. "Also, I cannot send away Ying Hua—she is used to being clean, to being kissed each night. Her family will not take her back. Also she cannot understand her family now. She will be alone. What can I do?" He relapsed into the vernacular: "*Mei-yu fa-tzu.*"

Again the silence fell, until Baldeau agreed gravely: "Yes, there is no remedy." Then his thoughts shifted back to himself. "And you, you also have found yourself alone?"

"I also," assented the German. Then he elaborated: "But all men are alone, *nicht wahr?* We are not but animals to others. To be himself man must be alone." And he summed up his argument once again: "*Mei-yu fa-tzu.*"

And Baldeau, breathing in the atmosphere of friendship with the smoke of his manila, nodded his agreement.

He went home late, his head high, drinking in great drafts of the night-steeped air, feeling that he was at the beginning of things. And so he was. All the long summer he spent his evenings behind the tamarisk clump, for the most part listening to Rentloff as, in his rumbling bass, the German passed judgments, definite and gentle all, on men and deeds and times. Bit by bit he learned much of Rentloff too, of Minna and of Ying Hua, and of his life that had been before. He learned to endure the nightly kiss for the clean, silent Chinawoman with no more than a flicker of the eye to indicate the discomfort of his soul. He learned of his host's beliefs—*Theorien* Rentloff called them—the beliefs that had exiled him from Oberantelhoh. "I was idealist," the Bavarian would say. "I was idealist, and I could not suffer the war service. I was young, and I thought them"—with a wave of his hand he indicated many of "them" of high rank and of exalted fame—"I thought them wrong. Now I think they were only mistaken. They do not know." And even to Baldeau, to him who had served his time, served it ungrudgingly and carried a jingal-ball planted there in his ankle, even to Baldeau he seemed justified in his fleeing of the Empire's armies.

Yes, it was a glorious summer, with the *Ta Tu-tzu* coming every three weeks and leaving on all her trips some fifty dollars clear to be added to the *dot* which must equal that of Aude. And then one day Baldeau received a document appointing him consular agent for France, and he broke out the tricolor at the top of a modest staff in his compound. And finally, in July it was, there came a time when the

dowry was complete and changed into good French gold; and Baldeau put himself to his final task of saving fifteen hundred francs, six hundred odd dollars, to pay Aude's passage to the East. In Marseilles, as marked on the big wall map in his office, he stuck a pin, and he advanced it along the steamer route to Shanghai in proportion as the passage money grew. And then—then came chaos. At the first rumors he repaired to Rentloff.

"Yes," said the German, "yes, it is war. It will be a terrible and a hard." He stopped for an instant, then went on reflectively: "Yes, they will even want me. See, here is a paper. They will forgive my desertion—they call me deserter—they forgive me it if I report at Tsing Tao at once."

Baldeau was silent as he chose his words aright. "I regret it," he pronounced at last. "But you, now you can return to Min—to Oberantelhoh—when it is over. It is better so."

"I? I do not go to Tsing Tao."

"But—and your country?"

"My country mistakes. They mistake. They do not know. Here"—he pointed to his head—"here it tells me that I cannot go. And so I shall stay here." In the final rise of his voice there was more than the usual German note of expectancy.

But Baldeau did not heed the glance that sought his tolerance, his friendship; he was intent on presencing the crumbling of a god. And then, out of the chaos that was himself, he heard a voice that seemed his own. "I regret it. The enemy of my country I can respect. It is necessary to despise the enemy of his own country. I regret it." And he turned on his heel and left, regardless of how Rentloff's eyes were focussed on infinity, and fighting vaguely at the sorrow that possessed him.

But he did fight it down. For the three months that followed, the life of Liao Shan might have been regulated by the comings and goings of the *Ta Tu-tzu*. Every three weeks she would leave, bound South, the red of her underbody looming high in the air, her half-naked propellor chopping at the brown river, her strong-box heavy with the passage moneys of a thousand Southern coolies, bound for their native Shangtung after



"The enemy of my country I can respect. It is necessary to despise the enemy of his own country."
—Page 610.

laboring for the summer in the Manchurian fields. And the Frenchman added to the labor of it all by a careful overhauling of ship and of cargo on each return. For she was precious, this ship of Baldeau's, and were there not complots abroad against French ships, and against France? And did he not represent the France? Had there not been a camel expedition from Peking against the Trans-

Siberian Railway? Should not one be on guard against all this? Eh, well! And Baldeau was busy, very busy, too busy to think of the red-shuttered house and of its garrison until came November and the first ice, and the buoys had been taken up from the channel and officially the port was pronounced closed. Winter had come.

Then it was that Baldeau began to take

stock of himself and to realize the void that Rentloff had left in his life. Slowly he became conscious of it, and just as slowly there arose in him unrest and, with the longing that he did not dare express, a great disgust. It was Rentloff who was responsible. How it was he did not know, he did not dare to ask. But it was Rentloff, clearly Rentloff, who had left him thus alone. And he began to hate Rentloff, to hate him with an anxious, restless hate that he laid to his nationality, his perfidy, his weakness, everywhere except to himself, Baldeau. And, hate him as he might, he could not throw off the fascination that there was for him in the man, and he but hated him the more for it. And he was very much alone.

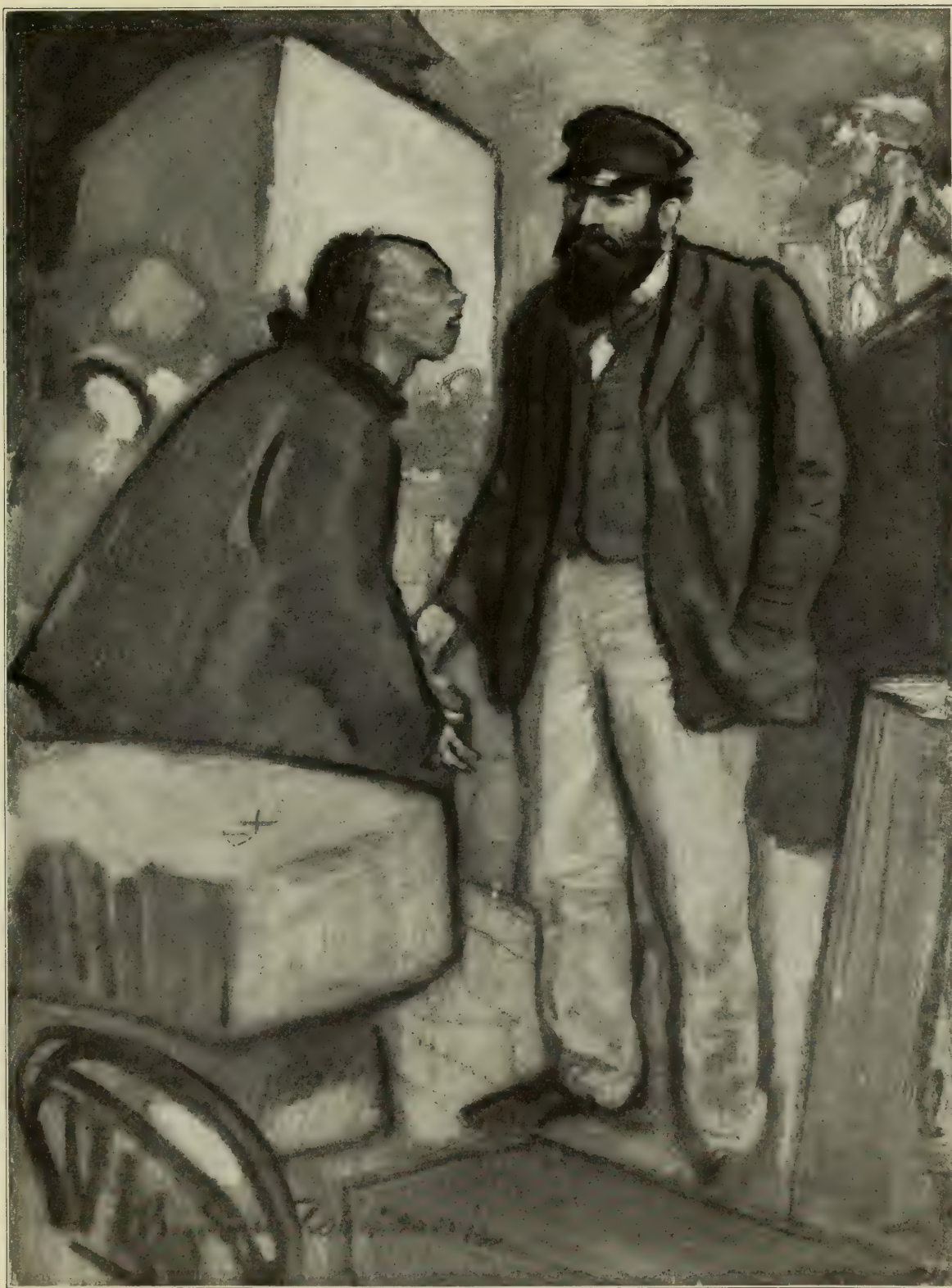
Day after day Baldeau would take his seat in the little dusty office—the godowns were empty now, and the river a sheet of ice that thickened every day—and at his desk he would transact his few shreds of business. Then his gaze would wander to the big steamer chart, with the pin that was Aude stuck just short of Colombo. That pin had not moved since the close of navigation, nor would it stir until the spring brought the *Ta Tu-tzu* back to him. And then, on the pretext of examining the great convoys of bean-carts that streamed by, each balanced on its six-spoked wheels and tugged by its mass of shaggy ponies, his glance would stray out of the window, only to bring up against the red shutters and the red-rimmed panes of Rentloff's windows. And he would invoke God's thousand thunders on his curiosity—and turn to look again.

Came a day when, as he looked, he found those red shutters closed tight. Rentloff would be sick, he felt, or gone. Perhaps he was gone, gone to serve his emperor, to be hated legitimately. Baldeau made cunning inquiries from his own servants. No, they told him, the master of *Te Mao* had not left. He was hurt, he was at his bed. He had run on his iron shoes over the river, very far, and now had spoiled his ankle and suffered cold. And Baldeau, beginning at *Tai-tzu*—which is very downright even for Chinese—ran the astonished coolie through the whole upper category of revilings, and left him.

But he could not keep himself away from the dusty office that commanded a view of Rentloff's dwelling; and that night found him there, turning the pages of a tattered *Vie Parisienne*. Slowly, but as always, his eyes sought the window, and in it the space where Rentloff's house would be. Then his gaze halted and he started, for one of the windows—one of those that had been barred all day long, it is understood—had become the frame of a yellow square of light. And as he looked he felt that that light had always been there, that all the nights since August it had been there, and that Rentloff had meant it for him, Baldeau. The next day the house was the same—all the windows were screened from the sunlight—all save one, the one of the yellow light. And so it was the day after. On the next morning the Frenchman noticed that the shutters were flung wide—Rentloff was well—but that night they were all closed again except the one that flung out the light. And Baldeau, convinced now that it was to him the German called, loathed him the more; for, he told himself, Rentloff was not only to be hated for his stubborn strength but to be despised for his weakness. And he scourged himself with his loneliness and gloried in the pain.

Slowly the winter wore away. Baldeau with his maimed ankle was tethered to his house, close to Rentloff. There he stayed, looking at the red-garnished windows by day, at the square of light by night. There was no escape, and the insistence of the lamp's plea awoke in him only a dull spirit of bitter remonstrance. That German—why should he put himself always in the face of him, Baldeau? And he prayed for the coming of the *Ta Tu-tzu* with the spring.

This last came slowly, but at last there was a day when the lifting of the tide broke out the ice as far as the port's wharves, and, swirling the floes boisterously on its brown waters, the river floated them as tokens of its strength triumphantly down to sea. And with the going of the ice came the ships—tall ships sunk low. Eagerly they ploughed their way in, buffeting with the ice; and having moored at their wharves they let themselves be disgorged by clamoring crews of coolies. Amongst them, in the forefront,



He was in haste, declared the Chinese.—Page 614.

flaunting a new tricolor, came the *Ta Tu-tzu*, and tucked away amongst other things inside her were three very innocent bales of piece goods that bore the invoice mark Triangle X.

Now, fate decreed that one of these

three bales should jostle Henri Baldeau as he stood at the gang-plank (for was he not consul for France?) and watched for complots against his boat and land. And in the jostling it tore his coat and his attention was drawn to the wire that

did the tearing. Wire of any sort has nothing to do with piece goods, least of all insulated wire suitable for small battery work. With his mind aflame the Frenchman investigated, and found two more bales marked Triangle X, with artfully hollowed centre that held fifty pounds each of greasy, yellow-wrapped bars, carefully packed, that bore the stamp, "Du Pont—Explosive."

And so, when a wordy native, giving the name of Ah Ling Fu, called for the bales, Baldeau questioned him a little. He was in haste, declared the Chinese. Those bales were samples to be taken to Chang Chun to-morrow, and he, the mean petitioner, had much to do before then. Chang Chun, reflected the Frenchman, was on the road to Harbin, and Harbin was on the Trans-Siberian, and if a Trans-Siberian bridge should go— He gave the man his consignment and spent the morning over three telegrams—to the French consul at Shanghai, to the Japanese colonel at Chang Chun, and to the Russian general officer commanding at Harbin. After which he returned to the *Ta Tu-tzu* and her loading.

"*Hein!*" he snorted, triumphant, "our road of iron, he does not go up, pouff!" and he busied himself for the next two days, his sturdy legs keeping a pace ahead of his sturdy thoughts, until the bean-cake crammed in the *Ta Tu-tzu's* hold pressed her down in the thin, fresh water of the river with her Plimsoll mark half a foot beneath the surface. Then he watched her around the bend as she trumpeted joyously for her papers, parting the mush ice with her fore feet, rejoicing in her lordship of the seas, and he turned back deliberately to glory in his triumph.

Eh, well, one could vaunt himself a little over an affair like this. If one was at home now, in the field, or if one was younger, such things and more would be the expected. But down here, when one was old and fat and had a Tonkinese jing-ball in his ankle, oh, it would go—

And they, they of the club, who laughed and talked of "our allies," and boasted of the Carpathian passes as if they themselves had forced them. Bah! What had one of them, yes, all of them, done that would equal this? Not that it made a great noise, it is understood, but when

one is old and limps— Not that they must know. Afterward, perhaps; but now, no, not even Rentloff, who hated the Hohenzollern most— But why was it always a question of Rentloff, Rentloff, Rentloff? Reflexively he gazed at the window. There, fifty yards away in the night, was the yellow oblong of the German's window. Baldeau crammed his gaze back within his own four walls.

He woke the next morning to find the earth in an honest sweat, ridding itself of the winter's chill. For once there was moisture in the air, for once the trees and houses did not stand out as if cut from cardboard and placed before a monotonous back drop of whitish blue. The horizon blurred now; the nakedness of the land had gone and the edges of the plain were hidden by a veil of vapor, thin, unpierceable, inviting the eye to plumb it, speaking of what it hid in terms of mystery. In the road outside Baldeau's compound the belated bean-carts splashed heartily through the mud that before, stiffened with ice, had only crumbled beneath their wheels and grasped them by the hubs. From high over the city, their bodies hidden in the mist, an occasional gaggle of geese sent down their strident call of northward ho! to the tundra, to the mating! as their phalanx ploughed through the steamy air.

It was spring in Normandy, reflected Baldeau. The ditches were beginning to stir with the restless life of six months' span; and their banks were splotched with the yellow of the buttons of gold, the buttercups; and the poplars were ashimmer with the spring. And Aude would be there—waiting, even as he waited. And did she find herself alone, all alone, he wondered?

Then it was that his eyes, in company with his thoughts, crept back from looking over the horizon's edge. Then it was that he noticed that every shutter in Rentloff's house was closed and barred. For an instant he stared uncomprehendingly, then he explained it to himself. He is fallen sick again, Rentloff. My sympathies— But he checked himself. His sympathies! Bah! And he turned to his dusty desk and shuffled papers until he was sick of them; then went out into his compound and supervised Huang, the

gardener, as he planted tulip-bulbs. It was afternoon now, and he kept his back, it is understood, turned always to the wall that faced the compound of *Te Mao*.

He was still there, luxuriating in the unwonted twilight, when the telegram came. Its length filled out two white message blanks. The party of suspects—seven—had passed Chang Chun, they and their dangerous luggage, and they were trapped, all of them, surely. And as for him, Baldeau, there was praise for “intelligent and resourceful co-operation”; there would be citations and rewards when the naming of names would not endanger future operations; the Republic and the Empire would not show themselves ungrateful. Oh, it would go! For an ancient, one of the class of ninety-eight, with the bones of his ankle disarranged, it was not bad, not bad. They would be pleased, they of the *terrasses* at Saigon. They would be pleased, and in Carentan Aude would be proud, while here—the loneliness surged over him again. His body was rocked by the craving for society, for sympathy, for appreciation, at least for companionship. Before he realized it the shiny-visored cap was rammed down over his forehead and he had started for the club.

He stayed there just twenty-five minutes. Its populace, five strong, greeted him gayly, partook of a drink at his behest, and told him very badly in an Anglo-Saxon way a story that the world had heard from Rabelais well told. To them, at this, came Davis, the mission doctor, full of news, with a subscription paper crackling in his pocket.

Had they heard about Smithy, the royal naval reserve man? Dead off Gallipoli. Shell splinter. Baldeau looked at the doctor hopefully.

“That, that is very fine. I am glad—for him. One mus’ die sometime, somewhere; and to die like that, at once, by the enemy, it is well. Do you not think?”

Scarcely. It was jolly hard lines, they thought. And then the doctor’s voice dominated the chorus even as their words had drowned out the Frenchman’s.

“Of course, of course. An’ like most glorious heroes, he’s left a liability. Not a cent of insurance, would you believe it, an’ his mother left here alone. We’re sendin’ her home—gettin’ up a subscrip-

tion, y’ know—an’ we want you up at the head of the list. You’re a consul an’ a *taipan*, with your steamships that come up to your wharf every week an’ eat out of your hand. I know you’ll help us out?”

Baldeau looked at him blankly; then his face lighted a little as he thought of the Tonkin jungle of his own service days, full of the noise of the home-made Chinese shrapnel. Here, too, was a man that had served his country, this Smith.

“Yes, I shall help you. How much do the others give?”

“Of course, of course. I knew you would.” He fumbled in his breast pocket and produced the crackling sheet. “The other consuls—Darnell, Yancey, Noguchi, Biasutti, are all givin’ fifty dollars apiece.” He paused expectantly.

And so they did not come to him, Henri Baldeau, until after the Englishman and the Italian and the Japanese—yes, and the American, who did not fight at all.

“Very well, verree well. I shall give the same.”

“Thanks, old man. Knew you would. Of course, of course. Mrs. Smith’s very grateful an’ all that. No thanks, Edgey, no bridge. I’m busy to-night patchin’ up all the natives that Baldeau’s maimed with those rickety cranes on the *Ta Tu-tzu*. Goo’ night!”

The door closed behind him with a slam, but Baldeau did not heed his going nor the clatter of the bridge party as they climbed up-stairs to the card-room. So this was the reception that they gave to him when one had done more than win a battle. And then figures began to insist themselves upon his brain. Fifty dollars was a hundred and twenty-seven francs, was a thousand miles and more on the steamer tracks that spanned the map upon his office wall. The pin would have to be set back, go back to Colombo. Fifty dollars, that was three weeks’ savings; they would make three weeks in addition to all the other weeks in which he would not see Aude, that he would be here—alone.

The bar boy insinuatingly pushed the chit for the six drinks toward him. The Frenchman looked at it uncomprehendingly.

“Makee sign,” suggested the Chinese.

"And this, more?" expostulated Baldeau. "Oh, *c'est assez, c'est assez*, it is enough!" Scrawlingly he signed, then flung out of the club.

They were hours, he felt, that he took to cross the hundreds of yards that lay between himself and home—safety; and there was a song of thanksgiving in his heart as he scuffled up a smell of dust and stale tobacco from the unkempt rug. Instinctively he turned to the open window and started at the familiar yellow rectangle of light, not two hundred feet away. Then he reached for his pipe, lit it, and began to puff methodically, thoughtfully. Always his gaze was directed outward, now at the foggy stars that blinked at him solemnly, now at the lighted window that twinkled not at all.

How long he sat there he did not know. He never knew. But slowly there crept over him the calm of great silences, of great distances. Gradually the universe, as he knew it, began to distribute itself through space. Around him, around the world, was an atmosphere that insulated it apart, in the ether—alone. That was what made the stars to blur and changed the colors that clothed them from their rightful tones. And high above the firmament, burning bright, though he could not tell how bright they were, hung the stars among which his life had been used to wander. He named them fancifully—Pierre of the *Café des Étrangers*, Jacques Dubois, Paul Grimont of the Regiment, a dozen names he hoisted to the heavens; and he reserved the bright blaze that was Venus—only he had been taught to call it the Shepherd's Star—for Aude. But they were far, far away—and alone—and between him and them lay the vapors of solitude and many miles. And then he thought of the other stars, farther away still and smaller, that the mist kept him from seeing. And those, he thought, those were the people of Liao Shan, more remote than any of his friends despite the miles between. And toward them, too, his rancor flagged. They of the club came before him in all the simplicity of their readiness to drink or laugh or die, if only the way were shown them. They were good boys—*de bons gars*—good boys all, he thought, but they did not understand. They were too far away, and the clouds

lay between, and more, they would not understand.

There was peace in the world for Henri Baldeau. For he did, at last, understand. And he was happy as he sorted his world into a proper perspective, and there was no sting in his loneliness. For he was still alone, he reflected, but peacefully; there was no one near. And then his eyes dropped to the yellow square of light that marked Rentloff's home.

Yes, there would always be Rentloff, Rentloff of Minna and of Ying Hua, Rentloff the Bavarian. But he could understand Rentloff now; he, too, was far removed from hate and fear and pain. Both were above the emotions of the earth-crust. And then the light in Rentloff's window began to flicker.

As he watched the yellow blotch, full of the exultation of his new-found peace of soul, it too, the sole reality in his world, was changed. The light began to dim. Dully he watched it at first, as a note of gray began to creep into the cheery glow, and he tried to persuade himself that the flickerings brought back the light each time more strongly. But within him he knew it was not so. The light, his light, was dying; and his hopes were ebbing with its flame. He struggled against the mockery that his balance of spirit should be shattered as soon as attained; and he prayed that the agony of the light might pass. Slowly, slowly the radiance ebbed; slowly the gloom of despair crept over him. Then came a flare that made the frames stand out sharp, then darkness. And blackness came over the soul of Henri Baldeau.

Slowly he woke from his illusion. Was he, Baldeau, an ancient of France, to be disheartened by the flickering of a light? And then the light and all that it had meant vanished from his mind and left it filled with a name, a man, Rentloff. Rentloff was fallen sick. His friend—and at the word something broke within him, and he felt tired, worn out—his friend, Rentloff, whom he loved, was fallen ill; and there was no one there to care for him. Assuredly no; or why did his light die? And he, Baldeau, would go to his friend, call him his friend, make him to be cured, forgive—yes, and seek forgiveness, for there was much to be forgiven him.

Hastily he fumbled in the darkness for the old cloth cap. He sought out his bull's-eye lantern and, having lighted it, tumbled out of his door and stumped through the muddy lane to the house of the red shutters. At his knock the door opened, quickly, silently, and Ying Hua,

blame. You have taught me once again what it is to be alone. And I have been softened so much that I cannot face it here. It is too much, that loneliness. I have gone away, in violence to some of my *Theorien*, for the sake of the relief. I cannot tell you where I have gone. Per-



"This small one does not know. He took the Japanese iron road."

placid, neatly attired as always, appeared in the lantern's glow.

"The master said you would come this side," she announced in the vernacular. "It is good. He forgot to leave money for the oil for me. There is one piece letter for you." She handed it to him. Mechanically Baldeau opened it and read:

"MY GOOD FRIEND!

"You will come. I know you will come, and with this you will understand all.

"You see, my friend, you are a little to

haps you will learn. The philosophy should always yield before the heart. Adieu.

"Thy true friend!

"JULIUS RENTLOFF.

"Take care of Ying Hua."

Baldeau turned the light back to the woman, who looked at him expectantly, her face turned up.

"Your master, when did he leave?"

"Yesterday. He forgot——"

"What place did he go to?"

"This small one does not know. He

took the Japanese iron road toward Chang Chun. He forgot——”

“Why?”

“The master talked of samples, samples of piece goods.”

Baldeau looked at her blankly. Ah Ling Fu—the piece goods—“samples”—Chang Chun—all rushed pell-mell through his mind and brought with them the inevitable tableau—the image of the Harbin firing squad. He, who had done all, could do nothing, nothing. What could he do? What could he do?

The woman moved a step closer to him,

her face still up. “He forgot——” she began again.

For an instant there flashed into Henri Baldeau’s mind the wall map with the pin stuck in it just short of Colombo. Aude’s name rushed to his tongue, but he swallowed it back. Not that way could his duty lie; he who must be true to his friend Rentloff, now dead. And he spoke to Ying Hua in the French that she did not understand at all:

“Eh, well, my friend, it will make a long time that we shall be alone!”

And bending down he kissed her on her upturned lips.

FROM EXILE

By Robert Emmet Ward

OH, I want to be in Devon when the hedges are a-blush
With the joy of early April and the sap’s young rush—
When the May is budding, budding, and the cuckoo wakes the wood,
And there cannot be a question in your soul that God is good,

For God made spring in Devon,
And I want no better heaven:
So I thought when I was seven,
And I think so yet.

Oh, I want to be in Devon when the winds are blowing free,
And it’s winter in the high combes, but summer on the sea:
When spring has kissed the ash-buds that tell she’s come to stay,
And the lanes are white and rosy and delicious with the May—

For God made spring in Devon,
And I want no better heaven:
So I thought when I was seven,
And I can’t forget.

Oh, I want to be in Devon when the summer sun is high,
When the bees are at their labor and the larks are in the sky,
And it’s shady under hedge while Lucy makes a cowslip ball,
And I’m half-asleep with watching her and hearing finches call.

Is it childhood, then, or Devon,
That I dream about as heaven?
It is long since I was seven,
But I can’t forget!

It is long since I was seven, in the combes and by the sea,
And the years have taken more than they have given back to me.
It’s the old days cling the closest: I’ve no dearer dream to-day
Than a cottage-door in Devon and a blossomed branch of May.

If God lets me die in Devon
I shall want no better heaven:
So I thought when I was seven,
And I think so yet!

STANDARDS

BY W. C. BROWNELL

[THIRD PAPER]

V

THE INNER LIFE



DELIGHTFUL character in a recent delightful story thus unpacks her elderly heart about the youth of the day:

"Bless me they all seem to me very worthy and very clever. They talk a great deal about humanity and what is good or bad for it, but the drawback is that they aren't human themselves. Besides they have no sense of what is congruous. They belittle big questions by discussing them in season and out of season. Now no surroundings are incongruous to one's thoughts. One can think of anything anywhere, but you can't talk of anything anywhere; at least you can't if you have any sense—I'm not sure whether to say of decorum or of humor." . . . The present generation all seem to me to have the lust of speech. No sooner do they think a little thought than they are in a desperate hurry to proclaim it far and wide. If no one hears it they feel it is wasted. They don't seem to take into account the immense importance of the thoughts that are not spoken, and consequently there is no background to what they *do* say."

The disappearance of the inner life could not be more cogently chronicled. The practice here implied of putting the stock instead of the samples into the show-window dissipates the perfume of personality inseparable from the radiation of the inner life—just as in art it sacrifices the suggestiveness that is of such signal interest to all minds but those devoid of association, blank of memory and bereft of imagination. And just as, according to Stevenson, one of the conquests of romanticism over the classic starkness, the change from Fielding to Scott, as he noted, was the consciousness

of the background, so the development of the personality in richness, in solidity, in seriousness, in everything worth while, in a word, depends upon the background in which self-respect supports the more salient self-activities, the background secured by reticence and reserve and secured by them alone. Reserve is as important to a character of any force as reserves to an army. The "little thoughts" of real thinkers are otherwise considerable than those Mrs. Pimblett had in mind precisely because they have backing. What characterizes the transformation of romanticism into naturalism *à outrance* is in fact consciousness of the foreground. Life is brought into a single plane and that plane too close for an agreeable perspective. And consciousness of the foreground necessarily obtrudes consciousness itself—always something to be dissembled in the interest of both life and art. Carlyle's insistence that it ought to be suppressed altogether is, I think, an extreme view. But intensified into self-consciousness it is surely a foreign element that should be kept out of the picture. It is also sand in the artist's machinery. And there is enough of it at present in life as well as in art to be awkwardly apparent, and involve much discomfort to the spectator.

Our lack of personal reserve is indeed in not only the self-conscious but the polemic stage, and even more aggressive than awkward. The current ideal of being *both* naked and unashamed has no precedent later than that of the Garden of Eden, when, too, the basis of serenity in these circumstances was physical innocence rather than moral insensibility. An itching for publicity is no doubt an integral trait of the unregenerate nature, but in its present development besides illustrating a propensity unleashed it appears as a positive propaganda, vaunting the superior claims of its gospel and delighting in the dismay of dissenters. The

only obligation attached to living one's own life is apparently that of living it in public. This is particularly one of the by-products of the feminist movement, which has done so much for those who need it and so little for those who do not. "Men serve women kneeling," says Thackeray; "when they get on their feet they go away." More go away, it is said, than formerly; perhaps because less needed they feel less wanted. One of the most successful lives I have known is that of a modern Cornelia, whose jewels, quite openly, consider it rather a failure because it has no literary, art, public uplift or other forensic laurels to crown it. This stage is no doubt a transitory one and one need not linger over the kind of taste it betrays. The next may see sufficient sense winnowed by the threshing of old sillinesses of artificial reserves and overnice reticences to constitute a new composure that will be an advance on the old. Meantime one mainly notes that these reformatory proceedings, proceeding by reaction, proceed slowly, and that the present crisis of suspension of standards through the mere enthusiasm of energy would be advantageously shortened by an even greater development of self-consciousness—to the point, namely, where one perceives the figure he is cutting while engaged in savoring the satisfaction he achieves. In which case our fiction, for example, would display less of what even the public ward of the maternity hospital screens, and would be freer from those intimate ineptitudes that are only paraded in letters because they are curtained in life.

The life of the senses it is true has the great advantage over purely routine existence of having a positive ideal life of its own and therefore its own standards. In the antique world it developed a philosophy of extreme refinement. No social trait of pre-Revolutionary France is more familiar than that absence of grossness through which vice lost half its evil. Our own recent awakening to this life has been enthusiastic, and is still characterized by the protestant and reforming spirit, eclectic rather than evolutionary and inclined to imitate standards that contradict rather than modify those it now abjures. So that with the best dis-

position in the world we are still in the awkward age in our pursuit of the Epicurean ideal. The first thing the hero of "Locksley Hall," it will be remembered, proposed to do after he had "burst all links of habit" was not to rise on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things, but to wed some savage woman and to procreate an inferior race. Being the heir of all the ages, however, he soon perceived that his dreams were wild—or, as we say now in our progressive dialect, "it can't be done"—and even came to hold the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child. In a time when the heritage of the ages is regarded as a handicap and the barbarian though gray ranks higher than even the child if a Christian, we are inevitably thrown back on the natural man, whose propensities may be described as stable though standardless. What he is likely to do with them can be gathered from what happens anywhere when—in our graphic modern phrase again—the lid is taken off the social caldron. It can also be inferred from current social sentiment of one sort or another, such as the instinctive preference for the criminal to the police which sees a Jean Valjean in every thief, and an implacable Javert in every constable and which, if not yet thoroughly popular, is definitely professed by the more thoroughgoing exponents of the new freedom—not to speak of irregularities with which, as I have suggested, the individual man sometimes recoups himself for the "service" he is so ardently eager to render to mankind.

For all to whom it is a novelty, in fact, the life of the senses has its *disadvantages*. The first requisite for leading it is, of course, independence—the independence which is the first thing that the inner life recognizes as out of reach on any terms it is willing to accord. But independence is not the only requisite for leading it successfully. "It is when a man can do as he pleases," says Huxley, "that his troubles begin." They are not likely to be simplified if he takes the view of his independence that the newly-liberated prisoner does, and rejoices in it as an end in itself. His taste is apt to suffer from the crudity inherent in experimentation. His attitude toward his fellows still in

the bonds of conformity, alternating as it does between compassion and contempt, makes him quite unaware of how unattractive the bravado that attracts him seems to the unemancipated. Speaking strictly, the cowboy "shooting up" civilization is hardly an exaggerated analogue of the figure presented, at least to the conservative mind, by some of the activities associated with the assertion of personal independence. To the conservative, that is to say, the experienced, mind, it seems for instance naïve to suppose that what is now so freely talked of as the single sexual standard will ultimately prove to be gold rather than silver. Meantime passing at parity, as economists warn us, the cheaper medium has the better chance. The life of the senses among us, in a word, will need to acquire standards in some degree constraining the desultory but constant impulses of the natural man before it can establish itself as a satisfactory substitute for the disciplines it aims at replacing. The self and the soul may be merely two conceptions of the same thing but the one which is mainly kept in mind distinguishes much conduct from that derived from dwelling on the other.

The pride that Meredith notes as distinctively Pagan resembles as little the modern egotistic egoism that he flayed as it did the Christian humility that succeeded it as an ideal. And one of the two is essential to the inner life. Either will do; but without the pride whose self-respect scorns egotism or the humility whose spiritual refinement shrinks from it, the inner life is a desert. And the vitality of the present time seems independent of both. I have been assuming all along, I find, that abstractly at least the value of the inner life is axiomatically apparent to every thoughtful intelligence—however little it may conduce to the grosser forms of "service." Intelligence has never been more wide-spread nor more thoughtful. And one would expect it to associate the inner life with that ideal of personality which it entertains, even though apparently unaware of its failure as mere individuality to attain it. But really when one considers the aggressive self-assertion, the love of publicity, the feeling for instance that the truth should be spoken

at all times even in advance of determining what it is, the frank and loyal exposure of one's whole personal bag of tricks—to take the most practical view of the proceeding—that at present flourish as virtues, one can hardly fail to perceive that the current ideal of personality is as defective as its realization is illusory.

Nothing, for example, is more characteristic of the inner life than the sentiment of awe, which has practically disappeared in the clear-eyed and fearless view of the universe that is now quite generally taken. The starry heavens and the moral law no longer arouse the feeling they did in the breast of Kant. The imagination is no longer nourished by reflection on what speculation has vainly tried to solve. Only the sensible fragment of the vast pattern of the universal scheme occupies the mind of a time intensely preoccupied by what it perceives. Outside the range of its perceptions it disports itself in all the relaxation of irresponsibility. Hence its deification of Poe and Whitman—the incongruous constellation it has set in the firmament of our letters as the Castor and Pollux of a heaven else a milky way of negligible nebulae. "My whole nature," said Poe, "utterly revolts at the idea that there is any being in the Universe superior to myself." And we know who it was that good old Walt celebrated, even when he doesn't candidly say so but extends his theme without essentially varying it to include his fellow men merely as his fellow men. Since egotism, thus, is the sole nexus between such otherwise temperamentally opposite types as the fastidious and the swaggering artist, it is probably what endears them both to a generation to which egotism is so congenial and awe so antipathetic as to lead it to exteriorize even its sentiments into sensations.

In this process ethics as well as the personal morality to which I have referred suffers modification. Even if it may be looked at as the science of getting the most out of life there are distinctions between means to the end in view. The sensuous ideal of repletion is perhaps easiest to realize, though the effort to leave one's life a sucked orange at its close is doubtless more or less exhausting.

"Well," observed an American of genius on his death-bed some years ago, "I can say this: I've never denied myself anything." "What you mean is," comfortingly replied a candid compatriot of equal but more analytic genius, "that what you've had, you've had in excess." A bystander, without genius but merely better acquainted with the standards imposed by the inner life, might have reflected that the business of getting through life creditably, though involving far more effort, reaps *pari passu* far more reward than the success either claimed by the one or suggested by the other of these Epicureans, beside whom, too, those of the present day would seem amateurs in hedonism.

Morality, however, is in greater or less degree a matter of the *mores* from which it derives and, as Schiller, who did not foresee our eager and experimental age, says of mankind in general, "custom is its nurse." The springs of the present moment, which exteriorizes everything, are to be found more certainly in its attitude to the more fundamental matter of religion. The churches are no doubt fully alive to what confronts them in the militant and anarchic atheism that considers their agencies—of which it is grossly ignorant and which probably continue to administer the bulk of the world's beneficence—as outworn as their formal confessions. A theologically detached observer should perhaps confine himself to remarking that in any case they appear to have their work cut out for them. But remembering Arnold's characterization of religion as the most lovable of things, one can but reflect that it would be salutary to treat this attractive quality of loveliness a little less summarily than is sometimes done, and insist a little more pointedly on the truth that "service" is not a complete substitute for religion. Both Deuteronomy and the Gospel, dividing love into love of God and love of one's neighbor, assign the primacy to the former—in their own view we may be sure not conventionally but experientially. The reversal of this relation has very definite results, as we see in the case of France. France is such a splendid figure at the present time that the enthusiasm for her has reached the

degree of *engouement*—an *engouement* that delights the soul of her earlier friends. Everybody can see it now. What she is and what she stands for shine over an area as wide as the world. At the same time one too long familiar with her conduct in crises to be surprised by her bearing now, may be permitted to recall his impression long ago recorded of routine France—namely, that to her reversal of the order of the two commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets, itself due to the high development of her social instinct, is due her ideal of social rather than personal morality, and the predominance in its following of the mind and heart over the soul. And plainly to the religion that has been so strong a formative influence even of Voltairean France, to Catholicism with its sense of social unity, is largely to be ascribed the even step which in France the heart has kept with the mind.

Our history is too different to justify the current disposition to take over her ideals *en bloc*—including her emancipation from the despotism of the individual conscience, which certainly has its drawbacks, and her development of the life of the senses, out of which as I have intimated she has long made a very different thing from that which has thus far rewarded our own efforts in this direction. Our ideality in the field of the conscience is now experiencing the modification natural to expect of an individualism so ingrained as to tinge even our socialism with the color of anarchy. Long accustomed to hear that the kingdom of heaven is within one, it is not unnatural that the decline of formal religion among us and the invasion of the inner life by egotism should accord with a feeling that there, also, are to be found "whatever gods there be," in the words made less popular by Swinburne than by Henley's pæan—unlike Wordsworth's Nun, sonorous in self-adoration. The idea is an advance on Comte's doctrine of Humanity, though worked out with considerably less thoroughness. And conceiving of God as simply some ideal of our own, the human mind being assumed to be the highest creative agency known in nature, is a shorter and easier way of dealing with the subject than Joubert's method

of knowing God by ceasing to try to define Him. It makes a great difference practically, however, in the life of society as well as in the life of the individual whether God is conceived as the "Eternal Not Ourselves" or the "Eternal Ourselves." In the latter case, even in an age of egotism, it is easy for any one with a gift of introspection to see how in strict logic he may now and then become the very devil—in the letters and art, for example, which reflect the individual and communal life aforesaid. The inner life must at any rate be less and less effectively celebrated by letters and art in the degree of its consecration to the "Eternal Ourselves" within us, and perhaps its disappearance altogether would be involved in the survival of the sense of humor.

VI

THE CAUSE OF ART AND LETTERS

ARE art and letters to be sentimentalized out of their established standards by the comprehensive and militant democratic movement of our time? is the question in which our whole discussion ends. Still more succinctly, are they to be produced by and for the crude or the cultivated? Hitherto—miracles of genius excepted, as an incalculable element in any discussion—they have been produced by special and arduous training, for the appreciation of general and hardly less arduously attained culture—the rest of the interested public taking its cue from these as at least useful guides and not, as at present, instinctively suspicious of them as vitiated by professionalism. The expert it is true in all departments of effort has his own personal equation for which it is always prudent to make due allowance. But the field of art and letters is after all a circumscribed one in the world of mankind's activities, and its proper cultivation has reached a pitch of intensiveness that demands more knowledge and training than mere inkling and energy have at their command. The artist who with Mr. Clive Bell conceives art as religion easily brings himself to avoid difficulties painful to surmount, and naturally deems it a busi-

ness of the soul. Like the water of life in the Apocalypse it is in his view to be taken freely and by all comers. Multitudes have certainly come, such numbers indeed as to put the principle of natural selection quite out of commission and make one look back wistfully to the old disciplined novitiate as a preparation for, at least, the priesthood of the cult.

Paul Baudry was not a great artist in the sense of being an artist of original genius. But consider his career and accomplishment as an example of what intelligent instead of sentimental democracy can produce. Mr. Low sketches it for us in his Scammon Lectures. He was the son of a *sabot* maker in a little provincial town. Instead of considering exclusively its own material needs the commune, having discovered intimations of genuine talent in him, taxed itself to send him to Paris. Hard work won him the *prix de Rome*. Years of study at the Villa Medici and the culture he as inevitably as unconsciously absorbed in the Roman atmosphere of elevated æsthetic achievement resulted in his decoration of the *Nouvel Opéra*, a work which, whatever its faults or shortcomings, simply pinnacles him as one of the salient figures in painting of the nineteenth century. The "expressor related solely to himself" may justifiably interest us less. Supposing this person to have condescendingly entered so banal a structure as Garnier's masterpiece he may quite legitimately, I think, note the weakness of Baudry's personal expression, the derivative character of his beautiful drawing and skilful composition, his attenuation of the *Raphaelesque* in his exclusive continuance of its tradition. But in the way of accomplishment, of perpetuating the spirit of the monumental and the beautiful, what is in comparison his own eager but wanton experimentation in an august field, entered without credentials of specific equipment or general culture? The contrast is striking but is merely typical of that necessarily constant between disciplined and so-called free art.

But conceding the artist's possession of his *métier* and the pitch of cleverness that our writers have achieved, the weakness of those young friends of Mr. Clive Bell, the weakness in fact of the prac-

tioner in general in the field of art and letters at the present time, is that not as an artist or as a writer but as a man he does not know enough. The fact may be noted without invidiousness, since it only places him in the same category in which Arnold set Byron and Wordsworth—the two figures in English literature that after Shakespeare and Milton he deemed the most majestic. But it is not necessary to argue from august examples the value of knowledge to the criticism of life on a stately scale, in order to appreciate the importance to any specific work of intelligence of its intellectual connotation. It is indeed of primary importance that this too should be important in order to secure the importance of the work itself. If the work is to appeal to any observer or reader who really counts, it must stimulate associations of real value and not merely produce a reaction of the senses. Therefore the painter or the poet must himself have these associations. Otherwise how evoke them in others? It is a commonplace that no one can know anything well without knowing other things too. In point of fact the first thing we wish to know, to feel, to see in a work of art is just this: What and how much does the mind of the artist contain? What is its other furniture besides merely the special aptitude and equipment required for the production of this particular thing, of which this particular thing is but the sample? It is not the foot that interests us but Hercules. We are brought around finally, I think, to make the same demand of culture in the case of the artist, which I began by suggesting in the case of his public. To require the artist to know more is, however, to exact something quite out of keeping with the spirit of the time.

For example, there is Mr. Eastman's delightful and able book, "Enjoyment of Poetry," one of the most considered contributions that have been made to American criticism. Mr. Eastman is a poet himself. And more even than in poetry he is interested in increasing the stock of human happiness. Naturally he thinks of poetry as an ally. And a genuine and valuable ally he makes it out to be. It would be hard to find elsewhere so many penetrating observations upon the

art of poetry, all quite new as well as evidently long pondered and fitting beautifully together in demonstration of his interesting thesis. But he certainly inclines to divorce the practice of poetry from the knowledge with which if it is important it is infallibly associated, in dwelling on its idiosyncratic quality, which is of course quite independent of knowledge. He says archly: "To attribute to it the origin of great poetry, is paying too high a compliment even to so valuable a thing as ignorance"—as if he knew anything about ignorance! But he adds that "there is a certain antithesis between poetry and knowledge" and that "poetry exists either before that is acquired or after it is surmounted." Naturally he can demonstrate what poetry *is* as distinguished from prose, by Whitman as well as by Wordsworth. And thinking thus of its distinctive character rather than of its comparative rank, ignoring thus one of the standards which measure its value—since it would be idle to maintain that any poetry is superior to any prose, that of the savage, for instance, to the prose of Burke—he comes winningly, but not quite convincingly, to suggest to all of us who wish to enjoy poetry to make our own. "Better even than understanding poetry as a way to learn the enjoyment of it," he concludes finely, "—and that without alienation from the better poem of one's own existence—is to create it for one's self." Mr. Eastman speaks, as the French say, *bien à son aise*. The rest of us may justifiably feel some self-distrust, and continue to get our enjoyment out of the born poets, more particularly those possessed of knowledge as well as faculty. *Possunt quia posse videntur* implies in this case too hopeful a view. But there is no doubt whatever that at the present time enjoyment of poetry is being largely extracted from its production. And so far as value is concerned the prodigious production of it that marks our epoch must be admitted to contribute far less to the enjoyment of others than the poetry which preceded it and which, if strictly professional, was far more intimately associated with that general knowledge now so generally disesteemed. General knowledge, too, quite aside, it is curious to note how much more lightly

its special technic is taken in comparison with music, for example. A generation ago every young woman played the piano. Now she realizes the vanity of expecting to do so well. A generation hence, it may be, she will be convinced that poetry is a difficult art also.

Of course, as I began by saying, the public equally with the artist and writer has the cause of art and letters in its keeping. And so far as knowledge is an advantage in art and letters it is the business of the larger public—not to possess it, to expect which would not only be unreasonable but unnecessary—but to respect it, as it is the business of the “remnant” to exact it. To advocate any peremptory agencies to this end would be as illusory as Mr. Howells shows it to be in his amusing story, “The Critical Bookstore.” The philanthropist who sets up this establishment to combine censorship with commercialism apparently deals in fiction exclusively—where certainly the field for both commerce and censure is so vast as perhaps to justify a monopoly of his benevolent efforts. His experiment proves multifariously unsatisfactory, and experiencing a total change of heart he shuts up his shop, and announces his conversion by expressing a repugnance to artificial selection which, even without his experience, we can all share. But he expresses also a resignation to the processes and results of *natural* selection in which it requires a very considerable amount of optimism to participate. “What is all the worthy family of asses to do,” he exclaims “if there are no thistles to feed them?” Is the case so desperate as that? Is, indeed, this family to be regarded as a constant quantity? Why at any rate contribute to keep it so by pampering it with its favorite food? Why not, in a word, deplore the number of asses rather than the failure of the thistle crop? It is, no doubt, less a practical than a sentimental matter, but the more the cultivation of thistles comes to be looked upon with disfavor, whatever the demand for them, the more the taste for them is likely to diminish and even an asinine demand arise for different provender. No one considers morals a matter to be left to natural selection. Does the intellect need less help? The converted critical-bookstore keeper

proceeds to state his view of the Republic of Letters as “a vast, benevolent, generous democracy where every one may have what one likes,” and his conception of literature as “the whole world, the expression of the gross, the fatuous, the foolish, as well as the expression and the pleasure of the wise, the fine and the elect.” But it is notoriously difficult to keep pace with the zeal of the convert, and one wonders if his ideal in this case is not fundamentally a humane rather than a literary one. How better express the distinction between mere printed matter and literature than by saying the latter is just this: “the expression and the pleasure of the wise, the fine and the elect”? And why not observe the distinction even while remembering the superior claims of human happiness? Perhaps after all some other way may be found of satisfying these claims than by adulterating figs with thistles, or by encouraging the critical inspector to “pass” thistles as figs, especially bearing in mind the tendency—observed by Renan—which the thistles have to get the upper hand. Perhaps after all figs in plenty would become more popular in quarters gradually finding it as uncomfortable to be viewed *de haut en bas* by the gentle heart as by the arrogant mind.

At all events it is to have in mind some other cause than that of literature, to conceive of it as an absolutely unenclosed domain—the common of civilization, so to say, whose weedy aspects and worn places and rubbish heaps are as legitimate details as its cultivated area. Ought not access to this territory to be made more difficult, as difficult as possible? At least let us have a gate—the strait gate whereby he who has some kind of credentials may enter in, and so far as possible win public opinion to approve the closing up of those other ways accessible to the thief and the robber. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Not the authority of autocracy certainly; nor even that of criticism whose function, as I said, is the exposition of the principles that are the test of standards, so much as the standards themselves which arise insensibly in the mind of the cultivated public and spread in constantly widening circles. Mankind, once more, is wiser than any man, and its correlative

in the case of arts and letters is the public, whose co-operation is quite as important as that of their professional representatives. For it is always to be remembered that the cause of letters, the cause of art, is not that of its practitioners—hardly that of its practice—but of its constituting standards. Just as the cause of mankind is not that of the men who compose it, which it is the weakness of purely material philanthropy to forget. The idea is not a vague one. And since I have ventured to speak of routine France as more sympathetic than devout, I may note

that, so far from being vague, it is an idea which is at the present time being illustrated not only splendidly, supremely, but with that precision which in the world of ideas is a French characteristic. We have before our eyes the demonstration of its definiteness by an entire people animated with the clear consciousness that what counts for them, in this brief interlude of time between two eternities, is not the comfort or even the lives of any or all Frenchmen, but the perpetual renewal of the consecrated oil that feeds the torch of France.

THE YOUNG MAN AND AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY

By Irwin G. Jennings



HERE are some facts of life upon which statistics are not available but where none are needed to carry a conviction of their truth. The statement that a great many young men have chosen the wrong business or profession for their life's work can readily be believed, although there is no way of telling just how many such persons there are.

Everybody who reads this article can recall innumerable instances of bright young men who have chosen an occupation for which they are not suited, and by reason thereof have become mere drudges, eking out a precarious subsistence and with life holding out an unattractive future for them.

Such a condition will always exist to some extent, but this is no reason why an attempt should not be made to examine into the problem for the purpose not only of limiting the number of misfits among workers, but also of so organizing our labor resources that the best interests of our country may be subserved, especially at this time when it is necessary to recognize what those interests are and to make preparation to take care of them.

America has in the past been a land of

wonderful opportunities. Our great resources of land in extent and productiveness, the great number of important things to be done, the very youth of our country, have made it possible for many men with limited educational resources and with little constructive preparation to reach a position of high material prosperity. This fact, in the eyes of many persons, has tended to belittle preparation and the intelligent organization of one's powers for life's work. "Abraham Lincoln became a great lawyer with little or no early education" has been the stock argument of all those who have opposed higher educational standards for entrance into the professions. The opinion prevails too generally throughout our country that an American can accomplish without preparation that to which the men of Europe give years of constructive work. It is assumed that the advantages of our natural location and a mythical tremendous reserve power will protect America in any event, and without material loss, against all phases of foreign aggression. Certainly it has not been deemed necessary to marshal our labor resources in time of peace in a way that would mean most for the welfare of the country.

Only in times of war in which America has been involved, and for destructive purposes, has it ever occurred to our people that our young men should be efficiently organized. Will it not be profitable to reflect upon the advantages that may be derived from the marshalling of our young men for really constructive purposes, commensurate and in line with the opportunities that are being thrust upon our country by the exigencies of one of the most devastating cataclysms that has ever visited the human race?

A war, the most destructive in the history of the world, is not only consuming the surplus savings of mankind for generations and centuries past, but is depleting at a terrible rate the three sources for resupplying this wealth, namely, land, labor, and capital.

Those who have visited the battlefields of Europe say that immense tracts of land, the finest and most productive that civilization possesses, have been turned into a desert waste and cannot be reclaimed for any useful purposes in centuries. European countries are losing their men by millions, and the very ones who would have been able to supply most efficiently that important source of wealth, labor. Reliable financial agencies estimate that the war is costing the world more than a hundred millions of dollars each day, and to this extent that other source of European wealth, namely capital, is being depleted.

Basing their judgment upon the experiences after other wars, there are some who feel optimistic that these European countries will quickly recover from their terrible ordeal, but such predictions are at best only a guess. No such expenditures for destructive purposes have ever been made before in history. Never have the original sources for the production of wealth been so impaired. Never before were the existent sources of wealth turned into such unproductive channels, and never has a work so tremendous been contemplated as to turn again these same sources of wealth from their present destructive employment into the productive channels of civilization. Never since the development of the present wonderful Western civilization, which has contributed so much to the comfort and welfare

of mankind, has its entire spirit been so endangered as in this war.

The immense resources of Europe and their former efficient use are bringing to the countries now at war an unprecedented extension of credit; and the war in all probability will last just about as long as this extension of credit continues. But these debts so created will have to be paid, or they will not be paid—in the first case imposing upon the future generations of Europe a tremendous economic handicap, and assuring for a time at least the unquestioned financial supremacy of the creditor countries; in the second case, while causing great hardship to those who have been financing the war, yet so impairing the credit of the debtor countries as ultimately to depose them from any hope of leadership in world affairs. In either event, and for years, America is designated as a leader in the world's trade. Her opportunity has come, but she cannot ignore the fact that there are other progressive nations in the world with resources practically unimpaired that will welcome the chance of turning the present economic revolution to their own advantage.

America cannot afford to rest, she cannot wait. It will not do simply to think about the matter, to make speeches, or to write articles about it. When the war is over the men of European countries will be mobilized, organized, and accustomed to work together. To meet these competitive advantages, some big, constructive programme will have to be thought out and carried out, in order to prepare us for our opportunities and to enable us to make the most of them. Without any attempt to construct the greater programme, which will have to do with the organization of all our resources—land, labor, and capital—it is our object here to suggest a small part of the plan and yet one which must not be ignored if the greater programme is made possible.

Leaving, then, for this larger development the consideration of our land resources, which have certainly been most recklessly used in the past, and our capital resources, of which we will have a superabundance unless they are most diplomatically used, the part of the programme here referred to is a suggestion

for the organization of our men to meet the opportunity—not the men who are ordinarily considered under the head of labor (it may become a very serious question whether or not America will not lose her opportunity through the unintelligent handling of her skilled-labor problem) but those who, nevertheless, come under the classification of labor in a very important economic sense, namely, our highly educated young men. How shall we marshal them for America?

Let us confine ourselves at first to a consideration of the young men in our colleges, not because it necessarily follows that these young men have a monopoly of brains and education, but because they already exist in groups of a nature lending themselves more readily to the organizing methods suggested in our plan.

The average man attends college for two purposes, one being to prepare himself for a more intelligent citizenship, the other to make better preparation for life's work. In the past those callings which have seemed most distinctively American, by reason of unusual opportunities therein, have attracted young men of brains. For instance, inasmuch as many of our public men, including members of Congress and of the cabinet, have, after leaving college, taken up the study of law as a stepping-stone to political preferment, very many young men of the present generation, who have stood out from among their fellows as being of unusual mental endowment, have taken up law with the idea in mind of later entering politics as a career.

Many poor young men, who have had a desire to improve their position in life have gone to college for the purpose of preparing themselves either to become teachers or preachers. The family physician, who is usually a man of social and financial prominence in his community, has appealed to many of our college men as one whose career should be emulated. In other words, when higher education among our young men was less general than it is to-day, the professions were attractive to men of ambition because of the prestige they gave and because many important affairs of American life were intrusted to their care. Even to-day they

are the principal goal of our college men, notwithstanding the fact that many of the bigger things in American life are being performed by business men. Now, and for a considerable period of time, young America's real opportunity will unquestionably lie not in the professions but along trading and commercial lines. If this premise is true, in order that we meet the opportunity as it should be met, the best brains of our country should be centred in developing the new fields open to us.

But how bring the brains and the big business together?

Take, as an example of present conditions, those that exist in the financial district of New York. The deposits in the big banking institutions of this district during the past two or three years have been growing at a tremendous rate. The number of employees that has become necessary to handle the additional work caused thereby has almost doubled. The officers of these institutions have had no time in which to make a careful selection of their new men, for the work had to be done and immediately. The result has been that a great number of these new men are educationally poorly equipped to advance very far in banking work and there is no more pitiful sight than to see a man who is loyal and faithful to his work denied advancement because of his educational limitations. It is true that many of these employees are making heroic efforts at self-education, availing themselves of the means of learning the theoretical and technical details of their profession, as provided by the American Institute of Banking and other agencies, but certainly it would have been better if such technical training could have supplemented a thorough general education. Where to obtain good men for positions in even this desirable profession is at present a problem with bank officers.

On the other hand, one great banking institution has recognized the necessity of improving its organization with educated men, and has inaugurated a system of bringing the college man into connection with its work in a very admirable manner. What this institution is doing for the improvement of its organization should be done on a broader scale for our

country's progressive industries, in providing for them a means of building up organizations to meet the opportunities that have come to them for growth and expansion.

The great demand of the present day is for an agency endowed with sufficient funds, ability, and authority, and governed by ideals of such a broad and patriotic nature, that it can make an exhaustive study of America's needs for maintaining a position of leadership in the world's work, for furnishing to those young men who are best equipped the information as to where they can bend their energies to subserve best the interests of their country and their own mental, moral, and material advancement, and for laying a broad foundation for general vocational guidance.

The proper place to centre such an agency would seem to be where it could best come in contact with the college world, and with developments of a national and international vocational character. For instance, supposing there should be established in New York City, which is a truly educational and commercial centre, a bureau that would study the matters mentioned above. This bureau could well be connected with some foundation or a large institution of learning endowed with its authority, backed by its prestige in both the educational and business world, thereby giving it an ability to make an ideal study of the different vocations involved in the work to be done.

There should be two important lines of work carried out by this agency. First, it should make a study of the changing economic conditions and ascertain the fields of activity most important for the development of the greater interests of American industry and commerce. The next questions to answer would be, in what way are educated young men necessary, and how can they be helpful in administering these greater interests? Again, what type of educational preparation is necessary for such men in order to make them effective workers? Next, in what way can those who are best equipped connect with the work to be done? All the information gained by this study should be assembled, analyzed, tabulated, and made ready for use and distribution.

The second big job for our bureau would be to organize in American colleges local agencies, supplementary to and related to the central bureau, headed by local directors, using methods and standards of judgment similar to the central agency, for the purpose of bringing to the young men attending colleges information of the opportunities that exist and suggestions as to the preparation necessary to helpfully and profitably participate in them.

Of course, our central organization need not focus all its time and energy upon international developments. In every industry there are times of progressive development when it is psychologically profitable for progressive men to enter the industry. This development is usually followed by a period of static conservatism where rules of seniority prevail. Such facts are proper for our agency to know. A study should be made of the types of men who have been successful in the past in the various industries and the types necessary to cope successfully with the new conditions. Our agency should be able to recommend how and in what capacity its men should best apply for positions in these industries, it being best in some cases to start at the very beginning of the business, at other times to approach it indirectly. Intelligent inquiry will develop many helpful facts along this line. The different professions should be inquired into for obtaining their status, the best modes of entry, and the best locations in which to work. In other words, our bureau should be prepared to give as nearly complete information as possible upon all those fields of activity which are attractive to young men and which have real opportunities for them.

In the local organization, established in the various colleges, a different type of work should be done. Equipped with the information of the central organization, the directors of the local bureaus are in a position to make a good start in appraising the abilities of the students with whom they come in contact. These local directors should be men of the highest caliber, of ripe experience, sound judgment, and of that peculiar type of personality required to do the work. They

can render the greatest service by bringing to their task a proper combination of ability, tact, human interest and sympathy. With a friendship established with the student as the basis of their observations, they should make an independent study of the abilities of the young men under their observation, not only taking into consideration ability manifested in their studies, but also the ambitions, the natural equipment for leadership, and the status of each student among his fellows, his ability to meet men and to deal with them—in fact, his whole personality should be the subject of investigation. These directors are then in a position to give the most intelligent information and advice to their men, and can be largely influential in bringing into the really important work of their country the type of men who are needed to bring such work to its highest state of efficiency.

As indicated before, inasmuch as college men are assembled together in organized bodies, it is much easier to create an organization for appraising their abilities and for using them in supplying the positions to be filled. On the other hand, there is no real reason why the facts as developed by our central agency should not be made a matter of general publication and distribution, so that its findings may be helpful to every young man of ambition, no matter where he is situated.

To meet our new opportunities, the most conservative intelligence must indorse a certain amount of direct preparation by men of initiative for the work to be done. Already our large universities are offering trade courses, courses in diplomacy, in modern languages, and in those subjects designed to meet the needs of men who contemplate engaging in international work. Let our ambitious young men know where they can be of the greatest use in life's work, and they will find a way to make themselves worthy of the work, no matter how important it may be.

However, an education not only should contemplate utility for beginning life, but it should also lay the basis for an appreciation of better things during the whole of life.

It would be sad indeed if those Ameri-

cans about to engage in the foremost work of their country should possess neither this appreciation nor the groundwork for its growth. There is too much of fundamental and cultural good in the so-called classics to justify their indiscriminate relegation to the junk-heap.

When a young man well grounded in the conventional studies of our colleges is brought in touch with work requiring all his energy and ability he may well become all the more efficient by reason of his early mental training, after the first few months of the breaking-in period. Even the more modern languages and sciences lose much of their charm to the student if they are pursued with no fixed purpose in mind and in a purely academic manner. But when a young man with his mind awake to his opportunities and with his ambitions aroused to lead among his fellows is once settled in the business or profession of his choice, the study of vocational subjects and such languages and sciences as pertain to them will become a joy to him, especially when he is aided by possessing a good basic education.

The real demand is not so much to revolutionize our system of education as to set in motion processes by which young men of capacity who are building themselves educationally for ultimate results may have their abilities appraised during their student days and a knowledge brought to them directly of the best openings for their genius, together with guides and aids for the better selection of their careers. In some such way as this our young men will become the best-equipped business men in the world.

It is not presumed that the suggestions herein are final and should be adopted without modification or careful adaptation to the situation as it arises, but it is hoped that enough has been said to illustrate the idea meant to be conveyed, that of constructively and effectively organizing our best young men so as to meet a demand, which is imperative, for a thoroughly educated and appreciative body of workers in the great achievement of expanding and quickening American industry and commerce. This, then, is one step, if not the first step, in the great programme before us.

THE WATER-WITCH

By Gertrude Blair

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD



JOHN WIRTH jumped from the business world into the business of his dream at fifty years of age, that golden age where the worth-while things have survived, when facts are organized into truth and knowledge is available for wisdom. Had they known of his dream hobby John's married sisters might have been saved considerable worry, but John was a silent man, emotional but pent-up, dumb to the point of gloom. All the while there hung in his dream-cell this picture painted in evergreen and sunset tints. The atmosphere thereof was of the mild luxury of Washington, and the background was of distant mountains splashed by the sea. In the foreground was a sturdy figure wrestling the land from the virgin forest—John Wirth, his ranch.

Now, John was a plodder and a dickerer too, and in due time he found himself on his choice of land with a pile of lumber and mild assurances of existence guaranteed by the contents of a brigade of tin cans and paper bags. Somebody had camped there before, for he found a shanty of hemlock boughs, and in it a bed made of fir branches as springy as the best woven wire mattress. On the site of the former camp-fire he laid wood and looked about for water. Yes, there was plenty of water, every blade of grass glistened with it, the tree branches dropped it in his ears, and it even penetrated to his bones, this moisture of the Washington spring.

But the only creek on his place was a half-mile away and John must needs go to his nearest neighbor. He detested borrowing and disliked neighbors, but hunger is a foe to prejudice. The only guide-post to a human habitation in sight was a corner of a shack in a near-by clearing adjoining his own land. Moreover, a gentle trail led in that direction.

As John stepped shyly onto the porch

and reached out to knock, the door flew open as if in accompaniment to the whistling of a lively air. Mr. Wirth realized that she carried a music-roll and a friendly attitude, and that she wore something red. It was easier than he expected to ask the privilege of returning every day for water until he could find a supply on his own place, for she graciously anticipated his request, dismissed it and continued:

"Then my trail belongs to you."

"But it leads to your spring."

Over his camp-fire that night he wished he could have erased himself lest he had been too familiar or have detained her.

Miss Aimes had never courted Intuition, but had found her occasional flashing deliverances to be infallible. That this man loomed large on her horizon brought its own conclusion. She accepted the decree and pondered. She tried to collect her senses, but forgot which one she needed first.

"This spring of yours is unusual," he was wont to remark several days in succession. One day he added: "It disappears below."

The next he continued: "How did you discover it, in just this shape?" He dipped out a pail of water and hurried away, fearful of taking too much of her time.

The next day she detained him long enough to introduce the subject and explained: "I had wondered why that strip of rankest grass never dried in the summer as the rest did, and why that nearest apple-tree was larger than all the others. Once I stepped into a soft place just above the spring, and at the next step the water oozed out. That was all I wanted. I dug a basin, and as I dug the water collected, but, although the clay soil should have held it, it disappeared. I concluded that there must be an underground outlet. I dug out farther back till I found and plugged the suspected outlet. I re-

inforced the sides of the basin with these stones, and threw the overflow to the front of the basin, set this flat stone under the escape to hold my water-bucket, but not so far back as to interfere with the drainage of the surplus. You see it is tilted slightly backward, and the water flows off in that direction. You can hear it dropping away below."

"You are the most practical artist I ever met."

"Then you haven't met many." He admitted the accuracy of her last statement to himself only.

"How do you happen to be away out here so far from the centre of things?"

"Hay-fever or—more scientifically speaking, 'the sniffles'—drove me out here from Arizona two years ago."

"And what benefit?"

"Last summer I escaped with a light attack and this summer I don't propose to bother with it at all," she announced.

"Somehow," he communicated to his crackling camp-fire, "this woman is different," and he paused to recount the very few women of his acquaintance. There was Mrs. S., the dress parade, and sister Minnie, the expense account; then there was Mrs. W., who was always complaining. But not so with "my neighbor"—she never thought of whining. She'd make a chum for the bravest and cleverest fellow. He wished she would ask him again about that well,—hole in the ground; but concluded that maybe she had been bothered enough.

"I'm wishing for the sunshine," he volunteered over the spring. "How long is the rain likely to keep up?"

"It keeps coming down until about May. But you will learn to love the mists and the light rains. The mists make a mystery land, and the rains beat their fairy drums to charm away the mystery land. Then the great mountain comes out and puts off her bridal veil and sits in rosy violet splendor over the valley of the Sound. I love it all, this land of gentle moods and pure-washed air."

He felt grateful that she had expressed his finer emotions for him—those which he allowed to wither in the bud, putting forth only the matters of fact, and the complaints.

"Yes, this is a land of many waters—springs for everybody but me. Seems as if it runs away from me."

"It's a wonder the Mississippi wasn't born here."

Something tried to escape the corners of his mouth just then.

"Then," she continued, "there are the soft, warm showers in the fall, that bring the shaggy-mane mushrooms and the water-cress and the huckleberries for the woodsman."

"But if he lived in my house what would he boil in the tea-kettle? This well—I mean hole in the ground—is the same as my life. Here I am, fifty years old and nothing accomplished. This ranch I have looked forward to for years"—and here he stopped, surprised at himself.

She saw by this time that he was stubborn even in his moods, and her sympathy yielded.

"Speaking of failure, here I am, too, after an equally long life, striving to gain a foothold"—and she stopped short—so occupied was she with a query that rose in her mind whether two such negatives as failure ever could combine to make as positive a thing as success. What she might have unconsciously betrayed of the inward thought she did not regret, but she desired to make no deliberate advances toward this near-morose man, for she had known others who had enlisted her sympathy, and when the crisis was past had sought gayer companionships. More than once she had been driven to the conclusion that these men were fair types of their sex.

However, by the delicate way he had enlisted her interest she knew him to be fine-grained, although of dull finish. He had appealed to her from the depths of his reserve, but as to whether her response had reached those depths he had as yet given no sign. His very silence cried out to her afresh.

John returned to his philosophizing about the distribution of water—how "my neighbor" had found her spring by her wits—yes, by her wits. Why shouldn't he do the same? He made a new survey of that part of his place for like signs without a discovery, and concluded that the work of locating wells should be made a



Drawn by O. F. Howard.

"I m wishing for the sunshine. . . . How long is the rain likely to keep up?"—Page 632.

subject of investigation by the State Experiment Station. But common sense suggested that he could gain no immediate benefit from such a source.

So he spat on his hands, and dug and dug, and spat on his hands, for a few quarts of surface water, and took his social recreation at "my neighbor's" spring; and she let him spit on his hands and dig, and dig and spit on his hands, while she took notes and deposited them in a crimped gray note-book under her auburn-brown braids.

Now, Miss Aimes had some night pupils in Seattle, and was wont to return on the last stage twice a week. Shopping expeditions were combined with these trips. The stage-line was half a mile from her home, and the trail homeward was uphill through the woods. This night it was dark and pouring rain, and the flirty lantern went out. A stump came to meet her, her bundles scattered and stars appeared. Holes with more water than Mr. Wirth's well dotted the vicinity of the trail. Nearly exhausted she reached home, only to stumble again over what proved to be a huge bag of oranges at her door. Resentment at somebody's awkwardness soon gave way to a warmth, when she realized who the generous one was.

The overflow of several dishes of oranges was deposited in an Indian basket of rare design, and she recalled the time when it had come to her filled with oranges from a man of handsome bearing and cultured air. She could not but compare the two: he of the social standing, the man of affairs, yet one who could sneer; and the other, shy, so kind, so gentle, so strong, yet so undeclared. As the reflection faded she became aware of a puffy eyelid, a beat in the nostrils, and the old weakness. Discouragement returned and sat hard upon her. She sneezed at her reflection in the mirror. Work dragged, and she avoided the daily chats at the spring.

At the same time John accused himself of neglect of "my neighbor," and then turned to the equally satisfactory problem of the fourth well. About then he decided to go to Seattle. It was also Miss Aimes's afternoon and evening in the city, and just as the stage appeared in

the distance she arrived at the strategic point.

"Well, it is good to see you once again, my neighbor!" and he shook her hand with the grip of a giant. She answered with a kerchew, sidetracked. Whether it was the force of the kerchew or some other impertinent effect stepping on the trail of cause, Miss Aimes's shoe-string came loose, and she stooped quickly and tied it in a hard knot, and as quickly expected to straighten up.

"Oh, my bag string is tied in the knot!" and she tussled with the new predicament, the water streaming from her eyes and nose, and the Seattle stage looming large into the foreground.

At this time Mr. Wirth took charge of the situation, but the square fingers were meant for less delicate tasks, and he struggled in vain, with the Seattle stage showing up for the stop. It was a soft leather bag, and he saw that if he cut the drawing string the contents must scatter, so he broke the shoe-string in two or three places, pocketed her bag, and rose to help her aboard. But the loosened shoe caught in the mud and slipped off. "I'll get it," he said quietly. Meanwhile a seat was found for her up front, and one for him in the rear.

"Fare for the lady up front," interrupted his task of cleaning the shoe with a newspaper. He wondered how she could assume—such a one as she appeared to be—as he paid the two fares and resumed his task, and then began to wonder what could be bulging inward in his pocket. It was the bag! Of course she could not pay her fare when he had her bag with her money in it! He hurriedly repaired the shoe-string and delivered shoe and bag to her unobtrusively, not without paying silent homage to them.

He felt keenly his unfair thought of her, and remembered that she carried no lantern. After his own few errands were done, armed with the best flash-light he could buy, he waited four hours for her at the stage-office.

"Come in for some hot soup," she pleaded with him at her door.

"I shall not trouble you to-night," and he was gone. She realized that there was no appeal from his once announced decisions, and wondered how this silent man

displayed his dash of action with so little of speech, and she was charmed with the mystery of it all.

Morning found a pile of the pitchiest

struggle is too much for a woman. Couldn't you see that from the first? Would you have undertaken it if you could have seen the end?" He was



"Tam, would you like a master? Mizzie wants you to love him."—Page 637.

kindling that the woods yielded at her step.

Quietly, seriously, he insisted upon seeing her through her rounds next day, for he could see that she was not very well. On the return trip his concern deepened, though there was little else to indicate it but a deepening scowl and an occasional gulp. She understood, but regretted that he gave her no opportunity to express her gratitude.

All at once he broke out with: "This

learning to talk. She felt censured, and defended herself with: "But one is supposed to do one's best under all circumstances. And the struggle comes in daily portions only."

"But one's best doesn't always make good." The remark had only passed his lips when he saw that he had expressed what might be construed as too personal a statement, and he hurried to explain: "I was passing upon my own work and from my own experience."

"But development is the ultimate good, and we gain development by struggling."

"Not by mere struggling, but by well-developed strokes toward a definite goal."

"But," she interrupted, "one must deal with outside forces," and she hesitated playfully, "such as 'the sniffles.'"

"Speaking of difficulties, I have been struggling with ill-directed strokes. There should be investigation into this science of underground streams, and information given out in popular form. A person should know where to dig as well as how to dig."

"I wonder if I can't find water for you, or else find somebody who can. If you cut a forked willow stick, such as boys use for sling-shots, I'll try. I've seen it done."

"That's a piece of superstition not even worth trying."

"I'll grant the superstition part. But have you never observed that every superstition is founded upon scientific fact, far removed perhaps. But let's try it just for fun."

He was tempted to yield, since she had asked, but once in a while one who is stubborn hates to yield, even to his own better judgment.

"They say the handle of the branch should balance the weight of the forked ends," she insisted quietly.

"Yes, 'they say.' Aren't you too sensible to take stock in this fake? Do you plant potatoes in the dark of the moon?"

"Yes."

Nevertheless she determined to try her powers of water-witching at her own spring. A willow was growing near. She had scarcely slashed a forked branch from the trunk before a tingling in her palm was followed by a downward pull at the handle. She walked away from the spring, the pull decreased. She adjusted the prongs loosely, one in each hand, with the handle placed horizontally in front, and approached the spring. It pulled down hard and swung around in a semi-circle. Sure of herself now, she waited impatiently to demonstrate to Mr. Wirth, but just how she might go about it was another question.

With the light of a new adventure in her eyes, she led him over his claim,

climbing logs, pushing through underbrush and brier tangles, he protesting and fearing for her in her weakened state of health, she insisting it was all for fun. But the forked stick was dead, and her hand without magnetism.

"I'll see you home and bring in your wood," he announced, and by superior strength turned her toward home. Both were silent, he from habit, she from weariness, but still keeping hold of the willow fork.

As they neared their dividing line a slight tingle tickled her palm. A step or two and there was a strong magnetic sensation, then a pull, and the willow fork swung around so hard she could scarcely keep her hold on it.

"Here, here it is! See here is your water! You try it." And she forced the fork into his hand. "Can't you feel it pull?"

"None whatever"—he was both pleased and disappointed.

"Come home now."

"No, let's trace its course; it may be connected with my spring."

"Come home now," he replied sternly.

"There is your underground stream, the only one on this side of your place, so the experiment station announces," she said in official tones, and wisely yielded to his command to go home.

Those debates with the camp-fire were becoming dangerously like a habit with John. "I wish you would explain why I should want to yield to a woman's whim. She can tell me that black is white, and I almost accept it. Is it weakness in my mind?" And he supported his head awhile in silence.

"Had I better forget it all? I'll get down a few more feet in that hole tomorrow, if I can get the surface water out, and maybe this will settle the vexed question." But the remembrance of her labor and the forked stick kept coming back.

"I will not do it!" and he set his thin lips harder. But somehow he received little satisfaction from his decision. "But what about her? It would hurt her feelings," he said aloud to the busy fire.

"Yessssss," answered the fire, and punctuated the statement with a miniature explosion.

He was sorry for her delusion and



Silently watching the tide creep in from the sound.—Page 639.

considered it abnormal for one of her practical mind. He concluded in all seriousness that it might be a symptom of hay-fever.

She feared he would persist in his stubbornness. How could she convince him that her sensation was genuine, when doubtless he thought her overexcited? She deliberated every free moment that day, and postponed all but necessary work. Tam, her collie, paraded his feeling of neglect till she invited his confidence.

“Tam, would you like a master? Miz-zie wants you to love him. Wouldn’t you?” Tam left his evening meal untouched, and came and laid his head on her knee reflectively. She bent over and whispered in his ear. “Mizzie has a secret. Something wonderful has come to her. But, Tam, I’m not so sure he cares. Don’t you tell, will you, Tam? Tam, he is so strong! He is so good! But he is so far off from everybody.” Tam responded with a lonesome whine.

"Yes, Mizzie loves you just the same, but he is over there all alone. You run over and visit him. Tam, I'm most afraid of him. He never changes his mind. He never laughs. Sit close and lay your wise old head on his knee. Now, Tam, take him some hot biscuit," and she filled a little basket with biscuit just from the oven, put the handle in his mouth, and opening the door held Tam by the collar, pointing to Mr. Wirth's shack. "Now, go"—and off he trotted. He soon returned with a bag of nuts and fruit in the basket.

"Just like him, Tam, I told you so! What did he say? Didn't he smile just a little? Yes, you may go with us next time." Tam stood up close.

"To-morrow I will walk with you to the cross-roads," John had announced at the spring.

"To-morrow you may." The candles in his eyes were lit by her smile. Some day might catch him smiling.

"You are attempting too much for your strength. These long tramps are trying to even a hearty constitution," was the first intimation of his thoughtfulness. Some express concern and even affection by scolding, some by mere planning, others by anxiety with no word of "I love you." John had nothing further to say, but remained absorbed in dumb distress. But she interpreted. She wanted to lay her hand in his, but instead she could only smile and reach down and pat Tam, who had capered along unnoticed, begging for his usual frolic.

"But I must do it, and really I love these walks."

"To-morrow I will take the beach road with you, and after lessons we will watch the high tide in." He had learned her schedule.

"To-morrow you may, and won't you take tea with me in the evening?"

"To-morrow I will."

Formalities like these from any one else would have called forth a sally from her, but she could indulge in no such caprice at his expense.

To-morrow dragged her footsteps for him, but over Miss Aimes she cast a swift and unready spell. She was aware of pain, and of groping around half blind for she did not know what. She was dimly

conscious of being torn away from established moorings and being cast afloat in an unknown element. Then there was an awakening, and with it a sweet surrender and a new faith. Even her gay mood crept back, and she met John with the hum of a child's air and a light step.

"Do you know that little air?" and she hummed it over. "I used to sing it when I was a child, and would run out barefoot in the rain and paddle around as free and wild as the tiny whirlwind that sometimes disturbs the dusty road. Nobody trained or taught me but the motherhood that nature throws about the orphaned child—but I didn't start out to read you an autobiography."

"Go on"—he was already absorbed in anything of interest to her.

"But my freedom didn't last long. My tenth birthday found me a nurse girl in pinafore and sunbonnet, spending my summers in the North and my winters in New Orleans, with a little schooling now and then and a longing for more. Then I was a bundle girl, and then assisted at the music counter of a department store. Here I feasted as I used to do in the rain and the pool. For five years I saved and skimped and dreamed of a piano. I read and studied and ate music, almost, in my eagerness. I paid for lessons with extra night work. Then I rented a piano. It was my chum and my one dissipation. To my music I owe many an escape from myself, and to my escape from myself is due my fondness for human kind and my faith in the Divine," and she regarded him with the delicate air of attention which invites confidence.

"That I grew up at all has been the problem of my later years. My parents did my thinking for me before I knew how, and they forgot to quit it. I guess they loved me too much," and he shook his head gravely as he reflected on his earlier hardship. "I got to thinking that I couldn't do without them after they handed me my opinions ready made. They sheltered me and repressed me, and thought I was good!

"When I did begin life as a separate being I was thirty-five, and the knocks came hard. I didn't have sense enough

to talk to somebody and nearly forgot the art. I thought a good deal to myself what life was meant for anyhow. Then I began to look about and see how other people did, and I trusted a little of my own judgment. I invented a machine and went into the business of manufacturing it. The next thing I learned to do was to dream, and this ranch is my dream in captivity. The next thing I began to learn was to talk, and you did it. I knew I had a heart by the ache in the farthest corner. And it was empty till"—and John began to realize himself and the forked stick—"you found the underground spring on my ranch, and you found the underground spring of my nature, and you unlocked my mouth," and he forgot his seriousness and a great, broad grin broke across his square-built features, a real jack-o'-lantern effort, and she thought of when the smallest children begin to talk, and how very fast they acquire a good vocabulary.

He went back and forth along the trail during her lesson hours, now quite given over to his emotions, which in his reflective moments he was trying to understand, hesitating to acknowledge them as his own. He was strangely wounded, yet he found himself pressing the weapon deeper in. He had invited a whirlwind within his stagnated peace, and it was both soothing and disturbing.

What he determined not to do—that he was strong in accomplishing; and what he would do—that was a possible impossibility.

"Here is a question for you," he resumed as she reappeared and they turned to meet the high tide, and he bowed his head and clasped his hands. "What—is—love?"

There flashed over her what she had just passed through, of the tearing and the binding up again, of the disappointing and delighting, of the wishing and regretting, of the yearning and the hesitating, of despairing and living again, and she said: "Love is joy suffering."

"Then you *do* understand!" as he grasped her hands in his great wide

palms, and they stood silently watching the tide creep in from the sound.

And the king of the purple mountains, and the king of the rolling seas "brought of their glory and honor" into the kingdom of love.

"Will you hear a confession?"

"Yes; if I may make one."

"Until I knew you, my neighbor, I regarded all women as parasites and whiners. The comradeship of marriage was a farce, and endured for the money there was in it. But you were different, and I was unjust to you to include you in such a class. You cared, and you showed me that you cared. I should wear the willow fork over my heart," and he turned about to greet her with a courtly bow and a courtly smile. His inflamed sensitiveness was gone, and a great comfort enveloped him.

"And now for my confession——"

"We're going to forget that—we must talk about the more important things. Will you trust your life to me? Won't you divide your light with me? Have you ever thought you could love me?"

For answer she crept up to him like a trusting child.

"When shall we be married?"

"In the fall, when I am well, and the soft rains clear the air."

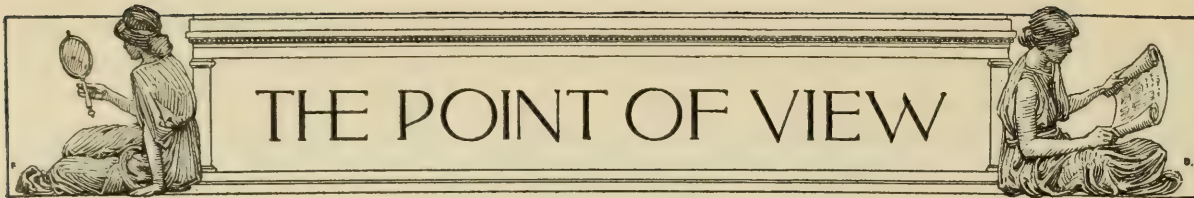
"I hoped you would say to-morrow, and I could help you through your weak time."

"Then we shall say to-morrow."

"Where?"

"Under the willow by the spring, when the evening shadows gather."

It was the last soft spring shower. A few neighbors were bidden. The simple vows were spoken and congratulations were in order. A wood-sled was hauled up to each shack. Willing hands slipped the shanties off their pins, and each one was hauled to the line where the new well was to be, and the two houses were one. It was not long before the twinkling lanterns were seen retreating along the various trails, and from a distant hilltop a cornet sounded sweetly: "Home, Sweet Home."



THE POINT OF VIEW

UNTIL I myself became a beggar I had always regarded the fraternity with contempt. To my mind, there were but two kinds of alms-seekers: those who, from the shelter of doorways, sell pencils or holders—and own apartment-houses; and those who, too lazy to work, cajole the public by various sentimental appeals into giving them a livelihood. To-day I apologize; now I know that the beggar is the only true spectator, and hence philosopher. To him alone humanity shows itself stripped of all pretense, since from him humanity has nothing to gain, and subterfuge is unnecessary. The good man is kind to him because it is his nature to be generous or because he regards it as his duty; the bad man is harsh or indifferent because, equally, it is his nature and the beggar is a derelict who does not concern him.

Being a novice at the gentle art of begging, I took my stand at an unfavorable spot. Floods of people swept by me entirely oblivious of my red box and my little basket with its placard "Help Poland" fluttering busily in the stiff breeze. I became conscious of a growing feeling of bitterness: none of these sleek, well-fed men, these bedizened women cared a picayune that in Poland men and women and children were dying in the streets for lack of one crust of bread, one sup of milk. Selfish, utterly, swinishly selfish—all of them!

A gentle voice at my side interrupted my cynical commentary.

"Beg pardon, lady." I turned to see the carriageman of the fashionable shop near by, cap in hand. "You haven't a good place here, lady. Nobody can see you, they pass so close to you. Come over to our door. I'll show you where to stand. You'll reap a harvest there." This last in a tone of pride in the success of his firm. Piloted by this kindly-faced and superhumanly observant and intelligent young Irishman, I took up my new position, and for the rest of the day I was aware that my fortunes

were being presided over by an interested and beneficent spirit.

Being a bit farther removed from the hurrying throng, I could myself get a perspective upon it similar to that which it had upon me. As I ceased to be a portion of the architecture, so the individual emerged out of the mass.

Several of my acquaintances passed me by, each with that peculiar smile that says as plain as day:

"What a queer thing for her to be doing!—but then, what can you expect!"

Some of my friends, seeing me, stopped to chat lengthily, and to explain—while they completely hid me from the crowd!—that they were working for the French orphans or Red Cross, and so had no money to give. A few of the most exclusive and cherished of my heart deposited in my bank real coin of the realm, briefly wished me all the luck in the world, and went their way.

Up to the curbstone rolled a luxurious limousine from which stepped daintily a lady and little girl. On their way to the shop both caught sight of my active little placard and stopped. A bill from the matronly gold-mesh bag was pressed into the child's eager hand. With happy, yet shy understanding in her eyes, the sweet little maid deposited her gift in my red box and danced gayly back to her mother, who smiled tenderly at us both as she passed through the whirling door.

A woman, dressed in purple velvet and wearing diamond ear-drops as large as filberts, halted before me and inquired suspiciously if I were a responsible person. Upon my assuring her solemnly and with conviction that I was, she deposited, one by one, five pennies in my bank and walked grandly on with an air of conscious virtue. But a beggar's life is full of contrasts. A dear old lady, leaning on the arm of a younger woman, gazed up at me with sweet old eyes full of tears.

"I think what you are doing is *beautiful*," she said, "and here is a little mite." It was a five-dollar note. Behind her came a work-

man, thin, brown, shabby. He dropped two pennies in, saying, with deprecativ smile:

"It ain't much, but it's all I got to-day. I want to help a little, 'cause I've been hungry myself." Verily the whole source of almsgiving. I couldn't thank him as I had the others—his gift was too great.

Now came, in leisurely mood, arms interlocked, a man and woman. The man half-hesitated, his hand moved uncertainly toward his pocket; the woman, looking me up and down from top to toe, questioned in hostile tones:

"What is this, a new kind of hold-up game?" and pulled her escort along. He glanced back at me afterward, shamefacedly. Poor man!

A young girl, smartly gowned, approached, emptied her purse of its change and gave it me, saying warmly:

"I forgot it was to-day—wish I had more. I did this same thing last week for the French and—well, I know just how your feet feel this minute." They felt the same way she thought they did, too, but her sympathy helped my courage.

It was sometimes amusing, oftener pathetic, to see now a man, again a woman, attracted by my fluttering card, half-stop, expression softened and illumined with the wish to help, and hands moving instinctively toward pocket or purse; then to see the eyes grow suddenly hard or dim, the step quicken, and the whole bearing declare as if the words had been spoken aloud:

"Nonsense, what am I about!" or "O dear, I forgot. I can't afford it." Sometimes they would come back later, slip a few cents into the eager little box, with an embarrassed air, as if they were doing something shameful. One man tossed a dime into my basket, seemingly without looking in my direction, and hastened on with heightened color.

I earned about twenty-five dollars during my five hours of solicitation, this sum representing hundreds of gifts, from a penny to five dollars, and hundreds of hearts softened to the woes of others. But the most valuable acquisition to me personally was not a thing to be measured in terms of money: I glimpsed a little mount of transfiguration; I had a vision of the soul of man. Now I know that, whatever may be the occasional surface manifestations of selfishness, greed,

and cruelty, the heart of man is true and righteous altogether; that rich and poor, lettered and ignorant, are bound together eternally by the one great impulse of charity.

Truly, one beggar has been the most fortunate of the daughters of men.

IT has been said that "the only treasure-house open to all comers is a library."

Accepting this assertion as undoubted truth, some of us decided several years ago that it behooved us to at least make an attempt to obtain for our little village such a priceless possession.

We realized from the first that we should have to begin on a very modest scale, and our earliest step was to ascertain whether it would be possible to *borrow* enough books with which to start, providing we should be able to procure funds for running expenses. On investigation the following aids to our plan were found available: Through the courtesy of the State Board of Public Libraries we could borrow simultaneously two of their "travelling libraries," to be exchanged quarterly. Then we discovered that for a small amount we could subscribe to the "Bodley Club Library" for a year and receive twenty-five books, to be exchanged monthly. This has since gone out of existence, but there are other organizations which would be equally useful. Next, a few of our residents agreed to lend us books of all descriptions to the number of about two hundred. Lastly, several local subscribers to various magazines promised their periodicals a month or so late. So much for our reading-matter. At this juncture some friends offered to lend or give us the necessary furnishings for our room. These consisted of an office-desk, a narrow table eight feet long, a dozen painted kitchen chairs, a stove, and lamps.

Having reached this point, we sent out several young women to canvass the village. They were so successful that at the initial meeting called to discuss our plan the outlook was most favorable, and an association was formed, a constitution and by-laws being framed and accepted. Five trustees were elected who were to choose officers from their own number. Later, when the library was three years old, the association

The Evolution
of Our Village
Library

was incorporated. At that first meeting it was voted to rent a vacant store and to secure a high-school student as librarian.

Before it opened the library received a gift of twenty-nine books, the first owned by the association. On its second birthday, however, it was the proud possessor of 1,032 volumes, an increase of one thousand in two years; now we own over 3,200 books. Within the past year we have instituted a "pay shelf," consisting of the latest novels. When a group of twenty has paid for itself it is put on the "open shelves" and another collection is bought to take its place. A rental fee, of course, is charged for each book. We have a competent committee which reads every unknown book before it is put, first, in our "accession book" and, later, "on the shelves." If this august body does not approve of any, or if some of our gifts happen to duplicate books we already have, we take them to a second-hand bookshop in a city not far distant and exchange them for others we shall find more useful.

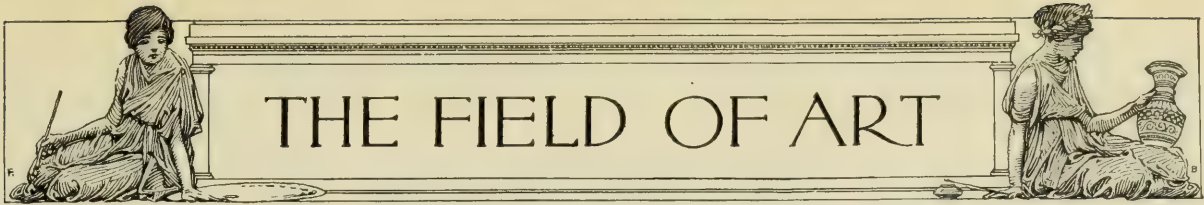
We decided it was not necessary to have the library open daily for more than four hours and a half in so small a community, and it is also closed Thursday evenings, Sundays, and holidays. Its privileges are free to all permanent residents over eight years of age. During the twelve years of the library's existence the book circulation has increased until an average of about twenty are given out daily. What is still more encouraging, and the real test of a library's efficiency, the number of non-fiction books taken out doubled itself annually the first four years and since then has remained about the same.

In regard to our financial affairs, we find that the actual running expenses average about two hundred and fifty dollars a year, and besides that we expect to spend annually at least twenty-five dollars in the purchase of books—sometimes second-hand, but usually new. For the past seven years we have been supported by solicited donations instead of by fairs and entertainments as at first. Of course, the most independent and just method is to tax the community, but this is not always politically feasible.

From the beginning we have tried to

make our little library as much like a "grown-up" as is possible for a small but aspiring body. Our books are "classified," "author marked," "card-catalogued," and "charged," according to the most approved professional methods. There were several books which helped us greatly on our upward climb. Mary Wright Plummer's "Hints to Small Libraries" is almost indispensable from the very start, as it explains to the uninitiated every vital technical point and gives a list of required tools and supplies. As to authoritative guides to selecting books, the American Library Association has compiled a most helpful list of 8,000 volumes for a popular library; the Newark Free Public Library has published "A Thousand of the Best Novels," and Caroline M. Hewins has selected a fine list of "Books for Boys and Girls." The Library Bureau of Boston and New York will send, on application, several helpful pamphlets. It is also necessary to own a copy of Melvil Dewey's "Abridged Decimal Classification," C. & A. Cutter's "2-Figure Decimal Alphabetic Order Table," and a "Condensed Accession Book" with room for the titles of 2,000 volumes.

Much of our success in the proper formation and later management of our little institution is also due to the fact that in an adjacent city we found a valuable ally in the person of the head librarian of a certain Carnegie Library. Through the kindness of this "friend in need," not only was our young attendant instructed in the first mysteries of the Most Noble Order of Librarians, but we have also received much wise and necessary advice. Almost every one in our village realizes to-day that the library is a power in the community and is proud of the fact that various professional librarians and a representative of the State Board of Public Libraries, who have inspected our methods and choice of books, have complimented us upon our rise and progress. For the sake of those who may wish to start upon a venture such as ours, let me encourage them by saying: "As our State Board and friendly neighboring librarians have helped us, yours will doubtless gladly assist you in the evolution of *your* village library!"



THE FIELD OF ART

POLYCHROME WOOD-CARVING

The illustrations are from sculptures in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

WHEN Mr. Kendall's sculpture, reproduced in color as the frontispiece of this number, was exhibited at the National Academy of Design, it caused some surprised discussion; less because its author is a painter than because wood-carvings painted in polychrome are so consistently absent from modern art exhibitions that the appearance of this one seemed an anachronism. And truly the art of sculpture in wood, with rich surface decoration in color, so far as it was the glory of a vanished age, is dead; not in any one country or continent, but throughout the world. One of the earliest of man's means of self-expression, it reached its highest achievements in East and in West in neighboring periods, and in interest and attainments similarly fell away in Occident and Orient.

Yet what a rich and benevolent inheritance it left may be partly realized, as to Europe, by an inspection of the all-too-few but particularly pleasing examples housed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, largely through the munificence of a late collector who did much for the development of art in America, though he was accused of refusal to patronize "American art." Of course in the museums and ancient churches and homes of Europe are more numerous survivals, and the Orient is not less appreciative of its treasures of old. But it is only of recent years that the public in America has had opportunity to enjoy

these works, although a small number of private citizens, artists and others, have for a longer time been acquiring a few of the fascinatingly beautiful objects.

That they were not so beautiful before Time had laid his mystic hand upon the pigment is little to the point. We have them now in the serenity of their beauty, intimate spokesmen of a life we succeed without inheriting, of people who felt what

they were doing and put themselves into their work. The Swiss in certain small sculptures, well known, retain more of the ancient spirit than do other peoples, and their modern works do not fail of appreciation. Is it possible that reawakening and modern production may come about? Hardly, in the face of machinery and sophistication. There are collectors in a modest way who hold that to secure the equivalent of ancient work it would be necessary to put a knife into the hands of a child and tell him to picture Methuselah or King Ar-

thur—much after the contention of the cubists, futurists, and the other "wild men." They don't say how many generations would be required to come up again from the totem-pole.

Yet here is Mr. Kendall imbued with, or at least prodded by, the primitive desire, and he has not stopped with "The Quest." In this figure the spirit and feeling for simplicity and directness, for the genuine and homely in daily life, come frankly forth, both in the rugged carving and its more delicate passages, and in the quiet color of the adornment and the greater



St. George.

French; about 1500. Height, 12 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches.

warmth of the flesh; the human element not wholly sacrificed to convention, nor disguised that art may prove itself exacting.

In New York, besides the remarkable examples of the ancient work in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, may be seen those at Mr. George Gray Barnard's Gothic "cloisters." In the Metropolitan's section of Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance sculpture there are some fourscore of the wood-carvings with polychrome painting in various states of preservation, and they suffice in themselves to evoke a fair conception of the art in its flourishing days. More than that, they give pleasure to the contemplative, and express the call to which collectors have responded wherever the charming productions of this field of art craftsmanship have been seen.

In their larger forms the carvings in the museums can, no doubt, better than in private possession express their present function, the delight or enlightenment of students and admirers. In smaller dimensions, however, they are prized and coveted in personal ownership, for while they do not invite the almost involuntary caress bestowed upon—almost compelled by—bronze, stone, porcelain, and softly glowing textiles, there is yet about them a gently insistent and sometimes bewitching attraction which makes its greater personal appeal with constant companionship.

With a combination of the larger sculptures and the lesser carvings comes a communion with mediæval Europe more intimate and familiar than its great monuments of stone inspire, closely associated with those architectural piles as the modest wood works are. One recalls at the same time in these sculptures the huge arches that grew out of the umbrageous vaults of the forest, their sombre spaces dimly illu-

mined through wonderfully colored glass, and the pious wood-carvings in their chromatic dress lightening and brightening them and enriching them with embellishments of gold. This gold, what a tone it takes, and what lustre it adds to plain color, when wearing down it partly reveals the warm red of its underground, that covers the plaster coating of the wood foundation! All glare and harshness of crude pigment gone, the product of their union is a beauty lightly veiled and serene.

One sees also the men who in the days of Gothic architecture—ironic History, that benisoned the primal (not the atavistic) Goths with an epithet that came to connote beauty!—the days of Gothic architecture, then, not the Gothic days



Virgin and Child.
Spanish; early sixteenth century. Height
13¼ inches.



St. Martin.

Flemish; about 1500. Height, 17½ inches.

—the men who made these statues, statuettes, reliefs, for great cathedral and for small

church, even for home or bench, when chairs were a patrician prerogative; the men who expressed themselves and the beliefs and aspirations and inspirations of their time in the honest handiwork that made the artisan an artist.

One pictures the bands of these craftsmen who went from place to place, leaving their impress as the style of a master painter on his canvases, or who left a work unfinished which contemporaries and successors refrained from completing—more considerate than “restorers” or “church-warden Gothics” of a later day. This may be more distinctly true of the ornament-carver than of the statuary, but ornament was also painted in polychrome, and the statuary could also carve ornament.



St. Luke.
German; Suabian School; about 1480.
Height, 36½ inches.



A Trumpeter.
Flemish; about 1500. Height, 30¾ inches.

Among peregrinating survivals ornament appears more commonly in Oriental than

in European work, yet the highest development of wood-carving with polychrome decoration seems to have been of an age rather than geographical, from about the twelfth to about the sixteenth century. In Europe the fifteenth century saw the high mark. In China the Ming period has been said to show the earliest and the best, though there are numerous earlier attributions. Sculpture in China leaned overwhelmingly to stone and bronze. In Japan native appreciation places the zenith in the Fujiwara period, with the Kamakura showing the beginning of the decline, while in the Tokugawa days the wood-carvers began to “go easy,” as it has been pleasantly phrased, an observation interesting in view of the Eur-

pean course from the advent of the Renaissance.

While there is little reason to look for a serious revival of the ancient interest and skill, there are yet examples of great beauty and charm and of very capable workmanship belonging to later periods. And if artists, recognizing the value of craftsmanship out of which great art has grown, shall take up wood-carving with polychrome painting, they will be much more likely to approximate the sixteenth-century work than to traverse the whole long road anew, or to counterfeit the ages of highest attainment—the spirit or *raison d'être* of which has ceased to exist, to say nothing of the factor of machinery, with the utilization of which the art naturally decayed. The same thing is, of course, true of stone sculpture as employed in architecture (yet sculptural machinists are unionized as “artists”!); the personal element, initiative, originality, and free play of genius or talent vanishes or isn’t wanted. Still, La Farge in his mural painting revived the earlier practice of a master designing and leaving the execu-

tion of details to subordinates, and who shall therefore say that such work is not his? And of his stained-glass work accomplished and travelled critics said that La Farge's was finer than any since the fourteenth century. Why not the possibility of an equal achievement in polychrome wood-carving?

The examples at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in various stages of preservation and disintegration, reveal much of the method of the work. The carvings safely in and partly denuded of their soft chromatic dress may also be seen in the shops of dealers high and low, and there are nowadays men searching in lands of ancient civilization for specimens which may be relinquished, and for worthy survivals which have persisted in oblivion or even in ignominious utilization. Such is the demand, such the renewed appreciation.

In the Metropolitan Museum there are examples of early Italian Renaissance work, in the Etruscan and Venetian Schools, Spanish Renaissance work, and French Romanesque of the Auvergne School, with French Gothic and early French Renaissance; also Flemish and Dutch carvings of the Gothic and early Renaissance periods, Flemish work of the Brussels and Antwerp Schools, besides a considerable amount of

Dutch work unclassified; and German work in both Gothic and Renaissance styles appears, of the Rhenish, Franconian, Suabian, and Tyrolese Schools.

They include carvings in oak, walnut, linden, pine, poplar, pearwood, and boxwood, besides others the wood of which is not classified or definitely ascertained. There are statues in the round and varied reliefs. There are works the backs of which have been hollowed out by the original workers for the better and readier seasoning of the wood. And there are works with accessories done in ivory and metal. There are figures single and in small and large groups. There are animals, men, women, and angels; works large and small, alone and in position.

When one studies the warmth and softness and charm of these polychrome carvings, their effectiveness and worth in the art life and in the daily appreciative life of the community are not only manifest but insistent. One comes to see and know what wood-carvings thus treated meant and mean—and perhaps to regret the more the buzz of machinery that makes life quick and comfortable at the expense of beauty and repose. Spiritual exaltation can be understood though the faith that vivified it be gone.



St. Peter.
Flemish; about 1500. Height,
16 inches.



The Virgin and Child, with St. Anne and
St. Elizabeth.

German; Suabian School; about 1510-1520.
Height, 33 inches.

DANA H. CARROLL.



THE WATER-LILY.

From the painting by Frank E. Schoonover, in the collection of Mrs. T. Coleman du Pont.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXI

JUNE, 1917

NO. 6

ON THE HEADWATERS OF PEACE RIVER

A NARRATIVE OF A THOUSAND-MILE CANOE TRIP TO A LITTLE-KNOWN
RANGE OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

BY PAUL LELAND HAWORTH

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

I. TO FINLAY FORKS AND THE GREAT GLACIER



It is no longer an easy task to find in North America a primeval wilderness—even a little one—in which to indulge a fondness for wandering in remote regions

“beyond the farthest camping-ground and the last tin can.” Labrador has been penetrated, the Barren Grounds have repeatedly been traversed, and Alaska has yielded up her geographical secrets to argonauts drawn thither by the lure of gold. For some years, however, my eyes had been turned longingly toward a region that seemed to promise a persevering traveller an opportunity to set his foot where no other white man had been—at least no white man who had left a record of his journey.

Far up in northern British Columbia the mighty Peace River takes its rise, and after gathering to itself the waters of a vast area breaks its way eastward through the barrier of the Rockies toward the Mackenzie and the Arctic sea. The Peace is formed by the junction of two streams, the Parsnip flowing up from the south, and the Finlay flowing down from the north. The main course of each of these streams is fairly well known, though the Finlay is a river that has rarely been

ascended. But to the eastward of the Finlay is a great stretch of the Rocky Mountains—the stretch lying south of the Liard River and north of Laurier Pass—that had never been explored; and there existed rumors, started by trappers who had sought pelts along the borderland, that hidden away in the ranges there were “peaks taller than Mount Robson.”

I believed that it would be interesting to attempt to enter the unexplored country. It seemed safe to assume that one would be likely to find game there; the trip thither and back was certain to be worth while; and merely to renew my acquaintance with the Canadian Rockies would be a pleasure beyond price.

The proposed trip appeared the more feasible because the recent completion of two railroads had rendered the region I wished to visit more accessible. In a few months I would be able—if all went well—to make a journey which only recently would have occupied the greater part of a year. From Edmonton, my outfitting place, I must travel far to the west, then far to the north, then far to the east, and then far to the south back to the starting-point. Thanks to the new Grand Trunk Pacific, I could do the four hundred miles of the westward swing in less than a day

Copyright, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

and a night, while the just finished railroad to Peace River Crossing would enable me to cover in the same manner more than three hundred miles of the return.

Ultimately I decided to make the venture. I had no hope or expectation of exhaustively exploring the region, or of making any great addition to the fund of geographical knowledge. Experiences were what I was seeking. If I could make the long trip successfully, have a bit of hunting and fishing, and determine somewhat generally the character of the unexplored mountain region, I should feel satisfied.

I set out for the remote Northwest alone.

I. FROM PACIFIC TO ARCTIC WATERS

By a certain summer morning the pleasures and trials of what on trips of this kind I am wont to call "the Middle Passage" were over, and the "expedition" was ready to set out.

The starting-point was a tiny creek in central British Columbia, twelve hundred and thirty-five miles northwest of Winnipeg, forty-six miles east of Prince George. At the latter place a few days before I had, by the expenditure of a hundred dollars, obtained from the provincial authorities a hunting license, and had also engaged a "crew" consisting of one man, namely Joe Lavoie, French Canadian, native of the province of Quebec, resident as a boy of Fall River, Massachusetts, but for many years a prospector, trapper, and riverman in the Fraser River country. Prior to the building of the new transcontinental he had been firewarden in the wild region between Quesnel and Tête Jaune Cache, and had made his long rounds alone in a little canoe. He had spent the previous winter trapping and prospecting at Finlay Forks, had been a short distance up Finlay River, and, as he owned a pre-emption and a graphophone at the Forks, we had little difficulty in coming to terms.

The craft that was to carry us was a canvas-covered, sponson, Chestnut canoe, seventeen feet long and weighing ninety pounds. I had meant to take a canoe a foot longer and without sponsons, but this one was the only thing approaching my requirements that was available in Edmonton, so I had made the best of the situation and bought her, though with

some misgivings. As we had provisions with us for three months, besides guns, cameras, and other outfit, she sat so low in the water when we both embarked that she had a scant three inches of freeboard and looked not unlike a submarine about to take a plunge. The sponsons, however, made her as steady as a church, and I knew that, even if she should fill, she could hardly sink, while we had a plan for keeping out rough water when the need should come.

Canoe, provisions, and other outfit had followed me from Edmonton on the regular three-times-a-week passenger-trains. The supplies had been delayed two days, and as the region roundabout was wild and unsettled, we had been driven to eating porcupine while awaiting their arrival.

To make an early start with a canoe is much less difficult than with a pack-train, and by seven o'clock all was in readiness. For the fourth or fifth time we looked round our deserted camp-site to make sure that we were leaving nothing except the mosquitoes, and then Joe stepped aboard. It seemed to me that it was a moment that ought to be chronicled in enduring form, so I fired two shots at the outfit with my graflex. Then I took my place in the bow, and our thousand-mile canoe trip began.

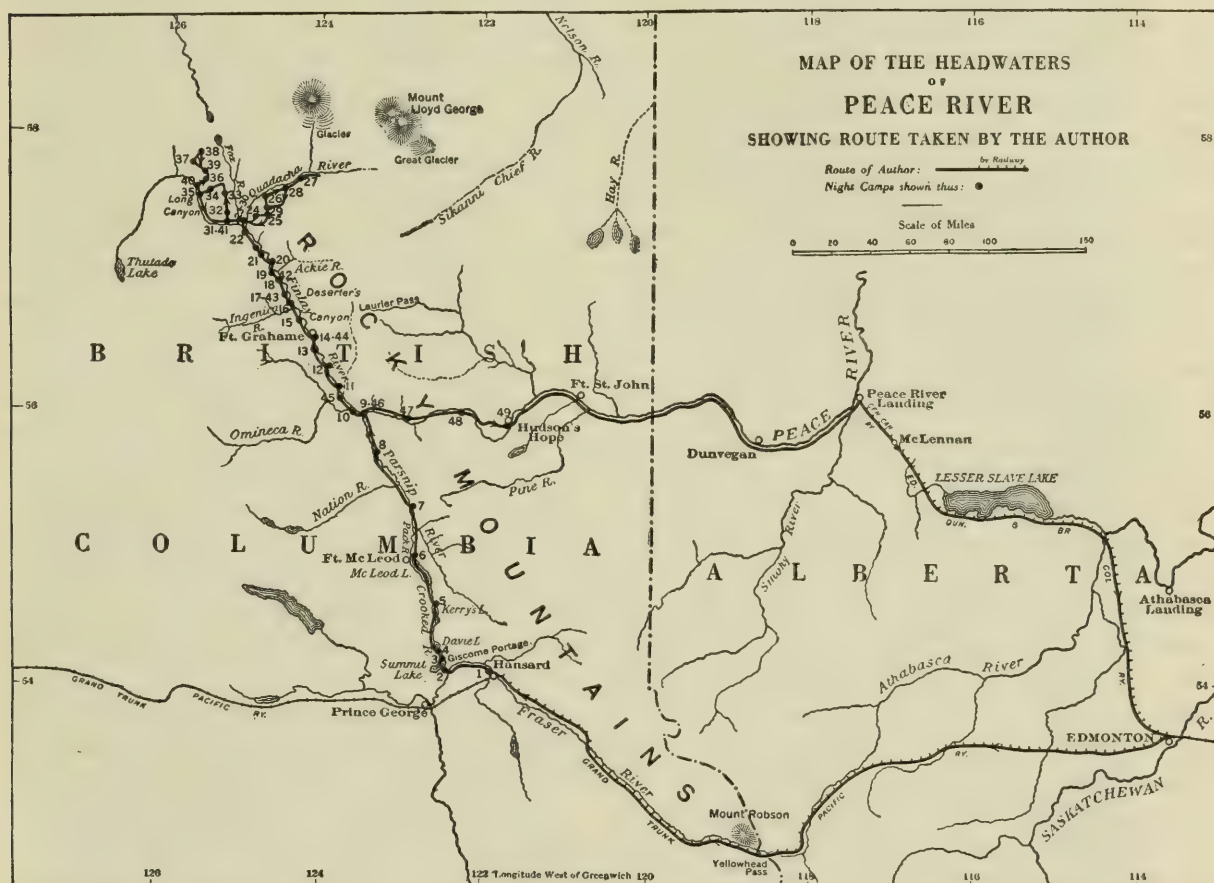
To work our way to the mouth of the little creek and out upon the upper Fraser River was the work of no more than twenty strokes of our paddles. Even here the Fraser is a big, broad stream, hundreds of yards wide, with a lively current; and soon we were shooting down the river at what, considering our load, was a rattling speed. It was thirty-five miles to Giscome Portage; we hoped to reach that place early enough to have our outfit hauled over the eight-mile portage that day and to camp on Summit Lake that night.

The region in which we were making our start was itself wild enough for most palates. There was only one family living on the stretch of river between us and the portage, and while paddling up and down the Fraser during our wait for the provisions we had seen many tracks of beaver, moose, and bear. The North Fork, whose mouth we passed about nine o'clock, is mostly represented on the map by dotted lines, and about its headwaters

lie some big, unexplored mountains. A little below this stream we saw a moose standing upon the bank.

Few people who have not travelled there realize the immensity of the mighty mountain mass that is called

portage stand here, and are in charge of a hired man. A Swedish pre-emptioner lives not far away. With the exception of half a dozen or so white people about McLeod Lake, this is the last permanent settlement one sees until he reaches Fin-



British Columbia and Alberta, showing the author's route.

The numbers indicate the night camps in order, going and coming.

British Columbia. Twenty Switzerlands could be set down within its limits, and there would still be room for England and several other European countries.

The sun was sinking low as we swung down the trail on the Arctic side of the divide, but we reached Summit Lake while there was still light. This lake is a very irregular body of water, perhaps twelve miles long, surrounded by rolling country timbered mainly with stunted spruce. It lies at an elevation of twenty-four hundred feet above sea-level, and is about two hundred feet higher than the Fraser where we left it. The bottom is of gravel, and many fish—probably Dolly Varden or rainbow trout—were feeding actively in the clear water.

Three log buildings belonging to the men who hauled our outfit over the

lay Forks, two hundred miles distant. We were to see neither horses nor white woman again until we reached Hudson's Hope many weeks later. We caught up here with a "free trader" named Ivor Guest and had his company as far as Pack River.

As I lay in my little balloon-silk tent that night and looked out at the North Star—much higher up than at home—I felt keen satisfaction over having reached one of the last outposts and being camped on Arctic waters.

II. GOLDEN DAYS ON CROOKED RIVER

THE outlet of Summit Lake is no more than a small creek, which contracts in places until it is only a few feet wide, while in others it broadens out into long stretches of dead-water more or less over-

grown with yellow water-lilies. In a few instances these broad places rise to the dignity of lakes. The stream is rightly named Crooked River, for it winds here and there in a seemingly aimless fashion, though one finds that the general direction is north. Along its course one experiences something that is unique in British Columbia, namely, he is out of sight of any real mountains, though even here a view of the Rockies to eastward can be obtained by climbing certain elevations.

We had not gone far before I surrendered entirely to the charm of this little stream. It was so small that one obtained a more intimate acquaintance with it and its banks than is possible upon a real river.

Between Summit Lake and Finlay Forks I saw more eagles—both bald and golden—than I had before seen in all my life, and there were also many ospreys, or fish-hawks, whose diving never ceased to interest us. All three birds live mainly upon fish; up the Finlay, which is comparatively a poor stream for fish, we saw very few of either eagles or fish-hawks. The range of an eagle is, however, immense, and I have no doubt that these birds are partly responsible for the rarity of mountain sheep in the mountains both east and west of the Parsnip, as they work havoc among the lambs.

For four never-to-be-forgotten days we floated down that delectable little river, enjoying unforgettable sport with rainbow and Dolly Varden trout, which simply swarm in these waters. We passed through occasional lakes, the largest of which was McLeod Lake, fourteen miles long, and as night was falling at the end of the fourth day we drew up our canoes on the beach in front of Ivor Guest's cabin on Pack River. Guest's hired man, a big, rangy Swede, and two trappers from Parsnip headwaters were there to welcome us and to ply us with questions about the world outside and in particular about the Great War. These trappers had much the finest dugout canoe we saw on the whole trip.

III. FROM MCLEOD LAKE TO FINLAY FORKS

ABOUT a mile above Guest's place, on the shore of Lake McLeod just west of

the outlet, we had stopped for a bit at the Hudson's Bay trading-post known as Fort McLeod. Incredible as it may seem, this post is the oldest settlement west of the Rocky Mountains north of New Mexico and California, having been established by an agent of the Northwest Trading Company in 1805; yet it still consists of only two or three log buildings, in front of one of which rises the usual flagpole.

A little farther up the shore stands the Indian village. The Indians belong to the Sikanni tribe, and, though they have been in contact with white people for more than a century, they are still in the hunting and fishing stage. Some of them, however, are sufficiently "civilized" to build log cabins and caches. Big game is scarce around the lake, but there is still an abundance in the mountains about the headwaters of the Parsnip River; all except a few old squaws were away in that region hunting "whistlers," a sort of groundhog, valuable for food and also for its skin, out of which warm robes are made.

A few miles below Guest's place we came to the Cross Rapids, a succession of shallow ripples. In order to reach the only safe passage at the lower end, it is necessary to make a traverse in the midst of the rough water, a rather ticklish operation. Thanks to Joe's ready skill, we passed through everything in good style, but a man named Smith, who was following in another canoe, ran aground in making the traverse and was forced to spring out into the river—the water was luckily shallow—and ingloriously "wade" his craft over a portion of the course. Smith was subbing for the regular firewarden who patrols this stretch of river, and we had his company as far as Finlay Forks.

About noon we passed out of the Pack into the Parsnip, a much larger, raw-looking stream, whose greenish-colored water, flowing from the snow and ice in the main chain of the Rockies to southeastward, contrasted strongly with the clearer, somewhat yellowish swamp water of the Pack. The two rivers mingle between banks of gravel, perhaps a dozen feet high, back of which lie flats overgrown with very large cottonwood trees, whose trunks, bare of limbs for many feet up, whitish



By courtesy of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

A glimpse of Mount Edith Cavell.

bark, and light foliage furnish a novel sight after the monotony of the dark evergreen forests. It is here that the McLeod Indians make most of their canoes.

VOL. LXI.—69

We were now once more in sight of the western ranges of the Rockies, while other mountains were also visible on our left but far away. After several days of comparatively flat country it gave one

651

a feeling of exhilaration to look at these bold and rugged ranges and to speculate as to what game could be found upon their upper slopes.

We lunched next day just below the mouth of Nation River, a stream that called to mind the adventures of Warburton Pike in this district when he was returning from his celebrated trip to the Barren Grounds. His party, which included an Indian and a half-breed from the McLeod Lake country, were making their way on foot up Parsnip River in December and mistook Nation River for the Pack, with the result that they became lost and turned back toward Hudson's Hope, far down Peace River; they did not reach food and safety until weeks later, after suffering privations from cold and hunger that reduced them to little more than skeletons. The experience illustrates the fact that even Indians and half-breeds are by no means infallible in the woods.

Along this stretch of Parsnip River there are many steep cut-banks, some of them hundreds of feet high, and carved into most fantastic forms by the action of wind and water; one sees portrayed the towers and battlements of mediæval fortresses, the likeness being often startlingly exact.

The farther one goes down the Parsnip the higher loom the mountains both to west and east, and finally one catches sight of the peak of Mount Selwyn, "the Mountain of Gold," standing guard over the gateway through which the Peace flows. If there had been time, I should very much have liked to make a side trip into the Rockies south of Selwyn. Very little is known of the immense mountain mass lying between Peace River and Pine Pass, and there are several interesting biological questions upon which light might be thrown by a thorough investigation of this region. How far north, for example, does the real bighorn (*Ovis canadensis*) extend its range in these mountains? Are there caribou to be found there and, if so, of what species are they—the "mountain" or "Osborn's"?

We had not time for such an expedition. Our goal lay far to northward on the headwaters of the Quadacha River. A trip into the mountains east of the

Parsnip is of itself a serious enough undertaking to occupy an entire summer, for by every account the country is exceedingly rough and the going frightful. H. Somers-Somerset's expedition, which went through the Pine Pass in 1893 from Dunvegan, were reduced to killing some of their pack-horses for food, and reached McLeod in a state of semi-starvation.

One memorable afternoon, when the wind was kicking up the water so much that we were forced much of the time to keep in sheltered stretches near the shore, we floated down the final reach of the Parsnip, swung in beneath the cliffs of Mount Wolseley, fought our way across the racing current of a great river flowing down from the north, and tied up our canoe under the bank at Peterson's at Finlay Forks.

Our approach had been noted through a small telescope, and a little group had gathered on the bank to welcome us and, I doubt not, to learn our mission, for these dwellers in the wilderness have a large bump of curiosity. Most of them were old friends of Joe's, and I was soon introduced to Mr. Peterson, a grizzled old Dane; to Mr. Staggy, a short, fat German, wearing a broad hat and a broader smile; to "Shorty" Webber, a still shorter and stockier German; and to a couple of Canadian prospectors, who had been operating a "grizzly" on some of the Parsnip bars and had washed out a big bag of "dust."

While Joe was renewing his acquaintance with his old friends, I took a more careful survey of my surroundings, and, as the Forks may, in course of time, make some noise in the world, I shall describe the place more in detail. Here it is that the Peace River is formed by the junction of the Finlay and Parsnip. To the west there extends a considerable forested plain, beyond which rise the Omineca, or Wolverine, Mountains. On the east and southeast mountains tower right over the junction, nor are they very far distant to the north. A mile or two down Peace River lie the Finlay Rapids, and their roar can be distinctly heard.

It is the fond belief of the inhabitants of the Forks that theirs will some day be a great city, and they keep their eyes strained southward for the coming of a

railroad. The place undoubtedly enjoys some strategic advantages, and it will probably not be a great many years before a railway will run through the Forks on the way down the Peace to the plains have their small beginnings! When I visited the place, there were probably a score of men about the Forks—including the members of a survey outfit. The strain of waiting had already proved too



The start from Hansard.

It seemed to me that it was a moment that ought to be chronicled in enduring form.—Page 648.

beyond the mountains, while another will ascend the Finlay valley as the best overland route to Alaska. It was the hope of such roads that brought in most of the present population, all of whom have come in during the last two or three years.

At present the Forks has three centres: the government house, a cabin on an island a little distance up the Parsnip; Staggy's store on the bluff on the east side of the junction; and Peterson's store on the timbered flat opposite. As yet neither Peterson nor Staggy have advertised for clerks to help them with press of customers, nor would it take a very strong team to pull their combined stocks, but then almost all great mercantile houses

great for some of the inhabitants, and they had either sought other settlements or had gone to the war. The winter before the Forks could boast of the society of two ladies, wives of pre-emptioners, but now it boasts no more.

It must not be understood that I ascertained all these facts standing on the bank above where we had tied our canoe. The fact is that after a survey of what lay about me—and particularly of the Finlay—I entered Peterson's "store," and found Joe busily examining his beloved graphophone to ascertain whether it was in playing order. The examination proved satisfactory, and soon we had the pleasure of listening to the strains of "Molly MacIntyre" and many another "classic"!

IV. BUCKING THE FINLAY

WITH our arrival at Finlay Forks our "joy ride" was over; our real work had begun. Hitherto our whole course, except for the portage at Giscome, had been down-stream, and our nearest approach

river, but it lacks the volume of the Finlay, which, to make a comparison, is larger than the Wabash of the States. The Finlay drains an immense area of rugged mountains, and rises some three hundred miles by river northwestward of the Forks in Thutade Lake. It was first



The start on Summit Lake.

to hard labor had been in paddling across lakes, and even there we had usually been favored with a fair wind, which helped to waft us on our way. We had now reached a part of our journey where every mile of advance could only be won at the cost of exhausting physical effort; no more lazy drifting down with the current, dipping our paddles only when we felt inclined. As I stood on the bank in front of Peterson's shack the afternoon of our arrival at the Forks and noted how the current came pouring fiercely down from the north, I realized that we must nerve ourselves for conflict—not merely for a skirmish, or even for a pitched battle, but for a campaign.

The Finlay River, which should really be called the Peace, was, even at that low stage of water, over three hundred yards wide, and very swift and deep. The Parsnip, down which we had come, is a big

ascended by a certain John Finlay in the interests of the Northwest Fur Company in 1824. His journal of the trip was for years kept at Cumberland House, but finally was lost; however, J. B. Tyrrell about twenty years ago took notes from the Journal, and I have a copy of these notes. Since Finlay's day the stream has been ascended by a number of persons, notably in 1893 by a Canadian geological survey outfit, headed by R. G. McConnell. The discovery of paying gold gravel bars on some of the western tributaries has resulted in all these streams being prospected, but the wash at the mouths of the eastern tributaries—heading in the Rockies—does not show promising "color," consequently these have never been ascended by white men—at least by white men who have left any account of it. The largest of these tributaries, the Quadacha, or Whitewater, was

now the goal of our endeavors. For years more or less trapping has been done along the Finlay, but the only permanent settlement above the Forks is the tiny Hudson's Bay post, known as Fort Grahame, of which more hereafter.

Let no party set out with the mad

by lack of pole bottom along log jams or steep banks, whereas shallow water could almost always be found on the opposite, or gravel-beach, side. On the average we probably made such a traverse to every mile, and it invariably required strenuous work to buck our way



Ivor Guest's trading-post on Pack River.

thought that they can *paddle* up the Finlay, for they might about as well attempt to fly to the moon. Most of the work must be done by poling, and as I was not an adept at this work, and furthermore, as my weight brought the bow of our little craft very low in the water, Joe decided that, during a good part of the time, I would better walk on shore, while he shoved the boat up. To keep out rough water we continued our custom, begun when we reached Pack River, of tacking a strip of canvas over the load, leaving just room enough at bow and stern for us to sit down. I was nothing loath to walk, as it gave me an opportunity to study the shores at closer range, and it was certain that much of the way would be over level beaches. On the quieter stretches, of course, we paddled, and I also helped to make the frequent crossings which were rendered necessary

across the swift current without losing part of what had been gained.

On the third day I was lucky enough to decapitate three ruffed grouse sitting in bushes along the edge of a slide, and the same day we met a party of prospectors coming down the river—the last white men we were to see for many a long day. These prospectors had a number of sheep and goat horns and several caribou hides, and they were kind enough to give us part of a leg of caribou, which went very well both fried and in a “muligan.”

We were now far enough up the Finlay to feel that we were becoming acquainted with the river, and before proceeding farther with my narrative I shall pause to give a more detailed description of it. For a hundred and sixty miles the river occupies a great intermontane valley, a valley that is one of the most important

topographical features of British Columbia, for it extends from the American boundary far up toward the Liard River, separates the Rockies from the Selkirks, and is occupied in various places by a number of river systems, including the Kootanie, Columbia, Canoe, Fraser, Bad River, Parsnip, Finlay, and Tochieca or Fox. The Fox is a tributary of the Finlay flowing down from the north, and just above its mouth the Finlay proper enters the great valley from the west. The width of this remarkable valley is from two to fifteen miles, and it is inclosed almost everywhere by high mountain ranges. It is a very old valley geologically, and none of the streams that occupy it are doing much rock-cutting at the present time. Throughout the hundred and sixty miles that the Finlay follows it the floor of the valley consists, except for one short stretch at Deserter's Canyon, of deposits of sand, gravel, and soil carried thither either by the river and its tributaries or by glaciers of an earlier period. To these deposits the river is constantly adding material carried down by its feeders heading in the mountains. The course of the river, except for a few stretches, notably above the mouth of the Ospica and above Paul's Branch, is crooked to the last degree.

In some places the river occupies a deep channel, and here one passes high banks, some of them rising hundreds of feet. Along such places vast slides involving sometimes as much as a hundred acres are common; above Deserter's Canyon we saw one such slide which the spring before had evidently blocked the entire river. Where the banks are lower the stream is constantly changing its course, for the sandy soil is exceedingly susceptible to erosion and requires hardly more than a touch of water to set it crumbling and dissolving.

In a rather wide experience with rivers I have never seen one so profusely furnished with log jams as is the Finlay, and neither do I know another which is in the same class with it in regard to sand and gravel bars. Generally speaking, the whole floor of the immense valley is a vast gravel bed, and the stream, in its constant shifting, forms bars of perfectly enormous extent. The pebbles and boulders

on many of these bars are of every conceivable color, they have been given a high polish by the action of water, and it is a real pleasure merely to walk over them.

Unless they lie where they are swept clean every year by high water the bars do not long remain barren. The seeds of the balsam poplar are profusely scattered there by the agencies of nature and a dense thicket soon arises. Spruce, too, find a foothold, and in a few score years there is a fine forest where the river has once been. Meanwhile the river has been careering about, forming a profusion of new channels, but there comes a time when it once more shifts back toward its old location and begins tearing into and undermining the new forest. In hundreds of places we saw in banks that were being washed down the half-rotten log jams of generations before, marking the spot where the river had once run.

Thus the history of the Finlay and its valley is an endless story of change, of ceaseless destruction, construction, and again destruction.

V. THE LAST OUTPOST

WHEN we camped at the end of the fourth day, we believed that we must be nearing Fort Grahame, but the morning and part of the next afternoon came and went and we were still fighting our way up through a perfect labyrinth of sloughs and channels, but no fort was yet in sight.

About two o'clock Joe was poling the canoe along a great gravel bar and I was making a short cut toward the head of it, when I noticed a log jam ahead and decided to walk out to the river and see if my help was needed in passing the obstacle. When I reached the top of a ridge of sand that had formed below the jam I noticed that Joe had stopped the canoe, and when he saw me he motioned wildly for me to hurry to him and pointed up the river. I looked in the direction indicated and saw an animal, which I recognized at once as a bear, striking out from the pile of logs toward the opposite bank. In a moment I was in the canoe, and we were after him.

Aware of the fact that if a bear is shot in deep water it is likely to sink quickly,



Cut-banks on Parsnip River.

I waited until the beast almost reached the shore, then fired two shots at his back just where it disappeared in the water, for I did not wish to ruin the head. The canoe was bucking like a bronco, and it was like shooting at the edge of a saucer

at fifty yards, but the first shot seemed to strike the spot where I aimed, throwing up a great splash and penetrating, I then had no doubt, the animal's body. The second bullet went a trifle too high. The bear kept on, but when he reached the

bank he seemed so weak that I fully thought he was done for. However, after slipping back once he gathered strength and was making his way up the bank at a great rate when I deemed it expedient to fire again. At this shot he lost all holds and fell back with a resounding splash into the river.

We seized him before he had time to drift away and presently had him on the beach on the opposite side of the river. At first Joe declared it was a young grizzly, but a closer examination of its claws and fur finally convinced us that it was merely a brown bear and not a very large one at that.

Taking the skin and the hind quarters of the bear, we once more embarked and were surprised, on rounding the next bend, to come in sight of Fort Grahame! We had killed the bear in the front yard, so to speak, of the fort!

This last outpost on Finlay River stands in a small clearing on the east bank, with towering mountains rising beyond. Although dignified with the name of "fort," it consists merely of a small log store, log storehouse, and a couple of still smaller cabins, while scattered here and there stand two or three rough cabins, built by more enterprising Indians, and there are usually some Indian tents pitched in the neighborhood.

Half a dozen Indians were gathered on the bank as we approached. They had heard our shots and were none too well pleased when they saw the bearskin and the meat. However, we told them where they could find the rest of the animal, and some of them set off in a canoe to get it. For once I had the pleasure of killing meat for the aborigines!

We were cordially welcomed to the post by the man in charge, William Fox, and to him we gave one of the hind quarters. Except for one short interval, Fox has been stationed at Grahame since 1893. He came originally from Manitoba and is of mixed Chipewyan and Irish blood. He himself married a daughter of Chief Pierre of the Grahame Indians, but she is now dead and the children are in the outside world being educated.

These Indians are of the Sikanni tribe, and in color, cast of countenance, and

lack of beards are decidedly Asiatic in appearance—even more so than are the red men farther east. If one of them were dressed in Japanese costume and turned loose on the streets of Tokio, only his behavior would betray the disguise.

VI. DESERTER'S CANYON

At noon of the fourth day after leaving Fort Grahame we camped just above where a little mountain stream came tumbling over a bed of boulders into the main river. We had experienced some strenuous times in the interval, paddling, poling, tracking, and even wading the canoe up against the current but, thanks to Joe's skill, we had managed to avoid all dangers. Just ahead the mountains closed in upon the river and to the right a pinnacled peak rose more than a mile over the valley. On the bank above us were traces of many old Indian camps, and, as there was a gap in the mountain wall to eastward, I concluded that hunting-parties often make this place their starting-point for trips into the mountains about the southern headwaters of the Ackié, thereby avoiding the hard carry around Deserter's Canyon, which we rightly concluded was only a little distance above us.

As we had been very busy and had had plenty of fresh caribou and bear meat, to say nothing of grouse, we had not attempted to fish since leaving the Forks, but a more ideal spot for the sport than was afforded by the mouth of the little stream could not be found in a dozen kingdoms and I was unable to resist temptation. While Joe built a fire to cook lunch I hastily set up my rod, selected a "black gnat," and cast into the white water. Instantly there was a swirl, a flash of a finny form, but we both scored a miss. A second cast proved successful, and after a merry fight I hauled out my first "Arctic trout." Before lunch was ready I had caught seven others.

As the accompanying portrait (p. 667) shows, these are shapely fish, with silvery scales and an extraordinarily long back fin. In reality they are not trout at all but grayling. However, they are splendid biters, are taken most readily with flies, are de-

terminated fighters, and, to my mind, their white, firm flesh is delicious beyond compare.

When we paddled onward after this delightful experience we entered a stretch of river hemmed in on both sides by high walls, and in about an hour passed through a narrow gateway with steep cliffs of rough conglomerate on either side.

A beach on the left side at the foot of the canyon afforded a convenient landing-place. There we beached the canoe, and during the rest of that day and half of the next we worked hard carrying our stuff around the obstacle. The portage track is rather more than half a mile long and rises probably three hundred feet above the river.



Peterson's place at Finlay Forks.

The river then widened out into a considerable basin, beyond which there was a still narrower passage through which the river poured at racing speed. We had reached the constriction known as Deserter's Canyon.

The place owes its name to the fact that here two of Finlay's canoemen deserted rather than face the hardships and dangers that lay beyond. The canyon's walls are of hard conglomerate and sandstone, through which the stream has cut a gorge about a hundred feet wide.

The canyon forms a complete barrier against navigation up-stream, but it has been run by skilled men in big canoes on the downward trip, though the passage is hazardous owing to great projecting boulders and jagged ledges, dangerous swells, and eddies.

VII. OVERLAND TO THE FORKS OF THE QUADACHA

FROM Fox and an Indian named Aleck at Grahame I had heard such fascinating accounts of hot springs, "cliffs of ice," and "shining eyes" at the head of the Ackié that when, at noon of the day after leaving Deserter's Canyon, we reached the mouth of this stream I was strongly tempted to strike into the mountains at that point. In the end, however, I persisted in my previous determination to reach the Quadacha, and at nightfall of the fifth day from the canyon we camped in an open spruce woods in sight of the mouth of that stream. It was the thirteenth day since leaving Finlay Forks, and the twenty-fourth from Prince George. It also happened to be my birthday.

Our arrival at this place was a great relief to me. The strain of working one's way day after day up a swift river in the wilderness is very wearing. It was not so much the danger that troubled me—though the danger had been considerable—as the possibility of losing our supplies and being forced to turn back with the purposes of the trip unaccomplished.

For several miles we had been aware that we must be approaching the Quadacha, for on the eastern side of the Finlay the water was white in color, while on the western side it grew clearer and clearer. When we reached the mouth of the Quadacha next morning we readily understood this phenomenon. Above the Quadacha the Finlay is as clear as any river I ever saw, but below, after the two streams commingle, one can see into it only a few inches. As for the Quadacha itself, take a gallon of water and empty into it a quart of milk, and you will have a liquid closely resembling the flood that the Quadacha pours into the Finlay. The relative volume of the two streams at that season of the year was about as two is to one.

I had heard two theories propounded

to account for the color of the Quadacha. McConnell inferred from the water itself, and seemingly from information derived from the Indians, that the color is due to sediment derived from a glacier, and he states in a letter to me that he actually saw a glacier, or believed he saw one, from the top of Prairie Mountain far to westward. Subsequently we, too, climbed Prairie Mountain and saw this glacier, but we already knew that it had little, if anything, to do with making the Quadacha white. From a trapper Joe had heard the year before at the Forks that the color was caused by the stream washing against "white cut-banks." The moment I saw the water I dismissed this last theory as improbable, but Joe, with the backwoodsman's usual prejudice against "scientific fellows," declared that undoubtedly the trapper was right.

After a short reconnoissance up the Quadacha the racing current, the numerous "sweepers" and log jams, and the very opaqueness of the water itself led us to conclude that it would be rash to attempt to ascend the stream in the canoe, so we decided to cache most of our stuff and set out overland with pack-sacks. Accordingly we worked the canoe up the



Lavoie and Fox at Fort Grahame.



Fort Grahame from across the Finlay.

Quadacha to an island a few hundred yards above the mouth and deposited our stuff there. We took special pains about the whole matter, for not only were bears, wolverines, and pack-rats to be feared, but there existed a possibility that human beings might discover our belongings and molest them. To return worn out and destitute of food to find the canoe gone and the cache rifled was not a prospect to look forward to, in that remote region, with equanimity.

As we would be forced to carry our whole outfit for the trip upon our backs we tried to make it as light as possible. We took my balloon-silk tent, weighing about four and a half pounds, a light blanket apiece, my camera, my own .401 rifle, Joe's .30-30 (he was obsessed with the idea that we might get into a mix-up with a grizzly), and food for about ten days. We also carried along an extra supply of salt and tea in the hope that we would be able to kill meat enough to enable us to make a longer stay. As I had done no packing for several years and was aware that I would find it very wearing, I took a load of about fifty pounds,

besides my rifle, while Joe had perhaps ten pounds more.

As it was clear that the Quadacha followed the great intermontane valley for several miles before turning eastward into the mountains, I had decided that we would not attempt to follow its course, but would climb the range lying immediately to the east of us. This range rose about three thousand feet above the Finlay, and its summits projected slightly above timber line. From the top we would, I supposed, obtain a good view of the country we wished to penetrate and could then lay out our course as seemed best.

At eight o'clock next morning we left the cache, and by two in the afternoon had worked our way up through successive belts of spruce, jackpine, and fragrant balsam to the summit of the range. The view that burst upon our vision was not equal to several we were later to obtain, but it was well worth our labor in attaining it—distressing as that labor had proved to be. Behind and far beneath us, a mere blue thread, lay the Finlay, visible, in spite of the haze from bush fires, for a

great distance down-stream and to beyond the point where it issued through a narrow gap in a rugged range of mountains to westward. A little below the gap it was joined by another stream, which we knew must be the Fox, and this stream flowed down the great intermon-

It was freezing cold that night, and, as we had only a light blanket each, we were forced then and henceforth to keep a fire going in front of our shelter-tent.

Ten o'clock next morning saw us once more on the summit of the range and farther northward. To the northeast



The entrance to Deserter's Canyon.

tane valley the Finlay had ceased to occupy. The course of the Quadacha itself lay visible on the eastern side of this valley for several miles, or until it turned to the eastward toward the heart of the Rockies.

To the eastward a distinct disappointment greeted us. We had hoped in that direction to find a plateau, or at least a ridge, connecting us with the mountains beyond, but we perceived instead a deep valley, into which we would be forced to descend. The ranges, in fact, ran parallel to the main course of the Finlay, and it was clear that to win our way eastward would be a matter of much perpendicular as well as horizontal work.

After following the range for a considerable distance northward we had to descend a thousand feet or more into a basin on the Finlay side to obtain water, and there, in a grove of balsam, we camped.

we could see for many miles the winding course of the Quadacha, while to eastward, across a deep valley, rose a much higher range, exceedingly steep, with burned timber on the lower slopes and with sterile, rocky summits utterly bare of vegetation. In the valley beneath gleamed a tiny lake.

Although the distance to the lake seemed short, it could hardly have been less than two miles. The lake seemed well-nigh an ideal place for moose to water at, and through our glasses we saw one of these animals wading about near shore.

The mountainside and the valley were literally ploughed up with moose tracks and trails. In the soft, marshy valley the trails crisscrossed each other hither and yon and in places were worn fully a foot deep and a couple of feet wide. There were tracks of big moose and little moose,



Limestone peak overlooking Quadacha Forks.

of moose with broad feet and of moose with long, narrow feet; in particular, I remember a splay-footed track in which the cleft was fully two inches wide. Never in the States have I seen a field

of any size so torn up by the feet of domestic cattle as was this alpine valley by moose.

After lunch I walked up the valley to a beaver pond and on the way back saw

a cow moose that had been wading in a creek that flowed down the valley, but, of course, did not fire at her. If I had had the same opportunity a few days later, I fear she would not have got off so easily—British Columbia game laws to the contrary notwithstanding. That evening and the next morning I watched beside the lake, but, somewhat to my surprise, saw nothing.

We tied up a few cupfuls of flour and rice in the sleeves of a clean undershirt, put a piece of canvas around the whole, fastened this unique cache up in a spruce-tree, and set out once more. Into the details of the wanderings of the next few days I shall not enter here. It is sufficient to say that the days were full of grinding labor, of toiling through down timber and over steep ridges, of picking our way through the forests and thickets along the Quadacha, down into the valley of which we had been forced by the character of the going among the mountains. It rained every day, and every day we were wetted to the skin. The farther we proceeded the more disagreeable the country became, and, except for two or three grouse, our hopes of killing game were entirely disappointed. I was determined at least to reach a certain forks which the Indians had told McConnell existed, and so we pressed on in spite of Joe's discontent and almost open rebellion.

On the afternoon of the fifth day from the canoe we at last, weary and bedraggled, stood at the forks. As their existence bore out the authenticity of the information given by the Indians to McConnell, I was considerably surprised by one feature which attracted my attention the moment we reached the spot. On McConnell's map accompanying his report there is a glacier set down on the headwaters of the north fork, and I had assumed that it would be north fork that would be white. Instead, the north fork showed clear water while the east fork was even whiter than is the main Quadacha at its mouth. As between the two streams rose a high mountain ridge that appeared to be continuous for a long distance eastward, here was an enigma the solution of which I did not attempt to guess further than to conclude that either McConnell had located the glacier

in the wrong place or else that there were two glaciers.

At that season of the year the two streams were so nearly equal in volume that it was impossible to say which was the larger; but, since the east fork is the white fork, I conclude that the name Whitewater, or Quadacha, should continue to attach to it. As the north fork has no name I should like to call it Warneford River after the gallant young Canadian who, in 1915, managed single-handed to bring down the German Zepelin at Ghent. The feat won for him the Victoria Cross, but only a few weeks later he lost his life through an accident. Thus he drank his "crowded hour of glorious life" and passed on, but the names of such men as he should not be forgotten.

For a considerable distance the course of Warneford River is somewhat west of north by the compass, but, as the variation of the compass in that region amounts to thirty-three degrees, the true course is somewhat east of north. The two streams meet at almost right angles, hence the course of the Quadacha above the forks is a bit south of east.

After leaving our names and the date of our visit on the blazed side of a spruce we turned our backs on Quadacha Forks. So far as we knew no white men had ever visited the place before us. Nor did we feel just then as if we would encourage any one to visit it again.

I was reluctantly forced to the melancholy conclusion that I should never be able to answer the question: "What makes the Quadacha white?"

VIII. WE FIND THE ANSWER

BEFORE turning back from the forks of the Quadacha I determined that I should ascend some peak that would give me a bird's-eye view of the whole country. The most convenient and best-fitted height for this purpose was the tall, barren mountain that lay to the eastward of the lake in which we had seen the moose. This mountain, which I shall henceforth call Observation Peak, was not only centrally located, but it was one of the tallest in the region, and I felt confident that, granted a clear day, I should be able from



Looking eastward from Observation Peak. Glacier in distance.

its summit to discover any striking features of that section of the Rockies.

I shall not describe here the adventures or trials we had in reaching the mountain, nor our weariness in climbing it, nor how three separate times we thought we were nearing the summit only

mountains higher than any along the Finlay. Much the finest of all these lay far to the northeastward. It was a vast affair with three great summits, two of them peaks, the third and tallest an immense square block.

This mountain was big enough to have



On the summit of Observation Peak.
Note limestone upheaval in the background.

to discover that we had been approaching a bench beyond which rose another cliff of mingled quartz and slate. I shall only say that about three o'clock on the afternoon of the second day after turning back from the forks we did at last gain the real summit. And in every direction, north, south, east, west, there unfolded a magnificent panorama of mountains, nameless ranges, hundreds of nameless peaks, any of them taller than the highest in the entire Appalachian system.

We had reached a point of vantage whence we could overlook the whole of the unexplored region of the Rockies from Laurier Pass on the south to the Liard region on the north. No great secret could be concealed from us.

What did we see?

A glance showed us that there was no heaven-kissing peak "taller than Mount Robson."

But there were several magnificent

aroused our enthusiasm, and yet we gave comparatively scant heed to it.

For down the south slope of it, filling a great valley miles and miles wide, there flowed a perfectly immense, glistening glacier.

"That is what makes the Quadacha white," Joe conceded.

There could be no doubt about it. For a long time I had realized that it would require a good-sized rock-mill to grind up enough silt to color such a big stream as the Quadacha, but here was a mill big enough for the job.

We were at least forty miles from it, for we were now fully twenty miles west of the forks, and from the forks to the glacier must be at least twenty more. We were eighty as one must travel in that region. Yet there that great white mass loomed up far and away the most notable phenomenon in that whole magnificent panorama. It is the biggest thing in the

whole Finlay country. I venture to predict that when the glacier has been more closely examined it will be found to be one of the biggest, if not the very biggest, in the whole Rocky Mountain system.

From our post on Observation Peak the great glacier lay ten degrees east of north by compass, or approximately forty-three degrees east of the true north.

It is, I repeat for emphasis, a great river of ice, flowing down not only from the big mountain but, it seemed, from the mountain across the valley and from far up the valley. We were too far distant to make out much in detail, but through our glasses the wall of ice appeared of great height. About all we could be absolutely sure of was that the glacier is an immense affair covering many square miles of territory.

On the north fork, or Warneford River, we saw another glacier, evidently the one set down on McConnell's map. Later we saw it again from Prairie Mountain. Even this glacier would be noteworthy in the Rockies of the United States, but it seemed a pygmy compared with the big one.

About thirty degrees south of the true east, seemingly at the extreme eastern edge of the system, there projected a fine snow peak which I venture to guess is the "Great Snow Mountain" seen by Mr. Frederick K. Vreeland from the Laurier Pass country in 1912. The mountains on the eastern side of the system bore a great deal more snow than those on the western side, though they are, with a few exceptions, seemingly no taller. The rea-

son, of course, is that they are not so much affected by warm winds from the Pacific. These winds prolong the summer season in the Finlay country beyond that at the same elevation in western Alberta even as far south as the headwaters of the Saskatchewan.

We were also able from Observation Peak to obtain a splendid view of the peculiar range of white limestone that forces its way upward in the region of Quadacha forks. Both northwest and southeast it runs as far as we were able to see, being easily recognizable in both directions by its pronounced color and by the unusually jagged character of its peaks.

I was extremely anxious to obtain pictures of the panorama and particularly of the great glacier. But the hour was somewhat late, and the sky partly overcast, and in my anxiety to allow for these factors I foolishly ran to the other extreme and overexposed. When the films were developed on my return home even the mountains showed rather indistinctly, while the glacier was hardly discernible on the prints at all. Any one who has experienced the difficulty of securing good photographs of snow peaks will readily understand the reason of my failure. If any one is inclined to feel sceptical about the glacier on this account, I merely paraphrase the words of a well-known personage concerning a certain "River of Doubt" and say that "the glacier is still there."

I hope that some specialist in glaciers will be sufficiently interested by what we



An Arctic trout.

These are shapely fish, with a long back fin.—Page 658.

saw to undertake an expedition to examine the phenomenon more closely and in a scientific manner. I believe that he would be amply repaid. Even Joe, who had betrayed not the slightest interest hitherto in hunting glaciers and thought the whole trip up the Quadacha mere foolishness, waxed so enthusiastic over what he saw that he declared:

"I would give a month's wages to reach it!"

Such an expedition should be considerably larger than our own little outfit. It should contain three or, better still, four men, of whom at least two should be expert canoemen, while all should be active and able to carry a reasonable load. There should be two canoes, so that one of them could be risked in an attempt to ascend the Quadacha. If this attempt should fail, or be deemed not feasible, then a cache should be established at the forks, and fresh loads brought thither.

From there a dash could be made to the glacier. It would be better also to make the trip earlier than we did, so as to avoid cold weather and its discomforts.

As for me, if the trip were not so expensive I would certainly again make the long river journey just for a chance to reach that magnificent river of ice and ascertain its dimensions, for the desire to do so has grown upon me since my return. But I fear it can never be. Some other man will stand first beneath that mighty wall of ice; some other man's feet will first cross that mighty snow-field.

One right I claim—the right to name the mountain that rises beside the glacier. In doing so I wish to honor the ablest Briton of his times, one of the ablest of all times, the William Pitt of the mighty world conflict, a man equally able to solve momentous problems in times of peace and in times of war. I wish it to be called Mount Lloyd George.

(To be concluded.)

HYMN OF MAN, 1917

By John Hall Wheelock

O now to Thee who art our God
We lift our voices crying,
"For the long path that must be trod
Give us a faith undying."
The years and ages roll,
Still steadfast stands the soul;
Strong love and flawless faith
Triumphant over death
Not anything shall conquer.

Give us the victory, O Lord,
Not beggarlike we cower—
Man's will is his own holy sword,
Within us is the power:
The sad and sacred doom
That bears us to the tomb
Makes humble not our lives,
More undefeated strives
The God within us Godward.

No less than what we will we can,
The ages shall fulfil it—
Man is the highest hope of Man
If he but only will it:
Though prophecy be dumb,
Yet shall Thy kingdom come
And not in heaven above,
On earth the reign of love
'Twixt man and man shall bring it.

The centuries and the cycles groan
Before Thy vast desire,
And all the starry heavens sown
With elemental fire:
Lo, Thou art everywhere,
In earth and sea and air,
The spirit and the clod—
In Man, too, dwells the God,
And who shall crush or kill it!

THE POPE OF THE BIG SANDY

A HAPPY VALLEY STORY

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHNN



HE entered a log cabin in the Kentucky hills. An old woman with a pair of scissors cut the tie that bound him to his mother and put him in swaddling-clothes of homespun. Now, in silk pajamas, with three doctors and two nurses to make his going easy, he was on his way out of a suite of rooms ten stories above the splendor of Fifth Avenue.

It was early morning. A taxi swung into the paved circle in front of the hotel below and a little man in slouch hat and black frock coat, and with his trousers in his boots, stepped gingerly out. He took off the hat with one hand, dropped his saddle-pockets from the other, and mopped his forehead with a bandanna handkerchief.

"My God, brother," he said to the grinning driver, "I tol' ye to hurry, but I didn't 'low you'd *fly*! How much d' I owe ye an' how do I git in hyeh?"

A giant in a gold-braided uniform had picked up the saddle-pockets when the little man turned.

"Well, now, that's clever of ye," he said, thrusting out his hand, "I reckon you air the proprietor—how's the Pope?"

"Sure, I dunno, sor—this way, sor." The astonished giant pointed to the swinging door and turned for light to the taxi man who, doubled with laughter over his wheel, tapped his forehead. At the desk the little man pushed his hat back and put both elbows down.

"Whar's the Pope?"

"The Pope!" From behind, the giant was making frantic signs, but the clerk's brow cleared. "Oh, yes—front!"

The little man gasped and swayed as the elevator shot upward, but a moment later the little judge of Happy Valley and the Pope of the Big Sandy were hand in hand.

"How're yo' folks, judge?"

"Stirrin'—how're you, Jim?"

"Ain't stirrin' at all."

"Shucks, you'll be up an' aroun' in no time."

"I ain't goin' to git up again."

"Don't you git stubborn now, Jim."

A nurse brought in some medicine and the Pope took it with a wry face. The judge reached for his saddle-pockets and pulled out a bottle of white liquor with a stopper of corn-shucks.

"This'll take the bad taste out o' yo' mouth."

"The docs won't let me—but lemme smell it." The judge had whipped out a twist of long green and again the Pope shook his head:

"Can't drink—can't chaw!"

"Oh, Lord!" The judge bit off a mouthful and a moment later walked to the window and, with his first and second fingers forked over his lips, ejected an amber stream.

"Good Lord, judge—don't do that. You'll splatter a million people." He called for a spittoon and the judge grunted disgustedly.

"I'd hate to live in a place whar a feller can't spit out o' his own window."

"Don't you like it?"

"Hit looks like circus day—I got the headache already."

A telegram was brought in.

"Been seein' a lot about you in the papers," said the judge, and the Pope waved wearily to a pile of dailies. There were columns about him in those papers—about his meteoric rise: how he started a poor boy in the mountains, studied by candle-light, taught school in the hills: how a vision of their future came to him even that early and how he clung to that vision all his life, turning, twisting for option money on coal lands, making a little sale now and then, but

always options and more options and sales and more sales, until now the poor mountain boy was a king among the coal barons of the land.

"Judge," said the Pope, "the votin's started down home."

"How's it goin'?"

"Easy."

"Been spendin' any money?"

"Not a cent."

"Ole Bill Maddox is."

"Why, judge, I'm the daddy an' granddaddy o' that town. I built streets and sidewalks for it out o' my own pocket. I put up two churches for 'em. I built the water-works, the bank, an' God knows what all. Ole Bill Maddox can't turn a wheel against *me*." The little judge was marvelling: here was a man who had refused all his life to run for office, who could have been congressman, senator, governor; and who had succumbed at last.

"Jim, what in blue hell do you want that office fer?"

"To make folks realize their duties as citizens," said the Pope patiently; "to maintain streets and sidewalks and water-works and sewers an' become an independent community, instead o' layin' back on other folks!"

"How about all them churches you been buildin' all over them mountains—air they self-sustainin'?"

"Well, they do need a little help now and then." The judge grunted.

Through the morning many cards were brought the Pope, but the doctors allowed no business. To amuse himself the Pope sent the judge into the sitting-room to listen to the million-dollar project of one sleek young man, and the judge reported:

"Nothin' doin'—he's got a bad eye."

"Right," said the Pope. At twelve o'clock the judge looked at his watch:

"Dinner-time." And the Pope ordered his old mountain friend cabbage, bacon, and greens.

"Judge, I got to sleep now. I've got a car down below. After dinner you can take a ride or you can take a walk."

"You can't git me into a automobile an' I'm afeard to walk. I'd git run over. I'll jus' hang aroun'."

Another telegram was brought in.

"Runnin' easy an' winnin' in a walk," said the Pope. "It's a cinch. You can

open anything else that comes while I'm asleep."

The judge himself had not slept well on the train; so he took off his boots, put his yarn-stockinged feet in one chair and sitting up in another took a nap. An hour later the Pope called for him. The last telegram reported that he was so far ahead that none others would be sent until the committee started to count ballots.

"I've made you an executor in my will, judge," he said, "an' I want you to see that some things are done yourself." The judge nodded.

"I want you to have a new church built in Happy Valley. I want you to give St. Hilda and that settlement school five thousand a year. An'"—he paused—"you know ole Bill Maddox cut me out an' married Sallie Ann Spurlock—how many children they got now, judge?"

"Ten—oldest, sixteen."

"Well, I want you to see that every gol-durned one of 'em gits the chance to go to school."

Now, old Bill Maddox was running against the Pope, and was fighting him hard, and the judge hated old Bill Maddox; so he said nothing. The Pope too was silent a long while.

"Judge, I got all my money out o' the mountain folks. I robbed 'em right and left."

"You ain't never robbed nobody in Happy Valley," said the judge a little grimly, and the Pope chuckled.

"No, you wouldn't let me. I got all my money from 'em an' do you know what I'm goin' to do?"

"Git some more, I reckon."

The Pope chuckled again: "I'm a-goin' to give it back to 'em. Churches, schools, libraries, hospitals, good roads—any durned thing in the world that will do 'em any good. It's all in my will. An', judge," he added with a little embarrassment, "I've sort o' fixed it so that when you want to help out a widder or a orphan in Happy Valley you can do it without always diggin' down into yo' own jeans."

"Shucks, don't you worry about me or the folks in Happy Valley—you done enough fer them lettin' 'em alone; an' that durned ole Bill Maddox, he's a fight-



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I'm a-goin' to give it back to 'em. Churches, schools, libraries, hospitals, good roads—any durned thing . . . that will do 'em any good."—Page 670.

in' you right now afore yo' face an' behind yo' back. He's the meanest——"

"Makes no difference. His children ain't to blame an' thar's Sallie Ann." The Pope yawned and his brow wrinkled with pain. "I better take a little more sleep, judge." A doctor came in and felt the Pope's pulse and the judge left the room, worried by the physician's face and his whispered direction to the nurse to summon another doctor.

An hour later the Pope called him back, and his voice was weak:

"Bring in every telegram, judge."

"You mustn't bother," interposed the doctor firmly, and the Pope's mouth set and the old dominant gleam came into his eyes.

"Bring in every telegram," he repeated. Outside, in the hallway, the judge waylaid the doctor.

"Ain't he goin' to pull through?"

"One chance in a thousand," was the curt answer.

About three o'clock the judge got a telegram that made him swear fearfully, and thereafter they came fast. The Pope would use no money. The judge wired the Pope's manager warily offering a thousand of his own. The answer came—"too late." At five o'clock they were running neck and neck. Ten minutes before the polls closed old Bill Maddox rounded up twenty more votes and victory was his. And all the while the judge was making reports to the Pope:

"Runnin' easy."

"It's a cinch."

"Ole Bill fighting tooth and toe-nail but you got him, Jim."

"Countin' the votes now."

"Air ye shore, Jim, you want to leave all that money fer ole Bill's brats—he's a hound."

"Ole Bill comin' up a little, Jim."

And then came that last telegram, reporting defeat, and with it crushed in his hand the judge made his last report:

"All over. You've got 'em, Jim. Hooray! Can't you hear 'em yell?" The Pope's white mouth smiled and his eyelids flickered, but his eyes stayed closed.

"Jim, I wouldn't give *all* that money to old Bill's brats—just some fer Sally Ann."

"All of it for old Bill's—for Sally Ann's children, the mountain folks, an' the old home town." The Pope opened his eyes and he spoke:

"All of you—nurses an' docs—git out o' here, please." And knowing that the end was nigh they quietly withdrew.

"Judge, you ain't no actor—you're a ham!"

"Whut you mean, Jim?" asked the judge, for in truth he did not understand—not just then. The roar of the city rose from below, but the sunset came through the window as through all windows of the world. The Pope's hand reached for the judge's hand. His lips moved and the judge bent low:

"Beat!" whispered the Pope; "beat, by God! Beat—for—councilman—in—my—own home town." And because he knew his fellow man, the good and the bad, the Pope passed with a smile.

MEMORY

By Charles W. Kennedy

I SWORE that all the beauty of thine eyes
Should be a dream forgotten; nevermore
Thy presence near, thy hand upon the door
To shake me with remembered agonies.

And so I dreamed that all old things were slain—
Then some still night of stars, a breath of Spring,
A fallen rose leaf, bluebirds on the wing—
And all the dead past kindles into pain.



THE SILENT VOICE

BY EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



CERTAIN large manufacturing house owns a trade-name which has been in common use so long that it virtually belongs to the English language. Although a coined word, few people know it as such. It has never been advertised, and in the minds of the people this trade-name now covers an unwarranted variety of products, some of which are in disrepute. The value of the name is hopelessly lost.

Here you find a tragedy, because the patents covering this product have expired and powerful competitors are putting out the same thing under a different trade-name. This new name, however, is being advertised widely to identify it as the property of the invading competitors, and a rich market is being appropriated.

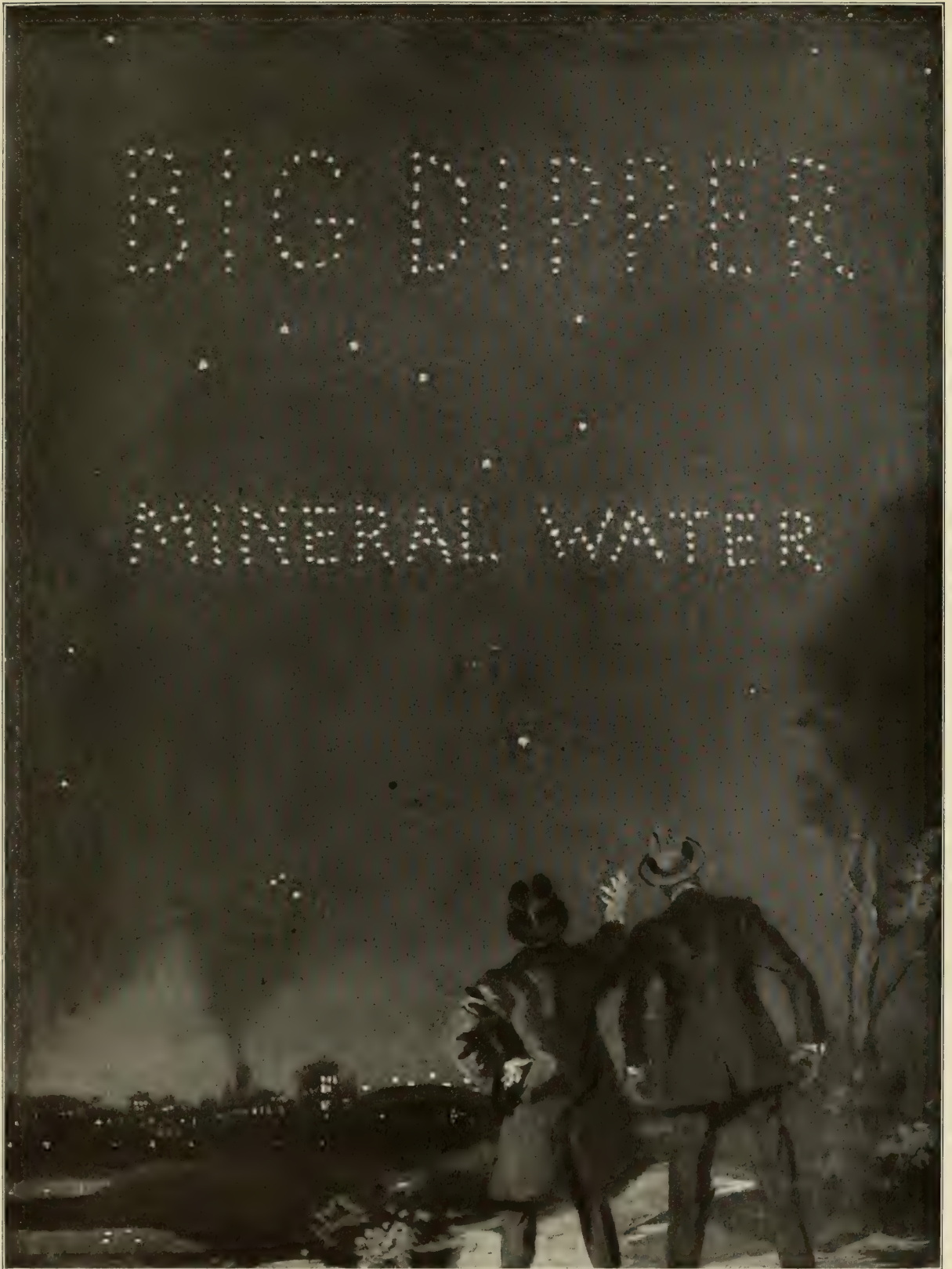
The dilemma of the first concern might have been foreseen years ago and prevented by advertising, which is the life-insurance of modern business.

A few years ago certain manufacturing circles were disturbed by rumors that a large company was soon to put on the market a new type of machine. This corporation, however, refused for a considerable time to confirm or deny the reports, and in the meantime a strong competitor executed a brilliant coup by putting a machine of its own on the market, with

extensive advertising. Before the first concern woke up the other had pretty well captured the market.

These two instances exemplify the tremendous force of advertising, which has grown to be such a mighty influence in our national life. In this article I am attempting to appraise advertising in its entirety, and to show it as the chief force in American business development. It has done more than anything else to raise the business man from a secondary station to the highest, has immeasurably improved quality in the products of manufacture, and lifted the whole fabric of business out of primitive forms. It has been responsible for the formulating of business principles, the collecting and analysis of statistics and their application to manufacturing and marketing problems, the introduction of advanced methods and equipment, and the elimination of waste. The ethics of business have been raised to a new plane; the public has become the beneficiary of service along lines undreamed of a few years ago; the universities have received the impulse to lay foundations for a new branch of education. Advertising has stabilized business by making it independent of restricted markets. It has kept the retail price of numberless products from soaring.

One of the common indictments brought against advertising is that it increases the



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

Hitch your wagon to a star.

cost of living. Voluminous arguments pro and con have been adduced, but in reality the proposition seems simple. The real test is this: "Are the people generally more prosperous now than they were in the age before advertising began? Do we have more money in our pockets, bigger deposits in the banks, higher salaries, better homes, more pleasures, broader education?"

Let us admit that in spots advertising may increase the general tendency to spend money. But would we go back to the days of salt pork, when we heated our homes with open fireplaces, had no running water, and used tallow candles? Would we revert to the sanded floor, primitive household appliances, the ox-cart, and "Pilgrim's Progress" as our chief companion on winter's evenings? And would we be better off financially if we did revert to these things?

It would not be difficult to catalogue perhaps a thousand factors in our daily lives that could be traced to advertising, but which we now take for granted. The phonograph, the self-playing piano, and the piano itself so far as the great mass of people is concerned, have been made possible by advertising. The automobile, typewriter, calculating-machine, pneumatic cleaner, sewing-machine, and a multifarious array of things would have to be included in such a catalogue.

We must look at the matter from a broad view-point when we reckon the effect of advertising on the cost of living. If advertising contributes to the extravagance of the people in individual instances, we must also admit that advertising has made it possible for these people to possess the money they spend.

But now turn from generalities, and, as a sort of prologue to this drama of advertising, let us sit for a few minutes and watch the romance of the industry as it flashes by on our mental screen. Of course, we find here only the high lights, but they typify the bigness of the story.

George Eastman, in 1878, was a bank clerk, with a hobby for photography. Out of his dissatisfaction with the wet plate came the kodak and one of the greatest romances of business. Now the company invests at least \$1,000,000 a year in advertising.

Or take William Wrigley, Jr., who was a travelling salesman. Now he is said to spend \$2,000,000 a year or more on publicity. In the many Wrigley campaigns we find items that run into stupendous proportions. The ordinary best-seller in fiction has a circulation of perhaps 100,000, while the Wrigley "Mother Goose Book" went to 7,500,000 people and the "Spear Men" to 3,500,000.

The American Chic Company this year has an advertising appropriation of one and one-half million dollars.

Not so many years ago Eldridge R. Johnson was a machinist at Camden, N. J. Afterward he bought the little shop where he had worked on a crude talking-machine, and this developed into the great Victor Company—whose advertising runs well over \$2,000,000 a year.

A century ago there was a little soap-factory in New York owned by a Morgan family. For more than a lifetime this business attained no particular prominence, but one day the family physician suggested the combination of two Latin words as a trade-name. Sapolio became almost a national institution, with three or four hundred thousand dollars a year to talk for it; and the picturesque adventures of this company add some of the brightest color to the romance of advertising. Thus we have "Spotless Town," and the cruise of the *Sapolio*, a 14-foot sailing-vessel in which Captain William A. Anderson crossed the Atlantic. He was received by the King of Spain and Sapolio was on everybody's tongue.

In 1879 Jacob Ritty, a merchant in Dayton, O., invented the cash register. John H. Patterson then had a small country store and was having trouble keeping his accounts. When he heard of the cash register he telegraphed for two and afterward bought the business. Once Frederick F. Peabody was a school-teacher in Minnesota, but rural life did not please him and he went to Chicago. At the very beginning advertising entered his career, for he looked in the classified pages of the Chicago papers and found a job at seven dollars a week. Among other things he sold collars; and to-day he is president of the greatest collar concern in the world.

Mr. Peabody's story, incidentally, re-

minds us of the power and romanticism of the classified advertising page. Here this strange force comes close to the people. It reaches down and picks men bodily out of their old lives, oftentimes setting them down among opportunities unthought of. Like the mysterious wireless, it talks into nothingness on a myriad of subjects and out of the silence come the answering voices.

A young chemist went to work in a canning-plant in New Jersey at a trifling wage. The business was having a hard struggle, and the young man, now its president, conceived a new product. To market this output would have been impossible except for advertising, and Campbell's Soups have made another picturesque chapter in this great publicity story. In 1874 John S. Huyler began to make candy in his father's bakeshop in New York. He had a wagon on which was mounted a gong and travelled about the streets selling molasses candy. In 1876 the first Huyler store was opened, but now there are at least sixty stores, in twenty-five cities. I do not need to tell you that advertising has been dynamic here. A member of the firm told me that the total advertising expenditure was ten or twelve million dollars.

In Burlington, Vt., a small wholesale house bought the stock of a defunct little drug-store, and discovered, among its shop-worn goods, some crude liquid dyes. Out of this incident ultimately grew the Diamond Dye business, which has been spending perhaps \$200,000 a year for advertising. Down in the southern part of New Jersey was a dentist named Welch, who opposed wine at communion. He produced a substitute and prevailed on the congregation to adopt it. Thus came Welch's Grape Juice, but for many years it was not advertised and the business remained provincial. In 1895 it found the magic wand—and then the romance!

Two young men from a Michigan farm went to New York, the first to arrive having a capital of ten dollars; and after vicissitudes they began in a small way to manufacture rubber printing outfits and hardware specialties. One day, standing in a retail store, one of them saw on the wall a small clock and this was his inspiration for a cheap watch; for the man was

Robert H. Ingersoll. His first advertisement occupied one inch of space, but now his company sells more than 5,000,000 watches a year, and the tale rivals "Jack and His Beanstalk." Fifty million watches in all have been sold. In Chicago a concern called itself the "Royal Tailors," and dealt with the trade. For many years it went along without knowing it had anything to advertise in a big way. Then one day it saw a huge market, and that puissant vehicle, national advertising, took it aboard and made it a giant industry.

An example of peculiar significance is the advertising of the Hotpoint Electric Heating Company, which is going after the electric-range business. Electric cooking is a development mostly some years in the future, but this company hopes to establish itself as a logical one toward which the business will turn when the time comes. Another striking case is the American Radiator Company. It was about the time of the panic, in 1907, that this company awoke to the tremendous possibilities of advertising as business insurance. In 1908, when times were very dull, it experimented with big space and good copy, and it showed a heavy increase in business over 1907. Since then it has gone extensively into this business insurance. Other instances are big cement, electrical, and machinery manufacturers that are advertising to students in the technical courses of universities, on the theory that in future years they will be the buyers. A tooth-brush manufacturer advertises to dental students and to school children.

A far-reaching policy of business insurance is the plan of the Hercules Powder Company, to make a future market for hunting-powder by fostering the breeding of game-birds. Its campaign was planned to reach 10,000,000 people. And the Du Ponts, even in the midst of vast war orders, advertise to increase the pastime of trap-shooting.

Another instance is that of the brewers. Five or six years ago the Anheuser-Busch people in St. Louis foresaw the sweep of prohibition. One thing they did was to put out a temperance drink, which they advertised in a hundred cities, using newspapers, posters, and other mediums. In

the Northwest a number of breweries have been advertising loganberry juice, and brewers in the East are doing things of this sort.

Another concern discovered that for years it had overlooked a big advertising opportunity, which it finally found in "canned heat." Up in Vermont lived one Deacon Estey, but through the steady pace of recurring publicity his individual story has been lost in the broader annals of the Estey organs and pianos. Once there was a man named Moore in the photographic business. To facilitate hanging films on the wall he invented a pin with a wooden head. This idea, with the aid of advertising, developed the Moore Push Pin; and this little story is a bright spot in the whole big romance.

Humphrey O'Sullivan worked as a printer in Massachusetts, and to relieve his feet stood on an old rubber mat. The other printers commonly appropriated this, so he cut some pieces from it and tacked them on to his heels. Thus began a spectacular chapter, in which nearly \$2,000,000 have gone into advertising. Previous to 1875 William J. Carleton was a New York street-car conductor, having previously been a cabin-boy on Admiral Farragut's flag-ship. One morning he tacked up an advertising sign for a business man who rode on his car, and in this way, according to a tradition that may not be literally true, commenced the business of street-car advertising; and Carleton ultimately made considerable money. Louis E. Waterman, erstwhile school-teacher, got the idea of the fountain pen. By personal canvass he sold some hundreds of pens before he began to advertise, but shortly afterward he was able to negotiate a loan of \$5,000 with which to enlarge his business. The present advertising appropriation is about \$150,000 a year.

A. C. Gilbert conceived an idea for toys that would appeal to the building instinct of boys. People told him he was crazy to think of selling one such contrivance at the price of five dollars, but I believe his sales of these particular sets now run into the scores of thousands. The manufacture of billiard-tables had been steadily declining, when the Brunswick-Balke-Clender Company began unique advertis-

ing, to change the game from a somewhat disreputable pastime into a gentleman's diversion. Extraordinary results have been achieved in making billiards a game of the home.

S. C. Dobbs worked in an Atlanta drug-store. He is the dynamo of the Coca-Cola business, which came up from small beginnings, and on which has been spent, for advertising and promotion, some \$10,000,000. In Newark, N. J., a struggling druggist named Mennen rented a decrepit horse and wagon, hired a couple of singers, and went forth on the streets himself to sell his specialties. But he discovered that advertising was an easier way to dispose of his goods, and Mennen's talcum powder and other products were spread over the world.

The origin of floating soap is rather obscure, but a tradition has it that a batch of material was beaten too long and was supposed to be ruined, until the discovery was made that it had turned white and floated. It is a fact, however, that the immense value of the words "It Floats" was discovered through advertising.

Advertising is a theatre, and on its stage many casts have played. There is a continuous performance; and if this playhouse were to close, much of the resplendent in advertising would be gone. We can realize what a void would be left when we look back over these players.

Take, for instance, the "1847 Girl." The original of this famous young lady was a stenographer in Philadelphia. Since the day she was picked by the advertising men as a type, her picture has been reproduced millions of times. Another young lady of more recent fame is "Phoebe Snow," about whose origin I have found some dispute. An excellent authority says she was first called "Mary Snow"—by Wendell P. Colton, advertising manager of the Lackawanna Railroad; but a real Mary Snow demanded damages. Then, according to this version, Ernest Elmo Calkins, advertising man, suggested "Phoebe."

Among the human-like characters of advertising are many precocious stars. For example: Goldie and Dust, the Little Fairy, the Grape Juice Children, the Campbell Kids—who are now in the doll world as well—the Kleanwell Tooth Brush

Imps, the Necco Cut-outs, the Moxie Boy and Moxie Girl, Coca-Cola Children, Dutch Cleanser Girl, Dutch Boy Painter, Hotpoint Elfies, Babbitt's Boy Cleanser, Valspar Sailors, Willie Squeegee, E. Normous Mileage, Lotta Miles, Josh Slinger, Mr. and Mrs. Carter Inx, and the chef Rastus.

Then there are the trade-names and slogans that have come to occupy a place almost as human. Perhaps we would miss "Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria," "B. V. D.," and "Good morning, have you used Pears' Soap?" This latter famous slogan has proved invaluable from an advertising standpoint. It was invented by T. J. Barratt, who became the greatest advertiser of Europe. A cartoonist for London *Punch* presented to Mr. Barratt the poster of the ragged tramp, whose memory lingers in the brain of every person who ever saw him. "I used your soap two years ago," he says, "since when I've used no other." Before Mr. Barratt came into the business this company had spent only a few thousand dollars on advertising in the seventy-five years of its existence, and was still a small concern. Since 1865 \$18,000,000 have been invested in advertising Pears' soap, and the romance of the house of Pears is one of the biggest.

While I am on the subject of pictures and slogans I ought to go more deeply into this matter of advertising art. Yet the bigness of the subject warns me off. At least let me cite the painting "Bubbles," by Sir John Millais, which was purchased by Pears for \$11,000. For the picture "He Won't Be Happy Till He Gets It" the Pears paid \$2,200. Artists every day are getting from \$250 to \$1,000 for advertising illustrations. For instance, many of the Cream of Wheat pictures have been made by artists of renown. Their paintings are usually irrelevant, yet they often stand with little or no accompanying text. The appeal is through the broad interest of the people in the characters portrayed. A certain group of characters has become associated in the public mind with this product along with a particular kind of treatment; and these paintings, with only a slight connecting link, serve to maintain the prestige of the goods. This instance helps us to measure

the importance of the picture in advertising, for in most other cases the text and the pictures are in a joint partnership.

Any estimate of the money that goes into advertising in the United States and Canada, in normal times, is little more than a guess. From different sources I get widely divergent opinions. One authority estimates the total, including all forms of printed advertising, at \$650,000,000 a year. In this he includes newspaper advertising as \$375,000,000, of which he says \$75,000,000 comes from the national advertisers.

Magazine advertising, omitting mail-order magazines, is estimated from \$45,000,000 to \$60,000,000. Various estimates give other items as follows: circulars, booklets, and form-letters, \$100,000,000; farm and mail-order advertising, \$75,000,000; department stores, \$65,000,000; novelty, \$25,000,000; bill-posting, \$25,000,000; electric and painted signs, \$25,000,000; street-cars, \$10,000,000; house organs, \$7,000,000; theatre programmes and miscellaneous, \$10,000,000; trade and technical periodicals, \$45,000,000. There are 25,000 publications, with an aggregate circulation of 165,000,000. So now you have the voice and the audience.

In the biggest item, displayed newspaper advertising, there seems to be the least tangible romance; yet this is the motive power of the American merchant. If there is less glamour from the viewpoint of the outsider, the inner stories, I fancy, would be equally wonderful.

Indeed, you can go to almost any city or town and pick up advertising stories that show interesting cash results, however much they may lack of the big swing and melodrama; and here and there you get the melodrama too. In Cincinnati lived Cora Dow, who was left, when a young girl, with her father's little drug-store. Drug-stores are commonly reputed to be impossible in the larger scheme of advertising, yet when Miss Dow died, quite recently, she was known as the builder of a famous chain of drug-stores valued close to a million dollars. Not all done by advertising, we must concede; but we may well doubt that it could have been done without. This little wo-

man began her advertising career early and kept at it persistently.

Printers' Ink, the leading authority in this line, publishes a table showing the advertising statistics of eight New York department stores during the first six months of 1916. Summarizing the facts, this publication says: "Even in department stores doing an annual business of more than \$1,000,000 and less than \$10,000,000, more than three per cent of the gross sales is required for advertising. The lowest percentage of gross sales invested in advertising in this group of stores is three and one-half per cent, and the highest is over six per cent, the average being over four and a half. The smaller the business the greater proportion of gross sales required for advertising."

When the small-city and rural merchants really begin to realize the power of good advertising we may look for radical revisions of statistics that now show astonishingly low percentages in small communities.

Another form of advertising is still unappreciated by a large majority of smaller merchants—the show window. But on Fifth Avenue, in New York, one specialty-shop values six windows at \$40,000 a year. The Filene Store, in Boston, charges its departments an aggregate rental of more than \$100,000 a year for show windows, while New York stores reckon their windows still higher. The Lord & Taylor figure has been given as \$150,000. Of course, the actual value of a window may be different from its theoretical rental. Ideas, skill, and merchandise make the value.

The very names of many advertisers have become synonymous with things we use or see about us every day, until the image of the product rises automatically in our minds at the words; and often if we pause to analyze we can trace, along with the advertising, big and little developments that go to make our lives so vastly different from those of our grandfathers. Without quotation marks, let me suggest just a few. Can any one deny that these advertisers have made American progress and wealth? Truly, they have taken our money, but have they not in the sum total given back to America more wealth than they have taken?

Yale stands for keys primarily, with most of us; but if you trace back the Yale & Towne products you will find an evolution of customs as well as of keys and hardware. Globe-Wernicke, at first thought, means only a particular kind of furniture; but this resolves itself on dissection into a changing of many methods and customs. More recent among advertisers we find Delco, which may be taken to typify not merely something to sell, but an unfoldment of science of great import in this electrical age.

Pyrene brings up its image in our minds, but that image may well set us thinking about the progress of fire-fighting. Timken is something advertised for us to buy, but along with its fellows it stands for the new ways of making metal serve us. Sherwin-Williams instantly flashes on the wall a reflection of paint put up in cans, but when we look into modern paint-making we find it a deep study in chemistry and the art of preservation of numerous things. Such progress is impossible to-day without advertising, which supplies the financial power. Advertising is the greatest force in conservation.

Take the electrical advertising, a topic so far-reaching of itself that it has touched our daily lives in hundreds of ways and changed our mode of life. As a single instance, consider "Mazda."

The electrical industry involves an investment of \$3,000,000,000, and those in it believe in publicity. "America's Electrical Week" in 1916, under the energetic management of The Society for Electrical Development, witnessed the investment of a tremendous sum in various forms of advertising. Of this, \$800,000 went into newspaper space. National advertising of electrical appliances is always vast in its proportions. In its booklet on "Electrical Week" the Society says that advertising is the most powerful salesman known. As an instance of co-operation in an industry for publicity, the electrical groups stand out in bold relief.

What metamorphoses must we conjure up at the sound of "Burroughs"! Or of "Underwood," "Remington," or "Oliver"! The word "Westinghouse" is so common to-day that we say it glibly, sel-

dom reflecting that it stands for progress. Nor do we connect in our minds the bearing that the advertising of the Johns-Manville Company may have had on our every-day use of that wonderful product asbestos. Of course, I cite these concerns merely as contributors, among the hosts of others, to progress.

Something of the same idea pervades the advertising represented by such familiar terms as Pillsbury's, Walk-Over, Waltham, Tiffany, Heinz, Rubberset, Old Hampshire, Le Page, Williams, Swift, Libby, McNeill & Libby, National Biscuit, Big Ben, Multigraph, Addressograph, and other members of this great company of players on the national advertising stage. Advertising men are in the habit of reckoning the importance of an advertiser by the amount of his appropriation for space; but a more satisfactory way of gauging advertising, so far as the people at large are concerned, would be to measure its influence on our lives.

There is a phase of modern advertising, however, that has a still bigger aspect. It is just beginning to develop, but there are indications that it will play a part of great importance in the publicity world. This kind of advertising arises out of the growing need of the big corporation for a voice. Many big enterprises have come out boldly and expressed this need, and others are groping more or less blindly toward the inevitable. I believe the day has come when an advertising voice is an absolute necessity for large and small undertakings alike, but especially for the big ones. The little fellow often has a mere trifle at stake, and his passing affects only his immediate group; but the big concern, with its invested millions and its thousands of people involved, must break the traditional silence. This is an era when the dissemination of information and doctrine by the corporation must be part of the scheme of business.

Witness, for example, the Bethlehem Steel Company, which was so late in finding its voice. In its recent newspaper campaign to save its seven-million-dollar armor-plate plant we find the following statement: "The mistake of this company has been that it kept quiet. We have allowed irresponsible assertions to

be made for so long without denial that many people honestly believe them to be proven facts. We shall not make the mistake of silence any longer. Henceforth we will pursue a policy of publicity. Misinformation will not be permitted to go uncorrected." In its belated campaign this company used a large number of newspapers.

Is there any other influence that establishes good-will as advertising does, or destroys bad-will? There are many concerns turning out good products, about which erroneous opinions have been allowed to gather force. There are other concerns that stand accused continually of evil practices who still refuse to advertise and so tacitly admit the charges. What can be said of such concerns, with their lives being eaten out by mouth-to-mouth bad-will, that will not avail themselves of this force? Witness again the good-will campaign of Armour & Company, in which this house seeks, not to dispense food products, but to sell the whole great business, so to speak, to the people. The Armour business has long been the butt of all sorts of charges, but Armour has been merely a great advertiser of merchandise. Now this company has found its voice in still bigger uses.

It is interesting also to quote from an address of George W. Perkins, in which he told how the New York Life Insurance Company adopted a system of complete publicity, so that many details formerly regarded as private property were printed in full in the newspapers.

"For some time the other companies fought it," he said, "and we in the New York Life were regarded as madmen; but almost immediately the change in the company's practice brought its reward in a largely increased new business, and the business of the New York Life grew so rapidly, that other companies, one by one, were forced to follow, in whole or in part, the New York Life's example of complete publicity. The adoption of this policy was not only beneficial in securing new business, but it showed results at once in the financial management and every other branch of the company's affairs. . . . Publicity would accomplish what the Sherman Law does not, viz., abolish false prospectuses, over-capitalization,

and stock-watering. Full and complete publicity would practically do away with these and kindred bad practices and crimes which are constantly recurring and for which the public has no redress at present."

The United States Steel Company, through its public reports to stockholders, has shown its growing recognition of the value of publicity, and some day we shall surely see it among the real advertisers. Not only will it advertise to increase the use of steel but will tell its bigger story to the people.

Roughly estimated, the Standard Oil Companies put three million dollars a year into advertising their products, and perhaps may be considered the biggest advertisers; but these corporations have so far missed the benefits they will surely find at no distant time in talking confidentially to the public of their work, problems, and aims. So have the great corporations that produce or handle leather, matches, alcohol, fertilizers, sugar, coal, ice, and tobacco. The American Tobacco Company's advertising expenditure now is estimated at two million a year. In time most of the great corporations will come into the bigger advertising—the business insurance—either voluntarily or through the pressure of competitors' goodwill publicity. Some of them, indeed, have already begun to talk, but for the most part in a whisper—the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, for instance.

I doubt if it will be long before the legitimate interests of Wall Street will arouse themselves from their long silence and tell the people, through this logical vehicle of communication, that they will no longer be classed with the underworld of finance. A couple of years ago Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank in New York, voiced this need of bank publicity when he said: "We have stood defenseless in the eyes of the public too long. . . . We have permitted a picture of business practices and methods to be held up to the voters, and many honestly believe that success in business is obtained by roguery. Our task is to inform the public of the truth. . . ."

For many years the banks of this country saw no opportunity in advertising, and even now it is only here and there

that we find examples of aggressive bank publicity. In the midst of the greatest opportunity the United States has ever seen for building up bank deposits, there has been comparatively little effort to capitalize the prosperity of the last year or two. Nevertheless, a thrift campaign has been inaugurated by the American Bankers' Association, intended to teach the public the value of saving. No doubt a vast aggregate of money is lying hidden in stockings, mattresses, clothes' linings, and in the ground. But this is a mere bagatelle beside the money that is spent wastefully but which might go into the banks. There are, however, striking instances of a certain kind of bank advertising, such as the publicity of the Bankers Trust Company and Guaranty Trust Company, both of New York. The latter bank, for instance, has hit the fundamental that genuine service is, of itself, a good form of advertising. Following out this idea, the Guaranty Trust Company has issued scores of booklets, some of them really books, that interpret contemporaneous business legislation and similar subjects. This literature has been in great demand.

A remarkable example of the bigger advertising is that of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, which every year invests hundreds of thousands of dollars in a lofty form of publicity, far above the mere selling of phone service. This company has a great message for the people. And I ought to mention here the Western Union Telegraph Company, for this too came under the influence of Theodore N. Vail.

Something like a decade ago the Western Union, although a far-reaching corporation, was stagnant. Then came Mr. Vail, with his masterful imagination, and found all sorts of new products to sell, to which he gave a true dramatic touch. In rapid succession were evolved the night letter, day letter, week-end letter, week-end cable, and other forms of service. Twenty thousand Western Union offices out of its 25,000 had not paid expenses, but advertising played a part in rejuvenating this moribund Western Union and the public was taught to use the telegram for social and domestic affairs as well as for business.)

The Borden Company recently sought refuge in big-space advertising, to put its case squarely up to the people; and there can be no doubt that public hostility was softened. The Interborough Company, operating the New York subways, has found something of a voice in offsetting the ill feeling of the people who are jammed into its cars. Public-utility corporations here and there are beginning to talk. Surely we are at the dawn of the bigger advertising.

In the publicity of the rubber companies we find strong tendencies toward the larger message; and in the advertisements of rubber and many other national commodities we also read the development of our new civilization. It is only some seventy-five years ago that the first rubber factory was established, and advertising has done strange things to the old rubberless world. One advertisement of the United States Rubber Company asks the question: "What would a rubberless world be like to-day?" To prevent a reversion to such mediævalism, expansive rubber plantations have been established, one in Sumatra being larger than Manhattan Island. So the advertising story reaches to the South Seas. Estimates of the Goodyear advertising place it around a million and a half a year, and that of the Goodrich Company somewhere in the same category.

The railroads furnish some interesting examples, for many of them are awakening to the value of advertising in gaining the good-will of the people. In former years the main idea of railroad advertising was to sell transportation, and of this kind of publicity we have numerous splendid examples. Years ago the New York Central began to advertise its Empire State Express, and made it the best-known train in the country. Since then this line has done other conspicuous train advertising. A Chicago newspaper offered a prize for the best answer to the question, "What is the most famous train in the world?" and out of 25,000 replies 23,700 people wrote: "The Twentieth Century Limited." The Lehigh Valley has long featured its Black Diamond Express, and we all know the Lake Shore Limited, Wolverine, Oriental Limited, Olympian, and so on.

But now the railroads are finding some of the big things in publicity. Last year, when the great strike was threatened, they jumped into a campaign of newspaper advertising, employing 17,000 publications. It was the first time the railroads generally had engaged in a joint advertising effort to put their cause up to the people. In 1916 the New York Central began a campaign to change the attitude of the public. The Southern Railway has used 100 newspapers in a good-will campaign, and the Union Pacific is doing similar advertising.

In Illinois a co-operative campaign has recently been conducted to discover the causes for the antipathy of the public. "What do you think of the railroads?" is the caption on one of these advertisements. The Pennsylvania Railroad began a measure of this sort some years ago, when it first resolved to make public the details of accidents, and it has extended this publicity. In Kansas thirteen railroads have advertised in 600 newspapers, telling the conditions now confronting the carriers.

Quite recently we have an example of the growth of the advertising idea in railroad circles in the campaign of the Pullman Company, which during all these years seems to have overlooked possibilities.

In the street-railway field there is a big unworked opportunity for advertising, though in some instances street-car companies have climbed aboard the advertising wagon. I find a report showing that the Central Electric Railway Association last year began an investigation of advertising as a means of increasing its passenger traffic. The jitney has aroused the street-car fraternity to the possibilities of paid advertising. Already street-car companies in Detroit and Chicago have become advertisers for traffic; and doubtless others.

Perhaps a reflection of the newer railroad publicity may be seen in the work of the Detroit Board of Commerce, which, instead of fighting the railroads, undertook to work with them and started advertising to further the unloading of freight-cars. Within twelve days the congestion in Toledo was one of empty cars instead of loaded ones. In Detroit alone

the number of cars unloaded in one day was two hundred in excess of the best previous day's record.

Most people have no conception of the problems of the railroads and know little about the arguments from the railroad's standpoint. They are actuated chiefly by the conceptions they get from contact with trainmen and by reports of wrecks and claim-suits. In reality the public has a deep interest in this good-will factor the railroads are trying to develop. The Pennsylvania Railroad, for example, has 94,000 stockholders; the Santa Fe, 43,000; Baltimore & Ohio, 38,000; Union Pacific, 30,000; New Haven, 26,000; New York Central, 25,000; Great Northern, 24,000.

A recent tabulation of the advertising of thirteen large railroad systems shows that their aggregate expenditure was more than \$4,000,000 a year; but when we consider the vast capitalization involved this seems a small total. Railroad advertising is in its infancy, and the good-will publicity now being conducted is mostly of the eleventh-hour variety. Railroad managers are just beginning to realize that they have long neglected to put their purposes before Congress and the people in that most logical of all publicity, paid advertising.

The total capital stock of the railroads in 1915 was \$8,635,000,000, of which \$6,000,000,000 was in the hands of the general public. And then the vast bond-holdings of the people! Yet in spite of the manifest interest of the public in public utilities, common carriers, and other large enterprises, the people themselves constitute the class that advertises the least. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that the public has never advertised. In all or most of the disputes between capital and labor the people have been silent. But in the future the people will advertise, in groups or by communities, and the combined voice is bound to be an important factor in economic questions.

There is, of course, much advertising by the public for the purpose of selling more tangible commodities. Santa Clara County, Cal., recently tried the experiment of having a county advertising manager, and used space in leading magazines

and farm journals. Ten thousand replies came in. What the ultimate results will be cannot be estimated now, though the possibilities in municipal, county, and state advertising are as wide as our boundaries. Most exploitation of this sort has been done by real-estate concerns, some of them of doubtful reputation.

In the records of advertising I find a report of \$100,000 raised by Cincinnati to exploit that city.

During the last ten years the biggest recruit in the national advertising field has been the automobile, and the Willys-Overland was credited last year with a publicity investment around two millions. The total expenditure in print, in 1916, for the advertising of passenger automobiles has been estimated around \$25,000,000 and for motor-trucks \$2,500,000. The advertisements of passenger cars undoubtedly were a big factor in the gross business of more than a billion dollars. For trucks the gross is estimated at a quarter of this figure. It is not difficult to imagine how this automobile advertising has expanded the market and put further into the future that intangible thing known as the saturation-point. Benjamin Franklin's prospective mother-in-law was opposed to him on the ground that he was engaged in a badly overcrowded business, there being some half-dozen periodicals in the country. But saturation-points expand with advertising.

The advertising of products co-operatively has made rapid strides. One of the best examples is the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, which began in 1907 with an expenditure of \$6,900 and has an appropriation this year of \$400,000. Through this advertising the consumption of California citrus fruits has increased in the last seven years six and a half times as rapidly as the population of the United States. About 330 newspapers are now being used.

Following this example, a group of men formed the Northwestern Fruit Exchange, which through advertising has become the largest shipper of boxed apples in the world. In 1914 the apple crop of this country exceeded 259,000,000 bushels, a gain of 114,000,000 bushels over 1913. Yet this was of little benefit to the growers, because they had no adequate out-

let. A million bushels of fruit were fed to live stock, and it is estimated that in 1913 and 1914 only forty per cent of the entire crop ever reached the consumer. The answer to the situation lay in co-operative advertising, which must be the answer in other similar dilemmas. The apple-growers of the United States, in 1915, are said to have lost \$8,000,000 through the cutting off of export outlets for the big crops. If co-operative advertising had been undertaken a few years earlier, home markets could have been developed.

The California raisin-growers are also following the lead of the other fruit-producers in the marketing of crops, and the situation as to prunes is similar. The total production of this latter fruit for three years was 549,000,000 pounds, of which only a little more than half was consumed in the United States. Germany was the largest foreign customer, but when the war came this foreign market was closed. The situation is summed up in a circular sent out by a San José bank: "We have an enormous American consuming power, and in former years this took the bulk of our products, but we neglected this when Europe overbid us in prices and our domestic demand has become dormant. American trade follows American advertising. Breakfast foods have become a popular demand because they have been advertised largely. We can build up a similar demand for our dried prunes and apricots by systematic advertising."

Another instance of co-operative work is that of the California Walnut Growers' Association. The comparatively small amount of national advertising done by this body has increased consumption to a considerable extent.

In the Niagara Peninsula in Ontario there was a great surplus of plums, peaches, and cherries, due to the war, and it looked as if the farmers would be heavy losers. A comparatively small outlay in intelligent publicity resulted in the disposal, at fair prices, of practically the entire output.

In 1916 the Seabrook Farm, at Bridgeton, N. J., captured a New York market with over 500,000 quarts of strawberries by giving them a trade-name and advertising.

One of the spectacular developments of publicity is the big electrical displays. Those who rail against the poster and electric sign might well consider what New York would be like without its "Great White Way," which is only advertising in fire. What would any of our cities be like minus the flashing sign? These electric signs play an important part in our night life and have become a brilliant factor in advertising itself. William Wrigley pays \$54,000 a year for an electric sign at Times Square, in New York, and \$18,000 for another New York sign, this latter seen nightly by 200,000 people. In 4,000 cities and towns there are bill-posting plants.

Aside from the main channels, advertising is the comforter of many people in queer ways. In order to move a stagnant lot of loganberries, the Willamette Valley Prune Association undertook to promote the eating of loganberry pie, using space in twenty-two newspapers, including Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Detroit, and St. Louis. In Chicago 200 restaurants began using this pie. There were 175,000 pounds of evaporated loganberries in New York and Chicago on consignment, and the jobbers and brokers had reported no demand. This campaign compelled the market.

Bemis Brothers Bag Company, desiring to increase its output, undertook an extensive campaign for white flour—not for flour-bags, which manifestly would have been absurd. This company realized the value of advertising in presenting the other side of the use of white flour, that oft-attacked staple that has gone largely undefended. This campaign was addressed to a circulation of nearly 8,000,000 people. In "ready-cut houses," so largely advertised, one company is said to be doing a business of \$1,500,000 a year and, according to report, plans are made to market thousands of ready-cut houses in Belgium when the war is over. Incidentally, the ready-cut advertising has stimulated the regular lumber-dealers to do creative work and to advertise.

A Baltimore garment-factory found an unusual use for advertising when it began telling labor about its ideal factory conditions, comfortable surroundings, and the high average of the workers' earnings.

The Long Island Railroad cut down its grade-crossing accidents heavily by advertising. Before the campaign ten or twelve persons a year were killed at its crossings; but in 1915 and 1916 an average of four. The Liberty Bell Bird Club of Philadelphia gained 300,000 members through advertising its "Help Save the Birds." A Missouri association increased the number of cremations thirty-five per cent in three months through paid space.

Politics in late years have come rather extensively into the paid advertising field. It is even asserted that President Wilson owes his last election to the newspaper campaign of the Democratic National Committee. The Republicans seemed to hesitate over the value of this voice.

A comparatively recent convert to advertising is the church. The Messiah Lutheran Church of Philadelphia used newspaper space, window cards, and bill-posting. When the advertising began the membership was 215, but rose to 606. The Sunday School had only 175, but grew to 510. At Cedar Rapids, Ia., the First Christian Church doubled its Sunday-school attendance in two years. The Warren Memorial Presbyterian Church of Louisville, in a four weeks' newspaper campaign, increased its Sunday-night attendance from 100 to 800. It is estimated that there are 50,000,000 people in the United States without church affiliation, so the possibilities of analytical church advertising are large.

A market still bigger is said to be that of life-insurance, for it is estimated that less than ten per cent of the insurable life hazard in the United States is covered as compared with eighty per cent of the fire risk.

Or take the cause of education. Not many years ago Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., brought down criticism by engaging in a paid advertising campaign in the newspapers. But the ethics of this are now recognized. The time is coming when every university will advertise, as part of its business necessity.

In New York the clothing manufacturers had been encroaching steadily on the retail district, so that Fifth Avenue, from Fourteenth to Twenty-third Streets, and the streets adjacent had virtually surrendered. It looked as if this army of

clothing workers would extend northward and absorb even the high-class retail district. But that mighty power, advertising, was invoked. The "Save New York" movement, with space in the newspapers, brought an agreement by which the clothing manufacturers consented to remove to sections of the city better adapted to their line. Yet property values between Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets had decreased from \$28,000,000 to \$17,500,000.

There is one important phase of advertising that borders closely on fiction, and millions of dollars are regularly invested by hard-headed business men in this kind of publicity. It is the story-advertisement, of which there have been notable examples, one in particular that of an automobile company. These stories took the reader to ride in a fast, powerful car, and the dramatic action was so great that the sales are said to have jumped. From an article by Newton A. Fuessle, in *Printers' Ink*, I quote a vivid example of the story in advertising; and if it stood by itself this might be taken as a scene from a popular novel:

"Something ruddy tinged the gloom outside my door when I awoke. I smelt smoke.

"I made a panicky jump for Baby in her crib, grabbed Bobs from her bed, and called frantically to Jimmy.

"I sprang to the head of the stairs with the two children and took one wild look at the red pack of flames that had already cut off our escape."

The advertising-copy writer often finds the conditions confronting him quite similar to those of the literary worker. He must clothe his point in human action that will grip the attention. Thus:

"And then night fell. Adrift in open boats, the crew of the steamer *Kanawha*—abandoned 95 miles southeast of Cape Hatteras—had given up practically all hope. But by a twist of fate one of the crew on leaving the sinking steamer had taken in his pocket an Ever-Ready Flashlight."

There can be no doubt that some of the best advertising of to-day is written in story form, and the future of the advertising story promises to be more and more important. Just as the imaginative ad-

vertising characters in the illustrations tend to humanize the product, so the characters in the written advertising story get hold of the buyer through the emotions. In almost every business there can be found advertising material of the most valuable sort that might be turned into this kind of publicity.

I realize that I have appraised advertising in a very incomplete fashion, leaving untouched many rich lodes. I have failed to treat numerous important developments, such as the campaign of the

Associated Advertising Clubs of the World against fraudulent advertising. I have neglected numberless famous advertisers. There is a word in the English language, exiguity, that is marked "rare" in the dictionaries, but it expresses my feeling exactly as to this article. Even though it be replete in fact and incident, its scantiness cannot be denied when you hold it up against the whole wonderful subject of advertising. Let us hope that sometime the archives of this intensive era will reflect in an adequate way this phase of American activity.

MILLICENT: MAKER OF HISTORY

By Katharine Holland Brown

Author of "On a Brief Text from Isaiah," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY FANNY MUNSELL



HISTORY repeats itself, so say the wise folk. True. Sometimes history not only repeats itself, but improves on itself. For example:

High on a dusty shelf, in a certain dusty college library, you will find an ancient little cowhide book: "Bradford's Journall of Plymouth Colony." Brief, unvarnished records of fearless Puritan men and women stand for all time upon those crumbling leaves. Consider one terse narrative:

"On Monday, June the 3, 1638, a Band of Redskins surpris'd the farm of John Parkins, on Naumkeag River. Millicent, wife of John, a woman of much comeliness, was placing bread in her Dutch oven, & saw a Savage creeping towards the Stockade, & rang the great Bell for Alarum. John Parkins & his two bound boys ran lustily from the field & reached the Stockade alive but wounded by arrows. Millicent held off the Indeans with Blunderbuss whilst the three dragged them inside the Stockade. The Indeans strove mightily to reach the Stockade, but Millicent fir'd with such good aim that not one Red Devil liv'd to pass it. John & his boys, though weak from blood-letting, took turns loading & firing.

"At night, the Attack rode away, leaving 12 dead & 3 wounded. These wounded men, being hurt sorely, fill'd the air with their laments. At midnight, Millicent grew fearfull lest their crys attract passing Savages. She crept out through the Stockade, & finding the wounded by their crys, clubb'd them to death with her Muskèt. She then crept back to the cabin, where she pass'd the time in dutifull attendance upon her Spouse. The 3d day came a troop from Plymouth Town, led by Cap'n Davenport, who convey'd them all to Ipswich, where their wounds were dressed. John & Millicent return'd to their farm, where they liv'd together 60 yrs. & were fruitfull & prospered, being bless'd of XI children, to wit:—"

So much for the first Millicent Parkins, woman of much comeliness, and her grim, heroic doings. Cross now a bridge of nigh three centuries, and look upon the eighth Millicent of 1916.

Millicent the eighth is no Plymouth maid. Swift Rapids, Michigan, is quite good enough for her. But stand her beside the dim miniature of the first Millicent and the eager exquisite youth of the two faces will make your breath come rather quick. Fred Barlow, who lives

next door, and who used to carry Milly's school-books and ride her on his velocipede, said once that Milly looked like a snow-apple. Remember what a snow-apple is like? Rose-red, snow-white, crisp and sweet and cool. That's the eighth Millicent.

Milly's mother died when she was a baby. She and Mr. Parkins present the armed neutrality, at once droll and pitiful, that you so often see between a bewildered elderly father and a two-fisted female child. When Milly was sixteen Mr. Parkins, with a last despairing clutch at his Victorian ideals, sent her to Mount Holyoke. Then, mortally homesick for his darling hoyden, he set out to travel. In northern Mexico he bought a silver mine. Two months later came the fall of Diaz. But Mr. Parkins continued to work his mine, although under difficulties. His lonely hacienda, far back in the mountains, was less lonely than Swift Rapids with Milly away.

Milly flourished at Mount Holyoke. She came home at twenty, a triumphant A.B., only to demand another year, "to study sociology." Mr. Parkins, rather hard hit, agreed, and went back to Mexico. One year more and Milly came home to stay, spirited, merry, far lovelier than any sociological shark has need to be.

The day she returned, Milly set to work. She started a hunt club, which put half the gilded youth of Swift Rapids into splints; she organized an Allies' relief, and thereby split the town into two sulphurously rival camps. A trifle disconcerted thereat, she put aside society for the time being, opened a neighborhood house near Mr. Parkins's stove foundry, and marshalled the community into gayly emulative clubs. A tennis league, cooking classes for the girls, two baseball nines of fryin' size boys. The neighborhood, largely Irish, responded with zeal. The clans grew challenging, soon belligerent. The baseball nines stirred partisanship to flame. The last day of the Swift Rapids series, one grieves to chronicle that nine large, indignant fathers waded on the diamond to confer with the umpire. They were met by the nine strutting parents of the victors. Ten minutes later Milly herself thought it wise to send in a riot call. Several

tennis players, seeing a long-coveted opportunity, had mixed in.

"Though it didn't amount to much, dad. And as the ambulance surgeon said, not even the worst banged-up ones seemed to regret it. I'm sorry they broke the house windows, though. Perhaps I'd best close it till feeling dies down."

Mr. Parkins drew a long, thankful breath. Milly went cheerily on.

"Yes. I'll shut up shop. And go back to New York. And study working methods."

Mr. Parkins drew another long breath. His heart dropped, lead.

"Millicent! Are you determined on this career? I had hoped——"

"You'd hoped I'd settle down? And marry Freddy Barlow?"

Mr. Parkins gulped, a guilty gulp.

"Not but what he's asked me to," limpid and serene. "Every year since I was nine. But he's too demanding a disposition, father. If he were around all the time I might neglect my one real work."

Mr. Parkins gave a deep, inward groan. On Freddy Barlow, six feet high, three feet wide, sterling straight through, Mr. Parkins had long looked as on the one sustaining certainty in a reeling world. If Freddy were to fail him——

"I'll go to New York next week, dad."

"Very well. I'll run down to Durango."

"Durango!" Milly blazed, ecstatic. "Oh, I'm going, too. I'm going, too! My sociology can wait. Now that Carranza is managing so nicely, we can travel in absolute safety——"

"Absolute fiddlesticks!" Mr. Parkins's jaw set, flint. "Go to your sociology class, but not a step toward Mexico. Mind that!"

Milly's eyes widened. Rebellion from her slave was something new. Curiously, she did not insist. Instead, she set off for New York. And Mr. Parkins went to Durango.

Now, Mr. Parkins knew his Mexico. From the start, he had made terms with his laborers on a basis of honor and of kindness. His men had repaid him, and with interest. Generous rations, decent shacks, fair wages were promptly translated into increased output, cleanly living, honest service. For, contrary to popular belief, the average Mexican is neither a

fiend nor a moon-eyed cherub; instead, a human being, and, when treated as such, a surprisingly square human being.

Hence it was with no particular dread that Mr. Parkins took the steamer for Tampico. But from Tampico to Coronilla, his village, the trip were better not described. Cattle-car, horseback, rickety wagon; lastly, sixty miles of mountain trail aboard a surly mule. When at last he rode into Coronilla the village lay in ruins. The mines were long deserted. The fields were empty. But the thirty-eight people who remained gave him a welcome that warmed his heart.

Mr. Parkins went to work. He fed and cheered his miserable folk. He set them to ploughing and building. Soon his laborers began to drift back "from the army." In three months the village was thriving. His people looked on him as he went by with reverence as well as love on their dark faces. But Mr. Parkins was not content. His tired father-heart was sick within him. He could deal wisely with these, his child-people. But had he dealt wisely with his own child, his very breath of life?

Night after night he lay and pondered miserably. Had he been just to Milly in giving her such limitless freedom? Or, by withholding guidance, had he but left her to batter her young ship against the reefs of chance?

For that question is the eternal penalty of fatherhood. And each gray vigil brought bitterer heartache and self-blame.

The weeks fled on. He had reached Coronilla in May. It was September now, and the fields were shoulder-high and the women sang at their weaving. On a calm sunset, through the gates rode a slim, small figure on a limping mule. And as Mr. Parkins stood up, dazed, the figure tumbled off and rushed to him and fell on him with kisses that blinded and hugs that made his neck creak on its hinges.

"I wanted to see you so dreadfully, daddy! Oh, nothing particular. I—I just wanted you. Nonsense; it was an easy trip. My arm? Oh, I cut it. On broken glass. A brakeman did that, hauling me through a car-window. Our train was dynamited fifty miles out of Tampico. But some Carranzista officers had con-

fiscated an auto-truck and they invited me to ride with them as far as Santa Lucia. And two peons brought me forty miles more on a hand-car. Then I got on a troop-train up to San Juan. There I bought this mule and came up the mountains alone. Yes, I slept out on the trail two nights, but it wasn't cold at all. Now, why don't you say you're glad to see me?"

Mr. Parkins found nothing to say. All these weeks he had starved for Milly. Now she had come to him, unscathed, through a thousand hideous dangers. He was dumb in a thankfulness past words.

Four days later another guest rode through the gates, a gaunt, sun-scorched young man. At sight of him Mr. Parkins's sedate heart began to prance. Paternal mischief lit in his eye. But Milly's cheek burnt angry crimson.

"Freddy Barlow! What possessed you to tag, pray?"

"I tagged because the soul was scared out of me." Fred Barlow rolled off his mule and clutched the patio wall. He was so tired that he swayed on his feet; but, being Fred Barlow, he was as self-contained as a large young plaster cast of himself. "The minute I heard you'd started for Mexico I hit the trail. I've been just two jumps behind all the way. Didn't it enter your beauteous ivory head that we're on the ragged edge of war still? And that anything—*anything*—might happen to you?"

Milly's cheek deepened.

"H'm. Since you're here, you can make yourself useful. I've been wanting to explore the ruins at Tolta. You can ride as body-guard."

"Explore Tolta!" Mr. Parkins sprang up. "My child, it's twenty miles up the mountains. And nothing there but rocks and scorpions. And bandit camps at every cross-trail. I'll not hear to it!"

"Oh, yes, you will, dad. Haven't you always felt safe about me if just Fred Barlow was along?"

Mr. Parkins, routed by the words of his own mouth, could only blink. But deep in his heart woke a queer, eager hope.

Propinquity — dangers shared — the lonely ride—who knows?

Three days later Milly and Fred rode off for a day's exploring. Mr. Parkins

waved them away; but keen worry harassed him all the long day. He was glad when sunset came. Another hour, and home through the afterglow would ride two gallant young figures, and Milly, planted on his knee, would pour out the day's story, and Fred would stand near, his grave eyes bent on Milly's sparkling face. And, later still, when Milly slipped into his room, a slim white ghost, to perch on his bed and kiss him good night, she might have still more to tell.

The last gleam faded. Mr. Parkins fidgeted. Surely they would come soon.

The sky was velvet black now; the stars pricked out, far flames. Mr. Parkins paced from patio to gate, from gate to patio. This was not kind of Milly. She might know he would be anxious.

At gray dawn Mr. Parkins was still pacing the turf. To him then came one Alvarado, foreman of the mine. Behind him trailed the twenty-odd men that made up Coronilla's pitiful working forces.

"Señor, the señorita has not returned," said Alvarado very quietly. "Doubtless she and the young señor have lost their way. We, your servants, ride now in search of her."

"Much obliged, Alvarado," said Mr. Parkins. His lips were bloodless, his dry voice cracked. "I'll ride with you."

Before sunrise the cavalcade galloped away.

Through those long, hot, straining hours Mr. Parkins clung with a grip of steel to the belief that this search was absurdly needless. Milly and young Barlow had been delayed and had spent the night at some friendly rancho. They had come home by another trail. At this moment they sat safely in his own patio, watching amusedly for his return. He built on that hope; he lived on it that cruel day through. And at dusk he entered his own gates and saw awaiting him only his scared, tearful house servants. And nothing more.

Mr. Parkins had hoped too hard. His taut self-control snapped. He crumpled into his chair. He sat there trembling.

Again to his boss came Alvarado. Alvarado was a short, squat half-breed with a pockmarked face and a villainous cross-

eye. Alvarado's natural charms were not enhanced by the fact that he had ridden fourteen hours in blistering heat, searching for his master's daughter as a man searches for fine gold. Which was all in the day's work for Alvarado. Had not the señor fed his blind father and healed his boy of a fever?

"Señor," said Alvarado, "we men will take fresh horses and ride in a great circle the night through. We will hunt the hills past the deserted mines."

Parkins lifted his ashen face.

"No, Alvarado. You men are dog-tired. More, you'd never find them by night. To-morrow we'll try again."

"But to-morrow is another day."

"No."

"Señor, I have spoken." Alvarado stood humbly before his lord; but his voice rang finality. "To-day—perhaps the señorita has yet water in her canteen. By to-night she will have drunk it all. We must find her before the sun grows high."

Mr. Parkins stared. Suddenly he wilted back in his chair. Alvarado tramped away.

Mr. Parkins sat very still. From the courtyard came the stamp of tired mules, the smell of frying meat. Presently there rang a clatter of departing hoofs.

After a while Conchita, the cook, came, bringing his bacon and beans and coffee. She rapped twice; then she pushed the door ajar and waddled in. What she saw sent her waddling out again, with her rebozo screwed to her eyes.

She scuttled across the garden, then away down the empty road to the house of the padre. At the door she stopped and burrowed into her generous girdle. Only six centavos, the last coppers of her wages. However, six centavos would buy a blessed candle, with a little coaxing. And it was for the señorita, the laughing señorita who was as the blood of the señor's heart.

Gripping the precious six centavos in a pudgy palm, she knocked. Ten minutes later she set a tall white candle before Our Lady's tiny shrine and lighted it with careful hands. A long hour she knelt there, her fat arms raised straight up like a wooden doll, her black braids trailing on the stone floor.

Up in his room Mr. Parkins sat alone. The room was black dark now. A cooler air blew down from the mountains. A few inquisitive stars peered in.

The wind grew stronger. It sighed and wailed like a creature that searches and searches but cannot find. Against the window the grape-vine tapped like groping fingers. Mr. Parkins did not stir.

Somewhere past midnight the wind fell. A waning moon climbed the sky. An hour more, and the air that blew through the room grew cold as wind from off a glacier. The wind before the dawn was coming, the stark cold wind that blows of death.

After a while the darkness seemed to thin slowly. The moon grew white as bone. Up from the east filtered a gray light, stark and cold. Then, and not till then, did Mr. Parkins get up from his chair and stand looking out at the huddled huts, the wall of mountains, the gray and awful sky. But his drawn lips muttered still, as they had muttered the night through:

"My headstrong little daughter! My little, little girl! God, what's the use? *What's the use?*"

The sun rose swiftly, a molten golden flare. Away down the trail something moved slowly. Mechanically, Mr. Parkins stared at that far vague phantom.

Suddenly he staggered against the window. He cried aloud, a harsh and rasping cry. He dashed out of the room, tore down the patio stairs, jerked a sleepy mule from the feed-trough, galloped away.

One-half hour later Mr. Parkins, white to his lips but indomitably calm, sat in his own room once more. On his lap sat a shockingly dirty young woman in a tattered-and-torn riding-habit. An equally grimy young man, further adorned with a black eye and a swollen nose, sat in the window-seat. Another young man, triced from chin to knee in tidy bandages, sprawled dead asleep on Mr. Parkins's cot. Down in the patio sat Alvarado and his men, heroes all, surrounded by a frustration of womenfolk, all feeding them at once.

"Dad, dear, I'm sorry you were anxious. But listen. We left here day before yesterday morning, you know, and

we put in a gorgeous day exploring. We started back at four, by what I thought would be a short cut, through a canyon. It was shorter—maybe. But we butted straight into an outlaw camp."

"Oh! That was it!"

"Yes. That was it. And it was most unpleasant. They saw us first and had us covered before either of us could draw our guns. They marched us into camp and took away our revolvers, and handed me over to their women—a half dozen of 'em crowded around a camp-kettle—and hog-tied poor Fred and stuck him up against a boulder. At night they gave us each some water and a gourdful of stew—woof!" Milly's lovely dirty face twitched. "Then one woman offered to share her blanket with me. I accepted, for manners. But by two o'clock I decided I'd rather crawl outside and sit up. I did. Presently a shadow came down the arroyo and stooped down and whispered: 'Come along. Let's beat it.'

"It was Fred, of course. I didn't ask any questions. I rose up and beat it. Fifty yards down the trail stood a man holding our horses. As we mounted he gave us our guns, then faded back into the night.

"We coaxed our horses through the sandy arroyo till we were out of earshot, then galloped for dear life. At daybreak we stopped at a water-hole. There Fred explained our escape. That amiable brigand used to work for you, daddy. He was a mine laborer three years ago. He recognized the brand on our horses and questioned Fred. When Fred told him I was your daughter he just said, 'Bueno,' and went away. But at two o'clock he shook Fred awake, cut his lariat, then brought the horses and guns. How under the moon he got those automatics away from the chief! Fred thinks he must have stuck a knife into him. Whatever he did do, I'm sure we're much obliged to him.

"We filled our canteens and started on. Not a mile farther and we saw a troop of cavalry dead ahead. We were caught between two fires. Cavalry ahead; brigands behind.

"'This means, take to the hills,' said Fred. We hid the horses up a gully and crawled in between heaps of boulders, very snaky. I slept all morning while



Drawn by Fanny Munsell.

I took his poor little scrawny hand and shut the crucifix in.—Page 692.

Fred watched. Then I let him sleep while I watched. It wasn't any fun at all. We were hungry and thirsty and mad, and that cavalry simply would not move on. At dusk Fred said: 'Let's risk a dash for it.' Dash we did. But, swinging around a hill, didn't we ride straight into a battle!"

"A battle?"

"Well, a skirmish. A right lively skirmish. Bullets went whining over our heads, and of all the yelling you ever heard! We scuttled up the nearest draw lickety-cut. We were fairly trapped this time. And it got blacker and blacker. Hardly any starlight, even.

"Suddenly the shooting and yelling died down. Not ten yards away fled a rush of dark figures; then silence. Soon we heard a voice moaning. Then another voice began to yell like sixty."

"Wounded bandits?"

"Yes. But the longer we listened to the yelling one the less he listened like a bandit. Instead of calling in Spanish, he kept howling over and over: 'Oh, golly! Oh, my laig! Say, for Pete's sake, can't some of youse hike down and roll this horse offen me? Say, it weighs a ton. Say, hurry! For God's sake, *hurry!*'"

"Finally I couldn't stand it. I told Fred it might be a trap, but I'd rather be trapped than sit still and know that that poor moaning creature was breathing his last, and the cross, noisy one was being squashed to profane pulp. Fred said: 'No, you don't go down there. Not on your life.' That's the way—" She halted, gave Fred a small, remorseful grin.

"Shoot, Milly," urged Fred nobly.

"Well, that's the way he got that black eye. I lost my patience and gave him a swift punch, and it landed on his cheek-bone and made it bleed as well as swelled his eye shut. Somehow, that broke me all up. I began to bawl, and Fred said: 'Never mind, black the other eye if you like.' And he was such a duck about it that I bawled worse than ever, and told him— Oh, no matter what I told him. And after that we wasted a lot of time." Her clear cheek glowed with the softest fire, the pure, transparent flush of a snow-apple; her gray eyes fell. "Then I said: 'Come along, we'll go now and find our bandits.' And Fred said

all right, if I'd promise to shoot myself in case it proved an ambush and they killed him, and I promised. So off we scrambled.

"We tried to pussy-foot, but in that solid dark we stubbed our toes on everything in reach. We sounded like two scared elephants. But I guess we sounded pretty good to that blasphemous young man under his horse. Gracious, when he realized we'd come to help him! I didn't know there were so many joyful swear words in the dictionary.

"We hauled his dead horse off him and yanked him off the pile of shale he was lying on and laid him on a grassy place. Between yowls he kept hurling orders at Fred. 'Git that girl out of here! Leave me alone and scoot with her. That dog-gone crowd will come riding back, sure's you're born. Clear out. Never mind me!' But Fred told him to calm down. Then we blundered off to find the other man. We had to hunt a good bit, for the moaning had stopped. When we did find him, we—there was nothing we could do."

Her racing voice faltered then.

"He'd had no chance from the start, poor little fellow. Yes, I suppose he was an outlaw. But he couldn't have been more than sixteen, a little, slim, half-grown boy no bigger than my cousin Joel at Concord. He was awfully thin, too. Under his torn shirt his poor little ribs stuck up, starved. He didn't stir when Fred turned the pocket-flash on his face, but his lips moved. Then I saw the crucifix tied round his neck: a brass one on a red cotton string. I took his poor little scrawny hand and shut the crucifix in. His lips moved again and his hand sort of gripped on the crucifix. Then he was gone, just as if you'd blown out a candle.

"I laid my handkerchief over his face, and we piled brush around him, then went back to our first find. He thought we'd hit the trail by this time, and his remarks fairly scalded us. Inside, he was weepy-grateful, just the same. He was cold and pretty limp, so I sat and held as much of him on my lap as I could, and Fred took off his boots and rubbed his feet. Between shivers he explained that he wasn't a bandit at all. He's a pin-feathered Texas ranger who'd been sur-

prised and gobbled on a raid, and he'd broken away, only to have his horse shot under him. His name is John C. Armbruster, and he was born in Peoria, Illinois, and he'll be twenty his next birthday. Wouldn't Fred and I feel sweet if we'd left him under his horse to die?

"After untold ages it was dawn. John C. kept begging us to go and leave him, and we knew we ought to strike for home, but we couldn't desert that poor lamb. Finally I climbed a little hill for a look-see. The luckiest thing I ever did. There, not half a mile away, galloped Alvarado and his men. I waved and shouted. Did Alvarado respond? He only hit the high places. We hoisted John C. on behind Alvarado and headed for home. And that's all."

She stopped, her eyes on her father's face. But Mr. Parkins did not dare to speak. Had he tried to express himself it must have been in tears, the tears of a joy almost as terrible as grief. For this, his child, was dead, yet was alive again. This, his heart's darling, was lost, and yet was found.

"I hope, daughter," he said at length, in his curt, precise voice, "that you have thought to thank Frederick for his care of you."

"Oh, I've squared myself with Fred, all right." She put out a grimy little hand and patted Fred's arm. "I've told him I'm going to marry him as soon as we get back to Swift Rapids."

"You're going to marry Fred——"

Over Mr. Parkins's tired face came a sudden light: the light of an amazement, a contentment past all words.

"But—your sociology——"

"Oh, I shan't abandon that. But the fact is, father, a good deal of that sociology stunt was bluff, you know." Milly lifted tranquil eyes. She spoke out with the shameless candor of her young shameless generation. "I've really meant to marry Fred right along. Only I wanted to be certain sure that I was in love with Fred himself. Not just in love with love. There's a difference." Her cheek bright-

ened to scarlet, but she spoke evenly on. "So I took up that special work to see if it wouldn't shove Fred into the back-ground. And—it didn't. Then I went to New York to get a better perspective. But he filled the whole place. Then I came down to Mexico. I thought, from this distance, I could put him where he belonged. But he keeps right on being the whole thing. So I might as well marry him. No, you don't understand, dad. I didn't expect you would."

Mr. Parkins did not ask to understand. His eyes clung to his girl, then turned to the face of the boy; the boy that he had loved and relied upon ever since he was a wee chap in starchy kilts, sturdily trundling Milly on his velocipede. Into Mr. Parkins's face came a flame of pride, a pride that exalted. For such a pride, heaven be praised, is sometimes the portion of fatherhood.

Quaintly enough, that pride was in no wise for himself. Quite unaware that he had honored the stock from which he sprang by keeping faith with those who trusted him, by dealing nobly with his humble people, Mr. Parkins saw only his own child's nobility. His daughter, braver than her brave ancestress. Mr. Parkins's eyes shone.

"I have always been proud of that story they tell of your great-grandmother, the first Millicent," he said a little huskily. "But I'll admit I'm prouder yet of you, you reckless young hussy. Because—you didn't risk your life crawling out to club your enemies. You risked it venturing out to save them instead. History repeats itself, they say. Sometimes, my dear, history improves on itself."

His lean little arms shut round her with a sudden gripping clutch. Milly looked up at him. It is not in Milly's brusk young generation to speak its heart. But all her heart flamed out in the brusk, half-laughing words:

"Well, Daddy Parkins! All I can say is, history will have to get busy if she wants to improve upon a gentleman like you!"



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

She stood at the tee, waiting.—Page 698.

THE GOLF CURE

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL



SHELburn doubtless was correct in his diagnosis of my particular malady. He has a reputation as a nerve specialist, and his bills reflect his belief in its justice.

I had my doubts, however, as to the enlightened quality of his prescription.

Two matters had synchronized with my elevation to the presidency of the Clinton, Lancaster, and Hocking system—a threatened strike of a great body of our employees and a rather nasty rate war in freight. The first I had stifled by proving criminal fraud on the part of two of the ringleaders in the impending revolt, and the latter I had averted through diplomacy. I emerged with a curious lassitude and inability to concentrate. Hence, Shelburn.

“Jarrot,” said he, “there’s only one thing the matter with you—” his eyeglasses were glittering with a sort of humorous disdain—“only one thing; but that is serious. You’re an empty husk of a man; that’s all. You entered this great railroad company of yours when you were a boy of twelve. Now, approaching fifty, you’ve become president——”

I interrupted to remark that my visit related purely to his professional capacity, and that a narrative of my life was hardly——

He took me up with irritating boorishness.

“Don’t be a fool, Jarrot; the story of your life is *your* story, your only story. For thirty-five years you’ve done nothing, thought of nothing, but work, work, work. In that time you’ve taken two vacations, the last one fifteen years ago. You’ve never been interested in anything outside your railroad, never done anything, nor thought of anything nor dreamed of anything outside of it. You’ve no wife, no children, no recreations, no hobby—nothing but the damned Lancaster Railroad and tributary lines. You’re a husk, Jarrot; no juice, no good red blood in your

body. You’re a bore to every one who knows you—a creature of efficiency and mechanical accuracy. Now you come and ask me to tell you what’s the trouble! Well, my good fellow, I’ll tell you: you’re dying of general desiccation. You get away now, and learn to play golf, climb hills, fall in love—in general, be human. Don’t come back until the end of September; then drop in and I’ll look you over again.” He signified dismissal and sent for the next patient.

Now it’s all very well to be told to run away and play; it’s not so easy to do that thing. I never had played, had never contemplated so doing. I didn’t know how. A physician who does not adapt his treatment to his patient’s temperament and capabilities is a fool.

I was convinced of this as the hotel bus bumped over the mountain road from a sleepy little station. There was none of that exhilaration as of a burden fallen from heavy-pressed shoulders; there was nothing but bewilderment, uncertainty, and a certain irritability.

My immediate neighbor on the seat, a fussy, talkative codger, somewhat older than I, pointed out a rolling perspective.

“Superb, isn’t it? The finest view in the world!”

I nodded weakly, recalling that my railroad itself advertised several “finest views in the world.”

The man—he gave me his name as Treadwell—ran on endlessly, but, as the conversation became general, I was permitted to revert to the unenviable companionship of my thoughts.

The hotel was all that had been claimed for it. The guests appeared well-favored. My room was quite satisfactory in every particular; each window commanded a really splendid outlook. I set the leather golf bag with its shining new clubs in a corner and surveyed them with melancholy interest. My secretary had given me their names; I had forgotten them all.

When I went down for luncheon a number of golfers were debouching from two

great automobile carryalls, after a morning of sport on the links a mile beyond the hotel. They were exchanging records and discussing various phases of their morning's pastime. It struck me as trivial, and I wandered desolately into the dining-room.

Later my friend of the motor-bus appeared in golfing-togs. I was returning from a walk about the grounds, trying to kill time until the arrival of the New York morning papers and correspondence in the afternoon mail. He came briskly down the steps and invited me to play with him. I declined.

The papers and my letters occupied me pleasantly in my room until after four o'clock, when I arose and sauntered about the grounds. I should have enjoyed a ride in my motor, but the physician's orders had been to leave the car at home and walk. The environment was of rare beauty, and the sunset, masses of iridescent clouds, shot with green and crimson and gold and blue, was regal in its pomp. Withal, the impression of sinister idleness of the hotel folk—elderly men and women trying to drag out a few more useless years; young women with little to do but read, pose, and wear gowns; and men with no serious thought of life and its affairs—all depressed me and made me wonder how much of Shelburn's sentence I should be able to endure. Not very much—of that I was certain. Than this, far better the death on the wheel which my physician had pictured for me.

Six o'clock saw me in my room, dressing for dinner—a passable meal, save for the fact that I had as companions several gentlemen who had arrived upon a time when their business affairs had ended, who had therefore no well-defined occupation save that of trying to enjoy themselves. Our lot differed in so far as my respite was temporary and theirs final. Even so, one might have presupposed a bond. There was none.

I arose with a feeling of depression and sat on the western veranda, thinking of business—which I had been commanded not to do—with emotions of strong relief.

When the lights were lit they began to dance in the main hall. I joined the outlying fringe of spectators, observing

with some curiosity—but absolutely with no sense of that exaltation which rhythmic motion is supposed to excite—the jerky gyrations of the dancers, young and old, who worked their way about the floor in a congested, revolving mass. The orchestral music confined itself chiefly, as it seemed, to a sequence of unexpected and unwarrantable dissonances, blaring, banging, honking of automobile horns, and blowing of penny whistles. Pleasure!

I retired two hours before my usual bedtime. Truly an auspicious introduction to the gay and salubrious and care-free life which Shelburn had painted for me. Shelburn was not only a fool, but an ass as well. I purposed returning to New York shortly and telling him so to his face.

After breakfast I encountered a party on the veranda who were bound for the golf links. The omnipresent Treadwell was among them. He descended upon me with proprietary zeal.

"Come, Jarrot," he cried, "this will never do. You look like a pariah, I declare. It's high time you christened your unfledged clubs. You've never played golf, I believe you said."

I nodded in testy affirmative. At the time, indeed, I was contemplating a wire to Shelburn.

"Well, then," Treadwell went on, "there's no time like the present to begin."

But I had no idea of making an exhibition of myself before that crowd and I said so. Two thick-set and not uncomely young women came up at the moment and Treadwell introduced them as his daughters. They were sunburnt and their forearms, which were bare, were as brawny as those of a blacksmith. They regarded my shining clubs, I thought, with something of contempt. They weren't especially cordial.

"Well, at any rate," said Treadwell, when his daughter announced that a foursome had been formed, "you had better come with us and talk to MacIntosh, our professional, about lessons. No time like the present."

He seized me by the arm and thus I was badgered into the vehicle, together with some dozen other golfers, of whom some were young, but a majority as old as if not older than I, who, as I have been

told, present an appearance somewhat younger than my forty-seven years. I have always kept my face smoothly shaven, and have few gray hairs, while I've been far too busy a man to lose my figure. None the less they made me feel old as Methuselah with their athletic enthusiasm.

"Better go over the course with us," suggested Treadwell, when we arrived at the links, "and get an idea of the thing. Sometimes my game is good, sometimes——"

As he paused abruptly I interposed a question relating to the length of the course, but was admonished by a frown and a nod toward a man who had paused in addressing the ball to frown irritably in my direction.

"You mustn't talk when we're driving," said my acquaintance; "it throws us off our game."

I felt pretty much of a fool, and followed the party in silence as they left the first tee. There seemed an unnecessary amount of fuss and feathers about this game—in which, by the way, their proficiency did not strike me as commensurate with their enthusiasm. Old Treadwell and his daughters hopped about like bantams in addressing their balls. I couldn't see why simpler methods, less wiggling, and less swinging of the sticks would not accomplish better results.

Thus communing rather sardonically with my thoughts and impressions, I was startled suddenly by an insistent cry of "Fore" from the elder Treadwell girl. Looking ahead, I saw near the third green the figure of a young woman clad in white. She appeared rather lithe and attractive against the sky, and she had light hair which gleamed in the sunlight from under a flappy sort of hat.

"I'm going right through, of course," remarked the Treadwell girl. "A one-some has no rights at all, naturally." So she drove, more viciously than was necessary, while the stranger, leaning on her club, waited for us to come through.

It was an ill-natured incident, and Miss Treadwell bore it out after she had made her shot and turned to me.

"That girl is always going over the course alone," she said. "I don't see why she does it. But, of course, *she* can't get any one to play with her."

"Why not?" I asked. "She appears most attractive—from this distance."

She tossed her head and grimaced at her sister.

"Her brother is a chauffeur, I believe, and she does some tutoring among the children at the hotel. I wonder that she was able to get a card to the links."

I could catch her point of view and nodded—with little show of sympathy, I must confess—to show that I did.

For my part, as I stole a glance in passing, I regarded her as by far the most attractive girl I had seen since my arrival at the hotel. She must have been twenty-five or six. Her hair was the color of corn silk before it turns brown; her forehead and nose were broad, and her eyes gray, with dark-brown brows and lashes. She was above medium height, with a fine breadth of shoulder and resilient poise. Teaching children! She ought to be the mother of fine, sturdy children of her own! Later, as we disappeared over a swale, well out of range, I saw her moving to the tee to drive.

Next morning, after an afternoon of desultory wandering and an evening chiefly marked by the antics of an old gentleman, whose irritation because of my having pre-empted his favorite chair under a lamp was so pronounced that I yielded forthwith and fled to my room, I repaired to the links with the same party.

We encountered the lonely golfer on the fourth tee. She gave way as usual, and I turned back several times to see her hair flaming like a beacon in the sunlight as we drew farther and farther away.

The following day she was holing out, as the term has it, at the tenth hole; evidently she had made an early start in order to avoid us. I was free to confess I should have been disappointed had her plan been successful. That girl piqued my curiosity somehow, and the prospects of these meetings was all that caused me to delay my fully formed intention of wiring to Shelburn to go to the devil and of returning to the city.

"Jarrot," announced Treadwell that night, "you're a Jonah, do you know it? The girls and I haven't come within ten of our best score since you've been trailing with us. It's high time you began to take lessons and play yourself."

Well, I never objected to frankness on

the part of any one. I agreed with Treadwell, and next morning, having waited for him and his crowd to get out of the way, I hired a small conveyance and arrived at the club-house just as the last of the hotel crowd had driven off.

The professional was with this party; he had engaged himself to accompany a young woman over the course and hence was not available for my purpose. His assistant was awaiting a client—a pupil, rather—who was due at any moment, and his later hours were all taken up.

My first thought was to wait over a day; but three days had already been wasted, and there was the conviction that if the plunge was not taken now it never would be. It's foreign to my nature to dally; I either take up a matter or abandon it finally. So with this game of golf. Besides, it was altogether possible my lonely golfer might be out somewhere among those rolling green hills.

The decision to proceed upon my own responsibility was instantly formed. I had carefully watched the players, and had thereby gained some appreciable idea of proper form. No one was on the club veranda and only two caddies happened to be in the vicinity as I advanced to the first tee. Both of them sought employment.

"You ought to have some one to carry your clubs and to find the balls you hit," persisted one bright urchin as I shook my head. I smiled amiably.

"My little man, I'll carry my own clubs. As to *finding* the balls—" I paused, humorously impressed by the idea. "If I succeed in driving one over a distance so great that it cannot easily be located, I shan't wish to find it."

Whether or not the youngsters followed my reasoning they did understand—and promptly accepted—my offer of fifty cents each to take themselves off while I made an initial effort to knock a ball off the little cone of earth I had builded.

Curiously enough, the driver came in contact with the ball the first time trying. While it was not a square hit, it sent a satisfying tingle up my arms, a tingle which spread glowingly over my whole body as I stood watching the sphere roll and hop along until it came to a stop perhaps seventy-five feet away. Perhaps, after all, the process was simpler than I had thought.

This impression did not, however, endure beyond my second shot. At my third I had acquired a new and not at all agreeable impression. The second hole was supposed to be three hundred yards away, but as I hacked and hewed and excavated my way over the velvet grass, the length steadily increased, until finally, having covered say two-thirds of the distance in twelve strokes—not counting total misses—I put my cleek into the bag, picked up the ball, and journeyed toward the little red flag snapping and fluttering ahead, oppressed with compunctions concerning the trail of gashed turf which marked my laborious—not to say destructive—course to this point.

Thus plodding ruefully along, a faint call drifted to my ears and, turning, I had just time to step aside and permit a ball to bound past me toward the green. It was the lonely golfer. There could not be the slightest doubt about that. Her walk, her poise, the cut of her were not to be mistaken.

I had intended trying my luck from the second tee, but in the presence of this proficient young woman such proceeding was out of the question. I would allow her to go through, and with this intention in mind loitered on past the green while she advanced with a short stroke and holed out.

With an assumption of obliviousness I turned my back and pretended to study the scenery, but a silence of some duration communicated the fact that she did not wish to go through—in other words, a deadlock. At length, with sudden resolution, I turned and walked to the green.

She stood at the tee, waiting. Behind her the billowing green links rolled on and on, with the shimmer of a water hazard in the middle distance and in the remote background the mountains sleeping in blue haze. I confess to being struck by the thought that the picture the girl presented was worthy of the environment. Her corn-colored hair seemed to flame by contrast with the flawless green turf, while nothing could have been more refreshing than her white costume, with its green scarf, belt, and hosiery. The impression was in every way agreeable.

I addressed her quite without thought, with manner as natural and detached as I should have employed in the case of one

of our young women employees. Then, too, I must have been at least twenty years her senior.

"It seems rather absurd, doesn't it," said I, "for either one or the other of us to go on alone? I have envied your facility, and am wondering if you won't show a miserable beginner——"

My voice left me, a surprising phenomenon, since I have invariably been able to couch my thoughts in simple and direct language, upon whatever occasion. She flushed swiftly as I ceased speaking, but otherwise her demeanor suggested equanimity.

"I'm awfully sorry, but, you know, I'm not an instructor in golf."

There was a definite note of finality in her voice which completely threw me back upon myself. I had the feeling that she believed I had intended rudeness and had punished me accordingly. She must have seen my distress and divined its cause, for, having regarded me a moment, she smiled and spoke more softly.

"There are, as of course you know, professionals at the club for just your purpose."

I nodded.

"Yes, I understand that. They both happen to be engaged this morning—and——"

What demon of embarrassment possessed me I know not. In any event, I could think of no way of completing the sentence.

"And you felt you ought to make a beginning?" she assisted, smiling now. She had a deep, beautifully modulated voice.

"Yes," I replied, summoning force. "My doctor ordered me here to play golf for two months, and as I'd already delayed three days——"

"Yes, of course," she interpolated, as I paused.

"Delayed three days," I went on, "I decided to begin to-day or never. I went over this stretch on my own hook—not," I grimaced, "to the benefit either of my temper or of the turf." As she remained silent I proceeded: "I rather fancied I had caught the knack of the thing from observation. Apparently it is not so easy as all that."

Her gray eyes lightened in a faint smile.

"No, it isn't," she said simply. She

appeared to be turning over a thought in her mind. I waited. "You are staying at the hotel?" she asked.

"Yes; a two months' sentence."

"Sentence?"

"Well"—I tossed my hands—"it amounts to that. I am not accustomed to summer hotels. I've been too busy all my life for vacations. An additional sentence," I added, "is the stipulation that I learn to play golf."

Something in my manner, if not in my speech, caused her to start and look at me curiously. I began to wonder if she, too, was beginning to regard me as a dry husk of a man. Then her face again clouded thoughtfully. Finally she spoke.

"I am living at the hotel, too—as a tutor to several children. In season I teach at a school for girls in Philadelphia." She stopped abruptly and then added, I thought a trifle defiantly: "I have an attic room at the hotel—and my brother is a chauffeur."

It was obvious that she had appraised me as harmless, and in her frank exposition of her status I read not so much a tacit offer of companionship as a desire to prevent any misunderstanding on my part.

I didn't know how to reply. Evidently she misunderstood my silence, for she flushed and turned suddenly away, whereupon the words I wanted came like lightning.

"My brother was a railroad brakeman when he was killed. He and I lived in an attic room together for several years. And now—now I'm lonely, lonely as the mischief; and if you don't let me play golf with you and if you don't help me learn the game——" My voice crumbled into a blur. I glanced at her helplessly. She was laughing noiselessly.

"If you'll take your driver and stand here," she said, "I'll try to do what I can."

That first lesson was memorable. She knew, first what ought to be done, and, secondly, she had the faculty of communicating the idea. As may be imagined, I made gratifying progress for a beginner, and both of us became so interested that we had covered seven holes before I glanced at my watch and found that unless we dropped our diversion and cut for the club-house we would miss the last bus for luncheon.

"Never mind," I suggested; "we can lunch at the club."

But no; she shook her head. Her lessons came an hour after luncheon and she must not miss her pupils.

"You see they are my real reason for being at the hotel at all," she explained.

I resisted the temptation to supply another reason, which was that this game of attempting to hit a quinine pill fairly and squarely was becoming attractive to me, and that I was willing to pay more for her excellent instruction than she could possibly earn teaching trivialities to children.

The bus contained several golfers from the hotel and so we talked but little on our way back. When I left her on the hotel lawn I discovered that I had neither learned her name nor given her mine.

At luncheon I looked about the dining-room for her, but she was not at any of the tables. Later I was occupied with my newspapers and my mail until four o'clock, and then, repairing to my room, I lay down for an hour. The unwonted exercise had been more fatiguing than I should have believed. Withal, there was an unwonted tranquillity and a mental alertness such as I had not felt for months. Obviously, Shelburn was correct as to golf.

In the late afternoon I strolled to the deer park and came suddenly upon her. She was seated upon a bench, surrounded by perhaps a dozen children, to whom she was telling animal stories. I remained behind a clump of bushes watching the pretty spectacle, finally becoming interested myself in her story concerning a princess who had been changed into a deer, and a princely hunter with a silver bullet.

"So you see," she concluded, playing with the golden mane of a little tyke who pressed close to her, "when the prince fired the silver bullet and struck the deer, he found to his surprise that the animal had been changed to the most beautiful princess in the world——"

"And they got married?" inquired the boy.

"Of course they did, you little imp." She laughed and arose from the bench. I stole away.

Over my after-dinner cigar I gave serious thought to the case of this young woman, and came to the conclusion that my first lesson in golf from her would be

my last. She had hinted something of the sort when we were hurrying over the links to the golf club, and now, after due thought, her reasons were perfectly clear and clearly logical. Whether she took money from me or not it was unfair to keep a pupil away from the professionals. I accepted the situation, as I thought, philosophically, and with my cigar half completed I went out for a stroll in the darkness. I had long given over attempts to read outside my room in the evenings. The walk was not a success; the nights are very damp in this region and the black flies unbearable. I retired at eight o'clock.

For two days I went along under the guidance of one of the professionals, and what with the excellent foundation supplied by my first lesson I progressed amazingly. The second day I caught a glimpse of the girl on a high tee, far ahead. But I did not meet her. The third day I played in a mixed foursome with Treadwell and his two daughters. To my great joy my card was better than Treadwell's—much to his annoyance—although the young women turned in much lower scores.

One of the daughters proposed to repeat the foursome on the morrow, but Treadwell was going to motor with his wife. This afforded me what I regarded as an opportunity.

"I should enjoy playing," I said, "and I'll bring a partner." The girls agreed, and with this understanding we returned to the hotel.

The next thing, of course, was to catch my partner. I conceived that this involved more or less of an adventure, and found my senses pleasantly exhilarated, not to say thrilled. I caught her in the late afternoon with her little charges, by the deer park. I approached the girl directly, as I have sort of a reputation in the world of business and finance for obtaining anything I really go after.

"Young lady," I opened, "I wish to tell you that I have built upon your golfing precepts and should like to have you see the results. Will you be my partner in a foursome to-morrow morning?"

She looked at me a moment.

"Is your—your wife to be one of the party?"

"My wife!" Then I laughed. "I most certainly thank you for the implied compliment—but I am not married."

She flushed vividly but joined me in my mirth.

"If you really want me—" she said at length, and then hesitated. I replied crisply to the effect that I never asked for anything I didn't want—which was true. Then, formally, I gave her my name and she in return gave me hers. It was Miss Gray—Cecil Gray, as I learned later.

We met the Treadwell girls on the front veranda next day at nine o'clock and as I presented Miss Gray I was forcibly struck by their lack of cordiality. In truth, as the bus rolled up, they held a whispered conference, and then informed me that they wished to be excused from the proposed game. Their plea of sudden indisposition was so hollow, the real reason so apparent, that I'm afraid I did not conceal my chagrin. My partner had not heard, but she was too keen a girl not to understand the situation as the young women withdrew and we entered the vehicle without them.

But she said nothing in reference to the incident—not then, at least—while I was not so involved in irritable reflections that I failed to mark the ease with which she carried the affair off. If those Treadwell girls had had a quarter of her poise and innate breeding they would have been better fitted for whatever was their position in the social strata.

We had an excellent game. I have always possessed great nervous control, and this, as it appeared, is an important factor in the sport. She led me by two and three strokes at every hole, true enough; but the main thing was that I never kept her waiting. I had excellent direction and a fairish long ball; my chief errors were in approaching and in putting. It was great sport, and when we had covered the eighteenth hole I stood up and expanded my chest, breathing the pure mountain air with all the emotions if not the warrant of achievement of a Norval. We lunched at the club and returned to the hotel immediately afterward.

We played the next day and the next. Our comradeship was the pure comradeship of sport—the technic of the game and the joy of the sunshine and the wonderful outdoors. I recall little of a per-

sonal nature in our talk, except that she told me one day, while waiting at the club-house for several parties to get away from the tee, the story of her brother, the chauffeur.

They were members of a Middle Western family of some means who had lost their money. The boy, experienced with motor-cars, had won fame as a racing driver. He had sent his sister through Wellesley. At her behest, following an accident which almost proved fatal, he had abandoned racing and was now employed as an expert chauffeur and mechanic.

"We are awfully devoted," she said in conclusion, "and always in summer I have tried to be where he is employed. This summer he is in New York, but expects to come here later with his employer."

As for me, she seemed to have set me down as a lonely individual, in need of assistance, and revealed no curiosity concerning me. So I resisted the temptation to tell her that if the new chauffeur whom my secretary engaged shortly after I went away did not prove satisfactory I would undertake to give her brother lucrative employment. I am rather close-mouthed by nature and saw no reason for informing her concerning either my position or my means. Our relations were not of that sort and, at all events, no one at the hotel knew who I really was. I had registered as Arnold Jarrot, whereas officially I sign myself Silas A. Jarrot and am so known—Shelburn's orders; one of his few stipulations, in fact, that had coincided with my own inclinations.

She took a deep professional interest in my golf, and, as she was up on physical training, many of her hints, aside from golf, were valuable. In the course of a fortnight, thanks to Miss Gray, and perhaps to an inherited ruggedness and natural strength, I could feel my improvement. In fact, I stopped wearing vests in the evening and laid aside my eyeglasses. I slept like a log whenever I went to bed, and wired my secretary to send along anything important that might come up at the office. That was against the doctor's orders; but I had a new doctor now.

We met on the links each morning, as though through tacit understanding, and went about our play unmindful of the

glances of most of the hotel golfers, who, by the way, had followed the example of the Treadwells in ignoring us almost totally. Much I cared, although, looking back, I'm afraid I did not take my friend's point of view into consideration as much as I should.

It was one Sunday night in early September, as I was seated in a corner of the veranda smoking, filled with the pleasant reflection of a good game against Cecil Gray, when old Knapp—my friend of the reading-lamp episode—approached me. He appeared very much concerned.

"Mr. Jarrot," he said, in his squeaky voice—he had neither addressed nor looked at me for three weeks—"I have just received a letter from a factor in New York; is it true that you are Silas Jarrot, president of the Lancaster system?"

"Yes, that is true," I replied gruffly.

"Well, I declare!" He sat down. "I hadn't the slightest idea! I'm a stockholder, to some extent, in the Lancaster road." As I smoked on without replying, he continued: "I am sorry I did not know this before, else I should have warned you——"

"Warned me—about what?" I asked, staring at him.

"Why, about—about that girl, that young woman with whom you have been flir—been playing golf so frequently." He shook his head vigorously.

"Warned me!" I took my cigar out of my mouth and turned upon him. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

"Why," he stammered, "she is a teacher here; her brother is an ordinary chauffeur——"

"My father," I said calmly, "was a railroad engineer. At all events, what if her brother is a chauffeur? What business is that of yours or mine?"

"Why—I—I——" He flushed and stutted and ceased speaking. My inclination was to say something more forcible than polite, but I conquered the impulse and swung about in my chair.

Next day I had the supreme joy of going over the course in ninety-six, one less stroke than Miss Gray took. It is true she was off her game, but the victory was none the less satisfactory. I'll say for her that she rejoiced as heartily as I did.

"It was perfectly splendid, Mr. Jar-

rot!" she said. "My very heartiest congratulations." She gazed at me with suffused eyes. "I am glad you won, because—well, because——"

"Because?——"

"Why," she said, "because you are a strong, vigorous man, and it isn't fitting that—a girl should beat you."

Now, if Shelburn, the rascal, could only have heard that!

I straightened unconsciously and must unconsciously have looked at her in some peculiar sort of a way. At any rate, she flushed and bent over her clubs as though they required most minute attention. It was all over in a minute—whatever it was—and we walked toward the clubhouse.

"I don't know when I have felt quite so cocky," I exulted. "And now I want to tell *you* something. I've telegraphed my chauffeur to bring up my touring-car. It's against my physician's orders—but he doesn't know everything. I mean to repay you for your kindness with some trips through this magnificent country."

She stopped and stared at me.

"You—you have a motor and—and a chauffeur!" she exclaimed.

"Most certainly," I returned, staring at her in turn. "Why not?"

She gestured; her cheeks were burning.

"Oh, I don't know why not, Mr. Jarrot; only, somehow I had not fancied——" She ceased abruptly, while I, seeing her embarrassment, changed the subject, assuring her that on the morrow she would have opportunity for revenge.

In the evening I took a stroll, and came to wonder how I had ever found the nights here unsuitable for walking. The stars were bright, the air soft, and I had walked nearly three miles before I retraced my steps.

I took to bed with me the thought of defeating my beautiful opponent on the morrow. But when I came down-stairs at the designated hour a bell-boy brought me a note. It was from Miss Gray.

"I cannot play with you to-day," it said. "I cannot play with you any more. I am sorry. I shall have left here before you read this. Good-by. It has all been great fun. You, however, must keep up your game. It's doing you worlds of good."

Gone away! I had to read the note



He came briskly down the steps and invited me to play with him.—Page 696.

several times before I could grasp its full significance. Gone away! What had I done? What had I said? Why, when we separated yesterday she had spoken in mirthful manner of her determination to get even with me for her defeat. Was this her manner of revenge? I gazed about me, dazed. Somehow it seemed as though life itself had departed.

I had not before realized all that Cecil Gray's companionship—all that Cecil

Gray herself—had meant to me. Now I knew fully, and with this realization came a sudden reaction, the reaction of a man who has spent forty-seven years as a bachelor, and who has ever balanced the cost of emotions and impulses against their practical results. If the mere taking herself off could shock me in this way, it was high time she cleared out. Whither had I been drifting? I didn't have to search for the answer—it was clearly be-

fore me as I put the question. Yes, indeed, Cecil Gray had done well to leave. She had a better head than I. There came a subtle sense of relief. And, after all, the principal thing remained—golf.

The Treadwells appeared at breakfast, all smiles. The girls actually seemed to fawn, while heads at all tables were turning constantly in my direction. Arnold Jarrot, indeed! I accepted the Treadwells' invitation to a foursome and brought every ounce of my will-power to bear in an effort to enjoy the game. But it was useless; I never spent such a desolate morning in my life.

At the second hole a clump of yellow flowers reminded me of the gleam of her hair. At the third her laughter seemed floating on all the winds. At the fourth I recalled that only yesterday she had gone to that sandbox and moulded laughable little figures. How wonderful she had been in her sheer animal spirits! I sliced a ball at right angles, almost taking off Treadwell's head. At the fifth green came the memory of a merry conversation she had held with a little rag-tag caddy. Everywhere, in fact, was something which seemed to ring and glow with her personality. I broke my club in attempting to drive, whereupon—my equanimity thoroughly gone—I picked up my clubs and declared I should play no more that day.

The Treadwell girls were very solicitous. They feared I was ill and wished to accompany me to the hotel, but I frowned them away. As Arnold Jarrot I could have lived or died, for all of them; as the president of the Lancaster system my health was a cause of greater concern. By afternoon the whole situation had grown to be intolerable.

Personally speaking, neither man nor woman had ever meant anything definite to me in life. We were all, as I regarded it, pawns in a game, our status to be rated and our value appraised in proportion as our interests were related. It was, thus, not until mid-afternoon that I fully comprehended that I missed Cecil Gray, that her sudden departure had left a void somewhere within me which none but she could fill. It became clear that she and she alone had kept me at this outlandish resort for six long weeks; it was equally clear that but for my meeting with her I

should not have remained over the first few days.

I am accustomed to look facts in the face, and so I regarded this fact and read it and understood it in all its phases. There was no possibility of mistake. If any man can be certain he knows his own mind to the last shadowy detail, I am he. I have never been a dreamer nor a visionary; my life has been built and my career shaped solely on the basis of tangibilities. I knew—knew everything.

So much for me. What about her? Why had she so suddenly disappeared, leaving me in this plight? Something, of course, had happened, but what, conceivably? Torture my mind as I would, I could think of nothing. Eventually, having consumed three cigars and walked perhaps ten miles up and down the veranda, I withdrew from the unequal combat and adjusted my mind to the inexorable facts, which were that she had gone and that I should have to make the best of it—in other words, a matter of will-power.

After dinner the chauffeur arrived with my car; the mockery of the advent, in view of the ambitious plans I had formulated, did not escape me. The driver was a tall, well-appearing young man with excellent address and pleasing manners; but I'm afraid my greeting was not overly cordial. I told him to run the car into the garage and put up in the chauffeurs' lodgings. The hours until bedtime I spent interviewing the mothers of Cecil Gray's pupils. They could tell me nothing beyond what I already knew: that the girl had left unexpectedly, leaving no address behind.

I had hoped that the morning would find me in possession of my normal stock of common sense and detachment; but this was not the case. Golf was absolutely out of the question. As an alternative I called my chauffeur and ordered him to prepare for a three-day trip over the mountain roads. I am very fond of motoring ordinarily.

The inn, selected as the terminus of the first day's run, was beautifully located, but a cascade near by had a dreary sound which filled me with mournful reflections. Then, at dinner, the confounded orchestra played Tosti's "Good-by." I began to wonder whether Miss Gray had



Next day I had the supreme joy of going over the course in ninety-six, one less stroke than Miss Gray took.
—Page 702.

changed her mind and returned to the hotel. It was possible; anything was possible. At all events, I decided to quit this morgue and return there myself. Any place was preferable to this.

In the course of the long, dark trip over the Stygian roads I worked over the en-

tire situation—and solved it. That meddling ass Treadwell had, of course, been responsible for this whole situation. Either he or his daughters had gone to this girl and told her who I was and had simply sent her away in a panic.

The more I thought, the clearer it all

became—the more I raged inwardly. I cursed myself for not having deduced the obvious probabilities before this. It was nearly two o'clock when we reached the hotel, but it required my utmost power of will to refrain from waking Treadwell up.

As it was, after a sleepless night, in which I worked myself up to a most unenviable frame of mind, I arose early and was waiting for Treadwell when he appeared in the hall on his way to the dining-room.

"One moment, Treadwell," I called. As he stopped, wonderingly, I nodded toward the veranda and he followed me. "Look here, Treadwell; why did you tell Miss Gray who I was?"

He flushed and stammered, and then found voice.

"I didn't," he declared.

"Whom did you tell, then?" My voice was rasping, I'm afraid. I was very much overwrought.

"Why—I—I—naturally enough, when I learned who you were, I told several of the hotel guests, among them perhaps Mrs. Oliphant, whose children have been in Miss Gray's charge."

"Perhaps Mrs. Oliphant!" I sneered. "Don't you know she was the first one you told?"

"Well," flared Treadwell, "and if she was? When her own brother was coming to this hotel as your chauff—"

"Her—what?"

"Her brother. He is your driver, if you wish to know it. When she learned that she went away. No one drove her out of the hotel, as you seem to——"

But I had turned away and was running toward the garage. My driver was working over the engine and looked up at me in some surprise, as I was flushed, breathless, excited.

"Frank," I said, "I want you to get the car ready at once and come around to the veranda. Hurry, please. Do you understand?"

He nodded and in five minutes the car was at the steps. As I climbed into the tonneau I leaned forward.

"Young man," said I gruffly, "how long, do you estimate, will it take to drive to where your sister is?"

"I—I—sir?" He regarded me dazedly.

"You heard what I said," I growled. "I asked you how long it would take you to drive me to the place where your sister, Cecil Gray, is?"

He hesitated no longer, but he spoke as though it were an effort.

"Why, sir, about—about an hour, I think."

"All right." I settled back into my seat and drew out my watch. "It is now nine o'clock. I understood you to say one hour. Let it be no more, my boy."

As a matter of record we made the trip to a smaller hotel, situated in a great valley below us, well within the stipulated time.

"You wait here," I ordered, and, leaping from the car, entered the front door.

A young woman was at the clerk's desk and, approaching her, I asked for Miss Gray.

"Tell her," I added, "that her brother is waiting below."

The clerk nodded toward a small ante-room, which I entered, not unmindful of the fact that my state of mind was an utterly strange and curious thing.

Presently, as it seemed after an hour of waiting, I heard her quick, firm step in the hall outside. She burst into the room hurriedly and then, seeing me, stopped with a little cry.

I was utterly composed, absolutely sure of myself, for the emotions which her appearance inspired in me were corroborative and convincing to the last detail. If there had been any doubt as I entered this room, there was none now. I knew! And thus knowing I spoke.

"Cecil Gray, you did a cruel thing in running away from me as you did. I have come for you. You are going to play golf with me this afternoon." She stood trembling, with face averted. I advanced toward her.

"Cecil, aren't you glad that I didn't let you go away without raising a hand? Aren't you glad that—I—I—cared?"

She turned slowly, her face crimson, her eyes glowing. And then—well, I don't know, but I must have held out my arms, or done something. Anyway, I'd have given a hundred thousand dollars in good securities if old Shelburn could have seen his "empty husk of a man" that minute.



Partie Champêtre. By Giorgione.
In the Louvre, Paris.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF PAINTING

BY KENYON COX

II—THE VENETIANS

WE are apt to think of the Venetian school of art as much later in date than the other schools of Italy, and there is indeed some justification for this thought in the facts of the case. The Venetian school of painting was late in beginning and late in ending. Until the latter part of the fifteenth century it produced little that the world would hold in remembrance were it not for what came after it, and it continued to produce masterpieces of a high order until nearly the end of the sixteenth century, when the art of the rest of Italy had become a sterile imitation. Even in the seventeenth century the art of Venice was not without some lingering sparks of

vitality, and in the eighteenth it flamed up again for a moment before its final extinction. Yet Venetian art arrived at maturity almost at the same moment as that of the rest of Italy. Giorgione was but two or three years younger than Michelangelo and was five or six years older than Raphael, and even if we place Titian's birth, as some modern writers would have us do, thirteen years later than the traditional date of 1477, he was still four years older than Correggio. It is the intense vitality of the school, which kept it at its height full fifty years after the decline had begun elsewhere, and its fecundity, which made it the direct ancestor of our modern art, that mislead us, a little, as to its chronology.



Soldier and Gypsy. By Giorgione.
In Giovannelli Palace, Venice.

But there is no illusion in the other feeling we have, that Venetian art is profoundly different from that of the other Italian schools. Venice produced a splendid architecture, but it is an architecture of color or of effect rather than an architecture of structure or of form. She produced very little sculpture worthy of consideration. But she produced a school of painting which is one of the supreme manifestations of the human spirit, so that the very words "Venetian art" have come to mean "painting" and little else. And the one element of the art of painting which the Venetians developed further than any other, the element of painting which they made specially their own, is just that element which is most distinctive of the art and least to be found in any other—the element of color. This reliance upon and this mastery of color is,

however, only the most striking of the differences which separate the art of Venice from that of the mainland. The difference in choice and in treatment of subject-matter is nearly as great, and the difference in temper is almost greater.

Climate doubtless had some influence in giving its peculiar character to Venetian art. The schools of color have nearly always been the product of wet regions, where the air is saturated with moisture, where atmosphere becomes visible while solid objects seem tremulous and wavering; and the opalescent light of the lagoons must have had its effect upon the Venetian painters. But indirectly the lagoons exercised an even greater influence by isolating and protecting the Venetian Republic; by separating it from the mainland, so that it might grow rich and prosperous in its own way, without much out-

side interference; by making it a seapower and a nation of traders, whose trade lay to the East. During a large part of its history Venice was more intimately associated with the Eastern empire than with the rest of Italy. It was its intercourse with Byzantium that kept it a nation of mosaic workers when elsewhere Italy was developing the art of the *frescanti*, and mosaic is essentially an art of color while fresco-painting is an art of form. It was its trade with the East that familiarized it with rich stuffs and splendid brocades. It was its isolation that made it safe and well-governed and prosperous, and enabled it to keep even the Roman Church in some sort of tolerable subjection to the civil power. The art of the rest of Italy was religious or scientific or intellectual. The art of Venice was

poetic or sensuous or naturalistic. It was, above all, secular and even worldly, delighting to represent the pride of life and the joy of living.

For whatever reason, it is certain that Venice did produce a school of art of this entirely distinctive character—a school more homogeneous and more abundant than almost any other, and one in which there are so many secondary masters, often of very great merit, that the rôle of the individual genius is less decisive than elsewhere. Individual geniuses it had—masters of the very highest rank—but perhaps the school as a whole would not have been very different, though much less glorious, if they had not lived. To get any view of it we must consider its achievements and its methods as a whole, and then devote some attention to the



Bacchus and Ariadne. By Titian.

In the National Gallery, London.

few great individualities which stand out above their fellows.

One of the most notable originalities of the Venetian School is its early abandonment of ecclesiastical rigidity even in the treatment of religious subjects. From the early years of the sixteenth century, before the great frescoes of Michelangelo and Raphael had been completed in Rome, the Venetians had begun to paint what were known as *Santi Conversazioni* or informal groups of holy personages, generally in a landscape setting, talking quietly together. Such pictures have neither the regular pattern of the conventional altar-piece nor any attempt at story-telling or dramatic action. Except for the aureoles, which are not always present, they might be scenes of domestic genre. The next step is easy to take, and in these same years conversations no longer holy are painted—pictures of men and women, nude or draped or clothed in contemporary costumes, seated under the trees and making music or eating and drinking together—pictures in which, if they have any definite subjects, the subject has become so unimportant that we have forgotten what it is. They are full of poetry and romantic charm, these pictures; they are never coarsely or meanly realistic; but they mark the beginning of our modern tendency to accept life and nature as the sufficient subjects of art. They no longer have any object outside themselves. They are no longer aids to devotion or books for the illiterate, or even, in any proper sense, decorations. They are just pictures, self-limited and self-contained, with no other end to serve than to be beautiful and enjoyable possessions—with them our modern art has definitely begun.

One of the most notable of the characteristics of modern art is its interest in landscape, and this also comes to us directly from the Venetians. In their conversation pieces the landscape background plays a vastly more important part than it had ever done elsewhere. The figures are not in front of the landscape, they are in it, and in many of them the importance of the landscape becomes so great that they might properly be called landscapes with figures. The final step of removing the figures altogether

they never took, but neither did Claude or Poussin, whom we all admit to be primarily landscape-painters. Giorgione and Titian were the first painters to show a deep interest in landscape for its own sake. They painted it with far more truth than any of their predecessors or contemporaries, and they gave it a beauty and nobility that are still unequalled.

In technic as in temper and in treatment of subject the Venetians are the ancestors of the moderns. Some of them occasionally painted in fresco and, of necessity, the earlier men painted in tempera. Neither of these processes fully satisfied the Venetian love of color, and they eagerly seized upon the new process of oils, commonly said to have been brought to them from Flanders by Antonello da Messina. Wherever they got it, they rapidly made it their own and developed its special qualities to the highest possible point. Fortunately, they did not repeat Leonardo's experiment of painting with it directly upon the plaster. They preferred, even in mural decoration, to substitute framed canvases for paintings upon the wall itself. Fresco they inclined to reserve for the outsides of buildings, and most of their fresco-paintings have disappeared, while their great paintings in oil are intact even when discolored and embrowned by age.

For a long time the Venetians retained in their paintings the underground of tempera, and it is difficult to know when, if ever, they finally abandoned it. It is a question of little importance to the layman, except as it bears upon the preservation of their works, for the painting we see is in oils and the material of the underpainting has little bearing on the results attained. At first this surface painting was entirely in transparent glazings, and by these glazes was achieved a splendor and richness of color hitherto unknown. But much as the Venetians loved this decorative splendor it did not satisfy them. Gradually the glazes are broken up, opaque and semi-opaque tones are added, the surfaces are thumbled and kneaded; finally, light and atmosphere are added to color, complete illusion is attained, and we have the full portrayal of the colored world—that world about us which, so far as our vision is concerned,

exists only in light and color. It is scarcely possible to go further in this direction without arriving at modern impressionism.

With this glorification of color goes a necessary and profound modification of

means they attained the peculiar irradiation of flesh which is one of its greatest beauties at the same time that they formulated an ideal of the female figure which is more nearly Greek than anything else in painting. These massive, white-



Entombment. By Titian.

In the Prado, Madrid.

form. It is not merely because the Venetian ladies and courtesans were big and blond and sleepy that Venetian art introduced a new type of beauty into the world. The Venetians were sometimes indifferent draughtsmen, but their lack of insistence upon structure is not merely carelessness or inefficiency. The best of them could draw superbly within definite and self-imposed limits. But because they cared supremely for light and color and atmosphere they melted away their contours and simplified their masses, created large united surfaces for light to play over, painted out all minor accents and substituted infinitesimal gradations of color for definite statements of form. By these

skinned Venetian women are sisters of the women of Phidias and, as the late George Frederick Watts has acutely remarked, if one were trying to reconstitute the pediments of the Parthenon one might conceivably supply missing figures from those which Titian has painted, never from those drawn or carved by Michelangelo.

The revolution which brought in all these changes in the art of painting seems to have begun in the workshop of Giovanni Bellini. Some beginnings of it may be found in the later work of Bellini himself, but Bellini was long-lived and a student to the last, and in his old age he learned from his own pupils something of

this new style which they had inaugurated. The leader of the innovators was apparently that fascinating and somewhat mysterious person, Giorgione, and he is, as nearly as any one, the indispensable man in Venetian art. But his fellow students, Palma and Titian, were probably about of his own age, and one of them was certainly his equal in genius, so that there is no reason to suppose that the new manner would not have taken something like the same form without him. Indeed, we cannot tell how far he himself may have been influenced by these colleagues whom he certainly influenced in turn.

We know little of Giorgione himself except that he was big and handsome and an accomplished player on the lute, and that he died of the plague at the age of thirty two or three. We know almost as little, with any certainty, of what he actually painted, for the works traditionally ascribed to him have been so much disputed by various critics that there are only three of them whose authenticity is unquestioned: "The Castelfranco Madonna," the so-called "Soldier and Gypsy," now known as "Adrastus and Hypsipyle," and "The Three Philosophers" or "Æneas, Evander, and Pallas." "The Castelfranco Madonna" is a beautiful picture, but it would hardly of itself account for Giorgione's legendary importance as the founder of a school. There is a softness and a poetic charm in it that are personal, and the landscape plays a somewhat greater part than was usual at that time, but the composition is formal and there is nothing strikingly new in the work. But in the "Soldier and Gypsy" the whole Venetian school is implicit. The very uncertainty of the title is symptomatic; the story to be told was so unimportant that no one knows certainly what it is, and that the picture represents Adrastus and Hypsipyle is but a modern guess. Here we have an informal and naturalistic composition with comparatively small figures in a dominant landscape, a young man standing at ease on one side, a nearly nude woman suckling a child upon the other, the whole centre of the canvas taken up with a rolling thunder-storm over a distant city. There is no action, and the two people pay little attention to each other. The figures are not so mas-

sive as they are to become, but there is already, in the figure of the woman, that smooth and simplified drawing, that sacrifice of precise accent to breadth of light, which is characteristically Venetian, and her very pose is one that is to haunt Venetian art, appearing again and again in the works of Tintoretto and Veronese.

The "Partie Champêtre" of the Louvre was surely painted by the same hand as the "Soldier and Gypsy," and if so it is one of Giorgione's most perfect and most mature works. The composition is more concentrated and more masterly but equally informal, a marvellous composition held together one knows not how. The drawing is firmer and more solid, but it is drawing of the same sort. These young men playing upon lutes are the brothers of Adrastus, these women are the sisters of Hypsipyle more full blown and ampler. The color is incomparably rich and glowing, with a sober yet fire-shot harmony. No one has yet pretended to find a subject for it. Its subject is youth and love and music, nature and life. If it is less technically perfect than some things which were to come after it, it has a depth of romantic and poetic feeling which no later work can show. It remains a masterpiece among the world's masterpieces, a picture more loved than any other by those who feel its abiding charm.

It is this depth of poetic feeling that marks all Giorgione's work and is almost the only test of its authenticity. It is shown in his wonderful portraits, it is shown in his "Venus" at Dresden, the first of those nude figures painted for their beauty alone, which became so common in Venetian art. Titian, who is said to have finished it after his friend's death, imitated it again and again, copied it, indeed, almost line for line, but though he added a new richness of technical resource he never equalled its serene and noble beauty. There are a few other pictures that are pretty generally accepted as by Giorgione. There is a whole series of works which are claimed alternately for him or for Titian or some minor member of the school. Even if they are not his they help to show us what he was like—what was the kind of picture sure to be at-

tributed to him. In the end we can make out a definite and original artistic personality of the highest order of genius, Some of these seem, indeed, to have been painted by both of them, for there is a constant tradition that Titian was in-



Miracle of St. Mark. By Tintoretto.
In the Academy, Venice.

and a profound and lasting if not absolutely decisive influence on the formation of the Venetian ideal of art.

It is difficult to know just what part was played by Titian during Giorgione's lifetime. Was he Giorgione's equal in age and almost his equal in performance, dividing amicably with him the decoration of the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, or was he, as some would have it, a lad of eighteen when that work was completed, the humble follower and assistant of an already celebrated master? Or is the truth, as would seem intrinsically probable, somewhere between these extremes? His earliest works are inextricably confused with those of his friend, and the critics will probably never arrive at any perfect agreement as to which of them painted certain well-known canvases.

trusted with the completion of the works which Giorgione left unfinished.

But whatever Titian's share in the golden morning of Venetian art, its noonday splendor was for him. After the death of Giorgione he rapidly became the acknowledged head of the school, retaining that position against all rivals during his long life, and the first two-thirds of the sixteenth century are full of his glory. No artist was ever more splendidly successful. He could paint anything and paint it in a way pleasing to everybody. He was prodigiously industrious and turned out an incredible number of works of all kinds—portraits, easel pictures, altar-pieces, mythologies, nudités, vast decorations—all of them supremely able and many of them masterpieces of the highest order. He was a perfect man of the world, the friend of princes and emperors, a wealthy

and respected citizen, Count Palatine of the Empire and Knight of Saint Iago; and his fame was coextensive with the civilized world. When the plague at last

honors and of money; just and honorable in his dealings, yet jealous of any rivalry; a character well regulated and admirable rather than entirely sympathetic.



St. Jerome and St. Andrew. By Tintoretto.

In the Ducal Palace, Venice.

carried him off, in 1576 (a patriarch of eighty-six years, according to the lowest count, of ninety-nine according to that more commonly accepted), all rules were broken to give him a public funeral. He was a man born to succeed in the world and meaning to do so; moral, perhaps, rather from a certain coldness of temperament than from any nice scruples of conscience; able to enjoy the society of a scamp like Aretino or to be complacent to the vices of the rich and great without personally sharing in them; a trifle avid of

He painted continuously for seventy or eighty years on end, and his works are almost as various in manner as in subject. He lived through a time of rapid changes, and his later work is as different from his earlier as the world of the end of the sixteenth century was different from the world of its beginning. But there are great differences also among the pictures of any one time. He was a many-sided man, with multiple interests and abilities, experimenting in new directions and brusquely returning upon himself to exe-

cute new variations on an earlier theme; and he would not admit that any one could do what he could not, and must enter into direct rivalry with anything ac-

or evil, profoundly influenced the subsequent course of art.

While youth and early manhood endured he retained something of the Gior-



Venus and Mars Bound by Cupid. By Veronese.

In the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

counted successful, pitting himself, now against Dürer for minute finish, now against Michelangelo for vigorous and colossal forms. If, upon the whole, we prefer the productions of the first half of his career we must remember that that half includes the work of some forty years and brings him nearly or quite to the age of sixty. All his later work was the production of what, in any one else, would have been old age; yet at the very end of his life his prodigious vitality was capable of technical innovations which, for good

gionese romance, and his first task was to carry to a higher perfection the Gionese tradition. Apart from the works which may be either his or Gionese's we have a series of unmistakable Titians, saintly or secular conversations, which culminate in that exquisite vision known as "Sacred and Profane Love"—a picture with nearly all Gionese's poetry and passion and more than his accomplishment—a picture of more closely woven tissue, firmer in its drawing, of a nobler style in its draperies, more delicate

in its surfaces and more flowerlike in the mingling of lovely hues. Then he enlarges his canvas and complicates his scheme, adds more figures, risks a certain diffusion, but holds together by his color and his light what the line alone would have left straggling. There is not much poetic intensity in the "Bacchanal" of the Prado, or even in the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of the National Gallery, but there is freedom and energy, an abounding joyousness and a magnificent science. Or he concentrates himself, becomes thoughtful and serious, attains to a brooding solemnity in that unique and inimitable picture, the "Entombment" of the Louvre—a perfect composition by one who was not naturally a composer.

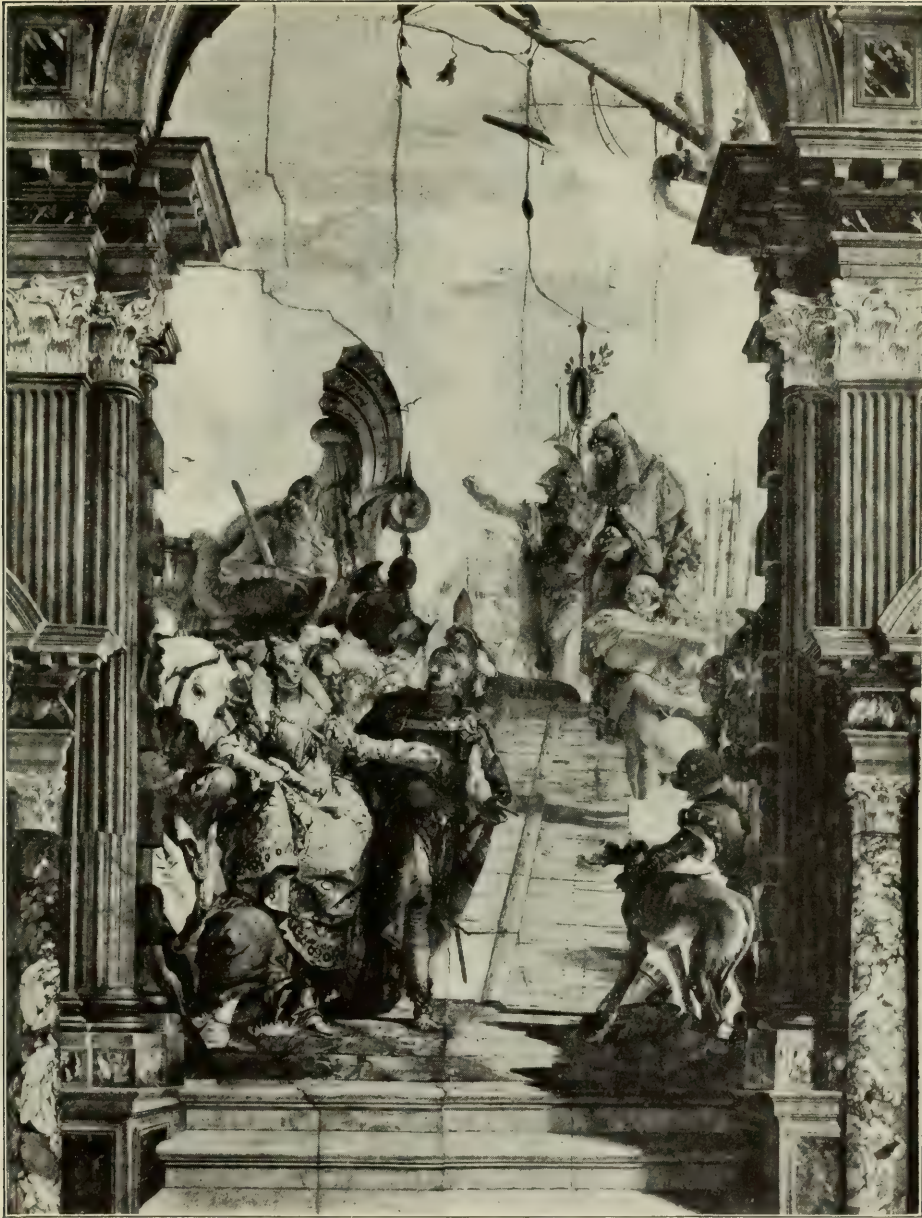
For it is not so much a lack of religious feeling as a lack of decorative feeling—a lack, above all, of a spontaneous genius for composition—that gives a certain hollowness and theatricality to Titian's great altar-pieces, to the "Assumption of the Virgin" and the "Pesaro Madonna." There is the same hollowness and theatricality in nearly all his larger pictures, whatever the subject. They are composed, but they are composed by main force, and the attitudes of the figures are imposed upon them by an arbitrary scheme. Or if he escapes this danger he falls into confusion, or into a certain emptiness and commonplaceness. He is at his best in comparatively small canvases; in his portraits of dignified men or beautiful women, in his little pictures of two or three figures, in his single nudes, like the delicious "Venus" of the Tribuna, or half-lengths like the "Flora." He has left us a multitude of such things, painted as no one else has ever painted, with such fusion of lovely tones, such glow of light and color, such variety of touch, crisp or melting and tender, such perfection of surface and texture as makes of a few square feet of canvas a source of endless delight—"infinite riches in a little room."

This is his ultimate distinction, and in this he is the representative Venetian, that he was not a poet or a composer or a draughtsman, but precisely the greatest painter in the stricter sense of the word that ever lived. And yet, before this or that masterpiece, one feels that reservations are ungracious, that comparisons

are only possible with the greatest, that there is in him a balance of all good qualities which is almost but not quite unparalleled.

As he grew old a certain bluntness and even coarseness of feeling becomes more conspicuous in the work of Titian. His sensuousness becomes sensuality and sometimes sinks to grossness. His female figures grow fat and creased and their faces become blocky and stupid. He becomes pompous and emphatic, and in such attempts at the grandiose and the Michelangesque as the decorations of Santa Maria della Salute reaches the point of intolerable flatulence. His admirable technic begins to break up, his color becomes hot and disagreeable, his brush-work thin or crumbling and heavy. Nearly everything he painted after 1540, and it is half his life-work, could be removed with gain rather than loss to his fame—nearly everything except a few of his very latest pictures. In his extreme old age there is a sudden revival of fire. The old technic has gone altogether and a strange new one takes its place—a technic in which nothing is precise, in which a maze of colored strokes build the figures out of space. Conventional composition is entirely abandoned and a new composition of unexpected angles and odd spottings comes into being. The color becomes cool, the browns and reds giving place to grays and blues. Finally, there is a strange smouldering passion, a fierce intensity, in such a picture as the "Entombment" of Madrid that is singularly different from the almost brutal callousness of the work of a few years earlier. In the last picture of all, "The Pietà" of the Venice Academy, the flame has burned out, leaving but a heap of ashes.

No other painter than Titian ever so nearly resumed a whole school in his proper person. Before him Venetian art was still primitive. It progressed with his progress and its character was most perfectly fulfilled in the work of his prime, while its secondary masters were dominated by his influence when they were not directly his pupils. In his later years it would have been in full decline but for the work of two younger men, Veronese and Tintoretto, who survived him by twelve and eighteen years, respectively.



The Landing of Cleopatra. By Tiepolo.

In Palazzo Labia, Venice.

And, indeed, the elder of the two, who outlived the younger, brilliant as are his finer performances, is, in a sense, a decadent painter. Ever since Ruskin, with the enthusiasm of a pseudo-discoverer, found in Tintoretto's pictures not only thoughts and meanings which had never entered the painter's head, but objects and incidents and figures which he had not placed upon his canvas, it has been the fashion to exalt that artist to a place entirely beyond his merits and to overrate him even more than he had been underrated. He was a man of something of Michelangelo's temperament without the Florentine austerity or the Florentine training—a man of furious and turbulent energy without curb or restraint—and he

wreaked himself in a violence of improvisation in which composition, drawing, color, and sound method were all sacrificed in the effort at self-expression. He came upon the stage just as Titian was entering upon the second half of his career, when the beautiful workmanship of that master's prime was as much a thing of the past as the lyric mood of his youth. Tintoretto is essentially a painter of the Baroque, a painter in whom all sense of measure is lost, with whom dignity is almost impossible and tranquillity quite inconceivable. Everything is bustle and hurry. Figures never stand upright, they rush and tumble and fall headlong. They cannot sit or recline without agitation, and the apostles of the "Last Supper," as at San Tro-

vaso, look as if a bomb had suddenly exploded in the middle of the table. One of them cannot so much as pick up a wine-flask without a violence of theatrical gesture as if he were about to throw it at an enemy's head.

He had taken as his motto "the drawing of Michelangelo and the coloring of Titian," but he was as far from understanding the one as the other. He knew the figure well, after a fashion, but his study of Michelangelo went no further than an imitation of the long-legged type of the women on the Medici Tombs and an exaggeration of their twisted movement. He was always in a hurry, and his drawing is almost always cursory and caligraphic and sometimes inexcusably careless. He wanted no more drawing generally than would convey the sense of vigorous action, and was content to rest with that. His color is violent, running to strong contrasts, cold rather than warm, with a tendency to blue and sharp pink; or it is of a nearly uniform ashy gray. That is, as nearly as we can judge of it, for there are few of his pictures that have not blackened or faded. His impetuosity and his mania for speed would not allow him to give the necessary time to the complicated processes of Venetian technique, and he knew no other. Perhaps the small prices for which he was willing to work rather than be unoccupied led him to economize in the quality of his materials. At any rate, while many of his canvases never were anything more than vast sketches, almost all of them are ruined.

His most original contribution to art is his treatment of light and shade. He was fond of experimenting with little manikins, hung up by strings and lit by candles, and he invented a new *chiaroscuro*, audacious, capricious, but often fascinating; barred his figures with arbitrary cast shadows, brought high light against deep dark with startling effect, made of his lights and shades a new and independent pattern, overlying and dominating the pattern of line and mass. With him light and shade becomes the great vehicle of expression, dramatic, intense, almost savage in its energy, making us forget the essential triviality of his conception.

For there is nothing for which he has been more overpraised than for the truth

and power of his imagination. His treatment of subject is rarely more than vigorously picturesque, is often coarse, and at times sinks to the level of clap-trap and sensationalism, as in the "Last Supper" of San Giorgio Maggiore, where the troop of angels formed from the smoke of the lamp is an invention worthy of Gustave Doré.

And yet he is a great master. When the subject suits his turbulence, as in the "Miracle of St. Mark," he is wonderfully exhilarating. His force and his abundance are equal to Rubens, his color is more fiery and superb, and his virtuosity of hand incomparable. And, once or twice, in quieter subjects, when there is a moment of appeasement and he gives himself time to express his genius fully, he has produced masterpieces of perfect art. There are few things in the world more noble than the "St. Jerome and St. Andrew," few things more masterly than the "St. George," and there is nothing lovelier than the "Ariadne" or the "Pallas Driving Away Mars."

Tintoretto was an exception in the Venetian school as he would have been in any other, a kind of thunder-storm in the heat of the day. Veronese was a calm and serene afternoon. Though he came to Venice from without, and much in his art was not strictly Venetian, yet he had the Venetian qualities in their utmost perfection, united with those which he brought with him or created for himself. Painters, from his own day to ours, have always known him for what he was, one of the mightiest of masters; but, misled by the apparent simplicity of his art, criticism has hardly yet done him justice.

Veronese was by nature and by training what most of the Venetians were not, a decorator, and with him, though he painted it admirably, the isolated easel-picture was the exception rather than the rule. Therefore the purely Venetian qualities of painting were modified in his work. The exquisiteness of surface and texture of the earlier work of Titian would be quite ineffectual on a vast scale, placed upon a ceiling or at the end of a long hall, and Veronese invented, or adopted, a simpler method and used it even in small pictures. His painting, as such, is always beautiful, but it is straight-

forward and direct, appearing to deal in few subtleties, yet much more subtle and refined than is at first apparent. He had all the Venetian love for color and for light, but his color is cooler and his light broader than those of the other Venetians. The richness and fiery depth of Giorgione, the deep gloom or the violent contrasts of Tintoretto are equally unsuited to pure decoration. Veronese was an admirable fresco-painter and he brought to oil-painting something of the paleness and unity of tone of fresco. But as his knowledge of color, of *chiaroscuro*, and of the resources of oil-painting was complete, the result was a greater truth to the full-colored appearance of nature in open daylight than had ever been attained or than has since been attained on anything approaching his scale. It is only in small pictures that his degree of naturalism in the treatment of light has been surpassed, and it has never been combined with his decorative splendor.

He had to the full, also, the Venetian naturalism of temper—the love of life as it is, and especially of all that is sumptuous and luxurious in life. He had little of Giorgione's romanticism—his temper is more like Titian's, but like Titian at his best—a frank and manly spirit, with a spice of humor which Titian had not, but with an unfailing simple dignity also, perfectly free from pompousness and affectation. He is never violent or theatrical, as Tintoretto often is, never coarse or unfeeling, never sentimental or morbid. His is a great, kindly, smiling, giant-like nature, loving all that is beautiful and rejoicing in it, but not squeamish, and quite willing that even a dog should have its day or that a cat should look at his kings.

In his broad tolerance of temper, in his love of light and color, in his perfect mastery of the technic of painting, Veronese was typically a Venetian, the equal of any of his fellows, and he had even added new conquests to the Venetian domain. But with the purely Venetian elements of his art he combined in a singular degree those qualities which were not specially Venetian but had marked the other great schools of Italy. He drew far better than any other Venetian and better than any but a few of the Florentines, and he composed better than any one except

Raphael. Not that he was in the least an eclectic. His drawing and his composition are his own and fit him perfectly. His drawing is essentially Venetian drawing, simplified and enlarged to carry light and color, but he had a stronger sense of form and structure than other Venetians, and a purer taste, and no one in the whole range of painting has created an ideal of the female form that approaches so nearly to that of the finest Greek sculpture—sculpture which he never saw and from which he can have borrowed nothing. And his design is even more his own, the development of his greatest native gift—the gift that makes him the incomparable decorator he was. It is incredibly spontaneous, resourceful, and varied, ranging from great formality to the extreme of picturesque irregularity, but it is always sovereign and dominating, and not the smallest detail of his most crowded and sumptuous canvases escapes from its sway. In other things he may fail now and then. Occasionally a bit of false drawing will show itself; occasionally a note of color is wrongly felt or is so altered by time as to escape from the general harmony; in composition he is never wrong, and the best proof that a work is not his, but an imitation, is that it anywhere fails in design.

In the work of no other master whatever—not even in that of Titian—are so many of the great elements of painting combined in so high a degree of perfection. If he is not the greatest of all masters he is assuredly the most complete painter that ever lived. With him the art of painting reached its highest point—its greatest balance of all possible virtues. If it has gained something in the changes it has undergone since his day it has lost more than it has gained.

Veronese died in 1588, Tintoretto not until 1594. After a hundred years of continuous and magnificent productiveness even the Venetian school was losing something of its splendid vitality. Yet all through the seventeenth century it continued to produce artists who, if not of the first rank, were yet painters and Venetians. The splendid tradition of the school had still some life in it, and would not give way to the eclecticism of the Bolognese or

even to the naturalism of Caravaggio and his followers, though their art had some points of contact with the later Venetian style. And in the eighteenth century the dying energy of Venice renewed itself and again produced a group of able painters and one man of surpassing talent who in a better time might have done almost anything.

The old Venetian love of landscape and architecture and the charm of their own wonderful city inspired Canaletto and Guardi. Canaletto painted it with a degree of architectural accuracy, a feeling for atmosphere, and a manly sobriety of tone, that excuse his lack of color and make him a painter of real importance and one of the ancestors of modern landscape-painting. Guardi is slighter, gayer, more amusing, but much less serious. The last form of the Venetian conversation piece is found in Longhi's little interiors in which the degenerate Venetians of his own day carry on their little flirtations and their trivial affairs. But it is in the work of the greatest decorator of the eighteenth century that the old splendor of Venetian art is most nearly revived.

Tiepolo almost renewed Titian's international successes of two centuries earlier. His art was in demand in Germany as well as in Italy, and he died in Spain, where his work influenced Goya and, through him, the art of modern France. He was thoroughly of his time and pushed the extravagances of the Baroque and the Rococo further than any one else. Nowhere else will you find such audacities of perspective, such violence of foreshortening, such reckless disregard of all measure and all restraint. He erects pyramids and obelisks on the clouds, paints galloping horses seen from directly beneath, fills the air with frolicking girl-angels whose long white legs hang out of immense masses of rumpled and tormented draperies. He allows his picture to tumble out of its frame on all sides, plastering clouds and cherubs straight across the cornice mouldings and doing to the actual architecture what Correggio did to an architecture that was merely simulated. At Nervasa, in the lake district, he has even painted a ceiling in two stories, the lower one cut out as with gigantic scissors and allowing the upper to be seen through its interstices like a piece of stage scenery or a child's

valentine. All this he does with an amazing virtuosity and in a captivating scheme of light but warm color interspersed with vivacious darks. Nothing is difficult to him, and nothing seems to require any preliminary study. His power of improvisation is unprecedented, and his slightest sketches, like his completed works, show an absolute foreknowledge of what he intends to do. There is not a wasted touch in them, or the slightest indication of afterthought. If he does not carry out a work exactly as planned he replans it in his head and does it differently—he makes no alterations in the sketch.

All this shows a prodigious and almost superhuman cleverness, but the frescoes of the Palazzo Labia in Venice show how much more than mere cleverness there was in Tiepolo. On four bare walls he has painted a simulated architecture, a quite possible and even dignified architecture of the late Renaissance, such as Veronese delighted in, and between the columns he has painted, in frank imitation of Veronese, scenes from the story of Antony and Cleopatra. The costumes are Veronese's with a slight change that gives an eighteenth-century touch to them. The coloring is Veronese's, only a little cooler and a little more vivacious. The compositions have almost the richness and the authority of those of the earlier painter. Imitative as they are, and therefore less characteristic of their time and of their author than some other of his works, they show a real kinship with the master they imitate. They lack the gravity and the simplicity of Veronese, but they have almost his brilliancy and more of his spirit than any one else has ever attained, and they incline us to believe that in a more serious age Tiepolo might almost have equalled his great prototype.

So, down almost to the end of her independent existence, Venice maintained a living school of painting—a school that is still living in its offshoots in other lands. It is, in the literal sense, a school—the school—of painting as a separate and distinct art—a school which Rubens and Velasquez attended and whose lessons they passed on to others. The masters of that school are the teachers of all the world, and all who have fruitfully studied the art of painting have found in Venice their Alma Mater.

HOW MEN OF SCIENCE WILL HELP IN OUR WAR

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

Chairman of the National Research Council



THE ancient forest of Compiègne, from time immemorial the favorite hunting-ground of the kings of France, stretched far away behind the battle-line. The town lay well within the range of heavy guns, but little injury had befallen it, and we saw few evidences of shell-fire as the military car that carried us, in the company of Doctor Carrel, passed through to the hospital on its outskirts. Here, at the edge of the forest, in a hotel which has sheltered many a company of huntsmen, we were to see the most striking evidence of the value of science to a nation at war.

It was an eventful day at Compiègne. The Roumanian Government had declared its appreciation of Doctor Carrel's new surgical method, and his chief surgeon was on the point of leaving for Roumania, where he was to establish a military hospital of ten thousand beds organized on the antiseptic plan. We were fortunate enough to arrive in time for *déjeuner* with him and the rest of the able group of men and women who so loyally assisted in the hospital duties.

One of these was Count de Noüy, a young physicist of Paris. After the train of motor-trucks he commanded had been demolished by a single German shell he was induced by Doctor Carrel to adapt his previous experience as a physicist to the needs of war. As the result of a series of careful investigations, which he was kind enough to outline for us, he had developed a formula for calculating the time required for the complete healing of almost any kind of wound under given conditions. The surprisingly accurate results paid tribute to the skill of the physicist and, above all, to the perfection of a system of surgery in striking contrast with the crude and often deadly methods in vogue during our Civil War.

The success of Carrel's system, I am

told by those who know, is not due to a single element, but to the combined advantages of a highly developed technique. The operation itself is first performed with unusual care. A system of rubber tubes, with openings at close intervals, is next arranged over the wound, which is then irrigated to the greatest possible depth at regular intervals with Dakin's antiseptic fluid, supplied from a reservoir. We were shown every element in the plan, the patients cheerfully submitting their wounds to inspection. While I could not follow my companion (Doctor William H. Welch) in his appreciation of the details, I could at least admire the extraordinary results and rejoice with him in this magnificent contribution of science to the relief of the horrors of battle.

Think of the contrast with the surgery of the Civil War! I have heard our veteran colleague, Doctor Keen, describe with the emotion which all who were forced to use those earlier methods must now experience, the deadly errors into which they were led by ignorance, at length dispelled by the greatest of Frenchmen—Pasteur. It was no uncommon thing in those days—not so long ago, yet mediæval in their obscurity—for a surgeon to withdraw his knife from a wound, sharpen it upon his boot, and plunge it once more, loaded with virulent bacteria, into the very life-blood of his patient! What wonder that deaths were a common sequence of even trivial wounds! And yet the human sympathy of the surgeon and his intense desire to save were no less obvious than at the present day.

What has accomplished this marvellous revolution? The patient researches of Pasteur and their adaptation to the art of surgery by such men as Lister and Carrel. No better proof of the value of scientific research to the world, no clearer evidence of its intensely practical

importance in the midst of this world war, could possibly be asked. Let us glance for a moment at the origin of Pasteur's discoveries. Once understood, they sweep from the mind all misconceptions as to the significance of so-called "pure science," scoffed at by the uninformed as of purely academic interest but exalted by the most practical leaders of modern industrial research as the source from which all progress springs.

For Pasteur, in the initiation of this epoch-making work, had for his only guide an intense desire for new knowledge. His studies of the optical properties of crystals were made with no thought of human advantage, no consideration, even remote, of practical applications. He was impelled by that ungovernable instinct to extend the boundaries of knowledge, to reach out into the vast unknown, which every true investigator feels so keenly. He must *know more*, no matter where his discoveries might lead. Here lies the source of all great advances, the spring from which flow all the advantages brought by science into our daily lives.

The minute crystals of racemic acid fascinated the inquiring mind of the young Pasteur. Slight peculiarities in form, missed by earlier workers but detected under his microscope, led him to separate the crystals into two heaps. Though identical in chemical composition, these two classes nevertheless affected polarized light in opposite ways. And in this simple difference Pasteur knew that he had made a great discovery, potent with far-reaching possibilities which, even then, his keen imagination half-divined. "The gods send threads to a web begun," and from this small beginning the great and glowing tapestry we now admire was woven. For, in tracing the origin of racemic acid, Pasteur established the true nature of fermentation and the rôle of bacteria in the processes of putrefaction. Pushing on, under the stimulus of a bold imagination and untiring zeal, he quickly wove the pattern as it rose before him, and thus enriched the world with one of its greatest possessions. Out of his discoveries there developed on the one hand an important branch of chemistry, which tells us of the arrangement of the atoms in a molecule;

and on the other the germ theory of disease and the elimination or destruction of enemy bacteria by the aseptic or antiseptic methods of modern surgery.

Fortunately for the United States, the methods of Pasteur and Lister and Koch have been developed to the highest level by American bacteriologists and surgeons. As we enter the war against a most formidable opponent it is a great satisfaction to realize that advantage will be taken of the best teachings of science. Even before the opening of hostilities we read the announcement that the Rockefeller Medical Institute will establish a special hospital, perfectly equipped, in which Doctor Carrel and Doctor Dakin will instruct our army surgeons in the new methods. What this will mean in the saving of lives no one can predict. But it will lend courage and hope to those who remember the Civil War and realize the advantages of the present day.

We need not go back so far, however, to appreciate the changes wrought by scientific research. The training-camps of the Spanish War were breeding-grounds of typhoid, which swept away many a victim. Now typhoid is practically abolished in military camps and with it other diseases of similar gravity. Out of 100,000 soldiers enlisted for Cuba, 20,000 were stricken with typhoid. Out of 125,000 sent to the Mexican border last summer, there were only fourteen typhoid cases. Some of the serums and vaccines, including those for typhoid and small-pox, are easily manufactured in large quantities. But others are very difficult to prepare, and here our research laboratories will perform an important service. The Rockefeller Institute, for example, is preparing for the army and navy the serums used against tetanus, dysentery, pneumonia, and meningitis, and other laboratories will undertake similar work.

The present war has developed in France, and especially in England, a far clearer perception of the national value of scientific research than had ever existed before. Postmaster-General Pease, of Great Britain, recently said: "One of the lessons of the war has been that we have learned as a state to respect and be guided by scientific method and scientific men to a degree which nothing but a

great necessity could have achieved." Germany, to the great cost of other nations, realized many years ago the fundamental importance of science; and generations of university men, trained for research and skilled in laboratory methods, have been available for the development of industry and the perfection of equipment for a great military offensive. In the United States the first national recognition of the value of scientific advice to the government was accorded by Congress toward the close of the Civil War.

It was in 1863 that President Lincoln signed the charter granted by Congress to the National Academy of Sciences. This established the Academy as the adviser of the government on all questions of science, and placed the services of its members, the leading men of science of the country, freely at the disposal of the executive and legislative branches.

The military questions offered to the Academy in its early years were subsequently followed by problems of the widest range, proposed by the President, the heads of government departments, and both houses of Congress. The organization and growth of the scientific bureaus of the government have provided a satisfactory means of answering many technical questions; but the Academy still deals to advantage with matters of broad scope, especially those calling for co-operation between several departments of the government or the joint activities of investigators in universities, research foundations, and industrial-research laboratories. Such co-operation is most urgently needed in a national crisis, like that occasioned by the present war.

The opportunity of rendering useful service to the government was recognized by the Academy at its annual meeting in April, 1916. The *Sussex* had been attacked without warning by a German submarine, and the President was on the point of taking the step which has finally led to our participation in the war. The Academy voted to offer its services in organizing the scientific resources of educational and research institutions in the interest of national defense and national welfare. This offer was accepted by the President, and steps were at once taken which soon led to the organization of the

National Research Council. Cordially indorsed by the President, and assured, through his active support, of the co-operation of all government departments, the Research Council is now devoting most of its attention to investigations bearing on military problems, undertaken at the request of the Council of National Defense. But its ultimate purpose is a much wider one.

There are four groups of scientific men in the United States which the National Research Council has brought into active co-operation. These include: (1) The chiefs of various technical bureaus of the army and navy, including the surgeon-general, chief of ordnance, and chief signal officer of the army, and the chief constructor, chief engineer, chief of ordnance, and director of the medical school of the navy. (2) The heads of certain important scientific bureaus of the government, such as the Smithsonian Institution, the Bureau of Standards, the Bureau of Mines, and the Weather Bureau. The members of these two groups, together with Mr. Howard Coffin, of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, constitute the Military Committee of the National Research Council. Of this important committee the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution is chairman and the director of the Bureau of Standards is secretary. (3) Representatives of various branches of scientific research in educational institutions and research foundations. (4) Representatives of industrial research and various branches of engineering and applied science.

The Council, now comprising fifty-two members, meets several times each year. In the intervals its work is conducted by the executive committee and the military committee, assisted by committees representing the various branches of science and others dealing with special problems of immediate practical importance, including nitrate supply, foods, optical glass, and submarine detection.

The success of such an organization as the Research Council depends in large measure upon its ability to secure the co-operation of societies and institutions dealing with research in all branches of science and engineering. The action of the Engineering Foundation of New

York—which represents the four great national engineering societies—in joining with the National Academy to organize the Council, is of special significance. The entire income of the Foundation is now devoted to the work of the Research Council, which has also received substantial gifts from other sources. Many other scientific societies have similarly co-operated with the Council, which is receiving the solid support of American men of science.

Let us see how the work of the Research Council is conducted during a time of war. The military committee brings into active co-operation the men most closely concerned with the scientific and technical problems of the government, including those of a military nature and others occasioned by the interruption of foreign commerce. Questions calling for scientific research are constantly arising. They are formulated in co-operation with the secretary of the committee, who is in daily contact with the work of the military bureaus. Here is a typical illustration, showing how an important problem is attacked.

If a vessel on the surface could detect the presence of a submarine or submarine mine at a considerable distance, her safety might be assured. This is a physical problem in which the experience of the physicist in devising new methods is directly applicable. Several interesting possibilities suggest themselves at once, and a simultaneous attack is accordingly launched in several university and industrial-research laboratories. Doctor Robert A. Millikan, of the University of Chicago, charged by the Council with the correlation of researches bearing on the national defense, keeps in touch with the various investigators and brings them into contact with the secretary of the military committee and the army and navy officers immediately concerned, thus securing the co-operation necessary for the most effective work. Freedom of initiative is encouraged, and the participation of a number of competent workers, approaching the problem from different points of view, is welcomed. In fact, the research is conducted exactly as a large co-operative investigation in astronomy or in pure physics would be carried out. The indisputable advantages derived

from experience in research, from personal knowledge of the co-operative methods of modern science, and from an acquaintance with the numerous and revolutionary advances of physics in recent years, are utilized to the fullest extent.

I mention these points in some detail in order to meet the question that sometimes arises: How can the student of pure science, unaccustomed, perhaps, to practical applications of his subject, be expected to deal effectively with these military problems? Acquaintance with the procedure of the modern observatory or laboratory would dispel any doubts as to the ability of a really capable investigator to adjust himself to present demands. He is accustomed to devise new instruments and methods, adapted to the ever-changing needs of his researches. And it is quite immaterial whether the object in view be the detection of a submarine a few miles away or the measurement of the pressure in the atmosphere of a star.

It is thus easy to understand how certain European astronomers have been able to aid in the solution of war problems. Count de la Baume Pluvinel, the well-known French astronomer, has devised an electrical instrument for detecting the presence of bits of shrapnel in the body, which I saw in use at Doctor Carrel's hospital at Compiègne. Other astronomers have invented new range-finders for air-craft and apparatus for rapidly adjusting the prisms of damaged binoculars, or applied their mathematical knowledge to the solution of the intricate hydrodynamical problems involved in the design of airplanes. The astonishing development in the efficiency of the French and British air fleet since the beginning of the war, which has enabled it to wrest the supremacy of the air from the Germans, is due in large measure to the theoretical and experimental investigations of mathematicians and physicists recruited from university and laboratory and working in organized groups.

The submarine problem is only one of scores already formulated by our military committee. Some of these involve entirely new questions and call for immediate research. Others have doubtless been solved in Europe since the outbreak

of the war. It would be an obvious mistake not to profit by all that can be learned of what is being accomplished abroad. For this reason the Research Council has sent a committee of scientific investigators to report from the front and to arrange for co-operation with men of science of the Entente in the solution of outstanding research problems. Here the advantage of many years of close co-operation in other fields of research will be felt.

During my recent trip to England and France, made for the purpose of learning how men of science can be of the greatest service to the State in time of war, I found that the very investigators with whom we have been most closely associated in the International Association of Academies, the International Union for Co-operation in Solar Research, and other bodies of similar character, are prominent in the work now in progress for military purposes. French men of science are organized under M. Painlevé, a distinguished mathematician of the Paris Academy of Sciences, now minister of war. Associated with him in immediate charge of research are M. Borel, the well-known mathematical physicist, and M. Perrin, whose discoveries in physics have contributed so materially to recent progress. Working with them I was pleased to find MM. Fabry, Cotton, de la Baume Pluvinel, Chrétien, and others who have been active in our co-operative investigations in solar physics and spectroscopy. In England the leaders, most of whom are also physicists, include Sir Joseph Thomson, Lord Rayleigh, Professor Schuster, Professor Starling, Sir Ernest Rutherford, Sir Robert Hadfield, and others of similar distinction. The value of their contributions to military methods has been fully recognized by General Sir Douglas Haig in his reports from the front.

Many of the questions that call for scientific research fall in the fields of chemistry, physiology, preventive medicine, and hygiene. Here the corresponding committees of the Research Council are accomplishing valuable results.

Problems in chemistry are very numerous. The storage-batteries of submarines emit hydrogen gas in dangerous quantities; improved devices for detecting its presence must be developed and applied,

and the more fundamental problem of absorbing the gas as rapidly as it is produced must be solved. A shell explosion in a confined space such as a gun-turret generates noxious gases; some means of absorbing or expelling them rapidly enough to save life is needed. Smokeless powder is probably susceptible of distinct improvement. And thus one might go on through an endless list of chemical problems, which are not confined to military needs but include a multitude of questions resulting from the stoppage of our imports from Germany.

One of the most interesting and important of the numerous chemical problems associated with the war is that of the fixation of nitrogen. Nitric acid is needed in great quantities for the manufacture of explosives, and cheap nitrates are equally essential for fertilizers. At present we depend entirely upon the nitrate beds of Chile, and this source of supply might be cut off by war. Congress has accordingly appropriated twenty million dollars, and at the request of the Secretary of War the National Academy of Sciences and the National Research Council, with the co-operation of the American Chemical Society, have investigated the various processes and made recommendations to the War Department. The report of the nitrate-supply committee has not been made public, but it may be said that one of its most striking features is the demonstration it affords of the need for further research. There are the strongest of reasons to believe that a marked increase in efficiency could be effected at an early date, if the problem were attacked by our investigators in the same thorough way that the Germans have so successfully followed, and researches with this end in view will doubtless be organized.

Another large problem calling for physical and chemical research is that of optical glass. The chief source of optical glass before the war was the firm of Schott in Jena, which had been extremely successful in developing many new varieties through the aid of a subsidy from the German Government. Soon after the outbreak of hostilities England found serious embarrassment in supplying optical glass for binoculars, gun-sights, range-finders, periscopes, and other mili-

tary instruments. Investigators were set to work, but only after extensive researches did it become possible to produce a few of the more essential glasses. In this country a serious shortage of optical glass has also been felt; but the investigations undertaken some time ago by the Bureau of Standards, and those just inaugurated by the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington in co-operation with large manufacturers, should soon solve the difficulty.

Every man of science, equally with other citizens, must feel his obligation to contribute in some way to the prosecution of our war against the enemy of civilization. Greatly as he may abhor the practices of Germany, and deeply as he may resent the barbarities which have brought us into the war, he can hardly wish to retaliate in kind. We must aid in sweeping the sea free from submarines and in pushing the fight on the west front until the German lines give way. We must not send out our men armed with flintlocks, nor equip them with any inferior means of attack or defense. But I trust we may not resort to those diabolical devices which constitute an indelible reproach upon the German Government. It is conceivable that some forms of gas attack that do not cause unnecessary suffering may be justifiable; but nothing can excuse the fiendish cruelty which has led to the introduction into the most irritating gases of ingredients carefully calculated, we are credibly told, not to hasten death but to heighten suffering.

We may turn with relief from the contemplation of such practices to consider the precisely opposite methods of our investigators in experimental medicine and hygiene. Some of these have been mentioned in the introduction to this paper, but the subject is one not easily exhausted. The nation which has dealt with yellow fever in Cuba and eliminated its ravages from the Panama Canal Zone must not fail to protect its soldiers in the field. Unaccustomed as we are to the demands of a great war, and inefficient as we have proved to be in the recent past, we must leave no means untried to approach perfection now. The committee which the Research Council has sent abroad includes two medical observers of

the highest type: one of them, Doctor Linsley Williams, has had exceptional experience in safeguarding public health in the State of New York. The other, Doctor Richard P. Strong, is widely known for his hazardous task of dealing with the typhus epidemic in Serbia. Both are accomplished men of science, and their reports will be invaluable to the Council of National Defense and to Surgeon-General Gorgas, whose success at Panama will reassure the nation in its heavy task.

Thus far we have dealt with the work of the National Research Council in a time of war, but its chief services to the nation should come with the return of peace. No one acquainted with the present organization of Germany and familiar with the strong foundation of scientific research on which it is based, will underestimate the intensity of the industrial struggle that will follow the present conflict.

Germany will be overcome by force of arms and weakened economically by the heavy drains she experiences. But the intensive education of her people, their capacity for hard work and long hours, and the organization of her industries—already perfected—for commercial warfare, should not be ignored by her opponents. We must not only perfect the organization of our own industries but make certain that they are developed to the highest possible level by scientific research. The great corporations already recognize this need and have provided extensive research laboratories to meet it. But means must be found of extending similar benefits to smaller establishments which cannot afford to conduct research laboratories of their own.

Our chief task, however, lies farther down. So-called pure science, developed primarily for the sake of advancing knowledge, is the bed-rock of progress. None recognize this so clearly as those industrial leaders who have profited greatly from discoveries in pure science ultimately adapted to practical ends. The advancement of research for the sake of increasing knowledge, without thought of its application, is the most useful service the Research Council can offer the nation; and the support of the leaders of industry, already promised, will be a powerful aid in accomplishing this end.

THE VALLEY OF THE WINDIGO

By George T. Marsh

Author of "For the Great Father," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER



FRANÇOIS HERTEL, outlaw, grounded his canoe on the sand beach at Ptarmigan Lake House, leaped into the water, and swung the woman in the bow to the shore. Leaving her to hold off with a whip the threatening post huskies from his own two dogs snarling defiance from the canoe, he went up to the trade-house. Entering the whitewashed log store, the tall Frenchman found Campbell, the factor, alone.

"Bon jour!" said Hertel, shaking hands.

"Good day!" coldly returned the Scotchman, eying the stranger with frankly curious gaze, for French trappers were rare so far north as the Ptarmigan Lake country. When Hertel offered Canadian paper money in payment for tea, sugar, and flour, the factor's interest was further aroused.

"You've come far," suggested Campbell, fingering the bill Hertel handed him.

"Yes, we travel sence June."

"Where are you headin'?"

"I t'ink I traverse dees countree for trappin'-groun'."

"Oh!" The thick eyebrows of Campbell rose.

"Ever travel this country before?"

"No, I alway' hunt de Height-of-Land countree, Saint M'rees water."

"What brought you so far north, then?" the factor quickly demanded, believing that he knew why this stranger had journeyed to the James Bay watershed, for in his desk lay a letter six months old warning the northern posts to keep a lookout for one François Hertel, wanted for murder at Coocococache, on the Saint Maurice.

François Hertel shrugged his wide shoulders, looking Campbell fair in the eyes.

"I keel a man las' year at Coocococache," he said quietly.

"You are François Hertel?" asked the factor, amazed at the admission.

"Yes, I keel de man who burn de cabane and tak' ma wife. Dey hunt me tru de long snow from de Saint M'rees to Grand Lac, but dey not tak' François Hertel. Dees spring I fin' her. She ees out dere wid de canoe."

Hertel pointed through the door to the shore, then turned fiercely upon the factor.

"De man I keel cum lak' de wolf in de night to tak' ma wife. W'at would you do?"

The frankness of the voyageur carried with it the aroma of truth. The factor knew men in the rough, and this one shaped up square; or else he was playing a game too subtle for the Scotchman's understanding. Still, the orders from Ottawa received in the Christmas mail were not to be lightly ignored.

"Hertel, if what you say is so, I don't blame you for getting your man and taking to the bush. But if it leaks out to Ottawa that you are trading here, I'm in a pretty mess."

"At Ottawa I am dead man," and Hertel handed the factor a soiled envelope. Campbell took from the envelope two folded sheets of paper. On the first was written:

"On March last it was reported to the authorities at Ottawa that the body of François Hertel had been found frozen on the Abitibi Trail, by Harricanaw Crees. Pierre, the trapper, who was at Flying Post, on Grand Lac, in January, must trap his fur in the James Bay country for a year or two.

"A FRIEND OF PIERRE."

Campbell was plainly mystified. Then he opened the other note. It was dated

at Coocoocache on a letter-head of the Hudson's Bay Company, and ran as follows:

"To any Company man—

"The bearer, François Hertel, has long been a faithful employee of the Company on the Saint Maurice. One night, a year ago, in June, his house on the island at Coocoocache, was burned down. At the same time Walker, a railroad contractor with a bad record, was seen paddling from the island to the construction camp. Failing to find the body of Hertel's wife in the ruins, we believed her thrown into the river to cover the crime. Hertel returned and obtaining proof of Walker's guilt, killed him and took to the bush. Last winter Hertel met two of the Government Police, who were on his trail, starving in a blizzard on Grand Lac, and at the risk of arrest brought them in to Flying Post. Out of gratitude, they reported at Ottawa that he had been found frozen on the Abitibi Trail, and wrote to Hertel at Coocoocache to that effect. Returning this spring to Coocoocache, Hertel found his wife, who had escaped from Walker in a canoe and been picked up by Vermilion River Crees. He leaves here for the north until the matter blows over, and carries an order on Company posts issued to Pierre Chapleau, to amount of \$300.00. Please honor this order, against Coocoocache, and give him any help you can, as he is the best canoe-man and hunter on the Saint Maurice. We think a good deal of him and believe him justified in what he did.

"ANDREW SCOTT, *H. B. C. Coocoocache.*

"J. MCCREADY, *H. B. C. Lost Lake.*"

"Well, if Jock McCready says you're all right, Hertel, it's good enough for me," said Campbell, returning the envelope. "I've put in some good years with old Jock at Fort Chimo and the Fading Waters. But you'll have to pass as Pierre Chapleau at the post here, and keep away when the Crees are in for the trade. It won't do to have it leak out to Rupert House that you're here."

"T'anks, Meester Cameel, I understand," and the Frenchman gripped the factor's hand.

"Now, you'll have to hurry to cruise out good trappin'-grounds and net white-fish for your dogs."

"De free fur-countree ees far from here?"

"The best of it is, some of my Crees trap clear over on Nottaway waters. You'll have to move lively to get your shack built before the freeze-up. And mind you keep off trapped grounds. The Crees will wipe you out if you don't."

Hertel smiled good-naturedly at the warning. He knew only too well the law of the fur-country that there shall be no trespass in another's valleys.

"Oh, by the way!" continued Campbell, "if you're not afraid of Windigo, Injun-devils, and such nonsense, there's a country over west that old Joe, my head man, can tell you about. You won't be running into any of the Crees over there; they won't go near it; they say it's full of evil spirits."

Hertel's keen face lighted with interest.

"W'ere ees dees countree?"

"It lies four or five days travel straight west, on Harricanaw waters. The Cree name for this branch is Devil's River. I'll call Tom; he started to trap it once, but was almost scared to death and quit."

Presently a wrinkled Cree, aged in the Company's service, was smoking a pipe with Hertel and the factor.

"You know the trail to the valley of the Windigo, Tom?"

The Indian looked suspiciously at the two men, then nodded gravely.

"Good huntin'-ground? No Injun trap that valley?"

The Cree shook his head. "No Injun hunt dere for long tam; too much devil. Plentee game dere, I t'ink."

"How far is it from here?"

"Four, five sleep."

"You make a map of the trail to the Windigo valley on this paper. Pierre is going to trap it this winter."

The Cree's small eyes widened in wonder at the daring of the stranger who would winter in the dread land of evil spirits, shunned by the Ptarmigan Lake Indians for years as they would shun the pestilence. He turned to Hertel in protest.

"De Windigo, he live in dis valley; he rob trap; kill you; eat you' squaw. It is

ver' bad place." Closing his eyes, the Cree shook his head and shoulders as if to blot out the evil memory of the valley of the Windigo.

"Never mind, Tom, Pierre takes the risk. He's a medicine-man in his country and has a charm for the devils. You show him how to get into the valley with this pencil and paper."

So, much against his will, old Tom proceeded to trace a crude map of the waterways through which ran the trail to the haunted valley of the Crees.

Hertel wished to lose himself—to disappear from the ken even of the fur-posts. Campbell he could trust, but to the Crees, trading at the post must be given a wide berth. How better, he thought, than to build his shack and run his trap-lines in the forbidden country, the land no Indian would enter? As for the Windigo and devils, he had a charm for the worst of them in the bark of his 30-30. That the evil spirits of the Crees travelled on four padded feet, and their pelts would bring good prices over Campbell's counter at Ptarmigan Lake he had little doubt. Hertel had spent his life in the Indian country and knew the Cree make-up—his superstition and childlike belief in the supernatural. The hardy Frenchman had smiled as the old Cree gravely pictured the fate that awaited him and his Marie in the far-off valley. He had more than once heard a lynx or a wolverine, called Injun-devil, fill the forest with demoniacal caterwauling that would have frozen the blood of a superstitious Indian, and later, when he found the vocalist in his trap, had terminated the nocturnal voice-culture by knocking the brute on the head with a club. For him the land of evil spirits held no terror.

The next day Hertel shoved his heavily loaded canoe from the beach at Ptarmigan Lake House, called a last bonjour to the factor, and with Marie handling the bow paddle, headed west. Day after day the voyageurs, following the Cree's map, toiled by river and lake and portage toward the Harricanaw headwaters, until at last their canoe floated on the Devil's River of the Crees. Then Hertel poled up the swift stream to its headwater lakes, where they were to net the whitefish needed for winter food for the dogs.

As they pushed up-stream between timbered hills that rolled away to the blue horizon, the woman in the bow exclaimed with delight at the beauty of the valley vistas which every turn of the river opened to their eyes. And each outburst of admiration brought a low chuckle from the stern-man toiling at his pole, as he thought how little Marie might appreciate the beauty of this land had she but known that these forests bathed in the August sun held in their silent depths terrors unspeakable; that this soft valley, asleep in the spell of the northern summer, was the lair of demons insatiable and pitiless. But François Hertel was a wise man and no baiter of women, so held his tongue.

While they netted and dried whitefish at the lakes, Hertel cruised the country for a good central location for his cabin. Everywhere he found signs of game. The shores of dead-water and pond were trampled by moose which came to feed on lily-roots and water grasses at sundown. The round-toed hoof-prints of caribou trails networked the mud and moss of the muskeg beyond the valley. Along the streams mink and otter had left numberless tracks. Doubtless the hurrying feet of marauding marten, fox, and fisher would mark the first snow on the ridges. Truly the Cree trappers had given the country a wide berth, for never had the Frenchman seen such evidence of game.

Creeping south from the great bay the first September frosts roamed the valley, edging the river with the red of the willows, leaving a wake of birch ridges aflame against the sombre green of the spruce. The rising sun lifting shrouds of river mist, rolled them back to vanish on the ridges, and later died on western hills, hung with haze.

Long before the first snowfall the Hertels moved from their tent to a cabin of spruce logs, chinked with moss, flanked by a mud-mortared stone chimney. Beside it a pile of birch logs and split wood was heaped high against the withering cold of the coming long snows.

Night after night through the October moon the geese honked south, racing the nipping winds which, following hard on the end of the Indian summer, swept the last leaves from poplar and birch. Then

suddenly, between one sunset and dawn, narrows and dead-water closed tight, an icy film crept out from the lake shores, and the subarctic winter shut in upon the lone cabin in the valley of demons.

By December the snow stood three feet deep in the forest levels, and for twenty miles the traps of Hertel lay set on the ridges and along the streams. Never had he reaped such a harvest of fur. Black and silver fox, marten, otter, and mink, all had found his traps; and the pelts of two gray wolves hung on his cabin walls.

The early dusk of one December day overtook Hertel at the far end of his lines down the valley, where at a lean-to, thrown together in the fall, he passed the night once or twice a week. Already that buccaneer of the forests, the wolverine, had discovered some of his traps and robbed him of valuable fur. So with the most hated enemy of the trapper loose in the valley, only constant patrolling of his lines could save him the loss of many a prized fox and marten.

Hertel cut his wood for the night, shovelled away the new snow with a shoe, and built a hot fire at the open end of the lean-to. He threw two whitefish to the husky which drew his small sled, boiled his tea and moose-meat, then rolled himself in his warm rabbit-skin blankets and slept.

It was a windless night, when the relentless fingers of the frost grip the timber till it snaps; when the shell of river and lake, contracting, splits with the boom of cannon, and the stars, glittering like myriad jewels, swarm the heavens. Above the black silhouette of far hills the aurora alternately glowed and died, then, in snakelike ribbons of light, streamed across the north.

Suddenly the husky, curled beside the blanketed figure by the fire, straightened, lifted his head, and sniffed the stinging air. Then, with hair bristling from ears to tail, he stood up while his shaggy throat swelled in a low rumble of warning to the one who slept.

Hertel stirred and thrust his head from the blankets.

"Qu'avez-vous? What's the matter with you?" he grumbled.

For reply the dog lifted his nose to the stars in a long howl. Thinking the husky

had scented game, Hertel was again adjusting his blankets, when across the hushed valley floated a long cry, half howl, rising to a shrill scream, then dying slowly away.

Again the excited dog flung back the wolfish challenge of the husky to the unknown foe. Quieting the animal, Hertel, now thoroughly aroused, sat up in his blankets, listening intently for a repetition of the wail. Presently it was repeated, but this time farther up the valley.

The warning of the old Cree at Ptarmigan Lake flashed across his memory.

"De Windigo, he leeve een dees valley. He rob trap; kill you; eat you' squaw."

"Bon soir! M'sieu' Weendigo!" called the imperturbable Frenchman as he reached for his Winchester in its skin case, and, drawing out the rifle, threw a shell into the barrel. Hertel had little fear of the thing that waked the white valley with its unearthly cries. For if it had lungs to howl, it had lungs and heart and stomach to stop his rifle-bullet, or bleed at the thrust of his knife, and from the Roberval to the white Gatineau men knew how sure was the eye and what power lay in the right arm of François Hertel. But, as he sat listening with straining ears, he cudgelled his brain to identify this prowler of the night. Lynx he had heard screaming like a child or a woman in agony; the wolverine, or Injun-devil, he had known to terrify superstitious French and Indian trappers by his maniacal caterwauling, and the howl of timber-wolves on a fresh trail was familiar to his ears; but this was neither lynx, wolf, nor wolverine. What could it be? Then the Cree's flouted tale of the demons of the valley returned to mock him.

For one thing he was deeply thankful—Marie, in the shack with the dog, far up the river, had not been wakened. Now, moreover, she must never know the Cree tradition of the valley or he could not leave her again alone, with this yowling thing, beast or devil, to terrify her.

Hugging his replenished fire, Hertel smoked a pipe, wrestling with the mystery, as his dog whined and fretted beside him, then turned into his blankets.

The next morning he was swinging up the hard-packed river-trail behind his

sled thinking of the hot dinner awaiting him at the shack, when the dog stopped, sniffed in the snow, then turned sharply off the trail, upsetting the sled. Running up, Hertel found the husky nosing huge

beside the trail, one characteristic of the foot-prints was at once marked by his trained eyes—their shallowness. Despite his tracks, the beast was not heavy or he would have sunk deeper into the



"Bon soir! M'sieu' Weendigo!"—Page 730.

tracks which crossed the sled-trail at right angles.

"Ah-hah! De Weendigo travel here, eh?" he exclaimed, studying the foot-prints. They were shaped somewhat like bear-tracks, with deep indentations of long claws, but larger than any bear-tracks he had ever seen, and, besides, bear were holed up for the winter. What beast, then, could have made that trail?

In the mental make-up of Hertel there was no trace of superstition. But the emotional Marie was keenly susceptible to the supernatural, and it was of her that he thought as he examined this strange trail in the snow. This thing must be kept from his wife if he wished to finish the winter in the valley.

As he shuffled through the soft snow

snow. Then, from the looks of the trail, he did not pick up his feet; he was a slow and lumbering traveller. The impulse to follow the tracks, run the beast down on snow-shoes with his dog, and have it out with this 30-30 was strong in the hunter; but it meant another night away from Marie, and he was anxious to learn how it had gone with her at the shack. The unknown, beast or demon, would feel the sting of his 30-30 in good time. He would now hurry home.

The husky at the shack howled a welcome to the sled-team, but when Marie opened the door Hertel knew from the look in her eyes that she, too, had heard the cries in the night.

"Oh, François!" she said weakly, and fell to sobbing in his arms.

It had been as he feared. Toward morning the whining dog had roused her. Opening the door, she heard the wail back on the ridge. The dog rushed savagely into the spruce, but was soon scratching at the door, badly frightened. Not until daylight, when the cries ceased, would the husky again leave the shack.

"Oh, ma chérie, she don' get scare' at one leetle lucivee dat shout lak de grand beeg somet'ing? I hear heem seeng down rivière. Eet ees not'ing."

In the end, Hertel convinced his wife that she had heard merely the customary shrieking of that great northern cat with tufted ears, the lynx.

But at heart the Frenchman was worried, for the length of his trap-lines compelled his frequent absence at night from the shack, and another shock like the last would reduce Marie to a state of mind forbidding his leaving her. It was clear that the brute must be hunted down and wiped out at once. No beast, Windigo, or devil should drive François Hertel out of free fur-country like a craven Cree. This valley belonged to the one who could hold it by fair fight or foul. The wild blood of the *coureurs-de-bois* which coursed the veins of the Frenchman was up.

Next morning Hertel started under the stars, promising to return before sunset. He was following the shoulder of a long ridge on which were set cabane traps for fisher and marten. In a few of these the bait, as usual, had lured foraging moose-birds or squirrel interlopers to their doom. Resetting the traps, he continued on until a shattered cabane with the silent witnesses in the snow about it told a story which brought from his throat a cry of rage.

The jaws of the steel trap gripped the severed fore foot of a marten, while, strewn with tufts of fur, the blood-stained snow in the vicinity was trampled by the same tracks which had crossed the sled-trail on the river.

Quickly freeing the excited husky from his harness, Hertel, fierce for revenge, abandoned his sled and took up the trail. With this plunderer loose on his trapping-grounds, his long days of toil would be thrown away. He must either kill his enemy at once or drive him from the valley. Over ridges and horsebacks,

down along frozen watercourses, the pursuing trapper followed the tracks in the snow. For a space the eager husky led, but at length the long snow-shoe swing wore down the plunging dog, who sank deep at every leap, and he was content to follow in the better going of the packed trail of his master. On through the hours of the short December day toiled man and dog. If his quarry had not too long a start on him, Hertel knew he would over-haul it in the deep snow before the dusk, for, from the spacing and the depth of the tracks, the animal was travelling slowly. Twice it had stopped to rest, leaving an impression that baffled the woodcraft of the Frenchman. If he could only, for an instant, line up his rifle-sights on this robber, he, François Hertel, would give him a "bonjour" of lead that would sicken him—evil spirit, Windigo, or furry thief—of the game of ruining the trapping of a Saint Maurice man.

Finally, in the afternoon, the trail led over the watershed ridges into a muskeg country to the south. The masked sun dipped behind western hills and dusk already hung in the thick timber, when the tracks brought weary man and dog to the edge of a wide barren. Shortly the swift northern night would close in, and he was already three hours hard snow-shoeing from the shack.

With hood thrown back from his unbelted capote, while, even in the freezing air, the sweat coursed down the bold features, Hertel searched with narrowed eyes the silent reaches of the white barren, but in vain. He would have followed the trail deep into the moonlit night, camped on it, and taken it up at daylight, but he had promised to return to a woman who waited alone back in the valley. With a sigh he turned homeward with his dog.

In the days following he found his mink and otter traps on the streams around the headwater lakes unmolested, and reached the shack without again crossing the strange trail.

On the night of his return Hertel was pulling at his after-supper pipe, watching a piece of smoke-tanned moose-hide take the shape of a moccasin in the capable hands of Marie, when one of the dogs stood up with a low growl, hair bristling



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

The rifle flew to his shoulder. Once, twice, three times the silence was shattered.—Page 734.

like a mad porcupine's quills. Then both huskies made for the door. Hertel sprang to the low entrance of the shack, while his wife's dark face went white with dread. Outside, the light from a frozen moon flooded the clearing in the forest. Hertel hushed the dogs, blocking the open door with his body, then waited, tense as a bow-string. Shortly, from the ridge back of the shack, drifted out over the still valley a wail, half-human, rising to a cat-like scream piercing in intensity, then slowly dying away.

The trapper closed the door, pushed aside the clamoring huskies, and seized his caribou-skin coat and fur mittens.

"Mon Dieu, eet ees le diable! Eet ees le diable!" moaned the terrified woman. "Don' leev me, François!"

"Eet ees only de lucivee!" the man insisted as she clung to him. "He shout beeg, dees lynx, but he seeng 'noder song w'en he feel de bullet."

With such talk he strove to hearten the horror-stricken woman, but Hertel knew that the dread cry that chilled the blood of all living things that heard it was the howl of no lynx. What it was he was going up into the black spruce to find out.

"I leev de husky and shotgun. You safe wid dem." And embracing the hysterical girl he closed the door against the dogs, who were useless in a still hunt, stepped into the thongs of his snow-shoes, and started up the ridge.

The muscles of Hertel's face set stone-hard as he hurried in the direction from which had come the cry. To-night his enemy should not escape him. The beast was not more than a mile or two back in the "bush," and in the deep snow the trapper knew that he could give any four-footed creature in the North that much start and run him down before dawn, for no dog-runner from Lake Saint John to Flying Post on the Ottawa headwaters could take the trail and hold it from François Hertel. Beast or devil, whatever he was, he left tracks in the snow to follow. Beast or devil—and there had been enough in the last few days to sway a mind less balanced, to shake nerves less steady, than Hertel's—if it made tracks in the snow and howled at night, there was flesh and blood for his bullet and knife to find. If neither lead nor steel

could tear its vitals, then Hertel was beaten. It was Windigo or demon, as the Cree had said, and he would slink out of the valley like a whipped husky. So ran the thoughts of the desperate Frenchman as he mounted the ridge.

At length he stood on the crest of the hill overlooking the frozen river-valley lit by the low moon, when the eerie wail lifted from the black forest in a creek-bottom below him.

Hertel glanced at the action of his rifle and broke into a run. As he swung swiftly through the soundless forest, ghostly shapes of snow-shoe rabbits faded before him into the white waste; a snowy owl, disturbed in his hunting, floated off like a wraith.

He had travelled some distance when suddenly he ran into the familiar trail of the beast at the edge of a spruce swamp.

"Now," muttered the hunter, "you run lak snow-shoe rabbit, M'sieu' Weendigo, or dees tam François Hertel get you."

Fear of the hated thing was not in him. The raw lust for battle made his blood hot as he plunged forward on the trail. Again rose the cry, this time nearer. His quarry had neither scented nor heard him, for plainly he was not travelling. But already the wind had shifted and, to the chagrin of the trapper, the moon now traversed a thickening sky where the stars grew dim. Hertel cursed under his breath, for without light the tracks would be lost in the gloom of the spruce. He was following stealthily now, lifting his feet to muffle the click of his shoes, his muscles tense as springs for the swift action which sight of the beast would loose.

Finally, from the top of a hard-wood knoll, his keen eyes swept a beaver meadow some distance below, to make out, entering the thick scrub at its edge, a dark shape. The rifle flew to his shoulder. Once, twice, three times the silence was shattered; then the trapper ran as only one born in the North can run on snow-shoes. At the spot where the beast had disappeared there was no blood sign on the snow, but the lopped branch of a fir told by how little the snap-shot in the dim light of the forest had missed its mark.

Plunging ahead, he took up the trail,

less distinct now, in the masked light of the moon and stars. If he were to see his game again, he had no time to lose. The trail now doubled back toward the swamp, and the moon and stars were soon gone. The frenzied hunter was forced to bend low to distinguish the tracks which zigzagged through low cedar and spruce. Time and again he tripped and fell as he forced his way headlong through the brush on the flank of the swamp. Then he ran into a network of tracks leading in all directions, utterly obliterating the fresh trail he followed. The wily brute had doubled back to his starting-point that night, where his trail would be lost. The game was up.

Soon even his own back tracks were indistinguishable, so with a wide circle through the swamp the disappointed trapper turned homeward. But in his defeat there was ground for hope. He had seen the thing in the life, unmistakably; shot at it, and learned that it feared the man on its trail. Instead of raging at him with teeth and claws, or loosing upon its helpless victim the black terrors of the old Cree's tale, this Windigo, devil, or what you will, had travelled like a bull caribou for the safety of the swamp. Elated at the thought, the Frenchman laughed loudly; beast or evil spirit, it had no magic for the rifle-bullet of François Hertel. Some day luck would turn, some day a wail should rise in the valley that would wake even the sleeping bears in their dens. It would be the death-cry of M'sieu' Windigo.

At the shack he found his wife keeping sleepless vigil for his return. The agony of fear she had endured was plainly written on the drawn face.

"You see de Weendigo?" she gasped.

"Oua, I see heem," laughed the hardy Frenchman, taking her in his arms. "I shoot, and he run lak snow-shoe rabbit for de swamp. I mak' bad shot for de light. Eet ees only beeg lucivee. I get heem some day in de trap." And he patted her shoulders reassuringly.

Marie's travels took her no farther than her rabbit and ptarmigan snares in the neighboring forest, so she did not know that in size the tracks of the beast dwarfed those of a lynx, and he did not intend she should.

The day following Hertel beat through the swamp, but so many tracks led out of it over the watershed that he gave up all idea of immediate pursuit. Returning to the shack he overhauled two bear-traps, the steel jaws of which bristled with vicious teeth, harnessed a husky to the sled, and started for his marten cabanes across the river. There, before two of the stick houses, he buried in the snow the traps with their log clogs in the manner that he hid lynx-traps to take the pilfering wolverines that had already harassed his lines. If the night-wailer followed down this trap-line again, he would not escape the hidden steel jaws gaping under the snow. Then on a line of fisher-traps Hertel erected three log deadfalls, which would crush the life from a three-hundred-pound bear.

"Eef he got bone to break, dees weel break dem," chuckled the trapper as he turned homeward.

For a week Hertel patrolled the sleeping forests of the white valley, but neither heard his enemy nor found fresh signs. Twice he climbed the big ridge and traversed the swamp beyond, where he had lost the trail the night the moon failed him, but evidently the beast had abandoned his former haunts, for the new snow lay unmarked. Over the river the logs in the deadfalls still menaced the doomed creature that should trip them, but the yawning jaws of one of the bear-traps had closed on a young wolverine rashly entering the house of sticks which his cunning elders first would have torn to pieces gingerly from the rear, then ferreted out the bait, or eaten the animal in the sprung trap inside.

Another week of waiting passed and Hertel began to wonder if the beast had quit the country. Then, one bitter night on his return under the stars from the lakes, the familiar challenge floated faintly up the valley.

"Ah-hah! Eet ees you, mon ami?" he muttered, and quickened his stride. He had travelled for some time when the cry was repeated. The thought of Marie alone in the shack with the cowed huskies, while the skulking thing was loose in the neighboring forest, spurred him into a run. He was nearly home when again the windless night was filled with the horror of the

lingering wail echoing from the hills. Now the runner on the river-trail was close enough to locate his enemy. The beast was on the ridge the trapper had prepared for him.

"By Gar!" Hertel exclaimed, in his joy at the discovery. "I get you dees tam, M'sieu' Weendigo, for sure."

Shaking a mittened fist at the black hill across the valley, he turned up to his cabin, where he found Marie and the dogs with nerves on edge over the return of the dreaded prowler of the night.

While the Frenchman wished to give his traps and deadfalls a fair chance to catch the plunderer, the fear that the beast might avoid them and again escape hurried him through supper. Heartening the trembling Marie as best he could, he oiled the action of his Winchester and was off. With the approach of January the nights were growing increasingly bitter. Entering the stinging air, Hertel drew the fur-lined hood of his capote over his face, where his hot breath turned to ice on his mustache, and reknotted the sash at his waist. The inexorable grip of the frost was tightening on the ice-locked valley.

He climbed the ridge and waited, for the beast might leave the trap-line if he discovered that he was followed. Once Hertel heard the cry hardly a mile away, then he went to his first fisher-trap. The thief had done his work well. The trap was sprung and the bait gone. The second had been treated in the same way. At the next trap was a deadfall, and the Frenchman's heart pounded with hope as he approached. The drop-log had been tripped and lay in the snow in front of the cabane, which was torn to pieces.

The trapper cursed out loud. The cunning of the beast was uncanny. Through the brain of Hertel there flashed a flicker of doubt. Could this after all be the work of a devil in brute shape? But the Frenchman's head was hard, and grasping his rifle he continued on.

For some time the night had been free from the voice, when, as he approached his second deadfall, the wail again rose from the lower shoulder of the ridge down the valley. But, as it lifted in volume to the maniacal scream, it ceased abruptly, as if choked off by some giant hand.

Hertel found the remaining deadfalls in similar condition to the first. The tracks on the snow told the same story. The ponderous engines of destruction had been rendered harmless from the outside by the crafty thief.

There was one hope left—the toothed jaws of steel hidden in the snow at the end of the martin line. He would go to them at once and take up the trail from there.

The cold was increasing. Deeper and deeper bit the fangs of the frost. His eyebrows and mustache were a mass of ice. Time and again all feeling left his toes under the thongs of his shoes, and he swung his gun from mittened hand to hand to keep up circulation. The boom of the riven river-ice and the snap of the timber alone violated the white silence under the star-incrusted sky.

The lone runner in the forest approached the first of his bear-traps at the martin cabanes. If the hairy thief had escaped these, little hope remained of running him down that night in this withering air which cut the lungs like thrusts of a knife. Rounding a thicket of low spruce, Hertel sighted the trap. Like a flash the hunter dropped to his knees, cocked rifle at his shoulder. One, two, three seconds his eye held his sights lined on a black shape by the cabane. But the mass on the snow was motionless. Then, rising, Hertel stealthily moved forward, rifle ready. Suspicious, he stopped a hundred feet from the trap, peering long at the spectacle before him, then slowly shook his head. With rifle thrust forward and every nerve tense, Hertel approached the trap. Was his enemy in his power at last, or was he being lured into some fiendish ambush? He glanced quickly to the side and rear. There was nothing there. The shape in the snow did not stir. Then he walked deliberately to the trap.

"By Gar!"

The Frenchman stared at the hairy bulk crushed in the grip of the merciless steel jaws.

He touched the thing with his snowshoe. It was frozen stiff.

With a wrench he turned the heavy trap and its victim over—to stare into the swart face, hideous in its grimace of death, of a Cree Indian.

"By Gar!"

The dumfounded Hertel rubbed his frost-rimmed eyes. It was the costume of a medicine-man. The hood was shaped from the scalp of a gray wolf, with ears attached, and the body clothed with bear-skin, the fur outside. Lashed to the legs with thongs were the huge moccasins, made from bear's paws, which left the strange tracks he had followed.

"Bon jour! M'sieu' le diable! So you t'ink to scare François Hertel from de valley wid bad medicine, lak you scare de Cree, eh? Den you have de fur for yoursel'. You rob de fisher-trap, but de bear-trap of François Hertel hug you close w'en you shout de las' tam, eh?" And the elated descendant of *coureurs-de-bois* filled the forest with a great laugh, for he and his had suffered much at the hands of this stricken thing at his feet.

As he turned from the distorted face with its sightless eyes staring fixedly at the frozen stars, Hertel bowed low with a sweep of his arm.

"Bon soir! M'sieu' Weendigo! You

mak' no more de sweet song in dees valley. I weesh you sleep soun'." And he hurried back through the bitter night to the woman who waited.

Three weeks later François Hertel sat alone with Campbell in the trade-house at Ptarmigan Lake.

"Well, well, François," said the factor, after hearing the tale of the taking of the Windigo, "you're sure a tough customer for a Cree medicine-man to tackle. The country farther west of you is trapped by Indians trading at Swift Current, and that cunning Cree, who must belong there, stole the valley away from my Indians over ten years ago by making them believe it was full of devils, with his howling and tracking the snow around their plundered traps. But, honest, weren't you just a bit scared the first time you heard him?"

The Frenchman's white teeth flashed in a wide smile as he stretched his long arms.

"Meester Cameel, I was worry one tam, but I not tell it to mysel'."

MILLSTATT

AN AUSTRIAN ARCADY

By Mildred Cram

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALLAN GILBERT CRAM



HE long, gray car bubbled up the Loibl Pass as easily as a fly running along the side of a wall. So I settled myself comfortably and allowed the muscles of my neck to relax. But I kept a stern eye on the back of Erdmann's head, as if by doing that I could will him to bring us safely around every one of those dizzy curves and guide us over the Karawanken Alps and down the other side in time for tea!

Erdmann's head was just like every other German military man's head—it sprang from narrow shoulders and a high collar; it was set firmly and held very erect. Between the broad expanse of collar and the vivid check of his tweed cap

I could see a rim of blond hair, shaved as close as only German barbers know how to shave German pates. And when he turned to look back for a brief instant at the road spinning out to great lengths behind us, we saw a red cheek, a straight nose, and a cold blue eye under a stern German eyebrow. . . . We had met him at Laibach only that morning, Allan, mother, and I. Here it was, high noon, and he was motoring us over the Loibl. . . .

It had been murky and depressing in Venice two days before; the canals steamed, sails drooped on the lagoon, the city sat heavily on her mud-banks, wrapped in a white, miasmic glare. At breakfast, an unusually bad one even for

the Danieli, Mabel Billard's letter had come.

"Why don't you break away from Italy, you three Italy-crazed maniacs, and come to our Austrian Arcady? Millstatt was never lovelier; there is still a powder of snow on the mountains, but here on the rim of the lake it is warm summer. If you could only taste the coffee we have for breakfast—*real* coffee and *real* cream, not the chicory and watered milk you get in Italy! To-night for supper we had an American sirloin steak with stewed tomatoes, baked potatoes——"

Allan, who was reading the letter aloud, met my eye for the fraction of a second.

"You came to Venice to make drawings of the Venetian gardens," I began sternly.

"And Münchener beer," he finished.

Mother looked wistfully at the frescoed ceiling of the Danieli dining-room. "Münchener beer!" she began. "I love it better than anything in the world——"

"Better than art, I suppose?" I asked, putting some bits of white butter on a petrified roll.

Allan folded the letter into a neat square and pushed back his cup of pale coffee. "I am a man," he said, "and I have to be fed. Venice is wonderful, but I am starving to death. Shall we leave this morning?"

That afternoon at Trieste we had hired a car and an evil-looking chauffeur to take us as far as Laibach. He made one price at Trieste, and the next day, in front of our hotel at Laibach, just as we were starting out on the last lap of the journey, he descended haughtily from his seat and announced that he wouldn't go a step farther, contract or no contract, unless we paid him an extra two hundred kronen. The Loibl Pass was *difficilissimo*, and he'd be hanged if he'd go on!

He was so firm about it that we unpacked ourselves, our suitcases, and our expectations, and swarmed around him where he lounged on the running-board. I racked my brain for the Italian for "cheat," and in the excitement of the moment produced *vigliacco*, which means "coward" and is the deadliest insult in the language. The chauffeur stiffened and told me between his teeth that he would sue me for defamation of character

unless I apologized for that vile word. He pounded his breast with both hands. I raised my voice and said *vigliacco* again. Allan and mother, who didn't understand either of us, hopped around me enthusiastically. "Give it to him! The cheat! Two hundred kronen! Say it again!"

I had just opened my mouth to scream *vigliacco* passionately a third time, when some one interrupted me.

"I would not call him names, Fräulein; he can put you in jail. He is in a very unpleasant temper. I would apologize."

I spun around and stared into the Prussian blue, military eyes of a tall German. He clicked his heels together, bowed from the waist, and said again, without a flicker of a smile: "I would apologize."

"But he cheated me! He said he would ask so much to take us to Millstatt, in Kärnten, and now he demands two hundred kronen more because"—and here I stared haughtily at the chauffeur—"the Loibl Pass is steep!"

"You may not call an Italian *vigliacco*, Fräulein. I would apologize."

I took a deep breath, blushed hotly to the rim of my hat, and faced that devil of a chauffeur again.

"*Scusi*," I said. "I beg your pardon."

The chauffeur relaxed as if some one had extracted all of his bones. He swept off his cap. "Signorina!" he cried, showing his teeth.

"And now," the German said, "dismiss him."

"But——"

"Dismiss him, Fräulein."

"But the Billards expect us!"

"I will arrange."

So the chauffeur was paid and dismissed, and we saw him turn back toward Trieste, putting an impudent five fingers to the tip of his nose when he was safely under way, and then disappearing, like an evil genius, in a cloud of pumpkin-colored dust.

We stood among our suitcases on the hotel steps while the German explained himself. "My name is Erdmann. I am the chief engineer of the Austro-American Magnesite Works at Radenthein, near Millstatt."

"Mr. Billard is director of the Magnesite Company!"

"Yes. I have my car here. It will accommodate all of you. I would like very much to drive you to Millstatt to-day. If you will be so kind . . ."

So here we were, bubbling up the steep flanks of the Loibl! It was spectacular enough. The road twisted in sinister coils, coil upon coil that lay along the narrow edge of gulleys and dizzy distances and precipitous drops into nothingness. Behind you, if you dared to look over the back of the car, the slope seemed to drop away; there was a faint puff of white dust but no road at all. Before you, if you dared to raise your eyes, the mountains climbed into the sky and thrust their pointed finger-tips into some heavy, stuffy clouds that lay over them like a feather quilt across a Swiss bed. At one side a steep bank, rank and lush with ferns and moss and flowers; at the other a sheer drop of several thousand feet into a shadowy gulch cut like a slice of pie out of the Karawanken Alps.

Erdmann turned his cheek again for the fraction of a second. "The gradient on this bend," he said, "is twenty-five per cent!"

Allan, the only one of us three who understood about degrees of steepness, blew a long, thin whistle and became suddenly very attentive and quiet. I took my eyes away from the scenery and fixed them firmly on the back of Erdmann's neck. In that way, guiding the narrow car with my own intense and unselfish will, I got all of us around and around—

"This one is twenty-eight per cent!"

Up and up. . . .

"This one is twenty-six and one-half per cent!"

Higher and higher. . . .

"This one is twenty-four and one-half per cent!"

On and on. . . .

Out of the blazing July sunshine into the shadow of those stuffy clouds; then, with a last bubble, a last grunt, into the moist, dripping, chilly heart of them—the top of the pass, where we stopped, held five thousand feet aloft, on the finger-tips of the Karawanken Alps!

We dipped down the north side of the pass at top speed, whirling around curves like one of those hair-raising scenic-rail-

way cars. . . Fences, pine-trees, flowers, and horizon line flew to get behind us in a haze of speed. We dropped from grade to grade with the sickening haste of a skyscraper elevator; the brakes roared, clouds of dust enveloped and choked us; the background diminished like a landscape seen through the wrong end of a telescope; the foreground leapt to hit us between the eyes—we might have been a marble tossed into the Grand Canyon. . . .

Mother spoke, and the words were snatched from between her teeth and blown to ribbons. "Terrible . . . speed . . . something . . . going . . . happen!"

And it did. The car started to take a curve, decided not to, twisted, skidded violently, and plunged straight for the edge of the road and a thousand foot drop into space. . . .

"Jump!"

But there was no time for that. We brought up against one of the stone fence-supports with a crash, lifted strangely, fell back again. . . .

"Jump!"

This time we did jump. At any rate, we found ourselves sitting in the middle of the road, feeling very shaken, and the car, with its front wheels twisted like a beggar's legs, still hanging over the ragged edge of the cliff.

Erdmann picked himself up with no loss of dignity and stared grimly at the wreckage.

"Three times over the Loibl, and this is the first . . ."

Suddenly he tossed his violent tweed cap aside, got out of his coat, and beckoned to Allan. "Come along; let's see what can be done. We can't spend the night up here. . . ." Then he looked thoughtfully into the palms of his hands and swore several formidable German cuss words.

Mother and I wandered back along the road, where the dust of our descent was still settling. What a great peace there was after the roar and rush of the car—what a stillness of mountains and infinite space and immense arch of sky! On our left the sparse pines and larches clung to the narrow ledge where the road lay, and beyond and below a deep gulch, full nearly to the brim with purple shadows,

like an immense cup of wine. It was warm where the sun struck across the road, a warmth tinged deliciously with the chill of very high places, and there were flowers on the steep bank at our right—buttercups, wild forget-me-nots, and tiny purple and yellow pansies, fragile bells on invisible stems, gentian cups on a spiny branch that were unbelievably blue, and everywhere sturdy mountain daisies with yellow faces! This was Austria! This was peaceful Austria in July of 1914!

An archduke and an archduchess, heirs to Austria's throne, had been shot by a student boy only a few weeks before. Out in the great world of cities and governments a world war was smouldering; out beyond that wall of mountains, if we could have heard, there was a gathering roar and mumble of voices—a hymn of hate that would soon shake the universe.

But there was nothing but an exalted peace on the sunny road climbing the gigantic flanks of the Karawankens. We met a peasant, a stalwart fellow in leather breeches and a faded blue coat, and showed him the car, several hundred feet down the road, where Erdmann and Allan, on their backs in the dust, were trying to coax the wheels to go around again. We could hear a faint rapping and tinkling, but Erdmann's German curses were snuffed out by the distance. The peasant, pleasantly excited, tipped his greasy hat and hurried down the slope toward the car . . . how long before the hymn of hate reached *him*, and sucked him into the current and swept him away?

About five o'clock, when the shadows had crept over us and had crawled on up the pass nearly to the top, the car, patched together, as Erdmann put it, "with a piece of string and a monkey-wrench," was rolled cautiously a few feet down the road, Erdmann at the wheel and Allan clinging precariously to the running-board, listening, with head bent and eyes shut, to the mysterious "works."

Erdmann stood up and beckoned to mother and me. "She limps," he said shortly, "but she will go."

With that doubtful assurance we settled ourselves gingerly, waved good-by to the peasant, and started off. Fortu-

nately for the story, we limped over the Little Loibl, and long after dark reached the Karawankenhof, a turreted, towered, terraced hotel in the valley near Klagenfurt, where we fell on a belated supper. . . . Goulash! Beer! Bread and butter! . . . A table was set for us on the uncovered terrace in front of the hotel, and we ate in the spluttering light of an arc-lamp. Over behind the mountains a thin, red wafer of a moon had been thrown up into the sky.

"Ach!" cried Erdmann, catching sight of it and toasting it with his tall stein of beer. "The moon! We ought to be in Millstatt by two o'clock."

We left the Karawankenhof at half past nine and followed a fine road straight to Klagenfurt. We pierced the old town from end to end with a raucous shriek of Erdmann's ear-splitting siren, and, beyond, plunged under a heavy arch of trees, like a railway-train stabbing a tunnel. Then we ran for ten miles along the edge of a beautiful lake, catching blurred glimpses of country houses smothered in box hedges, of one or two large hotels brilliantly lighted. . . .

"This is the Wörther See," Erdmann explained.

We left the arch of trees and the lake, crossed a railway, came upon another town (Villach this time, an Austrian military station), rattled through its cobbled length, shot down a hill at the other end, and then, at top speed, hurried along a broad valley, the road always following and sometimes crossing a wide river that shone like a flat band of platinum in the moonlight. A heavy white mist lay close to the ground. Once we were caught in it and forced to stop until the wind had rolled the blankets of vapor aside. Big rabbits scuttled away from the headlights; we met a fox and a lonely cow that rose out of the mist like the ghost of an elephant and brought a shriek from mother. We shot through village squares where fountains dripped spiritlessly, echoed under arches, sped by hundreds of wayside shrines—white Christs nailed to the cross, crowned with artificial flowers, startling bits of realism even in the moonlight.

Then Spittal, a single street; then a

black, shadowy road through a gulch cut by a roaring, impetuous river, and then——

"The lake!"

A thread of quicksilver on the horizon, that grew as we neared it, became a pool held in the palm of the ebony hills, then a sheet of water, a lake——

"Millstatt!"

The road followed the See so closely that the slow ripples nearly touched the wheels of the car. We came to the first houses of the village, had a brief glimpse of white towers and a gaping gateway——

"The cathedral!"

And stopped suddenly, with a last wail of the ear-splitting siren, at the closed door of an old wooden house with towers. . . .

There was a scurry behind the door, a burst of yellow light, and there was Mabel.

"I got your telegram! I thought you'd never come. We decided you were dead! *Whatever* happened to you?"

Allan, mother, and I, on the back seat of Erdmann's car, sat for a second as if we had been congealed into silence. Then all three of us struggled stiffly to our feet, rising out of the pile of steamer rugs and coats like a trio of blue-nosed Arctic explorers. We greeted Mabel:

"Something hot to drink—quick!"

An hour later (3 A. M.) we were tucked into high wooden beds under feather quilts, and, just before we went to sleep, heard a fish splash noisily under our windows in Millstatter-See!

One of the greatest delights of traveling is arriving at night in a strange place, going to sleep in a strange bed, waking in the morning to a room one has never seen before, staggering sleepily to a window, and opening a blind on a strange city, a strange landscape, a strange garden. . . .

A single thin ray of sun found me where I slept on my Millstatter feather pillow, and, striking me cleverly between the eyes, opened them to a strange landscape. The window-blinds stood wide, and I could look from my pillow out across a wooden balcony to a beautiful lake dancing in the early sunlight, and, beyond, a rim of mountains slightly powdered with snow. . . .

A knock. Some one opening the door with a polite, insinuating steadiness; a voice: "*Guten Tag, Fräulein. Bitte schön.*" I sat up, staring. "*Küss die Hand, gnädiges Fräulein.*" The door opened wider. "*Bitte. . . .*"

A smiling face, two red cheeks—"Ich bin Rosa, Fräulein—hier ist Ihre Kaffee."

She carried a tray, and on it I glimpsed a cup of coffee, a little pitcher of hot cream, puffed to a foam, some slices of white bread. . . .

Casting about frantically for words, "*Danke schön,*" I said. Rosa beamed and put the enticing tray on my knees.

Breakfast done with, we hurried out-of-doors to explore by day what had been so enchanting at 2 A. M. We found Millstatt, the "town of a thousand years," spilled down a steep hill and spread out on an arrow-shaped point of land thrust far out into the lake. Backed by an amphitheatre of high mountains, crowded to the water's edge by splendid forests, crowned by a fine Jesuit cathedral and monastery, blessed by an unspoiled and picturesque peasantry—no wonder Millstatt has become a summer paradise for thousands of Austrians and Hungarians! But great wonder that the French, English, and American tourist has never chanced on it!

The first act of a Viennese comic opera could be set anywhere in the village and a whole chorus recruited from the passers-by. We met groups of pretty women wearing short skirts, brilliant silk aprons, velvet bodices laced over snowy chemises, their arms bare nearly to the shoulder. We saw men with vivid stockings, bare knees, short breeches, and blue coats, topping all these sartorial inspirations with plush hats and a chamois brush. Some of the women wore massive jewelled ornaments—silver chains from shoulder to waist, hoop earrings, bracelets, gorgeous necklaces clasped tightly around their sunburned throats. . . .

"What beautiful peasants!"

Mabel, who was playing guide, silenced me with a noisy "Shsh! They're not peasants; most of them are rich Viennese! The Austrians play at being peasants during the summer, you know. Wait until you see the real thing—the Austrian peas-

ant woman is a broad-faced, work-ridden creature with red hands; she usually wears a handkerchief over her head and a man's straw hat a-top that. The men—there's one now!—leather breeches, of course, and a plush hat; but you could never mistake him for that man-about-town from Budapest over there, who had his peasant coat tailored somewhere on the Graben and bought his shoes in London!"

Allan, with one eye on a pretty girl in an orange silk skirt and a peaked Ampezzo peasant cap, remarked irrelevantly that the Venetian gardens were all dried up, anyway.

Millstatt Lake, they say, is full of hot sulphur springs—at any rate, it is singularly warm. Allan and I—he sitting on a raft anchored a hundred yards or so away from the bath-houses, I floating, toes higher than eyes, near by—both spoke of it.

"Warm as toast!" Allan slapped the float with a wet palm. "Why don't you sit up here and rest awhile?"

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"Ashamed——"

"Ashamed? Why?"

"My bathing-suit." I let my feet sink and tread water. "You ought to see it—made of muslin, in one piece, with ruffles around the knees. . . . There's such a thing as indecency——"

Allan threw back his head and shouted.

"You needn't laugh. You look like a piece of Christmas candy yourself."

But I climbed up beside him and let the hot sun beat on my back and admired my bare toes in the green water. Nearer the shore, bevvies of people were splashing and screaming and laughing, all of them wearing bathing-suits like our rented atrocities. Certain bold spirits had floated out nearly to the raft, where they drifted, pink, fleshy islands, in a sort of ecstasy. . . . Boatloads of nearly nude families—mothers in wrappers, fathers in trunks, children in nothing at all—flashed across the lake. The bathing-hour at Millstatt was a scene unequalled for Arcadian simplicity. Shrieks rose from the splashed and spanked and glittering water, shrieks echoed from the crowded bath-

houses—and everywhere, dotted over the lake in all directions, pink, fleshy islands, floating, eyes shut to the noonday sun, toes curled in ecstasy. . . .

We lunched in a hotel garden under a roof of clipped lindens, and Allan was late because, he said, he had been sketching the cathedral. He had found a frescoed gate, and was enthusiastic over the twin towers with their onion-bulb roofs that glittered, he explained, like a peacock's tail in the sun.

"I discovered a splendid cloister, too," he said, "with the most pagan-looking pillars—twelfth century, I should say. And there is a cobbled court with a positively hoary linden-tree in the centre. What a jolly time the monks who lived there must have had! You ought to see the wine-cellars under one wing of the convent——"

A waiter carrying four glasses of beer in each hand broke in on Allan's enthusiasm. "Beer?"

"Of course!" And, burying his nose in the creamy foam, he forgot cloisters, arches, towers, and cobbled court.

The garden where we were sitting was crowded; there were fat Hungarian mothers who had come straight from the bath-houses wearing wrappers; there were fat fathers with loud voices chiding rows of fat children; there were neat little girls with sleek, braided hair and pretty, sun-burned arms; there were wild Magyars and fierce Prussians, with waxed mustaches, who ate with their knives; there were Austrian Jews who picked their teeth with a sort of slow voluptuousness, showing too many rings on their first fingers; there were officers in short, tight blue coats and ridiculously high caps, or in brown and yellow with big swords. They all talked at the top of their voices and lounged excessively while they ate and made love in a most intimate and domestic way between each glass of beer. And over this babel of voices and dishes and scurrying waiters the thin, sobbing, slithering notes of a zither, playing, of all things, "Waltz Me Around Again, Willy!"

Late that afternoon, a still golden afternoon, we left Millstatt, and, following a



Bubbling up the steep flanks of the Loibl.—Page 739.

path that clung close to a swift-leaping mountain brook, climbed to a wide, sunny plateau hung two or three hundred feet above Millstatt on the side of the mountain. We walked across a field of high grass and clover, looking down at the lake, an irregular, intensely blue jewel deeply embedded in the circling mountains, where a tiny motor-launch cut a thread-like line from shore to shore. The sun, a gold disk balanced grotesquely on the tip-top of a mountain, like a juggler's ball on the rim of a plate, blazed in our eyes. On the steep slope below us four peasant women in blue skirts were cutting grass with scythes that flashed rhythmically every time they turned to the sun.

Across the field, set snugly in an apple

orchard, we came to a farmhouse, one of those steep-roofed, plastered peasant houses where fifty or more people, sitting at long tables under the trees, were being served by two country girls with coffee and sour milk and steins of creamy beer. It was a coffee-house, the merriest shrine imaginable for an afternoon pilgrimage!

We found a table and sat down in the flecked shadow. There, through an amber sunset gilding half the sky, through a slow and luminous twilight that shrouded the lake and crept up over the pine tops and shrouded us, and climbed higher to snuff out the last faint glow on the topmost tip of the Millstatter Alp, we ate peasant bread thickly sown with raisins,



A. J. Crann

The cathedral at Millstatt.

and drank beer and things, and talked—
and talked. . . .

Honk! Honk! Shriek! Hoot!
“Erdmann!”

nesite works, his works, the result of seven
years of his American energy and cour-
age and ambition—a great factory in the
Austrian wilderness, built in spite of al-
most insurmountable obstacles, endless



A tower of the old monastery at Millstatt.

There he was at the door already, and
breakfast scarcely finished! There he
was, tweed cap and red cheeks and Prus-
sian eyes and gray car, ready to take us
to Radenthein.

Mr. Billard finished his coffee hastily
and drove us all before him to the gate
and into the car. Mr. Billard was always
enthusiastic where his pet hobby was con-
cerned. We were going to see the mag-

red tape, prejudice, labor difficulties, law-
suits—hobby? Well, a pardonable one!

Magnesite, a mineral ore, is quarried
principally in Austria. The ore is pound-
ed, fused in kilns, and then made into
bricks. The bricks are intended to line
ovens used in the manufacture of steel
products. The Austro-American Magne-
site Company's works are at Raden-
thein, in Kärnten, eleven miles, as the



One wing of the cloister.

bird flies, to the nearest railway; the quarries themselves are several thousand feet above Radenthein, in the mountains. The works are connected with both the railway and the quarries by a rope-haul system, a feat of engineering that spans a valley, crosses a river, and swings from mountain to mountain, carrying magnesite in an endless procession of iron buckets slung on a steel cable.

After Mr. Billard, pardonably proud, had shown us the factory and Erdmann's wonderful rotary kilns, and had pointed out from his office windows the town that has sprung up around the new industry, I asked, timidly at first, and finally insistently, to be allowed to ride to the quarries in a bucket.

"I have ordered horses to take you over the mountain," Erdmann objected. "The buckets are not safe."

"Why not?"

"If you should lift your head when you come to a standard, where the buckets pass through a steel catch, you would be decapitated. Neatly, so"—he made a horribly descriptive gesture. "We have

had to forbid the workmen to come down from the quarries in buckets. The other day a headless body was brought into the receiving-room and dumped right at my feet."

"But I won't lift my head when I see a standard. I am never dizzy in high places. I promise to be careful."

"No, Fräulein, it is against orders——"

"Please——"

"Orders——"

"Please! I will take all the blame if I am beheaded. I can't ride a horse—it would be dangerous to send me to the quarries on horseback. Please——"

In the end Allan and I were allowed to make the trip in buckets. Before we started we saw mother, Mabel, and Erdmann set out on horseback. Mother was mounted on a dray-horse, one of those huge, rather Jewish-looking horses with feathers around his ankles, a braided tail, and dimples in his glossy flanks like pockets. He was kittenish, in a mountainous sort of way, and sidled in large circles around the factory yard, puffing out his nostrils like the dragon in "Sieg-

fried." Mother, sitting astride his colossal back with difficulty, looked anxious and very small.

Mabel had a shanky steed with dewy

quarry trail. Mother's last words, as her ponderous steed edged sideways out of the gate, were not encouraging: "I'll never reach the top—not alive!"



One of the towers of the convent.

whiskers on a pink nose, and Erdmann, his long legs nearly touching the ground, had taken command of a furry-looking pony, inconceivably swift and ambitious. We saw them turn out of the yard and disappear in a cloud of dust toward the

Then Mr. Billard took Allan and me back to the starting-room, and we were each stuffed into a bucket and sent off, with a roar and clatter that was very terrifying for a moment, on the dizzy journey by rope-haul from the factory to



Looking down at Millstatt Lake.

the quarries. The last thing I heard was a faint warning hallooed to me: "Be careful at the standards! And don't faint!"

For a few minutes I kept my head lowered, clasping my hands around my knees and curving my back. The bucket moved slowly, swaying very slightly, and I could feel a vibration when I pressed against its metal sides. Then cautiously I raised my head to a level with the rim and peered along the cable.

"A standard!"

Allan, waving both arms in warning from his bucket, suddenly ducked out of sight like a genii in a magic jug. I bent my head again and waited.

Crash!

The bucket swayed like a ship struck by a giant wave, then steadied again.

"All right!" came Allan's faint call.

I straightened up and lifted head and shoulders out of the bucket. I was gliding smoothly and silently over fields, houses, roads, just escaping the plumed tops of trees. I had no sensation of fear or of dizziness. The ground was not so

far away then that it took on an air of remoteness. Recognizing pebbles and clusters of vivid field-poppies, and being barked at by a dog in a farmyard, silenced the unsteady beating of my heart (for it had begun to beat frightfully at that first standard) and permitted me to assume an air of jaunty indifference. I could speak to Allan if I raised my voice to a healthy shout, but we were as far apart, actually, as the two poles! Now and then he warned me to duck, and my bucket swayed and clashed metallically under a standard. The rest of the time I leaned nonchalantly on the rusty rim of my rope-haul aeroplane and watched earth and sky.

We left the valley and began to climb over a forest of pines, often sweeping their tasselled, rustling tips. Looking back, there was a last glimpse of the factory chimneys, the huddled town, and of Mr. Billard waving a tiny speck of white that was probably a handkerchief. Then we topped the ridge of pines, climbed another, and came into sudden, breathtaking sight of a dizzy gulch—the rope,

slightly slack, leapt across the space from hill-crest to hill-crest. . . .

I shut my eyes for a dizzy minute. When I opened them I was slung five hundred feet in the air; the friendly earth, suddenly capricious, had receded to an unbelievable distance, leaving me, suspended by a swaying rope that looked as insecure as a spider's thread, somewhere in the sky. I could see a spinning brook, a white, restless line, far, far below, and trees that looked like Noah's Ark playthings. . . . I clenched my hands, sank on my knees again, and fainted away. . . .

It seemed to me that I drifted endlessly; so that when I really came back to complete consciousness it was something of a shock to find that the bucket had stopped. I looked over the edge—there were the dizzy gulch, the spinning brook, and the diminutive pine-trees. But the bucket hung as motionless as a stage moon. . . .

"Allan!" I screamed suddenly, just to break the baffling silence.

He waved his hat. "We've stopped!" he called.

I could have slapped him for it! . . . We *had* stopped, slung five hundred feet



The dizzy journey by rope-haul from the factory to the quarries of the Austro-American Magnesite Company.

in the air, in the heart of a wilderness of trees and a chaotic, dramatic upheaval of snow-tipped mountains. Stopped! I'm ashamed to say I hung my chin on the rim of my airy prison and wept miserably.

An hour later, stiff and terrified, I heard a faint, ghostly "Halloo!"

Below, on the trail that bordered the spinning brook, a tiny man on a tiny horse was shouting at us through a megaphone. And what we heard, when his voice climbed up to us, was singularly surprising.

"Don't get out!" he had ridden seven miles from Radenthein to say.

Another hour and the bucket jerked spasmodically and started ahead again. We cleared the chasm, climbed another mountain, swung off into space once more, jerked up a rocky slope, and suddenly, with a terrifying clang under a standard, were pitched headlong, one after the other, into Erdmann's arms.

I'm ashamed to say that I was so glad to see him that I kissed him soundly on the end of his nose. . . . But I am more ashamed to say that I never saw the magnesite quarries at all. A lunch had been prepared for us in one of the miner's shacks, and we found mother and Mabel there already, consuming cups of rich coffee and an unbelievable number of fried brook-trout. Mother, absorbed in memories of her ride on the Jewish-looking dray-horse, refused to be impressed by our experience.

"But the bucket stopped—over a ravine—and I fainted!"

"Well, you should have seen that horse! He was as wide as the trail—he bulged, he literally bulged over the edges of precipices. And capricious! He——"

"But the machinery stopped. We might have hung there for days and days, until we starved!"

"And that horse might have tried to climb a tree! No, I don't want to see the quarries, or the miners, or anything else—I want to get back to Millstatt, and this time on foot. But another trout first—I never tasted anything so good—and a cup of coffee. . . ."

We returned to Millstatt by another trail, sending the horses back to Raden-

thein and telephoning Mr. Billard not to expect us at the factory. Following the narrow ridge of a sister mountain, we crossed quite easily to the summit of the Millstatter Alp. We rested there, sitting in a warm pocket, a sort of scooped-out field just under the Hütte, secure from the wind, where we could look out at a universe of snow-tipped mountains, and up at a singularly intimate sky full of scudding, luminous, ragged clouds that scuttled within a few feet of our faces, and down at a turquoise thrown into the forests five thousand feet below—Millstatter-See!

Then we crossed a rocky pasture-land, where some indifferent cows were grazing, entered a sparse wood that thickened as we plunged down through it, grew darker and cooler, leafier, odorous with sweet-fern and winterberries and stripped bark, a forest so mysterious that I watched for gnomes under all the red mushrooms, or swaying on the polished stems of the wild orchids, or riding a squirrel along a pine branch. The trail soon struck up a flirtation with a bouncing brook and kept close at elbow all the way down the mountain, now skipping to one side, now the other, in an excess of good spirits, now pausing dramatically to watch the loved one leap from a cliff in a shower of spray, now sulking fifty feet away in the forest, now lured back by the lilt of her voice, keeping close at her side because separation was near. . . .

We linked arms and pounded steadily down toward Millstatt, twilight silencing our chatter, happily tired, happily young, good friends.

We swung through the little town down to the water's edge and to the old wooden house with towers. Mr. Billard was waiting for us. He had a telegram in his hand.

"Erdmann," he said shortly, "war has been declared between Germany and France. Here is a telegram for you."

Erdmann took the telegram and opened it. A strange look came into his eyes, something remote, inexplicable, as he read the message. He straightened suddenly and put the telegram in his pocket.

"I am called to Berlin. I leave in an hour," he said.

So there was an end to our Arcady!



THE LOVERS AND THE SHINING ONE

By Ernest Thompson Seton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

BLACK slats and masts of trees; glinting water between at times; slushing sounds at the far-away margin; a soft sweet tinkle of the song-sparrow in some blackness; more slushing noises; a little *chirr, chirr*; whistling pinions overhead, gone unexplained—and there was slushing in the margin. Squattering of some duck-bird in the farther gloom, but louder slushing there was in the near margin, and a *chirring* of intercommunion; moving water making zigzag glintings, and confluent blots of near black tree boles; and a louder slushing close by in the margin.

Then silence as the night-walker senses intrusion.

Then dead silence.

A loud *sniff*.

Be wise, O intruder! Be inhumanly gentle, O human watcher! Give off no emanation of fear, be calm. Give off no scent of effort, be stock-still. Give off no air-throb, even of hand-wave, nor head-turn, be as frozen.

The prowler may scent you. He will. He may size you up as a neutral, unless by emotion your irradiants are tintured, and so are made hostile.

SPLASH, SPLASH!!! how it strikes the tense nerve like a blow on a harp-string, like midnight crash of some book on

piano keys, like a blow on the cords of one's hammock. A river-horse plunging you think, but no it is only a muskrat, a muskrat, much less than a rabbit. What a big black sound it seems in the big wide night. Now there is a dulness prevailing.

Have you learned the first rule, the rede of the woodwise: When doubtful turn into a statue, be as frozen. There is safety in freezing. Have you seen the wise cotton-tail baffle most dangers? Then have you seen that his game is this; *freeze, freeze*. Lay low when in doubt; keep silence in danger. This is the rede of the underbrush; this is the deft of the trailwise.

That ton of rock that avalanched into the pool was only a three months' old muskrat, a muskrat as big as a kitten.

Wait, freeze, wait.

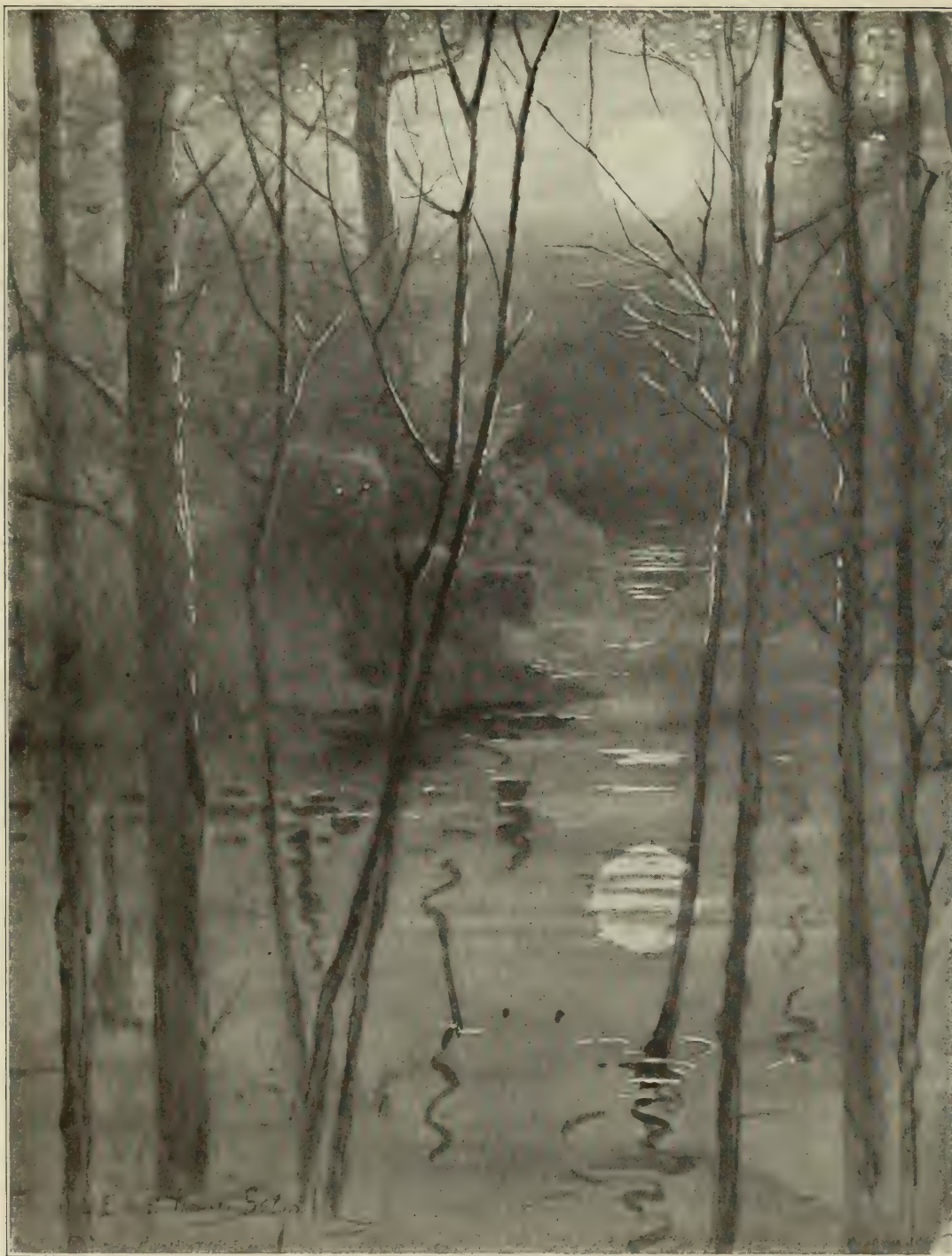
Whistling wings inexplicable passing, now dulness predominant; but freeze.

The long snaky shade of the limb slats, shake shorter. Still freeze. Feel you not the boring eyes, the sense measurement of another thought-centre. You are conscious strongly and sensitive weakly. Yours is not the opalescent iris, therefore freeze, wait and freeze.

He has sized you up. They have sized you up. You are of an abominable kind, but maybe better than your kind, because you wait, freeze and wait.

What is that?

No miracle. Such are of a bygone age



They are signalling; Who are you? friend or foe?—Page 753.

so the blind and the mind-halt assure us. Oh, wonder of the welkin, what divineness is this? How it saffronates the blessed firmament with mellowing effulgency. It upfloods, possessing, intensing. Oh, eye-soothing shimmer. Oh, good irradiance. Oh, harbinger foreglow of some strong one burning behind the hill. How good it is to be alive with eyes to see it. There! Ho, it comes! They call it the Moon—that high glory,

only the Moon! It comes up. How glad I am for such a beautiful miracle. See how it eats holes in the eastern trees. How it burns through them, abolishing the lesser limbs in its way.

Hush! Can you not feel it? Can you not sense that you are being sensed. Very close now.

Cease your cheap mental jangling, quell those overhammered strings, conjure a mental hush; you have forgotten.

That blessed bright one is up higher; her twin sister in the water now, going down as she goes up.

Round the tree boles are sheets of broken glass, now they sparkle and crawl.

See where the long wires of the red willow are entangled, they make a foolish prison for the Shining One. She burns them, they are forgotten.

The lines that sparkle, crawl. When mud and crystal meet they sparkle, where stolidity meets limpidity they crawl.

But wait, freeze, wait.

That squattering on the far bank? No, that is nothing. That scratching on a trunk so placed to make ye moon blind? No, that is little Shaka Skandaway. When they kill him and put his skull in a museum they call him *sciuropterus*, but here he is Shaka Skandaway.

Hush!

Chirr-chirr. They are talking.

Does your heart thump? Surely. They are talking of you. They are deciding. *Chirr-chirr.* You are of no account they agree. You are negative, negligible.

Other noises. All remote. Other things living their lives. Only these close at hand are restrained.

Wait, freeze, wait.

Chirr-chirr-girrr.

Keep still, emanate friendliness.

The big golden arc-light swings higher.

Why does its golden light make all the world so blue?

See that blue bank by the moving blue water.

See the glorious blue vigor of that skunk cabbage.

Hush! What is that dusky bigness that blots out the skunk cabbage. How big! How dusky! It has little blueness. But see! The dull bigness moves this way and two red lamps are shining. It is like a motor-car coming. Yes, you had heard of it, but you did not know it was so. They were vain words to you.

Now you know:—The lamps of the prowler. Now they are gone, now one appears, now two. They are gone.

But see, there are four. What! They separate now. Two bulks of soft bigness.

They pause by the water. They break its blue grayness into glintings and fire. When they dabble it sparkles out light, little lightnings, faint fireflies.

They come nearer.

Jammed against the tree trunk, rugged and rough as a tree trunk, are you, waiting, rigid, waiting.

How you long to sweep the mosquitoes from your face. They are not many but bloodathirst. You must not move. A hand lift would mean hostility.

The big dusky prowlers turn the red lamps on you. They gaze. They turn aside and stand angling. What are they doing? They give the signals. The black mask, the banded tails,—their tribal flag, the badge of the Coon-raccoon folk.

They are signalling: Who are you? friend or foe?

Hush—wait. You have answered, you did not know it; but you emanated the answer "Friend." That is enough.

Wait. They lamp you, they break dull water into sparkles; they slush along the shore, they melt softly. They leap on a frog; they squelch him. (Wait—keep still—keep freezing.) The bigger one has him. The lesser complains. The bigger one drops the meat. The lesser one washes and eats it. The lesser one digs, muttering, then grabs in the mud—a small eel, and chews it, washing off the muck, regales: The big one looking on. Then in the greenish-blue slime he swats a crawfish. The lesser one claims it. He yields uncomplaining. The lesser one *sniffs* apprehensively; then he comes red-eyed toward you. He rumbles in his chest. Why?

This is what he says: "Do not at your peril molest *her*."

Oh, you have guessed their secret. Is not it beautiful, brutish and beautiful?

You wait, freeze, and wait.

The two big blots of movableness are gone, softly sunk in the interlacement. Very quiet.

Oh, be glad for the moon. For a long time after you will remember how brightly it shone to-night. And in the morning you will see tracks on the margin, not very big, but tracks of bare hands and feet, eight of them.



Drawn by Arthur E. Becker.

"The account between us is too long to wait for daylight!"—Page 758.

STRANDED IN ARCADY

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

XIX

IN DURANCE VILE



PRIME stood up, spreading his empty hands in reasonable token of submission.

"If you are an officer of the law we have no notion of resisting you," he said placably. "What is the charge against us?"

"Ye'll be knowin' that weel enough, I'm thinkin'. Whaur's Indian Jules and the Cambon man? Maybe ye can tell me that! Aiblins ye'd better not, though. I'll gie ye fair warnin' that whatever ye say 'll be used against ye."

There seemed to be nothing for it but an unconditional surrender. Prime looked the posse over appraisively as the men composing it moved forward into the circle of firelight. The under-sheriff was what his speech declared him to be—a Scotchman; stubby, square-built, clean-shaven, with a graying fringe of hair over his ears, a hard-lined mouth, shrewd eyes under penthouse brows, and a portentous official frown. His posse men were apparently either "river hogs" or sawmill hands—rough-looking young fellows giving the impression that they would obey orders with small regard for consequences. Prime saw nothing hopeful in the Scotchman's face, but it occurred to him that a too easy yielding might be construed as an admission of guilt.

"I take it that a false arrest and imprisonment is actionable in Canada, as well as in the United States," he threw out coolly, helping Lucetta to her feet. "We'll be glad to have you take us with you—but not as prisoners." And thereupon he briefed for the square-built one the story of the kidnapping and its results.

"And ye're expectin' me to believe any such fule's rubbish as that?" snapped the Scotchman wrathfully when the tale was told.

"You can believe it or not, as you choose; it is the plain truth. We'll go along with you cheerfully, and be grateful enough to you or to anybody who will show us the way out of this wilderness. But, as to the crime you are charging us with, there isn't a particle of evidence, and you know it."

"There's evidence to hang the baith of ye! Ye've admitted that the half-breeds are baith deid; and John Baptist will sweer that ye had their canoe and Cambon's gun. For the matter o' that, ye're not denyin' it, yerself."

"We are merely wasting time," put in Prime quietly. "You evidently have no wish to be convinced; and if you are willing to take the chance of making a false arrest you may have your own way. Let me say first, though, that this lady is just recovering from a severe attack of fever, and you will be held strictly accountable if you make her endure any unreasonable hardships."

"'Tis not for you to make terms," was the irascible rejoinder, and then to his men: "Tie their hands, and we'll be goin'."

"One moment," Prime interposed; and stooping swiftly he caught up the rifle. "You may do anything you please to me, but the first man who lays a hand on the lady is going to get himself killed."

The under-sheriff screwed out a bleak smile at the naïve simplicity of the threat. "And if we say 'Yes,' and truss you up first," he suggested, "what'll ye be doin' then?"

"I shall take your word for it as from one gentleman to another," was Prime's quick concession, and with that he dropped the gun and held out his hands.

They bound him securely with buckskin thongs, and at a word from the Scotch-

*. A summary of the preceding chapters of "Stranded in Arcady" appears on page 4 of the Advertising pages.

man the camp dunnage was gathered up, the fire trodden out, and a shift was made to the river bank. A three-quarter moon, riding high, showed the two captives a large birch-bark drawn out upon the sands. The embarkation was quickly accomplished, the under-sheriff planting himself amidships with his two prisoners, and the four posse men taking the paddles as if they had been bred to it.

After an hour or more of swift downstream gliding the current quickened and a sound like the wind sweeping through the tree-tops warned the voyagers that they were approaching a rapid. At this the canoe was sent ashore and the Scotchman changed places with his bow-man, letting the change stand even after the slight hazard of quick water was passed. Prime soon saw that his new guard was nodding, and bent to whisper to his fellow captive:

"This is mighty hard for you—after yesterday and last night," he protested. "Can't you shift a little and lean against me?"

"I am doing quite well," was the low-toned answer. And then: "What is going to come of all this, Donald?"

"We shall get out of the woods for one thing. And for another we are going to hope that a real court will not be so suspiciously obstinate as this Scotchman. But, whatever lies ahead, we must just stand by and face it out—together. They can't punish us for a crime that we didn't commit."

There was silence for another half-hour, and then Lucetta whispered again.

"Which pocket is your penknife in?" she asked.

"The right-hand pocket of my waistcoat. What are you going to do?"

"I am going to cut the thongs. It is barbarously cruel for them to leave you tied this way!"

"No," he forbade. "That would only make matters worse. The buckskin is not hurting me much. Lean your head against my shoulder and see if you can't get a little sleep."

At the morning breakfast halt Prime tried to extract a bit of geographical information from the Scotchman. It was given grudgingly. During the night they had passed from their own river to the larger

Rivière du Lièvres and they were still twenty-four hours or more from their destination—a place with a long French name that Prime did not catch and which the Scotchman would not repeat. For the first time in their wanderings the two castaways ate a meal that they had not prepared for themselves; and Prime, observing anxiously, was glad to note that Lucetta's wilderness appetite seemed to be returning.

Throughout the day, during which the crew took turns paddling and sleeping, the big birch-bark held to its downstream course. But now the scenery was changing with each fresh looping of the crooked river, the River of the Hares. Recent timber cuttings appeared; the river broadened into lake-like reaches; here and there upon the banks there were lumber camps; in the afternoon a small town was passed, and later the site of another that had been destroyed by a landslide.

With an eye single to his purpose the Scotchman made no noon stop, and the supper fire was built on the right-hand bank of the broadened stream at a spot where there were no signs of human habitation. As at the breakfast, Prime's bonds were taken off to permit him to feed himself, and when the voyage was resumed they were not put on again.

"The wumman tells me ye can't swim, and I'm takin' her word for it," was the gruff explanation. "If ye go overboard in the night, I'll juist lat ye droon."

With his hands free Prime asked if he might smoke. The permission was given, and, since they had confiscated Prime's store of tobacco with the remainder of the dunnage, the Scotchman opened his heart and his tobacco-pouch in the prisoner's behalf, filling his own pipe at the same time. When the dottles were glowing, the under-sheriff thawed another degree or so.

"D'ye mean to tell me that ye're goin' to hold to that rideeculous story of yours in the coort?" he questioned. "It may do for auld Sandy Macdougall, the under-sheriff; but ye'll no be expectin' a jury to listen till it."

Prime laughed soberly. "I wish, for your sake and our own, Mr. Macdougall, that we had a more believable story to

tell. But facts are hard matters to evade. Things have happened to us precisely as I have tried to tell you. We were drugged in Quebec and abducted—carried off in an air-machine, as well as we can reason it out—and that is all there is to it. We don't know any more than you do what we were kidnapped for—or by whom."

"Weel, ye're a main lang ways from Quebec the noo—some twa hunnerd miles or mair. And ye're not dressed for the timmer."

"Hardly," said Prime.

Macdougall jerked a thumb over his shoulder toward Lucetta. "Is the wumman yer wife?"

"No; we are distant cousins, though we had never met before the morning when we found ourselves on the shore of the big lake."

"Ye mean that ye were strangers to each ither?"

"Just that. Up to that moment neither had known of the existence of the other."

The Scotchman stared hard at Prime from beneath his shaggy brows.

"Young man, ye'll juist be tellin' me what's yer business, when ye're not trollopin' round in the timmer with a young wumman that's yer cousin, and that ye never saw or heard of before."

"I am a fiction-writer," Prime admitted, not without some little anxiety as to the effect the statement might have upon the hard-headed under-sheriff.

"Ou, ay! That's it, is it? A story-writer? And, besides that, ye're the biggest fule leevin' to tell it to me. Ye'll no be expectin' me to believe anything ye're sayin', after that! A novel-writer—losh!"

"One of the greatest Scotchmen the world ever saw was a novel-writer," Prime ventured to suggest.

"And it's varra little to his credit, let me tell ye that, young man! 'Tis mair becomin' to Sir Walter that he was sheriff depute o' Selkirkshire and clerk o' the session for abune twenty-five year on end. That's a story for ye!"

Prime saw that he was making no headway with the Macdougall, and after the pipes were out he tried to compose himself to sleep. Some time later on Macdougall changed places with one of the

paddlers, and, seizing her opportunity, Lucetta crept back to take her place beside Prime. They talked in whispers for a while, each trying to cheer the other. The morning of new and more threatening involvements was only a short night distant, and in the light of the month of hardship and mystery they could only fear the worst and hope for the best.

"You must try to get what sleep you can," Prime urged at the last, arranging the nearest blanket-roll for her back-support. "We shall be up against it again in the morning, and we both ought to have clear heads and a good, cold nerve. Snuggle down and shut your eyes. I am going to do the same after I've smoked another pipe."

He kept his word, dropping off shortly after the big canoe had entered a long straight reach with twinkling lights on either shore to prove that the moving world was once more coming within shouting distance. How long he slept he did not know, but when he awoke the canoe was stopped in mid-stream, and was lying stem to stern beside a larger craft, in the hold of which throbbing machinery seemed to be running idle.

Vaguely he gathered the impression that the canoe had been held up by the motor-craft; then he realized that a fierce altercation was going on between a big man who was leaning over the side to grip the gunwale of the birch-bark, and Under-sheriff Macdougall.

"I'll fight it out with you in any court you like, you stubborn blockhead!" Prime heard the big man bellow at Macdougall, and then the canoe was passed swiftly aft, somebody reached over the side and lifted him bodily into the cockpit of the motor-boat, and a moment later he found Lucetta beside him, staring wildly and clinging to him as if he were her only hope.

"Wha-what are they doing to us now?" she quavered, and as she spoke the grumbling machinery in the depths below roared a louder note, and the big motor-craft cut a careening half-circle in mid-stream, leaving the birch-bark to dance and wobble in the converging area of the furrowing bow wave. By this time Prime had shaken himself fully awake. The two deck-hands who had pulled him and

Lucetta aboard had disappeared, and the big man who had been bullying Macdougall was at the wheel. There was a single electric bulb in the centre of the cockpit awning, and by its light Prime had his first good look at the big steersman.

"*Grider!*" he exploded, taking a step toward the man at the wheel; and at that Miss Lucetta Millington drew herself up icily and turned her back.

XX

WATSON GRIDER

PRIME had often made his fictional heroes "see red" in exceptionally vigorous crises, and he was now able to verify the colorful figure of speech in his own proper person. Like a submerging wave the recollection of all that the heartless joke might have meant to a pair of helpless victims—of all that it had actually entailed in hardships and peril and sickness—rushed over him as he faced the handsome young giant at the wheel of the motor-cruiser.

"So it *was* you, after all!" he gritted. Then: "There are some few things that won't keep, Grider. Put this boat ashore where we can have a little more room. The account between us is too long to wait for daylight!"

The barbarian's answer to this was a shout of derisive laughter, and he made a show of putting the small steering-wheel between himself and his belligerent passenger.

"Give me time, Don—just a little time to take it all in!" he gurgled. "Oh, my sainted grandmother! what a perfectly ripping fling you must have had, to make you turn loose all holds like this! And the lady—won't you—won't you introduce me?"

Lucetta faced about, and, if a look could have crippled, the motor-cruiser would have lost its steersman.

"Cousin Donald has tried to tell me about you, but the reality is worse than he or anybody could put into words!" she broke out in indignant scorn. "Of all the inhuman, dastardly things that have ever been done in the name of a practical joke, yours is certainly the climax, Mr. Grider!"

The young man at the wheel pursed his lips as if he were going to whistle; then he appeared to comprehend suddenly and went off in another gust of Hudibrastic mirth.

"I've been figuring it all out as I came along up-river," he choked; "how you had tried to account for yourselves to each other—how you had been wrestling with the lack of all the little civilized knicknacks and notions—how you'd look when you came out. Excuse me, but your—your clothes, you know; you're a pair to make a wooden idol hold his sides and chortle himself to death!"

This seemed to be adding insult to injury, and by this time Prime was speechless, Berserk-mad, as he himself would have written it. Nothing but Lucetta's restraining hand upon his arm kept him from hurling himself, reckless of consequences, upon the heartless jester. When he could control his symptoms sufficiently to find a few coherent words, he contrived to ease the soul-nausea—in some small measure.

"There is another day coming, Grider; don't you lose sight of that for a single minute!" he raged. "I'm not saying anything about myself; perhaps I have given you cause to assume that you can pull off your brutal initiation stunts on me whenever you feel like it. That's all right, but you've overdone the thing this time. Miss Millington's quarrel is my quarrel. If I can't get you in any other way, I'll post you in every club you belong to as the man who plays horse-laugh jokes on women!"

At this outburst Grider only laughed again, appearing to be entirely and quite joyously impervious to either scorn or red rage.

"Perhaps I do owe you both an apology—not for the joke—that is too ripping good to be spoiled—but for breaking your night's rest in that peppery Scotchman's birch-bark," he offered. "If you'll duck under the raised deck, you'll find two dog-kennel staterooms. The port-side kennel is yours, Don, and the other is Miss Millington's. Suppose you turn in and get your nap out. To-morrow morning, if you still feel in the humor for it, you can get together and give me what you seem to think is coming to me.

Shoo! I can't steer this boat and play skittles with you at the same time. Run along to bed—both of you!"

With such a case-hardened barbarian for a host, there seemed to be nothing else to be done, and Prime took Lucetta's arm and helped her down into the tiny cabin. It was lighted, and the doors of the two box-like staterooms were open. Prime felt for the button on the jamb of the right-hand door and Lucetta's sleeping-niche sprang alight. She looked in and gave a little cry of astonishment.

"My suit-cases!" she exclaimed; "the ones I left in the Quebec hotel!"

Prime snapped the opposite switch and looked on his own side. "My auto trunk, too," he conceded sourly. "We didn't need any more evidence, but this is conclusive. Grider has had his horse-laugh, and the least he could do in the wind-up was to bring us our belongings. I suppose we are compelled to be indebted to him for getting us out of the scrape with Macdougall, much as it goes against the grain; but to-morrow we'll settle with him."

Lucetta braced herself in her doorway against the surge and swing of the racing cruiser.

"He doesn't look like a man who could be so wholly lost to all sense of—of the fitness of things, Donald," she ventured, as one who would not be immitigably vindictive.

"He looks, and acts, like a wild ass of the desert!" Prime stormed, in a fresh access of resentment. And then: "You'd best go to bed and get what sleep you can. Heaven only knows what new piece of buffoonery will be sprung upon us to-morrow morning."

She looked up with the adorable little grimace, a copy of which he had long since resolved to wish upon his next and most bewitching heroine.

"I believe you are angry yet," she chided, half in mockery. "I like you best when you don't scowl so ferociously, Cousin Donald. You forget that we have agreed that it wasn't all bad. Good night." And she closed her door.

Turning out of his box-berth the next morning, Prime found the sun shining broadly in at the stateroom port-light. The motor-boat was at rest and the

machinery was stopped. A bath, a shave, and a complete change to fresh haberdashery made him feel somewhat less pugnacious, and stumbling up the companion to the cockpit he saw that the cruiser was tied up at a wharf on the river fringe of a considerable city; saw, also, that Lucetta, likewise renewed as to her outward appearance, was awaiting him.

"Where is Grider?" he demanded shortly.

"He has gone somewhere to get an auto to take us to a hotel."

"What city is this?"

"It is Ottawa. Don't you see the government buildings up there on the hill?"

Prime was silent for a moment. Then he said: "He needn't think he is going to smooth it all over by showing us a few little neighborly attentions. We are back in the good old civilized world once more, and we are not asking any favors of Watson Grider."

"Oh, I shouldn't feel that way, if I were you," she qualified. "He seems very humble and penitent this morning, though he is still twinkly-eyed, and I couldn't make him talk much. He said we'd want to be having our breakfast, and——"

"We don't breakfast with him," was the crabbed rejoinder.

"Why, Donald!" she protested, in a laughing mockery of deprecatory concern. "I believe you are still angry. You really mustn't hold spite, that way. It isn't nice—or Bankhead-y."

He looked her fairly in the eyes. "Don't begin by throwing the old minister ancestor up at me, Lucetta. I can't help the grouch, and I don't know as I want to help it. Every time I think of you lying there under the big spruces, sick and discouraged, suffering for the commonest necessities and with no possible chance of getting them, I want to go out and swear like a pirate and murder somebody. Why doesn't he bring that auto, if he is going to?"

As if the impatient demand had evoked him, Grider appeared on the wharf and beckoned to them. Prime helped his companion up to the string-piece, and had only a scowl for their late host as Grider led the way to the street and a

waiting auto. The barbarian stood aside while Prime was putting Lucetta into the car and clambering in after her. Then he took the seat beside the driver, and no word was said until the car was stopped before the entrance of an up-town hotel, where Grider got down to open the tonneau door for the pair on the rear seat.

"You'll want to have your first civilized breakfast by yourselves and I shan't butt in," he offered good-naturedly. "Later on, say about ten o'clock, I'll be glad to see you both in the ladies' parlor—if you can forgive me that far."

Prime made no reply, but after they were seated in the comfortable breakfast-room and were revelling in their surroundings and in the efficient service he broke out again.

"Grider still has his brass-bound nerve with him; to ask us to meet him! I'd see him in kingdom-come first, if I wasn't spoiling to tell him a few things."

"Perhaps he wishes to try to explain," came from the less vindictive side of the table-for-two. "Think a moment, Cousin Donald: you two have been friends and college chums, and—and Mr. Grider has been brotherly good to you in times past, hasn't he? And I don't want you to quarrel with him."

"Why don't you?"

"Because you have said enough to make me understand that you are doing it for my sake. That won't answer at all, you know."

"I don't see why it won't," Prime objected with sudden obtuseness.

"For the best possible reason; there is another woman to be considered. Sooner or later she will hear that you have broken with your best friend on account of a—a person she has never even heard of, and there will be consequences."

"Oh, if that is all"—and then he laughed. "You are either the most childlike bit of femininity the world has ever seen—or the most wilfully blind, Lucetta."

"Cousin Lucetta," she corrected. "We are back among the conventions, now."

He took the implied readjustment of their relations rather hard.

"That wasn't worthy of you," he protested warmly. "We have been too

much to each other in the past month to go back of the returns in that way, don't you think?"

"I can tell better what I think after I have climbed down into my little groove in the girls' school," she returned half-absently, and beyond this the talk concerned itself with their plans for the immediate future, Prime still insisting that he meant to see his table companion safely home and setting the difficulties and objections aside as one who had a perfect right to do so.

When the leisurely meal was finished Prime pushed his chair back and glanced at his watch.

"It is nearly ten o'clock," he announced. "Shall we go and meet Grider? Or shall we give him the cold shoulder he so richly deserves and go hunt up the railroad time-tables? It is for you to say."

She decided instantly.

"I think we ought to go and hear what Mr. Grider has to say for himself. We owe him that much for rescuing us from that terrible old Scotch under-sheriff."

And together they sought the hotel parlors.

XXI

THE FAIRY FORTUNE

MR. WATSON GRIDER was not alone when they found him. He was sharing a sofa in the public parlor with an elderly little gentleman whose winter-apple face was decorated with mutton-chop whiskers and wreathed in smiles—the smiles of a listener who has just heard a story worth retailing at the dinner-table.

The two stood up when Prime led his companion into the room; and Grider did the honors.

"Miss Millington, let me introduce Mr. Shellaby, an old friend of my father's and the senior member of the firm of Shellaby, Grice, and Shellaby, solicitors. Mr. Shellaby—Miss Millington and Mr. Donald Prime."

The little gentleman adjusted his eyeglasses and looked the pair over carefully. Then the twinkling smile hovered again at the corners of the near-sighted eyes.

"Are you—ah—are you aware of your

relationship to this young lady, Mr. Prime?" he asked.

Prime made a sign of assent. "We figured it out one evening over our campfire. We are third cousins, I believe."

"Exactly," said Mr. Shellaby, matching his slender fingers and making a little bow. "Now another question, if you please: Mr. Grider tells me that you have just returned from a most singular and adventurous experience in the wilds of the northern woods. This experience, I understand, was entirely involuntary on your part. Have you—ah—formulated any theory to account for your—ah—abduction?"

Prime glanced at Grider and frowned.

"We know all we need to know about that part of it," he rejoined curtly. "Mr. Grider is probably still calling it a practical joke; but we call it an outrage."

The little man smiled again. "Exactly," he agreed; and then: "Do you happen to know what day of the month this is?"

Prime shook his head.

"We have lost count of the days. I kept a notched stick for a while, but I lost it along toward the last."

Mr. Shellaby waved them to chairs, saying: "Be seated, if you please; we may as well be comfortable as we talk. This is the last day of July. Does that mean anything in particular to either of you?"

Lucetta gave a little cry of surprise.

"It does to me," she said quickly. "Did you—did you put an advertisement in a Cleveland newspaper addressed to me, Mr. Shellaby?"

"We did; and we also advertised for the heirs of Roger Prime, of Batavia, New York. We believed at the time that it was a mere matter of form; in fact, when we drew his will our client informed us that there would most probably be no results. He was of the opinion that neither Roger Prime nor Clarissa Millington had left any living children."

"Your client?" Prime interrupted. "May we ask who he is?"

"Was," corrected the small man gravely. "Mr. Jasper Bankhead died last January. You didn't know him, I'm sure; quite possibly you have never heard of him until this moment."

"We both know of him," Prime amended. "He was my great-uncle, and a cousin of Miss Millington's grandmother. He was scarcely more than a family tradition to either of us, however. We had both been told that he went west as a young man and was never heard of afterward."

Mr. Shellaby nodded soberly.

"Mr. Bankhead was a rather peculiar character in some respects; quite eccentric, in fact. He accumulated a great deal of property in British Columbia—in mining enterprises—and it was only in his latter years that he came here to live. We drew his will, as I have said. He was without family, and he left the bulk of his estate—something over two millions—to various charities and hospitals. There were other legacies, to be sure, and among them one which was to be divided equally between, or among, the direct heirs, if any could be discovered, of Clarissa Millington and Roger Prime."

"And if no such heirs could be found?" Prime inquired.

"Our client was quite sure that they wouldn't be found. It seems that he had previously had some inquiries made on his own account. For that reason he placed a comparatively short time limit upon our efforts and prescribed their form. We were to advertise in certain newspapers, and if there should be no answer within six months of the date of his death the legacy in question was to revert to his private secretary, a young man who had served him in many capacities, and who was, by the by, already generously provided for in a separate bequest."

Lucetta's gray eyes lighted suddenly and she spoke with a little catching of her breath.

"The name of that young man, Mr. Shellaby, is Horace Bandish, isn't it?" she suggested.

"Quite so," nodded the little man; and then, with the amused twinkle returning to point the bit of dry humor: "I am sorry to have to spoil your estimate of Mr. Grider's capabilities as a practical joker; yes, very sorry, indeed; but I'm afraid I must. Bandish was your kidnapper, you know, and it is owing entirely to Mr. Grider's energetic efforts that the

fellow is at present safely lodged in the Ottawa jail awaiting indictment and trial. In order that he might be certain of adding your legacy to his own, he meant to deprive you both of any possible opportunity of communicating with us before the 31st of July. The young woman who calls herself his wife was his accomplice, but she has disappeared. Mr. Grider can give you the details of the plot better than I can."

"Then Grider didn't—then the legacy is ours?" Prime stammered, clutching manfully for handholds in the grapple with this entirely new array of things incredible.

"Precisely, Mr. Prime; yours and Miss Millington's. There will be some legal formalities, to be sure, but Mr. Grider assures us that you can comply with them. Compared with Mr. Bankhead's undivided total, the amount of the legacy is not great; some two hundred thousand dollars, less the costs of administration, to be divided equally between you if you prove to be the only surviving heirs direct of the two persons named in the will."

Prime turned slowly upon his companion castaway.

"You said you wanted enough, but not too much," he reminded her solemnly. "I hope you're not disappointed, either way. At all events, you'll never have to cook for a man again unless you really wish to, and you can have your wish about the world travel, too."

"And you can have yours about the writing of the leisurely book," she flashed back; "about that, and—and——"

Prime's laugh ignored the presence of Grider and the lawyer.

"And the imaginary girl, you were going to say? Yes; I shall certainly marry her, if she'll have me."

Mr. Shellaby was on his feet and bowing again.

"I think I have said all that needs to be said here and now," he concluded mildly. "If you will excuse me, I'll go. We are a rather busy office. Later, Mr. Grider may bring you to us and we can set the legal machinery in motion. I congratulate you both very heartily, I'm sure," and he shook hands all around and backed away.

When they were left alone with the barbarian Prime wheeled short upon him.

"Watson, will you raise your right hand and swear that this isn't another twist in your infernal joke?" he demanded. "Because, if it is——"

Grider fell back into the nearest chair and chuckled like a fat boy at a play.

"If it only were!" he gloated. "Wouldn't it be rich? Oh, Great Peter! why didn't I think of it in time and run a sham lawyer in on you? It would have been as easy as rolling off a log. Unhappily, Don, it's all too true. I didn't invent it—more's the pity!"

Prime stood over the joker, menacing him with a clenched fist. "If you want to go on living and spending your swollen fortune, you'll tell us all the ins and outs of it," he rasped, in well-assumed ferocity.

"I was only waiting for an invitation," was the laughing rejoinder. "When you didn't turn up in Boston to go motoring with me I ran over to New York and broke into your rooms. On your desk I found a telegram purporting to have come from me at Quebec. Since I hadn't wired you from Quebec, or anywhere else, I began to ask questions. Your janitor answered the first one: you had already gone to Canada. I couldn't imagine what was going on, but it seemed to be worth following up, so I took the next train for Quebec."

"And you didn't wire ahead?" said Prime.

"No; it didn't occur to me, but it wouldn't have done any good. Your disappearance was two days old when I reached Quebec. You weren't missed much, but Miss Millington was; the school-teachers were milling around and raising all sorts of a row. But in another day it quieted down flat. Somebody started the story that you two had run off together to get married; that it had been all cut and dried between you beforehand."

"That was probably a part of the plot—to account for us in that way," Lucetta put in.

"No doubt it was," Grider went on. "But the elopement story didn't satisfy me. I knew there wasn't any reason in the wide world why Don shouldn't get married openly, if he could find any girl foolish enough to say 'yes,' so I simply

discounted the gossip and wired for detectives. A very little sleuth work developed the fact that each of you had been seen last in company with one of the Bandishes. That gave us a sort of a clew, and we began to trail Mr. Horace Bandish and dig up his record."

"And while you were doing all this for us, we . . . honestly, Mr. Grider, I am ashamed to tell you what we were saying of you," said the young woman in penitent self-abasement.

"Oh, that was all right. In times past I had given Don plenty of material of that sort to work on; only I wish I had known how you were looking at it—that you were charging it all up to me. It would have lightened the gloom immensely. But to get on: we trailed Bandish, as I say, and found that he had had an aeroplane shipped to him at Quebec a few days before your arrival there. That looked a bit suspicious, and a little more digging made it look more so. The 'plane had been unloaded and carted away, and a few days later had been brought back and shipped to Ottawa. That left a pretty plain trail, but still there was no evidence of criminality."

"Of course, you didn't know anything about the legacy, at that stage of it?" Prime threw in.

"Not a thing in the world. More than that, Bandish's record was decently good. We found that he had been a sort of general factotum for a rich old man, and had been left comfortably well off when his employer died. There was absolutely no motive in sight; no reason on earth why he should drug a couple of total strangers and blot them out. Just the same, I was confident that he had done it, and that I should eventually find you by keeping cases on him. So I dropped the detectives, who were beginning to give me the laugh for being so pig-headed about an ordinary elopement, gathered up your belongings on the chance that you'd need 'em if I should make good in the search for you, and came here to Ottawa to keep in touch with Bandish."

Prime's smile was grim. "You were taking a lot of trouble for two people who were just about that time calling you all the hard names in the category," he interposed.

"Wasn't I?" said the barbarian with a grin. "But never mind about that. I came here, as I said, and settled down to keep an eye on Horace. For quite some time I didn't learn anything new. I found that Bandish was a club man, well known and rather popular; also that he was an amateur aviator and had made a number of exhibition flights. Everybody knew him and everybody seemed to like him. In the course of time we met at one of the clubs, and I watched him carefully when we were introduced. If he had sent the forged telegram it was proof that he knew me by name, at least. But he never made a sign."

"It was about a week later than this when I stumbled upon Mr. Shellaby and got my first real clew in the story of the legacy muddle. Of course that opened all the doors, and after that I laid for Horace like a cat watching a mouse. Before long I could see that he was growing mighty nervous about something, and the next thing I knew he turned up missing. Right there I lost my head and wasted two whole days trying to find out which railroad he had taken out of town. Late in the evening of the second day I learned, by the merest bit of bull-headed luck, that he had gone up the Rivière du Lièvres in a motor-launch. I had a quick hunch that that motor-launch was pointing in your direction, and that it was up to me to chase him and find you and get you back here before the thirty-first. Three hours later I had borrowed the *Sprite* and was after him."

"He found us," said Prime, rather grittingly. "We had stopped to patch our canoe, and he came up in the night and cut another hole in it. I mistook him for you—which was the chief reason why I didn't take a pot-shot at him as he was running away."

"I knew I had no chance to overtake him," Grider went on, "but it seemed a safe bet that I'd get him coming out. I did; captured him, took him ashore, built a fire, and told him I was going to roast him alive if he didn't come across with the facts. He held out for a while, but finally told me the whole of it: how he had figured to get you two together in Quebec after he had learned that you, Miss Millington, were due to be there

with the teachers. You see, he knew all about you—both of you. As Mr. Bankhead's secretary he had made, at Mr. Bankhead's dictation, all the former inquiries, and, of course, had carefully kept the answers from reaching the old gentleman. With a little more cooking he told me how he and the woman had drugged you both, after which he had carried you in the 'plane to the shore of some unpronounceable lake in the north woods."

"What did he mean to do?—let us starve to death?" Prime asked.

"Oh, no; nothing so murderous as that! He had it all doped out beforehand. There is a Hudson Bay post on one of the streams flowing into the lake, and he had arranged with a couple of half-breed canoe-men to happen along and pick you up and bring you back, stipulating only that they should kill time enough to make the return trip use up the entire month of July. As the fatal date drew near, he grew uneasy and made the launch trip to see to it personally that you were not getting along too fast. He found your camp and cut your canoe merely to add a little more delay for good measure. He couldn't tell me what had become of his half-breeds."

Prime laughed. "I suppose the old Scotch under-sheriff told you, didn't he?"

"He tried to tell me that you and Miss Millington had assassinated the two men and stolen their canoe and outfit. You didn't do that?—or did you?"

"Hardly," Prime denied. Then he told the story of the finding of the dead men, capping it with an account of the chance visit of Jean Baptiste.

Grider left his chair and took a turn up and down the room.

"It was a great adventure," he declared, coming back to them. "Some day you are going to tell me all about it, and the kind of a time you had. I'll bet it was fierce—some parts of it, anyway. I can't answer for you, Miss Millington; but what Don doesn't know about roughing it is—or used to be—good and plenty."

"You sent Bandish back to town after you were through with him?" Prime inquired.

"Yes. I had taken a pair of handcuffs along, just on general principles, and I

lent him my engineer to run the launch. Afterward, I kept on up-stream in the *Sprite*, hoping to meet you coming down; and hoping against hope that we would be able to beat the calendar back to Ottawa."

"We never should have beaten it if the old Scotchman hadn't taken a hand," was Prime's comment. "He saved us at least a full day."

Grider was edging toward the door. "I guess you don't need me any more just now," he offered. "I'm due to go and thank the good-natured lumber king who lent me the *Sprite*. By and by, after the dust has settled a bit, I'll come around and show you where Mr. Shellaby holds forth."

"One minute, Mr. Grider," Lucetta interposed hastily. "We can't let you go without asking your forgiveness for the way in which we have been vilifying you for a whole month, and for what we both said to you last night. I must speak for myself, at least, and——"

"Don't," said Grider, laughing again. "It's all in the day's work. As it chanced I wasn't the goat this time, but that isn't saying that I mightn't have done something quite as uncivilized if you had given me a chance. You two gave me one of the few perfect moments of a rather uneventful life last night when you made me understand that you were giving me credit for the whole thing—as a joke. I only wish I could invent one half as good. And that reminds me, Don; can you—er—do you think you'll be able to put a real woman into the next story?"

For some few minutes after the barbarian had ducked and disappeared a stiff little silence fell upon the two he had left behind. In writing about it Prime would have called it an interregnum of readjustment. He had gone to a window to stare aimlessly down into the busy street, and Lucetta was sitting with her chin in her cupped palms and her eyes fixed upon the rather garish pattern of the paper on the opposite wall. After a time Prime pulled himself together and went back to her.

"It is all changed, isn't it?" he said, in a rather flat voice. "Everything is changed. You are no longer a teacher, working for your living. You are an

heiress, with a snug little fortune in your own right."

She looked up at him with the bright little smile which had been brought over intact from the days of the banished conventions.

"Whatever you say I am, you are," she retorted cheerfully. "Only I can't quite believe it yet—about the money, you know."

"You'd better," he returned gloomily. "Besides, it is just what you said you wanted—neither too little nor too much: one hundred thousand at a good, safe six per cent will give you an income of six thousand a year. You can travel on that for the remainder of your natural life."

"Easily," she rejoined. "And you can write the leisurely book and marry the girl. Perhaps you will be doing both while I am getting ready to go on my travels. You won't insist upon going back to Ohio with me now, will you? You—you ought to go straight to the girl, don't you think?"

"You are forgetting that I said she was an imaginary girl," he parried.

"You said so at first; but afterward you admitted that she wasn't. Also, you promised me you would show me her picture after we should get out of the woods."

"I have never had her picture," he denied. "I said I would show you what she looks like. Come to the window where the light is better."

She went with him half-mechanically. Between the two windows there was an old-fashioned pier-glass set in the wall. Before she realized what he was doing he had led her before the mirror.

"There she is, Lucetta," he said softly; "the only girl there is—or ever will be."

She started back with a little cry, putting out her hands as if to push him away.

"No, Donald—a thousand times no!" she flashed out. "Do you think I don't know that this is only another way of telling me how sorry you are for me? You know well enough what people will say when they hear how we have been

together for a whole month, alone; and in your splendid chivalry you would——"

He did not let her finish. The hotel parlor was supposed to be a public room, but he ignored that and took her in his arms.

"From the first day, Lucetta, dear—from the very first day!" he argued passionately. "And it grew and grew with your absolute, your simply angelic trust in me until I was half-mad with the desire to tell you. But I couldn't tell you then; I couldn't even let you suspect and still be what you were believing me to be. Don't you think you could learn, in time, you know, to—to——"

Her face was hidden, but she made her refusal quite positive.

"No, Donald, I can never learn it—again. Because, you see, in spite of the other girl I was believing in—that you made me believe in—I— Oh, it was wicked, *wicked!*—but I couldn't help it! And all the time I was sc-scared perfectly frantic for fear you would find it out!"

"You were, were you?" he laughed happily. "Perhaps I did find it out—just a little. . . ."

It was something like an hour later, and an overruling Providence had graciously preserved the privacy of the public parlor for them during the entire length of the precious interval, when Prime looked at his watch and said: "Heavens, Lucetta! it's nearly noon! Let's go quickly and beard the Shellaby in his den before he goes to luncheon. The fairy fortune may escape us yet if we don't hurry up and nab it."

She had risen with him, and her eyes were shining when she lifted her face and let him see them.

"As if the money, or anything else in this world, could make any difference to either of us now, Donald, dear!" she protested, with a fine scorn of such inconsequent things as fairy fortunes.

And Prime, seeing the unashamed love in the shining eyes, joyously agreed with her.

THE END.

THE NASSAU INN

By John Peale Bishop

NIGHT and rain—a silver grating on the night;
Rain, and the wet leaves sobbing beneath my feet;
The small inn waits across the sodden leaves,
Silence at its doors and darkness in the eaves.

The iron lanterns, aureoled with light,
Smear the pavements with gold and the wet street
With silver: you would say that fold on fold
Night was being unravelled into gold.

Midnight, deadened like repeated rhyme,
Sounds from Old North. . . . I were best in bed.
It's a cold drizzle . . . and the soundless dead
Go groping past and melt into the inn.

Here came the fops and gallants of old time
In the great morning of the Rights of Man,
Black redingotes and white curled collars to the chin,
The bronze hair tossed in a style republican,

Or in the manner of the Corporal
Who fed men's hearts with fire from Italy,
Stringy and black, smeared with *huile antique*
To lie like a spaniel's ears along the cheek.

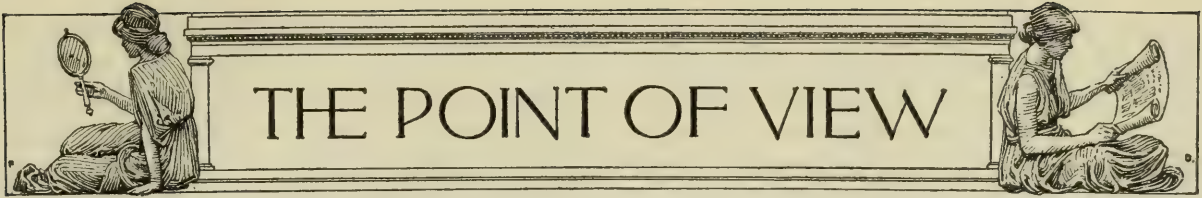
Huge shadows wavered over the rough wall;
Rich firelight swam into the wine to die;
With snaps of silver the glasses shone and touched,
Freedom was thundered, lyric passion smutched.

Here I should have come under a black cape,
A gold silk waistcoat winking in the folds,
And slipping into the quietest of seats
Unpocketed in boards of drab—John Keats.

Then, letting the black edge of my mantle drape
Over one arm—while silver tapped with snuff—
Crumpling my brows as when a grandam scolds,
Read silently each page and sneezed, "What stuff!"

Oh, they were brave lads and they bravely dreamed,—
What matter if they drank and gamed and died?
They dared to dream that man might still be free,
And pledged in bitter claret—Liberty.

And me on whom that heavenly dawn has gleamed
As sunset only—me they hail in pride,
Brother, whenever the rain's slow parallels meet
In shining pallors through the shadowy street.



THE POINT OF VIEW

How to Pretend
to Know the Birds

IT is the fashion where I estivate to know the birds or else to pretend to. For the conscientious this is a hard prescription which entails suffering. The anguish, for example, that the true bird student, old in experience, feels over the hopelessness of ever knowing the multitudinous warblers apart, though all out of proportion to the space occupied in the universe by these tiny creatures whose flittings are not even visible to the untrained eye, is genuine. It serves to warn the light-minded not to take ornithology seriously; to join the pretenders who acquire the art of jumping to conclusions in social exchange with bird-lovers. The ungodly result is that they are quite as likely to be correct as the honest inquirers.

To pretend successfully is merely a matter of keeping one's eyes and ears open and using common sense. Begin with robins—anything biggish hopping about, with rather rude manners toward bird and man, is a robin. If you cannot see one, but hear a persistent note, called by the amiably disposed cheerful, it is his voice proclaiming indifference to the weather and you. The other familiar bird is the sparrow. But if you are not in the city it is not an English sparrow. There only is found this poor little pest which never hears a good word for itself unless the winter is so cold and dreary that any suggestion of feathers is warming to the soul. In the country, ninety times out of a hundred, you are listening to a song sparrow. A spontaneous burst of gladness, if it opens with three notes all alike, is his. Be sure to count three notes! He may try to fool you—give only two—hesitate—then the last—then the ripple of joy. I have known him—the rascal!—to suppress one of the three. But you assume it. There are over thirty other sparrows and it might be just your luck, walking with a bird shark, to come upon one of them. Never mind! There are easy keys. A sparrow chipping is a chipping sparrow. A sharp-tailed is a sharp-tailed; a black-throated, a black-throated. It is very simple. Catch a

glimpse of two white tail-feathers, you have a vesper. A scale running down softly in the bushes is the song of the field. If a sparrow without special markings, his note unfamiliar, flits across the road, be a man! Call him a swamp, fox, or tree, according to impulse. You are quite as likely to be right as your earnest companion. But be firm! Only he who knows hesitates.

Why want to know all the birds? You don't people. Friends are enough at close range; celebrities from afar. Books and opera-glasses, hours crouching in silent semblance of rocks and trees, are very well for those who like them. But a good playing knowledge (nicer than working) of the little creatures that one loves more romantically for not knowing them all by name, may be acquired in an upright position. It is not inhibited by conversation or other human pursuits.

There are simple rules. If something sitting on a telephone-wire is wiggling its tail, it is a phœbe. If it keeps its tail still, it is a pewee. But did you ever know it to? If it is ever so much smaller, don't peer into the sun's rays! Call it a chebec! Especially if it says something not in the least like that, for it is named for its note. No bird says what is attributed to it by the authorities. Some vandal from Boston undoubtedly was conscientious in nicknaming the silver-tongued, white-throated sparrow "Peabody." Scarcely a bird has escaped a misnomer. If your phœbe is larger than usual and flashes a white breast, he is a king-bird. To make sure, isn't he picking a fight with some much bigger bird? Of course, if the bird chats while jerking his tail, he is a chat.

Miauling and crude attempts to mimic other bird-songs identify the catbird. But if you are in a berry pasture and a grove of pines is near, he is a brown thrasher instead. The books state that the latter sings better. Your opinion is not asked. And about the robin, by the way! He may not be a robin. He may be a red-eyed vireo; he has only to be more monotonous, sing high in the tree

and keep exasperatingly out of sight. The oriole can speak like a robin too, only more vociferously. But he is known by a marvelous flash of burnished brass and his incorrigible habit of feeding gluttonously upon worms in their cosy nest.

A disagreeable squawk heralds the fact that a flicker is to infest some tree with his malodorous abode. But a large bird showing a white rump in flying is not necessarily he. It may be a meadow-lark. You will not see the latter so often, but the contrast is made strong by his sweet, long-drawn two syllables. A hawk! Of course! No other bird shakes out his wings lightly and then just gets on and rides. Night-hawks (not hawks) you know by their snore. A barrel of noise in a pint of bird is a wren—well enough once in a way, but warranted to get on the nerves of the weary-hearted to whom life is not one grand hullabaloo. The blue-bird is blue; the indigo bunting bluer. That which shrieks like a jay is one. The chickadee really says so. There again is a chance to be delightfully cheated. One bitter February morning I opened a sunny window and admitted the startling greeting, "Phoebe!" It was that of the chickadee, with intonation far more melodious than the copy.

The gurgling, rollicking chortle of bobolinks becomes as familiar as the robin's word of cheer. If telephone-wires are in sight you can teach your youngest to count to a hundred in barn swallows or in goldfinches. There are handy guides to woodpeckers and their kin. If they creep up trees, they are they, unless they are creepers. But if they do it upside down, they are nut-hatches. These do not include that woodchuck I once saw waddling down a trunk. A woodchuck is not a bird, but a titmouse is. A sprague pipit I never saw. Should I know it from a fall pippin? I think I should. Hammering, when there is no one else about, means a woodpecker. The downy or the hairy? No matter! Nobody ever seems to be able to say which is which without warning. You will not see much red in plumage. If you do, it is the coat of the scarlet tanager. Thrushes you will distinguish by song rather than suit. If a strain sends you down on your knees as instinctively as if you had entered a cathedral, the hermit is singing. The wood-thrush's song is the same, only you listen standing. "Fairy sleigh-bells" are rung by the Wilson thrush, or veery,

and, different though he is, he never forgets that he is a thrush. When you are waiting upon these wood songsters, probably you will be rudely interrupted by the rasping call, "Teacher! Teacher!" The ovenbird demands attention. Don't hunt for his fascinating roofed house on the ground—that is, if you would really like to see it. If you don't look, you may come across it. Nests can be as perverse as other things. The only way to find them is to cast a casual glance in among the vegetation, assuring yourself the while that the idea of search is remote from your mind. By that method the chances are that you will find a rare one—say, on a pine bough, a brown thrasher's, with five bluish eggs thickly dotted with brownish red; or, on the ground, a bobolink's, or a meadow-lark's carefully arched over. These are elusive, but not uncommon when one is not looking. The most satisfactory is the night-hawk's, because he doesn't build any. The eggs lie on a rock and look so much like it—as does the young bird—that they seldom are noticed. Probably it is not given to every one, as it was to me, to watch a baby night-hawk emerge from its shell into the light and warmth of a summer's day on this earth.

The medley of bird-songs readily resolves itself to those who listen just because they like to. It is not necessary to study if you are constitutionally out of sympathy with book learning; too lazy to carry guides and opera-glasses; too near-sighted or weak-eyed to enjoy gazing at birds in their inevitable position, between you and the sun. More than a speaking acquaintance comes, like many another good thing in this life, in the course of ordinary living. Even the bird sharks never learn the names or songs of all of them. It is to be hoped that such an achievement is impossible. No more surprises from the little creatures whisking by! No more doubt whether you are viewing a pine siskin or a pipsissewa! Yes, one of these is a flower. But which? The eternal question!

IF they escape death by drowning, fishermen are a long-lived race. As is true of the quarry they seek, their years are greater than the years of most dwellers of the earth. The life of a horse is seldom longer than a quarter of a century. Dogs

Fishing and
Longevity

and cats are in their dotage at eighteen. Eagles, ravens, and parrots live perhaps for one hundred years. Elephants, too, live to a mighty age, as do tortoises, so it is said. It is affirmed that Indian elephants have been known to attain the age of one hundred and fifty years.

Ponce de Leon cannot be considered over-foolish when he made his search for the fountain of eternal youth. Water seems to have the property of prolonging the lives of its dwellers. For how many years whales live nobody can say with certainty, but the opinion of naturalists, based on the layers of bone in the jaws of certain large species, is that the longevity of whales may be upward of four hundred years. And we know that some fresh-water fishes, carp and pike, attain a marvellous length of life. The petted carp in the monastery ponds of Europe have been known to rival the elephant in longevity and to have lived for one hundred and fifty years.

Anglers, particularly salmon and trout fishermen, are mostly a wet race. A Spanish proverb asserts that "he who catches trout has wet feet." It may be somewhat fanciful to affirm that soggy extremities lead to longevity, but if you search the records for long lives you will find that in Great Britain, and here also, on this side of the Atlantic, length of days has been granted to many of those who were ardent fishermen. Walton himself died in his ninetieth year, and there is an extensive list of English trout and salmon fishermen who lived beyond the age granted to most men. Doctor Nowell, whom Walton refers to as a lover of angling, lived to ninety-five, "having neither his eyesight, his hearing, or his memory impaired." Thomas Parr is frequently referred to as one of the longest of English lives. Somewhat legendary is the one hundred and fifty-two years accredited to that ancient gentleman. But "ye olde, ye very olde man" is said to have been a salmon fisherman, and it may be that he did live for more than fifteen decades.

The longest of English lives is that ascribed to Henry Jenkins. He was the most skilful trout and salmon fisherman of his time, and when far past the century milestone boasted of his skill with the fly. In his American edition of "The Complete Angler," Doctor Bethune calls attention to

the amazing life of Henry Jenkins. At a court of justice Jenkins gave his testimony and made oath to the age of one hundred and twenty years. Evidence was at hand that Jenkins was in excellent health and that during the preceding fishing season he had daily wielded a heavy salmon rod, and salmon rods in those days were ponderous wands. Doctor Bethune states that Jenkins "lived to the age of one hundred and ninety-six years."

In America we have the "Father of American pisciculture," Doctor Theodatus Garlick, who died in his eighty-first year. The list of long lives among American anglers could be extended indefinitely, including the actor Joseph Jefferson, the writer William C. Prime, angling editor William C. Harris, Henry Ward Beecher, Grover Cleveland, etc., etc. The writer of this article had recently the pleasure of accompanying a clergyman on a fishing trip who, in descending into a rugged ravine, remarked: "A man upward of eighty-eight has to be more careful than you youngsters." And a skilful fly fisherman in Ulster County, New York, was met near the streamside, and, in answer to an inquiry as to his age said, "I have fished this stream for sixty years and I am now in my ninetieth year."

Aside from the rather fanciful suggestion that wet feet bring longevity, there are sounder reasons why anglers are granted long lives. The man who spends his vacations at fashionable resorts, lounging indolently on the porches of hotels and at cards or billiards at night, or dancing into the small hours, is not laying up a store of future health. The fisherman rises early; he is at his sport before the dew has evaporated from the streamside grasses. Throughout the long day he is in the open air, and so absorbed in his pleasant labors that every trouble and vexation has passed from his mind. While not over strenuous, his exercise is constant, and the purest air is found at the margin of river, lake, or sea. He returns to his hostelry or camp with a digestion which is equal to baked beans and fried salt pork, and before ten o'clock he has dropped into dreamless slumber. Could any physician suggest a more recuperative recreation?

There are other paths to health connected with angling and which are not generally considered. The sport is one that becomes so much a part and parcel of the angler that

even during the "off season" it gives him an absorbing hobby, lifting his mind from business worries and occupying his attention to the exclusion of his troubles. If he be skilful with his hands he makes his own rods or repairs his tackle or, perhaps, constructs his own flies. At all events, he is constantly planning his next campaign, looking over catalogues, and exchanging views with other anglers. All this is healthful and conduces to that quietness of mind which leads to length of days.

Nor has what has been said a tithe of all that can be said concerning the healthfulness of the sport of angling. When other men affirm that it is impossible for them to leave the daily grind of their tasks, the angler laughs in his sleeve and somehow conjures a "day off" now and then or boldly slips away for a full week or month at a time. Fishing compels her devotees to drop everything and follow the gentle mistress. She will not be denied. Her flowing watery garb holds enchantments that compel. Perforce the angler packs his grip and buys his railroad ticket, and his daily place among men is vacant until he returns, his face browned, his eyes sparkling, and his heart, mind, and spirit refreshed.

This I know is an age of petrol, dusty roads, and "carriages without horses"—an age when the favored multitude take their exercise by proxy of swiftly turning wheels, and their air more or less mixed with the dirt of roads or, in cities, polluted with the gases of the motor. There are a minority, however, who, if they use wheels, use them to deliver their persons and rods beside some sweet running water, some sky-reflecting lake, or near where the surf pounds white upon the seaside rocks. These are the who, perhaps unknowingly, are laying up for themselves a store of years, and, when old age proves a burden, will have, in the words of dear old Walton,

"A quiet passage to a welcome grave."

WE have had occasion of late to consider the passion of anger; and from the atrocious but forcible "Hymn of Hate," down through many

minor exhibits, including our own easy utterance when temper is let loose, we realize afresh that anger—articulate anger—is, of all the passions, the one which most awakens the intellect.

The True
Xanthippe?

And so it occurs to one to judge anew that famous practitioner of wrath, Xanthippe.

She did not know, poor dear, when she gave herself up to the joy of anger, that she was going down through the ages as the typical scold, but even if she had known she might have thought the game worth the candle. Not hers the silent, torturing rage which leads to mad deeds; nor yet the blind fury which reckons neither words nor deeds. No; Xanthippe, as I picture her, was an artist in words, an artist dumb and imprisoned until Socrates set off the dynamite which burst her bonds.

"Anger warms the invention," says Poor Richard, in his sententious way, "but overheats the oven." Doubtless our Xanthippe often had to regard ruefully the results of that overheated oven; and it was not with intention that she stimulated her intellect with so destructive a fire. But the anger which quickens the intellect, loosens the tongue, and enlarges the vocabulary is too great a relief to be easily foregone by the person who, in the ordinary humdrum of life, is more or less tongue-tied. To feel not only the satisfaction of visiting wrath upon the individual who deserves it, but to experience the far greater joy of rapid, lucid thought, accompanied by an ability to clothe that thought in the most effective, the most trenchant words—who could resist the temptation? And so Xanthippe piled phrase upon phrase, not so much, we may guess, with a desire to give pain as because of a sort of intoxication in her power over words. To be mistress of words, able to articulate, to fit the phrase aptly, may surely have been worth braving the criticism of the neighbors, worth even a posthumous ill-repute. True, it was hard on Socrates. It is always hard on the one who sets the dynamite off and cannot retreat to a safe distance. But then, Socrates had his own intellectual diversions which Xanthippe did not share. Also, he has had the sympathy of posterity.



CAROLUS-DURAN: AN APPRECIATION

FRANCE, in the stress of defensive war, has found a moment to salute the passing of one of her great painters, incited thereto by an abiding sense that supremacy in art is a national asset for a civilized people, and with gratitude and respect has placed a laurel wreath upon the funeral-bier of Carolus-Duran. Nor can we do less, for the number of American artists who have profited by his counsels is greater than those of any other master, and the activities of our compatriots, living or dead, who began their artistic careers under his guidance has been and remains no unimportant factor in our adolescent art.

As one of these loyal pupils it falls to the lot of the writer to sum up, briefly, the elements of principle and practice which have given high significance to the work of Duran in the painting of the last half-century. Looking backward to about 1870, the art of painting was everywhere dominated in its technical process by a distinct separation between form and color. The almost universal practice in the production of a picture was to make a drawing by some medium and then proceed to color it. This practice went back to the primitive efforts in Italy or Flanders—which, beautiful as they are, it is not unfair to classify broadly as stained drawings—and of necessity was perpetuated in the vast canvases of the later Venetians, as it is to this day for purely mechanical reasons; since it is obvious that large compositions, depicting a great number of figures or other objects, must be almost mathematically planned to avoid constant changes and consequent repainting. But in works of smaller scope the practice prevailed. The painter either made his careful drawing which he then proceeded to color, or, failing to observe this actual procedure, his eye and mind unconsciously adopted it so that his production lacked the quality of an object in nature rendered as a unit without division of its technical process.

Velasquez, almost alone of the great painters of the past, was endowed with this unity of vision, and, though we know little of his technical processes, the resulting evidence of his work points clearly to a practice where form and color were fused in one and the same process without intermediate or subsequent stages. It was about the time of the Franco-Prussian War that the influence of the great Spaniard was first felt in France by men as dissimilar as Henri Regnault, Edouard Manet, and Carolus-Duran; and it was the last who, by virtue of long life, constant production, and sustained craftsmanship, may be considered the essential *painter*; rendering his vision by the union of form and color at one and the same operation, in comparison with and in contradistinction to compatriot predecessors as great as Ingres as a draftsman or Delacroix as a colorist. It is obvious of course that the technical method of arriving at a resulting unity of vision is of little moment, except for the practising painter, save that the resulting effect upon painting in general has been to endow the productions of the past fifty years with a fuller sense of all objects depicted, animate or inanimate, as seen in relation one with the other.

Though this logical pictorial interpretation of the visible world is primarily due to Velasquez, no one has been more active in preaching and practising its precepts than Carolus-Duran, and to their general acceptance to-day his example and counsel have most materially contributed. Gratitude to a master might be alleged to controvert so sweeping a statement by those who remember Duran chiefly as a popular portrait-painter and the author of a great number of brilliant works by no means impeccable in form, audacious rather than harmonious in color, and, *tant soit peu*, lacking in taste. So far, in playing the "devil's advocate," I am willing to agree, without abating aught of admiration for the masters' best work or forgetting benefits received from the counsels of the artist or the kind-

ness of the man. For there remain, in the almost countless productions of his facile but ever skilful brush, scores of works which justify characterization as masterpieces, and by these it is but fair to-day to anticipate the judgment of the morrow to consider his relative position among the painters of our time. I have observed the nice distinction between painter and artist by excess of scruple, and may concede at once that it is by virtue of his portraits, of his rendition of "things seen," that Duran is alone important; his relatively few excursions into the realm of imaginative, or what for want of a better word one may call compositional, art being more interesting as evidences of his respect for the traditions of the masters than works inspired by his personal genius. The same limitation applies to Velasquez, the loss of whose "Expulsion of the Moors from Spain" counts little, since we possess what he really saw and rendered with the sense of life, light, and air in "Las Meninas."

The steps by which the modern master arrived at his full authority in art were uneventful. Born at Lille, July 4, 1837, he was the pupil of Souchon, one of the long line of painters, of whom France has possessed many, well grounded in their art, of more than respectable attainment in all that pertains to the traditions of good workmanship, though content with the modest portion of

renown obtainable in a provincial city at the head of a local museum and art school. Here, in 1861, Carolus-Duran won the prize founded by M. Wicar, whose collections have enriched the museum at Lille, which permitted him to visit Rome, where he remained about six years, though his first pilgrimage to Spain, so influential to his future career, occupied some part of this time. During a portion of this period he was a guest at the monastery of Saint Francis at Subacio, and it was there his first important picture, "Evening Prayer," was painted in 1863. He was above all indefatigable as a student, making many studies, destroying as many, capable, as he was in after life, of a restrained and tempered ardor in his work; and it was not until 1866 that he won his first recognition in Paris with a large canvas depicting an "Assassination," which he had happened to actually witness in



From a photograph by Braun & Company.

Mademoiselle Croizette.

From the painting by Carolus-Duran.

some Italian town. It is a picture strangely unlike what we associate with Duran's work, austere, somewhat sombre in tone, with little or no evidence of the more obvious indications of crime—a hushed group of figures around and bending over a prostrate man, a grave composition seen simply and as simply rendered. It brought to the young painter welcome appreciation from those who in the gay Paris of the empire, in 1863, the year of the first *Salon des Refusés*, controlled the official salon, who then frowned

upon Manet, Monet, and Whistler, but, three years later, still recognized new talent, a new point of view, when accompanied of the more gorgeous presentations of passing fashions, of artificial types set against scarlet plush backgrounds, which mundane



From a photograph by Braun & Company.

The Lady with the Glove.

From the painting by Carolus-Duran.

with a knowledge of the craft, a capacity to draw with skill, to paint with directness and breadth, to hold a composition within its limits by masses and lines which concerted to the common end of producing an interesting pattern over the plane of the canvas rendering its meaning pictorially legible.

In 1869 Duran painted "The Lady with the Glove" (a portrait of Madame Duran), which still represents him in the Luxembourg. Here we have his first important portrait, and those disposed to cavil at some

success (or personal weakness) have avowedly made frequent in Duran's production, may pause before this truly noble work. If there is a virtual challenge in its title to Titian's "Man with the Glove" in the Louvre, the portrait in some measure sustains it, for it is at least of the family of masterpieces. The theme is of the simplest: a lady standing, the figure in profile, the face serene yet vivacious in full front view, robed in a rich black silk with the ample skirts of the period, drawing off her glove, is seen against a simple gray background.

Thus described, the work might seem like one of the many which Whistler has painted, but the more objective Duran has endowed his figure with a stronger sense of life, more nicely rendered its fuller relief, more exactly defined the delicate modelling of the face, with greater mastery has disposed the masses of the drapery, and rendered the whole with the (apparently) easy skill of the trained painter. The picture has stood the test of the many years it has graced the Luxembourg walls, and through changing fashion in dress and in art it remains, in every sense, the portrait of a lady painted by a master. Tedious as may be reference to pictures unknown to my readers, one so fortunate as to have seen the comprehensive exhibition of Duran's work shown at the Cercle Artistique (Les Mirlitons) in Paris, in 1875, cannot refrain from passing a few in review. There was then to be seen the portrait of Emile de Girardin, pen in hand, seated at his desk, epitome of French intelligence, keen, thoughtful, with a reserve of resourceful strength; which served, through his brief editorials in *La France* two years after, to help hold Paris in check during the trying days between May and the October elections, until the ballot did what the barricades could not have done to bring about the resignation of MacMahon and the preservation of the Republic. There was the Comtesse de Pourtales, *grande dame* if there ever was one, in close-fitting black satin, with a wonderfully painted diamond star ornamenting her corsage, yet dominated by the life of the visage, relieved against a background as sombre as the dress. There was Haro, the picture-dealer and expert, standing in the rostrum of the official auction mart, the Hôtel Druout, one persuasive hand advanced—a canvas replete with life and the strange admixture of suavity and guile we are wont to associate with commerce in art. There was the good Padeloup, who gave us the Sunday concerts of classical music—literally almost gave them, since admission to the upper regions frequented by students was almost nominal—with a face broad and pink as a fresh-blown peony, blinking at one through his monocle, almost as alive as when he faced his orchestra with uplifted baton. And there were many more as various in type and rendered with as consummate mastery and unflinching interest in

characterization as they were numerous. All Paris crowded to see the exhibition, and the students of the atelier Duran returned from each of their frequent visits more and more confirmed in their loyalty to their master.

Nor have years diminished this loyalty. Among the notable works of our master few or none are superior to the large equestrian portrait of Mlle. Croizette, of the Comédie Française, painted in 1874. By this picture Duran chose to be represented at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, and many who there saw it may recall the superbly-painted horse bearing the graceful amazon, the group in silhouette against the background of sea and sky. The death of the actress, who was the sister-in-law of the painter and long retired from the stage, caused the picture to return to the possession of its author, and some months ago, at the generous initiative of Mr. Carroll Beckwith, the project was formed to endeavor to acquire this master work of our master for presentation to our Metropolitan Museum as a tribute to the painter and a lasting expression of our gratitude for his teachings. The details of the method to be employed to accomplish this purpose need not be described, since the death of our master and the hazardous state of the seas, prohibiting the risk of transporting the picture from France, have caused the adjournment of our project to happier times. It is pleasant to know that our octogenarian master knew of the projected tribute and was deeply touched by the constancy of our affection and gratitude.

It is difficult to believe that so much tempered fire has flickered and gone out, that the steadfast craftsman is no longer there to counsel, "*Travaillez tranquillement mes enfants*," for such was the secret of the dash and brio which characterized his work, the perfect subjection of a will to accomplish to a reasoned, controlled method; indeed, a tempered fire burning both brightly and steadily. "*Ses enfants*"—for as such he termed us—are now far from the days of their youth—where they have not preceded the master to the grave—but each and all have done or are doing their share, small or large, as the case may be, to justify the interest shown and the precepts inculcated by him to whom, as one of these, it is my privilege to pay this brief tribute.

WILL H. LOW.

AP
2
S3295
v.61

Scribner's magazine

**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
